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from the theological bias, may be seen still better in a case even more remarkable.

By Turner, by Erskine, and by the members of the United States Exploring Expedition, the characters of the Samoans are, as compared with the characters of the uncivilized generally, very favourably described. Though, in common with savages at large, they are said to be "indolent, covetous, fickle, and deceitful," yet they are also said to be "kind, good-humoured, . . . desirous of pleasing, and very hospitable. Both sexes show great regard and love for their children;" and age is much respected. "A man cannot bear to be called stingy or disobliging." The women "are remarkably domestic and virtuous." Infanticide after birth is unknown in Samoa. "The treatment of the sick was . . . invariably humane and all that could be expected." Observe, next, what is said of their cannibal neighbours, the Fijians. They are indifferent to human life; they live in perpetual dread of one another; and, according to Jackson, treachery is considered by them an accomplishment. "Shedding of blood is to him [the Fijian] no crime but a glory." They kill the decrepit, maimed, and sick. While, on the one hand, infanticide covers nearer two-thirds than one-half of the births, on the other hand, "one of the first lessons taught the infant is to strike its mother:" anger and revenge are fostered. Inferiors are killed for neglecting proper salutes; slaves are buried alive with the posts on which a king's house stands; and ten or more men are slaughtered on the decks of a newly-launched canoe, to baptize it with their blood. A chief's wives, courtiers, and aides-de-camp, are strangled at his death—being thereby honoured. Cannibalism is so rampant that a chief, praising his deceased son, wound up his eulogy by saying that he would "kill his own wives if they offended him, and eat them afterwards." Victims were sometimes roasted alive before being eaten; and Tanoa, one of their chiefs, cut off a cousin's arm, drank the blood, cooked the arm and ate it in presence of the owner, who was then cut to pieces. Their gods, described as having like characters, commit like acts. They eat the souls of those who are devoured by men, having first "roasted" them (the "souls" being simply material duplicates). The Fiji gods "are proud and revengeful, and make war, and kill and eat each other;" and among their names are "the adulterer," "the woman-stealer," "the brain-eater," "the murderer." Such being the account of the Samoans, and such the account of the Fijians, let us ask what the Fijians think of the Samoans. "The Feegeeans looked upon the Samoans with horror, because they had no religion, no belief in any such deities [as the Feegeean], nor any of the sanguinary rites which prevailed in other islands"*—a

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* Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*. Second edition, p. 442.

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THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

XII.—THE THEOLOGICAL BIAS.

"WHAT a log for hell-fire!" exclaimed a Wahhabee, on seeing a corpulent Hindu. This illustration, startling by its strength of expression, which Mr. Gifford Palgrave gives* of the belief possessing these Mahommedan fanatics, prepares us for their general mode of thinking about God and man. Here is a sample of it:—

> "When 'Abd-el-Lateef, a Wahhabee, was preaching one day to the people of Riad, he recounted the tradition according to which Mahomet declared that his followers should divide into seventy-three sects, and that seventy-two were destined to hell-fire, and one only to Paradise. 'And what, O messenger of God, are the signs of that happy sect to which is ensured the exclusive possession of Paradise?' Whereto Mahomet had replied, 'It is those who shall be in all conformable to myself and to my companions.' 'And that,' added 'Abd-el-Lateef, lowering his voice to the deep tone of conviction, 'that, by the mercy of God, are we, the people of Riad.'"†

For present purposes we are not so much concerned to observe the parallelism between this conception and the conceptions that have been, and are, current among sects of Christians, as to observe the effects produced by such conceptions on men's views of those who have alien beliefs, and on the views they are led to form of alien societies. What extreme misinterpretations of social facts result

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* *Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 370.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 22.

"'God is merciful and forgiving,' rejoined my friend; 'that is, these are merely little sins.'

"'Hence two sins alone are great, polytheism and smoking,' I continued, though hardly able to keep countenance any longer. And 'Abd-el-Kareem, with the most serious asseveration, replied that such was really the case."*

Clearly a creed which makes smoking one of the blackest crimes, and has only mild reprobation for the worst acts committed by man against man, negatives anything like Social Science. Habits and institutions not being judged by the degrees in which they conduce to social welfare, the ideas of better and worse, as applying to social arrangements, cannot exist; and such notions as progress and retrogression are excluded. But that which holds so conspicuously in this case holds more or less in all cases. At the present time as in past times, and in our own society as in other societies, public acts are judged by two tests—the test of supposed divine approbation, and the test of conduciveness to human welfare. Though, as civilization advances, there grows up the belief that the second test is equivalent to the first—though, consequently, conduciveness to human welfare comes to be more directly considered; yet the test of supposed divine approbation, as inferred from the particular creed believed, continues to be very generally used. The wrongness of conduct is conceived as consisting in the implied disobedience to the supposed commands, and not as consisting in its intrinsic character as causing suffering to others or to self. Inevitably the effect on sociological thinking is, that institutions and actions are judged more by their apparent congruity or incongruity with the established cult than by their tendencies to further or to hinder well-being.

This effect of the theological bias, manifest enough everywhere, has been forced on my attention by one whose mental attitude often supplies me with matter for speculation—an old gentleman who unites the religion of amity and the religion of enmity in startling contrast. On the one hand, getting up early to his devotions, going to church even at great risk to his feeble health, always staying for the sacrament when there is one, he displays what is ordinarily regarded as an exemplary piety. On the other hand, his thoughts ever tend in the direction of warfare: fights on sea and land furnish topics of undying interest to him; he revels in narratives of destruction; his talk is of cannon. To say that he divides his reading between the Bible and Alison, or some kindred book, is an exaggeration; but still it serves to convey an idea of his state of feeling. Now you may hear him waxing wroth over the disestablishment of the Irish Church, which he looks upon as an act of sacrilege; and now, when the conversation turns on works of art, he names as engravings which above all others he admires, Cœur-de-Lion fighting Saladin, and Wellington at Waterloo. Or after manifesting some kindly feeling, which, to give him his due, he frequently does, he will shortly pass to some bloody encounter, the narration of which makes his voice tremulous with delight. Marvelling though I did at first over these incongruities of sentiment and belief, the explanation was reached on observing that the subordination-element of his creed was far more dominant in his consciousness than the moral element. Watching the movements of his mind made it clear that to his imagination, God was symbolized as a kind of transcendently-powerful sea-captain, and made it clear that he went to church from a feeling akin to that with which, as a middy, he went to muster. On perceiving that this, which is the sentiment common to all religions, whatever be the name or ascribed nature of the deity worshipped, was supreme in him, it ceased to be inexplicable that the sentiment to which the Christian religion specially appeals should be so readily over-ridden. It became easier to understand how, when the Hyde-Park riots took place, he could wish that we had Louis Napoleon over here to shoot down the mob, and how he could recall, with more or less of chuckling, the deeds of press-gangs in his early days.

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* *Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 11.

That the theological bias, thus producing conformity to moral principles from motives of obedience only, and not habitually insisting on such principles because of their intrinsic value, obscures sociological truths, will now not be difficult to see. The tendency is to substitute formal recognitions of such principles for real recognitions. So long as they are not contravened directly enough to suggest disobedience, they may be readily contravened indirectly; for the reason that there has not been cultivated the habit of contemplating consequences as they work out in remote ways. Hence it happens that social arrangements essentially at variance with the ethics of the creed give no offence to those who are profoundly offended by whatever seems at variance with its theology. Maintenance of the dogmas and forms of the religion becomes the primary, all-essential thing; and the secondary thing, often sacrificed, is the securing of those relations among men which the spirit of the religion requires. How conceptions of good and bad in social affairs are thus warped, the pending controversy about the Athanasian creed shows us. Here we have theologians who believe that our national welfare will be endangered, if there is not in all churches an enforced repetition of the dogmas that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are each of them Almighty; that yet there are not three Almighties, but one Almighty; that one of the Almighties suffered on the cross and descended into hell to pacify another of them; and that whoever does not believe this, "without doubt shall perish everlastingly." They say that if the State makes its priests threaten with eternal torments all who doubt these doctrines, things will go well; but if those priests who, in this threat, perceive the devil-worship of the savage usurping the name of Christianity, are allowed to pass it by in silence, woe to the nation! Evidently the theological bias leading to such a conviction entirely excludes Sociology, considered as a science.

Under its special forms, as well as under its general form, the theological bias brings errors into the estimates men make of societies and institutions. Sectarian antipathies, growing out of differences of doctrine, disable the members of each religious community from fairly judging other religious communities. It is always difficult, and often impossible, for the zealot to conceive that his own religious system and his own zeal on its behalf may have but a relative truth and a relative value; or to conceive that there may be relative truths and relative values in alien beliefs and the fanaticisms which maintain them. Though the adherent of each creed has continually thrust on his attention the fact that adherents of other creeds are no less confident than he is—though he can scarcely fail sometimes to reflect that these adherents of other creeds have, in nearly all cases, simply accepted the dogmas current in the places and families they were born in, and that he has done the like; yet the special theological bias which his education and surroundings have given him, makes it almost beyond imagination that these other creeds may, some of them, have justifications as good as, if not better than, his own, and that the rest, along with certain amounts of absolute worth, may have their special fitnesses to the people holding them.

We cannot doubt, for instance, that the feeling with which Mr. Whalley or Mr. Newdegate regards Roman Catholicism, must cause extreme reluctance to admit the services which Roman Catholicism rendered to European civilization in the past; and must make almost impossible a patient hearing of anyone who thinks that it renders some services now. Whether great benefit did not arise in early times from the tendency towards unification produced within each congeries of small societies by a common creed authoritatively imposed?—whether papal power supposed to be divinely deputed, and therefore tending to subordinate the political authorities during turbulent feudal ages, did not serve to curb warfare and further civilization?—whether the strong tendency shown by early Christianity to lapse into separate local paganisms, was not beneficially checked by an ecclesiastical system having a single head supposed to be infallible?—whether morals were not improved, manners softened, slavery ameliorated, and the condition of women raised, by the influence of the

Church, notwithstanding all its superstitions and bigotries?—are questions to which Dr. Cumming, or other vehement opponent of popery, could not bring a mind open to conviction. Similarly, it is beyond the power of the Roman Catholic to see the meaning of Protestantism, and recognize its value. To the Ultramontane, holding that the temporal welfare no less than the eternal salvation of men depends on submission to the Church, it is incredible that Church-authority has but a transitory value, and that the denials of authority which have come along with accumulation of knowledge and change of sentiment, mark steps from a lower social *régime* to a higher. Naturally, to the sincere Papist, schism is a crime, and books that throw doubt on the established beliefs are accursed. Nor need we wonder when from such a one there comes a saying like that of the Mayor of Bordeaux, so much applauded by the Comte de Chambord, that "the Devil was the first Protestant;" or when, along with this, there goes a vilification of Protestants too repulsive to be repeated. Clearly, with such a theological bias, fostering such ideas respecting Protestant morality, there must be extremely-false estimates of Protestant institutions, and of all the institutions going along with them.

In less striking ways, but still in ways sufficiently marked, the special theological bias warps the judgments of Conformists and Nonconformists among ourselves. A fair estimate of the advantages which our State-Church has yielded, is not to be expected from the zealous dissenter: he sees only the disadvantages. Whether voluntaryism could have done centuries ago all that it can do now?—whether a State-supported Protestantism was not once the best thing practicable?—are questions which he is unlikely to discuss without prejudice. Contrariwise, the churchman is reluctant to believe that the union of Church and State is beneficial only during a certain phase of progress. He knows that within the Establishment divisions are daily increasing, while voluntary agency is daily doing a larger share of the work originally undertaken by the State; but he does not join this with the fact that outside the Establishment the power of Dissent is growing: he resists the inference that these changes are parts of a general change by which the political and religious agencies, that have been differentiating from the beginning, are being separated and specialized. He is averse to the conception that just as Protestantism at large was a rebellion against an Ecclesiasticism which dominated over Europe, so Dissent among ourselves is a rebellion against an Ecclesiasticism which dominates over England; and that the two are but successive stages of the same beneficial development. That is to say, his bias prevents him from contemplating the facts in a way favourable to scientific interpretations of them.

Everywhere, indeed, the special theological bias accompanying a special set of doctrines, inevitably pre-judges many sociological questions. One who holds a creed as absolutely true, and who by implication holds the multitudinous other creeds to be absolutely false in so far as they differ from his own, cannot entertain the supposition that the value of a creed is relative. That a particular religious system is, in a general sense, a natural part of the particular society in which it is found, is an entirely-alien conception; and, indeed, a repugnant one. The dogmatic theology which he holds unquestionably true, he thinks good for all places and all times. He does not doubt that when transplanted to a horde of savages, it will be duly understood by them, duly appreciated by them, and work on them results such as those he experiences from it. Thus prepossessed, he passes over the proofs which recur everywhere, that a people is no more capable of suddenly receiving a higher form of religion than it is capable of suddenly receiving a higher form of government; and that inevitably with such religion, as with such government, there will go on a degradation that presently reduces it to one differing but nominally from that which previously existed. In other words, his special theological bias blinds him to an important class of sociological truths.

The effects of the theological bias need no further elucidation. We will turn our attention to the distortions of judgment caused by the anti-theological bias. Not only the actions of religious dogmas, but also the reactions against them, are disturbing influences we have to beware of. Let us glance first at an instance of that indignation against the established creed, which all display more or less when they emancipate themselves from it.

> "A Nepaul king, Rum Bahadur, whose beautiful queen, finding that her lovely face had been disfigured by small-pox, poisoned herself, 'cursed his kingdom, her doctors, and the gods of Nepaul, vowing vengeance on all.' Having ordered the doctors to be flogged, and the right ears and nose of each to be cut off, 'he then wreaked his vengeance on the gods of Nepaul, and after abusing them in the most gross way, he accused them of having obtained from him twelve thousand goats, some hundred-weight of sweetmeats, two thousand gallons of milk, &c. under false pretences.' . . . He then ordered all the artillery, varying from three to twelve-pounders, to be brought in front of the palace. . . . All the guns were then loaded to the muzzle, and down he marched to the head-quarters of the Nepaul deities. . . . All the guns were drawn up in front of the several deities, honouring the most sacred with the heaviest metal. When the order to fire was given, many of the chiefs and soldiers ran away panic-stricken and others hesitated to obey the sacrilegious order; and not until several gunners had been cut down, were the guns opened. Down came the gods and goddesses from their hitherto sacred positions; and after six hours' heavy cannonading not a vestige of the deities remained." *

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* *Five Years' Residence in Nepaul.* By Capt. Thomas Smith. Vol. i. p. 168.

This, which is one of the most remarkable pieces of iconoclasm on record, exhibits in an extreme form the reactive antagonism usually accompanying abandonment of an old belief—an antagonism that is high in proportion as the previous submission has been profound. By stabling their horses in cathedrals and treating the sacred places and symbols with intentional insult, the Puritans displayed this feeling in a marked manner; as again did the French revolutionists by pulling down sacristies and altar-tables, tearing mass-books into cartridge-papers, drinking brandy out of chalices, eating mackerel off patenas, making mock ecclesiastical processions, and holding drunken revels in churches. Though in our day the breaking of bonds less rigid, effected by struggles less violent, is followed by a less excessive opposition and hatred, yet habitually the throwing-off of the old form implies a replacing of the previous sympathy by more or less of antipathy: perversion of judgment caused by the antipathy taking the place of that caused by the sympathy. What before was reverenced as wholly true is now scorned as wholly false; and what was regarded as invaluable is now rejected as of no value at all.

In some, this state of sentiment and belief continues. In others, the reaction is in course of time followed by a re-reaction. To carry out the Carlylean figure, the old clothes that had been outgrown and were finally torn off and thrown aside with contempt, come presently to be looked back upon with more calmness and with the recognition that they did good service in their time—nay, perhaps with the doubt whether they were not thrown off too soon. This re-reaction may be feeble or may be strong; but only when it takes place in due amount is there a possibility of balanced judgments either on religious questions or on those questions of Social Science into which the religious element enters.

Here we have to glance at the sociological errors caused by the anti-theological bias among those in whom it does not become qualified. Thinking only of what is erroneous in the rejected creed, they ignore the truth for which it stands; contemplating only its mischiefs they overlook its benefits; and doing this, they think that nothing but good would result from its general abandonment. Let us observe the tacit assumptions made in drawing this conclusion.

It is assumed, in the first place, that adequate guidance for conduct in life, private and public, could be had; and that a moral code, rationally elaborated by men as they now are, would be duly operative upon them. Neither of these propositions commends itself when we come to examine the evidence. We have but to observe human action as it meets us at every turn, to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters, where but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending with due clearness the natural sanctions of ethical principles. The unthinking ineptitude with which even the routine of life is carried on by the mass of men, shows clearly that they have nothing like the insight required for self-guidance in the absence of an authoritative code of conduct. Take a day's experience and observe the lack of thought indicated from hour to hour.

You rise in the morning, and, while dressing, take up a phial containing a tonic, of which a little has been prescribed for you; but after the first few drops have been counted, succeeding drops run down the side of the phial—all because the lip is shaped without regard to the requirement. Yet millions of such phials are annually made by glass-makers, and sent out by thousands of druggists: so small being the amount of sense brought to bear on business. Now, turning to the looking-glass, you find that, if not of the best make, it fails to preserve the attitude in which you put it; or, if what is called a "box" looking-glass, you see that the maintenance of its position is insured by an expensive appliance that would have been superfluous had a little reason been used. Were the adjustment such that the centre of gravity of the glass came in the line joining the points of support (which would be quite as easy an adjustment), the glass would remain steady in whatever attitude you gave it. Yet year after year tens of thousands of looking-glasses are made without regard to so simple a need. Presently you go down to breakfast, and taking some Harvey or other sauce with your fish, find the bottle has a defect like that which you found in the phial: it is sticky from the drops which trickle down, and occasionally stain the table-cloth. Here are other groups of traders similarly so economical of thought, that they do nothing to rectify this obvious inconvenience. Having breakfasted, you take up the paper, and, before sitting down, wish to put some coal on the fire. But the lump you seize with the tongs slips out of them, and if large, you make several attempts before you succeed in lifting it—all because the ends of the tongs are smooth. Makers and vendors of fire-irons go on, generation after generation, without meeting this evil by simply giving to these smooth ends some projecting points, or even roughening them by a few burrs with a chisel. Having at length grasped the lump and put it on the fire, you begin to read; but before you have got through the first column, you are reminded, by the changes of position which your sensations prompt, that men still fail to make easy-chairs. And yet the guiding principle is simple enough. Just that advantage secured by using a soft seat in place of a hard one—the advantage, namely, of spreading over a larger area the pressure of the weight to be borne, and so making the pressure less intense at any one point—is an advantage to be sought in the *form* of the chair. Ease is to be gained by making the shapes and relative inclinations of seat and back, such as will evenly distribute the weight of the trunk and limbs over the widest-possible supporting surface, and with the least straining of the parts out of their natural attitudes. And yet only now, after these thousands of years of civilization, are there being reached (and that not rationally but empirically) approximations to the structure required.

Such are the experiences of the first hour; and so they continue all the day through. If you watch and criticize, you may see that the immense majority bring to bear, even on those actions which it is the business of their lives to carry on effectually, an extremely-small amount of faculty. Get a workman to do something for you that is partly new, and not the clearest explanations and sketches will prevent him from blundering; and to any expression of surprise, he will reply that he was not brought up to such work: scarcely ever betraying the slightest shame in confessing that he cannot do a thing he was not taught to do. Similarly throughout the higher grades of activity. Remember how generally improvements in manufactures come from outsiders, and you are at once shown with what mere unintelligent routine manufactures are commonly carried on. Examine into the management of mercantile concerns, and you perceive that those engaged in them mostly do nothing more than move in the ruts that have gradually been made for them by the process of trial and error during a long succession of generations. Indeed, it almost seems as though most men made it their aim to get through life with the least possible expenditure of thought.

How, then, can there be looked for such power of self-guidance as, in the absence of inherited authoritative rules, would require them to understand why, in the nature of things, these modes of action are injurious and those modes beneficial—would require them to pass beyond proximate results, and see clearly the involved remote results as worked out on self, on others, and on society?

The incapacity need not, indeed, be inferred; it may be seen, if we do but take an action concerning which the sanctified code is silent. Listen to a conversation about gambling; and, where reprobation is expressed, note the grounds of the reprobation. That it tends towards the ruin of the gambler; that it risks the welfare of family and friends; that it alienates from business, and leads into bad company—these, and such as these, are the reasons given for condemning the practice. Rarely is there any recognition of the fundamental reason. Rarely is gambling condemned because it is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money which purchases gratification, implies, firstly, that there has been put forth equivalent effort of a kind which, in some way, furthers the general good; and implies, secondly, that those from whom the money is received, get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfactions. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth; and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is therefore essentially anti-social—sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct.

Clearly, then, a visionary hope misleads those who think that in an imagined age of reason, which might forthwith replace an age of beliefs but partly rational, conduct would be correctly guided by a code directly based on considerations of utility. A utilitarian system of ethics cannot at present be correctly thought out even by the select few, and is quite beyond the mental reach of the many. The value of the inherited and theologically-enforced code is that it formulates, with some approach to correctness, the accumulated results of past human experience. It has not arisen rationally but empirically. During all past times mankind have eventually gone right after trying all possible ways of going wrong. The wrong-goings have been habitually checked by disaster, and pain, and death; and the right-goings have been continued because not thus checked. There has been a growth of beliefs corresponding to these good and evil results. Hence the code of conduct, embodying discoveries slowly and almost unconsciously made through a long series of generations, has transcendent authority on its side.

Nor is this all. Were it possible forthwith to replace a traditionally-established and supernaturally-warranted system of rules by a system of rules rationally elaborated, no such rationally-elaborated system of rules would be adequately operative. To think that it would, implies the thought that men's beliefs and actions are throughout determined by intellect; whereas they are in much larger degrees determined by feeling.

There is a wide difference between the formal assent men give to a proposition they cannot gainsay, and the efficient belief which produces active conformity to it. Often the most conclusive argument fails to produce a conviction capable of swaying conduct; and often mere assertion, with great emphasis and signs of confidence on the part of the utterer, will produce efficient conviction where there is no evidence, and even in spite of adverse evidence. Especially is this so among those of little culture. Not only may we see that strength of affirmation and an authoritative manner create faith in them; but we may see that their faith sometimes actually decreases if explanation is given. The natural language of belief in another is that which generates their belief—not the logically-conclusive evidence. The dependencies of this they cannot clearly follow; and in trying to follow, they so far lose themselves that premisses and conclusion, not perceived to stand in necessary relation, are rendered less coherent than by putting them in juxtaposition and strengthening their connexion by a wave of the emotion which emphatic affirmation raises.

Nay, it is even true that the most cultivated intelligences, capable of criticizing evidence and valuing arguments to a nicety, are not thereby made rational to the extent that they are guided by intellect apart from emotion. Continually men of the widest knowledge deliberately do things they know to be injurious; suffer the evils that trangression brings; are deterred awhile by the vivid remembrance of them; and, when the remembrance has become faint, transgress again. Often the emotional consciousness over-rides the intellectual consciousness absolutely, as hypochondriacal patients show us. A sufferer from depressed spirits may have the testimony of his physicians, verified by numerous past experiences of his own, showing that his gloomy anticipations are illusions caused by his bodily state; and yet the conclusive proofs that they are irrational do not enable him to get rid of them: he continues to feel sure that disasters are coming on him.

All which, and many kindred facts, make it certain that the operativeness of a moral code depends much more upon the emotions called forth by its injunctions, than on the consciousness of the utility of obeying such injunctions. The feelings excited during early life towards moral principles, by witnessing the social sanction and the religious sanction they possess, influence conduct far more than the perception that conformity to such principles conduces to welfare. And in the absence of the feelings which manifestations of these sanctions arouse, the utilitarian belief alone would be inadequate to produce conformity.

It is true that the sentiments in the higher races, and especially in superior members of the higher races, are now in considerable degrees adjusted to these principles: the sympathies that have become organic in the most developed men, produce some spontaneous conformity to altruistic precepts. Even to such, however, the social sanction, which is in part derived from the religious sanction, is important as strengthening the influence of such precepts. And to those endowed with less of moral sentiment, these sanctions are still more important aids to guidance.

Thus the anti-theological bias leads to serious error, both when it ignores the essential share hitherto taken by religious systems in giving force to certain principles of action, in part absolutely good and in part good relatively to the needs of the time, and again when it prompts the notion that now, these principles might be so established on rational bases as to rule men effectually through their enlightened intellects.*

These errors, however, which the anti-theological bias produces, are superficial compared with the error that remains. The antagonism to superstitious beliefs habitually leads to entire rejection of them. They are thrown aside with the assumption that along with so much that is wrong there is nothing right. Whereas the truth, recognizable only after antagonism has spent itself, is that the wrong beliefs rejected are superficial, and that a right belief hidden by them remains when they have been rejected. Those who defend, equally with those who assail, religious creeds, suppose that everything turns on the maintenance of the particular dogmas at issue; whereas the dogmas are but temporary forms of that which is permanent.

The process of Evolution which has progressively modified and advanced men's conceptions of the Universe, will continue to modify and advance them during the future. The ideas of Cause and Origin, which have been gradually changing, will change still further. But no changes in them, even when pushed to the extreme, will expel them from consciousness; and there can therefore never be an extinction of the correlative sentiments. No more in this than in other things will Evolution alter its general direction: it will continue along the same lines as hitherto. And if we wish to see whither it tends, we have but to observe how there has been thus far a decreasing concreteness of the consciousness to which the religious sentiment is related, to infer that hereafter this concreteness will further diminish: leaving behind a substance of consciousness for which there is no adequate form, but which is none the less persistent and powerful.

Without seeming so, the development of religious sentiment has been continuous from the beginning; and its nature when a germ was the same as is its nature when fully developed. The savage first shows it in the feeling excited by some display of power in another exceeding his own power—some skill, some sagacity, in his chief leading to a result he does not understand—something which has the element of mystery and arouses his wonder. To his unspeculative intellect there is nothing wonderful in the ordinary course of things around. The regular sequences, the constant relations, do not present themselves to him as problems needing interpretation. Only anomalies in that course of causation which he knows most intimately, namely, human will and power, excite his surprise and raise questions. And only when experiences of other classes of phenomena become multiplied enough for generalization, does the occurrence of anomalies among these also, arouse the same idea of mystery and the same sentiment of wonder: hence one kind of fetichism. Passing over all intermediate stages, the truth to be noted is, that as fast as explanation of the anomalies dissipates the wonder they excited, there grows up a wonder at the uniformities—there arises the question how come they to be uniformities? As fast as Science transfers more and more things from the category of irregularities to the category of regularities, the mystery that once attached to the superstitious explanations of them becomes a mystery that attaches to the scientific explananations of them: there is a merging of many special mysteries in one general mystery. The astronomer, having shown that the motions of the Solar System imply a uniform and invariably-acting force he calls gravitation, finds himself absolutely incapable of conceiving the force. Though he helps himself to think of the Sun's action on the Earth by assuming an intervening medium, and finds he *must* do this if he thinks about it at all; yet the mystery reappears when he asks what is the constitution of this medium. Though compelled to use units of ether as symbols, he sees that they can be but symbols. Similarly with the physicist and the chemist. Though the hypothesis of atoms and molecules enables them to work out multitudinous interpretations that are verified by experiment, yet the ultimate unit of matter admits of no consistent conception. Instead of the particular mysteries presented by those actions of matter they have explained, there rises into prominence the mystery which matter universally presents, and which proves to be absolute. So that beginning with the germinal idea of mystery which the savage gets from a display of power in another transcending his own, and the germinal sentiment of awe accompanying it, the progress is towards an ultimate recognition of a mystery behind every act and appearance, and a transfer of the awe from something special and occasional to something universal and unceasing.

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* To prevent a probable misconstruction, it seems proper to state that this chapter, including the above passages, and the passages which follow, in their present shapes, was in type when the last number of THE CONTEMPORARY was published.

No one need expect, then, that the religious consciousness will die away or will change the lines of its evolution. Its specialities of form, once strongly marked and becoming less distinct during past mental progress, will continue to fade; but the substance of the consciousness will persist. That the object-matter can be replaced by another object-matter, as supposed by those who think the "Religion of Humanity" will be the religion of the future, is a belief countenanced neither by induction nor by deduction. However dominant may become the moral sentiment enlisted on behalf of Humanity, it can never exclude the sentiment, alone properly called religious, awakened by that which is behind Humanity and behind all other things. The child by wrapping its head in the bed-clothes, may for a moment get rid of the distinct consciousness of surrounding darkness; but the consciousness, though rendered less vivid, survives, and imagination persists in occupying itself with that which lies beyond perception. No such thing as a "Religion of Humanity" can ever do more than temporarily shut out the thought of a Power of which Humanity is but a small and fugitive product—which was in course of ever-changing manifestation before Humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when Humanity has ceased to be.

To recognitions of this order the anti-theological bias is a hindrance. Ignoring the truth for which religions stand, it undervalues religious institutions in the past, thinks they are needless in the present, and expects they will leave no representatives in the future. Hence many errors in sociological reasonings.

To the various other forms of bias, then, against which we must guard in studying the Social Science, has to be added the bias, perhaps as powerful and perverting as any, which religious beliefs and sentiments produce. This, both generally under the form of theological bigotry, and specially under the form of sectarian bigotry, affects the judgments about public affairs; and reaction against it gives the judgments an opposite warp.

The theological bias under its general form, tending to maintain a dominance of the subordination-element of religion over its ethical element—tending, therefore, to measure actions by their formal congruity with a creed rather than by their intrinsic congruity with human welfare, is unfavourable to that estimation of worth in social arrangements which is made by tracing out results. And while the general theological bias brings into Sociology an element of distortion, by using a kind of measure foreign to the science properly so called; the special theological bias brings in further distortions, arising from special measures of this kind which it uses. Institutions, old and new, home and foreign, are considered as congruous or incongruous with a particular set of dogmas, and liked or disliked accordingly: the obvious result being that, since the sets of dogmas differ in all times and places, the sociological judgments affected by them must inevitably be wrong in all cases but one, and probably in all cases.

On the other hand, the reactive bias distorts conceptions of sociological phenomena by undervaluing religious systems. It generates an unwillingness to see that a religious system is a normal and essential factor in every evolving society; that the specialities of it have certain fitnesses to the social conditions; and that while its forms are temporary its substance is permanent. In so far as the anti-theological bias causes an ignoring of these truths, or an inadequate appreciation of them, it causes misinterpretations.

To maintain the required equilibrium amid the conflicting sympathies and antipathies which contemplation of religious beliefs inevitably generates, is difficult. In presence of the theological thaw going on so fast on all sides, there is on the part of many a fear, and on the part of some a hope, that nothing will remain. But the hopes and the fears are alike groundless; and must be dissipated before balanced judgments in Social Science can be formed. Like the transformations that have succeeded one another hitherto, the transformation now in progress is but an advance from a lower form, no longer fit, to a higher and fitter form; and neither will this transformation, nor kindred transformations to come hereafter, destroy that which is transformed any more than past transformations have destroyed it.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE TURF: ITS FRAUDS AND CHICANERIES.

BY the deaths of Lord Zetland, the Grand Master Mason of England, and Mr. Topham, the well-known handicapper, the turf has sustained the loss of two of its representative men. Lord Zetland was a nobleman whose colours were popular on every racecourse. His animals, so far as he could control them, ran straight to the winning-post, and his doings in connexion with horse-racing were as straightforward and honourable as all the actions of an English nobleman ought to be. In that sense his Lordship was a representative man. He ran his horses for sport and not for money; that is, not for more money than was represented by the value of the stakes for which his horses contended. He gained "the blue riband of the turf" by means of an animal called *Voltigeur*, which won the Derby in 1850, and also carried off the St. Leger of the same year. It is pleasing to know from what has been written about Lord Zetland since his death, that he was so fortunate as to pass through the ordeal of the turf quite scathless, and that, whether his horses lost or won, whether they started or stayed at home, the breath of slander was never breathed upon their owner. So carefully did his Lordship keep aloof from the "business" of the turf that, it is said, he never knew in its grosser aspects that *taint* with which the sport of horse-racing is more or less associated. It would be well if as good a character could be given of other Lords, whose turf career has been as a gangrene to their order.

If the Lord of Aske was ignorant of the "business" of the turf, it was the sole business of Mr. Topham to know it. The duty of a clerk of the course, especially when added to that of a handicapper, leads the incumbent of these offices into a very close alliance with every person connected, however remotely, with the sport of horse-racing; indeed, the handicapper is the mainspring or motive-giving power of the whole turf machinery. Although there are stories told of handicappers which are the reverse of complimentary, we have no intention to speak evil of the dead or to attack individuals. It is the system which we war against, and it can be best portrayed and most successfully attacked by giving a bird's-eye view of the working of the machinery by which the race-horse is set in motion and kept running from year to year. That machinery is more varied, extensive, and complicated, than the uninitiated can be aware of. First comes the horse and its owner; then we have the jockey and his valet, the trainer and his staff, the tout, the stable commissioner and his *aides*, the handicapper, the clerk of the course, the clerk of the scales, the starter, the judge, the betting men, and lastly—the public.

There are two classes of races with which the public are familiar, one is the handicap, the other is the weight-for-age race; to the first category belong such contests as the "City and Suburban Handicap," the "Cesarewitch," and the "Cambridgeshire;" in the second category, we have the "Derby," the "St. Leger," the "Two Thousand Guineas," the "One Thousand Guineas," and the "Oaks,"—the two latter contests being restricted entirely to fillies, whilst horses of both sexes may compete in the others. In weight-for-age races there is not so much room for deception and the "working of the oracle" as there is in handicaps. The horses in weight-for-age contests all carry an equal weight, and run, therefore, on the same terms. The honour of winning a Derby or a St. Leger (not to speak of the great value of the stakes) is esteemed so great that almost every horse which starts may be assumed to be trying or to be aiding another one that is trying. Very little deception can, as a general rule, be practised in a Derby or other weight-for-age race, because the "form" of the horses on their previous public running is usually a good guide to their merits, and, as many of them have run as two-year-olds, what they have done is known and what they can do is not difficult to estimate. It is not uncommon, of course, to find a "dark" horse, that is an animal which has never run before, trying with all its might to win the blue riband of the turf, but, speaking generally, the Derby is oftenest won by horses of known public form. It will scarcely pay an honest straightforward owner to keep a horse in his stable for two years on the chance of its winning a Derby, when, as a two-year-old, it might possibly win several valuable stakes, and thus help to recoup the owner at an early date for what it cost him to purchase and keep it. Horses must be notified for entry in the Derby Stakes and the other weight-for-age races already mentioned, when they are yearlings, and as only about a score of horses out of the 250 that may be entered in any given year go to the starting-post for the Derby, it will be seen that a large sum of money is expended to no purpose—except indeed the augmentation of the stakes to be run for. In fact, the Derby is simply a lottery, to which some two hundred gentlemen contribute a given sum for each horse they enter, and one man on the day of the race takes nearly the whole amount, the allowance for the second horse being only £300! A gentleman, or professional turf man, may enter seven or eight horses to contend for the Derby Stakes, or for the St. Leger, and long before the day find out that not one of his animals is worth sending to Epsom or Doncaster.

When a man possesses a Derby favourite he has a sorrowful time of it; for the race-horse being a most delicate animal, excessive care is required in its management. Besides, if the horse has been heavily backed,—and there are few Derby favourites which have not been heavily backed,—so that the bookmakers stand to lose large sums of money by its winning, the owner and trainer are in constant fear of the horse being "got at," or of some stable boy being bribed to "nobble it," or to render it, by some foul means or other, incapable of winning the race. In speaking of the late Lord Zetland, we said that his horses, *so far as he could control them*, ran straight enough, for in no walk of life is it more certain that a man has his price than in the business of the turf. We dare say Lord Zetland had very honest people about him, and we know many trainers of horses are sterling men, who cannot be tempted from the path of duty, but we know equally well that there have been trainers of whom their employers lived in constant terror. The owner of a first favourite for the Derby or St. Leger knows not the moment at which he may recede in the betting, or become afflicted with some trouble that will frustrate the cherished hopes of years. He is afraid to trust his trainer, although he may have told him that his bank account will be swollen by a cheque for two thousand pounds the moment the horse which he trains passes the winning-post. But what is an owner's two thousand when placed against a bookmaker's five thousand? and what signifies such a trifle as five thousand pounds to a man who stands to pay away ten times that sum if the horse wins the race, and to bag fifty thousand should it lose? "Uneasy," it is said, "lies the head that wears a crown," but still more uneasily lies the head of him who owns a favourite for the Derby.

What we have said about the honour of winning a Derby being sufficient for many men who are on the turf must be taken *cum grano salis*, for as usual there are exceptions to the rule. It is not so many years since a Derby favourite (we shall call it the *Marquis*) was struck out of the race, just a day or two before it was run, but the subsequent performances of the horse on the race-grounds of Chantilly and Ascot proved that it could not have lost the Epsom battle. Who can tell all that was hid under the withdrawal of the *Marquis?* Rumour readily enough ascribed a reason, by circulating a story to the effect that the noble owner of the horse was so heavily indebted to certain leading bookmakers, that they were enabled to put pressure enough on him to obtain—so goes the phrase—"the key of the stable," and thus be in a position to do what they pleased with the horse; and that these bookmakers acted according to their own interests: they first "milked" him, that is, obtained money by his not running, and then "scratched" him, that is, struck him out of the race, and so made what is known on the turf as "a pot of money." The man who owned that horse knew the "business" of the turf very well: we need not name him now that he is dead; ten years ago his doings on the race-course were the talk of the town.

We could give illustrations of other modes of turf chicanery. It is known, for instance, that a horse entered for both the Two Thousand and Derby has been "pulled," or not allowed to win the first race, in order, not to have a better chance of winning the latter, but, being a favourite for both races, that he might by losing the first race figure at longer odds in the betting for the second one, and therefore make it enormously profitable to run him for the Derby. A horse that wins the Two Thousand is certain to be quoted immediately thereafter at 2 or 3 to 1 for the greater event, assuming that he has been entered for both races, which does not always happen; but, in the case of a horse that runs for the Two Thousand Guineas and appears quite incapable of winning that race, it is assumed that he can have no chance of carrying off the blue riband of the turf, and so he recedes at once to a long price in the betting—perhaps to the outside odds of 1000 to 15, and at that figure such an amount of money may be invested as makes it worth the while of all concerned to strain every nerve to render the Derby a certainty for him.

Here is an illustration of an opposite mode. Of late years horses have been known to run for, and win, the Two Thousand Guineas, who, although entered for the Derby, had not a chance of winning that race; but the general public, being in ignorance of the fact, kept backing the horse as if the race were an absolute certainty for that one animal: the amount of money expended being almost fabulous. As a matter of course, the whole procedure was pre-arranged, the owner having an interest in the money that was obtained—or, to put the thing more plainly, he shared in the robbery of which the unfortunate votaries of the turf were made the victims. It is a turf maxim that no man can make a certainty of his horse winning a race, but he can make a certainty that it shall lose one. On this immoral aphorism a great deal of the chicanery of the modern turf has been founded. There are many ways of ensuring that a horse shall lose a race. The owner may instruct his jockey to "pull" him—to appear to make a great effort to win, but to make certain of losing: or, to make assurance doubly sure, in case the animal should overpower its rider and win when not wanted to do so, the trainer may let him have a pailful of water before being saddled, or, it may be, two pailsful—"one," as a trainer once told us, "won't sometimes do the trick." That kind of turf swindle is oftentimes an enormous success, many thousand pounds being frequently netted by the men who are in "the swim," as it is called. One case that we know of enabled a confederacy of turf swindlers (we cannot call them anything else) to nett a sum of over a hundred thousand pounds.

The money that changes hands on the occasion of a Derby sounds fabulous to those not versed in the business of the turf. It would be an easy matter to prove that two millions sterling do not represent all the money that is lost and won over that popular race! There are men who bet on the Derby two years before it can be run, that is, at the date of the horses being entered, and when the animal is just a year old and may even be without a distinctive name. One betting man used to wager £40,000 against any particular horse that might be named winning the race. The odds given would be at the rate of forty pounds to one pound, and, as perhaps not fewer than 250 horses would be entered, it is obvious that if a bookmaker could bet against them all he would make a certainty of winning money. Only one of the 250 horses could win the Derby, and whilst the layer of the odds would have to pay £40,000 over that particular animal, he would have the money betted on all the others to pay that large sum with. But, of course, not one fourth of the yearlings which are entered for any particular Derby will be backed; besides the system of backing yearlings is falling into abeyance. It does not pay an owner who has, perhaps, as many as seven horses entered in that race to risk two or three thousand pounds on the chance of one of the lot training on to be something like a Derby winner, or by previous running coming to such a price as admits of his hedging his money to advantage. Horse-flesh is liable to many casualties and not one of any gentleman's lot of yearlings may be able to run for the Derby. Of one lot of five entered for a particular Derby, two died before the day, another became a "roarer," the fourth was trained to serve as a lady's hack, and the fifth saw the Derby run for as one of four horses in a carriage which had taken a party of the *demi-monde* to Epsom!

Similar facts and arrangements to those we have detailed about the Derby could be cited about the race for the One Thousand Guineas, and "the Oaks," which is the ladies' race *par excellence*, with this difference, however, that fillies are most unreliable at the particular season of the year when these races fall to be run. From sexual or other causes, a mare sometimes loses all form, and cannot, therefore, be relied on. September is the mares' month, and it is possible for a mare to be backed with more certainty of winning the St. Leger than either the One Thousand Guineas or the Oaks, *Formosa* and *Hannah* being recent instances of the success of the sex. There was a scandal a few years ago caused by a mare winning the Oaks which about ten days before had ignominiously been beaten for an unimportant race. As a matter of course an excellent price was obtained against the animal's chance of winning such an important race, seeing its failure of the week before.

But, if we desire to see the machinery of the turf in active operation, and particularly the chicanery which seems incidental to horse-racing as at present conducted, we must study a popular handicap, in which the genius of the bookmaker finds full play, and where the backer of horses is in his element, whilst the commissioner of a stable obtains ample scope for his genius in "managing" those horses in which he has a large personal interest, and counteracting the plans of those owners in whose horses he has no interest whatever. In speaking of a handicap, we mean one of the kind which can be "managed" by a clique; a handicap for which, perhaps, a dozen horses may start and only two of the number be really ridden out to win. The two great autumn handicaps, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, are, so far as the apportioning of the weights is concerned, still in the hands of a man of honour. Admiral Rous, of course, may be deceived, and may in consequence inadvertently admit animals into the Cesarewitch that have been "roped"—that is, run falsely for a year or two with a view to winning that great race,—but "not if he knows it," as horsey men say. But the Admiral is not easily deceived; it is not once only that the well-planned schemes of swindling turfites have been quietly strangled in their birth by his obtaining an inkling of their designs.

The kind of handicap we have in our mind's eye, is one by the winning of which the owner of the horse that wins and his coadiutors may gain a great deal of money. It is a handicap that some twenty years ago was exceedingly popular with gentlemen, but is now left chiefly to the horses of trainers, commissioners, and other turf business men. We shall call it the "Charing-cross Handicap, and it is a race on which there is still a great deal of betting, although not nearly so much as there used to be. As we have said, it is not popular with gentlemen owners, who have of late years become rather disgusted with the too palpable "management" of the race, which, in the slang of the turf, is "notorious for its dead uns," that is, for horses which run in the struggle, but are not allowed to win. A few gentlemen still continue to enter a horse or two in the Charing-cross Cup, but take good care not to permit them to run. In the present year, after the acceptances were known, it was seen that fifty-eight horses had been left in the race, and that these were in the hands of thirty-five trainers, four of the animals being trained privately. It is not till after a handicap is weeded out and those contented with the weights assigned to them are known, that the business of "arranging" and "squaring" is begun.

The theory of a handicap is, that all the horses are so evenly weighted as to place them on a thorough equality throughout the race, and that, if they were all to start in a line, nose to nose, so would they end at the winning post. Of course, in practice no such result ever takes place; the handicapper having been deceived by the running of horses which have been singled out by one or two astute men, and expressly kept for the Charing-cross. These horses have been ridden falsely at all sorts of meetings till they are at last apportioned a weight which, as those in the secret say, makes the race "a moral" for them; it is imagined, in short, that the horse which will be selected to fight the battle cannot lose. The animal to be chosen on the day has gained such a bad reputation in the meantime by his repeated failures, that he does not become prominent in the betting, and is, in consequence, not fancied by the public. Moreover, by way of throwing dust in the eyes of the betting men, the owner or commissioner of the stable has entered three or four animals to contest the same prize, so that it is very difficult for outsiders to say which one of the lot will prove the Simon Pure on the day, and, consequently, the winner (that is, the winner if all goes well with the selected horse) is at a long price in the various betting lists, and in the open turf market as well. Many devices are resorted to in order to get the money "on" quietly; rumours are circulated that the horse has broken down in training, that there is a better animal in the stable, that he has not yet been tried, that he ran badly at such and such a meeting, that he will be scratched before the day of the race, and many similar canards. The consequence is, that the odds against the animal's chance of winning gradually increase till they reach forty or fifty to one, or perhaps sixty-six to one, as the case may be. Through a confederacy, all operating together, the horse is quietly backed to win a sum of, let us say, fifty thousand pounds, which, should the horse win, will be divided among the three or four persons who are interested in the animal. But besides the gains which are pocketed through the instrumentality of the winning horse, a large sum is also netted by means of commissions which have been issued to "lay" the odds against the other horses which have been entered in the same interest, but which are not to be allowed to win the handicap, although they have been carefully puffed into notice till they came to be favourites and figure at a very short price.

If all goes well, and no mistake has been made in estimating the chances of the horse, he wins the race easily, having been let into the handicap at a ridiculously light weight. But such a grand *coup* is often frustrated because of there being another Richmond in the field. It not unfrequently happens that there are two or three distinct parties who each fancy they can win the Charing-cross Cup. This idea soon gets wind among the initiated, and then the genii who manage such matters go to work so as to plan a still bigger "robbery" than is implied when only one party of professionals is interested. Only one horse can win a race, and therefore if each of three divisions fancy that they have a competent animal, it stands to reason that when the day of reckoning arrives, two of the parties will have to put up with a severe disappointment. By a little finessing those interested are brought together, when, after comparing notes, it is arranged that they shall all go for the best horse of the lot, and with a view to find out which is the best one a trial takes place. We will assume that each of the interested stables has four horses entered for the cup, and that by means of a home trial the best of each four has been found out. That is an easy matter to accomplish, as each set of four horses is made to run a race carrying the exact weight at which they have been handicapped in the cup. The next test is to put these winners together in order to find out which can conquer the others. The railways afford plenty of facilities for such trials, and, as privately as possible, the horses are sent to an appointed place, when a trial is entered upon about which there can be no mistake. One of the three horses wins "in a walk," as the saying is, and the knowledge thus obtained enables the confederacy to devise such a plan of action as will ensure them a very large haul of cash if their horse wins the race, and a sum scarcely less from the "milking" of the other two. The clever persons who manage these things like to have more than one string to their bow, and when so many are entitled to share in the "good thing," it is necessary that the gross amount of money out of which the credulous public are to be swindled should be of corresponding magnitude.

The different transactions connected with the management of such a *coup* as we have indicated are arranged with a tact and ability worthy of a better cause. The utmost secrecy is observed in all that is done, so that the public may be induced to back other horses; a countless number of lies have to be disseminated over the length and breadth of the land; and a false idea of the trial will be circulated by means of unscrupulous writers who can obtain access to the sporting papers. The *Spider*, who was thoroughly beaten in the trial, will be lauded to the skies, and pronounced certain to be in the first three at the finish of the race. *Cuttlefish*, second in the trial, by means of machinery well known to the initiated, is installed in the betting arena as first favourite, and ultimately very short odds and large sums of money are laid against him. The same turf writers, who so assiduously help to create a spurious favourite, write with a remorseless pen against the horse which is in reality the best of the lot—the one on which the hopes of the confederacy are indeed high. The merits of *Porcupine* are systematically decried, and so the ball goes rolling till the race is run and the money bagged. It has more than once happened, however, that all the elaborate and well-devised plans of the most astute turf swindlers have been frustrated by the good running of some horse not hitherto thought capable of winning a big handicap. So many can play at the same game. The owner of the winner being what, in turf parlance, is called "a small man," was not thought worth the trouble of conciliating, and so he takes revenge by winning the cup. What is perhaps still worse for the swindlers, the trophy may be carried off by some gentleman, who, even in the present days of turf corruption, runs his horses fair and square, and would spurn to enter into betting relations with the Billy Button bookmakers of the period. In these swindles it is the public who are robbed, and as the public *will* bet, and from being so cleverly hoodwinked have an unhappy knack of backing the wrong horse, the public are rightly served when they lose their money. What possible chance can the public have in the face of the arrangements we have detailed? Our only regret is, that as one army of backers of horses retires disgusted after their battle with the bookmaker, another host quietly falls into their places, and the bookmaker, jocund and smiling, is as ready to vanquish the new battalions as he was to fight those which preceded them. Let lose their money who may, the bookmakers gain to a certainty.

The agents engaged in managing the kind of horse-racing swindles we have endeavoured to depict, consist as a general rule of any one connected with the turf. From trainer to tout they are all in an occasional swindle. The man who so deftly works "the oracle" is generally known as a commissioner, and there is one of these gentry at present on the turf who has quite a reputation for bringing off "clever things." He has the control of perhaps half-a-dozen stables, and knows how to wait for a few months, or even a year, when it is necessary, in order to mature his plans and so win a large handicap and a great sum of money by doing so. The trainers of the stables over which he exercises supreme control are instructed to work to his orders and obey him in all things. The owners of the horses, who may either be struggling men or noble spendthrifts, are very probably in his debt, or owe money to some bookmaker with whom he has friendly relations, and are therefore glad enough to hand him over the key of their stable.

Let "the Ferret" be the *nom de plume* of one of these ministers of turf iniquity, whose motions we shall endeavour to describe, as he feels his way to the bringing off of one of his occasional grand results.

At one of the numerous race meetings of the season, say about the end of October, he will meet two or three of the trainers with whom he has established confidential relations, and will hear from these men in what condition their horses are, and will probably be told that the *Spider* and the *Sparrow* have grown into fine animals, and will be ready for anything he likes at one of the early spring meetings: the one he is told is a splendid two miler, and the other a clipper at six furlongs. The respective weights with which they could win will be discussed; these the trainers will be pretty well able to tell him from their knowledge of what the horses have formerly done, and by the running of other horses with which they have formerly competed it is known collaterally what they could do. After much questioning and balancing of results and various conferences with many trainers, so as to find out what horses may be likely to start for the spring handicaps, the Ferret comes to the conclusion that he will be quite able so to work both horses as to manage to bring off two good things to begin the year with. His first step after arriving at his conclusion is to see the handicapper for a certain spring meeting. He is so friendly with this gentleman that he feels quite at liberty to tell him what weights he would like the *Spider* and the *Sparrow* to carry at the Chillingly Spring Meeting, and as the handicapper (he is also clerk of the course) always "stands in" in all the Ferret's good things, no difficulty is made, either as to the weights of the Ferret's horses, or, what is of as much consequence, of those animals which are to oppose them, and in case of accident the Ferret gets another horse or two of which he has the control entered at his own weights, so that he may not only have the luxury of choice when the time for action arrives, but a chance of some milk as well.

In due time the handicaps for the Chillingly Meeting are published, and it speaks volumes for the cleverness of the handicapper that none of the Ferret's horses are spotted by the public as being well in. Some of the sporting writers praise "this very fine specimen of the art of handicapping, in which the weights have been so cleverly adjusted that no one animal on public forms appears to have obtained a pound of advantage." There are, doubtless, many honest and straightforward men connected with the sporting press, but on the other hand there are one or two who are unable to resist the blandishments of the Ferret; they, too, share in the spoil when the well-planned good thing is *un fait accompli*. By taking the sporting writer along with him the Ferret manages to get his horses noticed or left alone pretty much as he pleases. There are only a very few good writers on sporting matters. Most of the articles in the provincial press on horse-racing emanate from, at the most, three writers. One man will perhaps write for ten different journals, and as on the occasion of big races, he forwards a different "tip" to each paper, he is always right in one of his journals. But sometimes curious mishaps befall turf writers. On a recent occasion, on which ten horses only ran for a once popular handicap, a writer who supplies nine different journals with prophetic articles was so unfortunate as to miss giving the winner: he predicted nine different animals, but the one he did not predict won the race! Some turf writers are very obstinate in their opinions; one of this kind vowed he would eat a certain horse if it won the Liverpool Grand National Steeple-Chase. The horse won the race easily, and—it is still living, and may probably win it again. It is said that two or three writers on turf affairs have various interests to subserve, and are not free to write as they would wish to do, being obliged to write to order. But when sporting affairs are all more or less a ground of deception, we cannot expect sporting journalists to escape the general contamination.

The Ferret, of course, gives the "office" at an early date to one or two large bookmakers who are in his confidence, and they at once set the balls rolling in the way he desires, in order that the gullible public may be mulct of their cash—to put the case plainly, in order that shop-boys may steal their masters' money, that clerks may forge their masters' names to spurious cheques, that tradesmen may use the money of their creditors to bet with, and that reputable men may become so entangled in the meshes of the betting men's net as to risk the ruin of their fortunes on a swindle, which they have not the means of penetrating or exposing even if they had the necessary moral courage. "Milking," as we have already explained, is the slang term which denotes that money is being obtained out of horses that are technically known as "dead uns," "stiff uns," &c., &c. Much secrecy is observed by the Ferret in carrying out his arrangements, as he dreads the finding out by the public of the game he is playing, and he must guard against the chance of any rival bookmaker putting the cross on him by placing the *Spider* and the *Sparrow* in his list at such a price as would denote their being dangerous. In such a case the Ferret may fall back on two of his reserve horses, or he must "square" the recalcitrant bookmaker by admitting him into the swim; but, as a general rule, the Ferret likes as few people as possible to know his hand. One or two of the bookmakers of the period are very clever at their business, and are quick to find out the tactics of the various confederacies, and to protect themselves from being victimized—that is, laying the intended horses when they are at long odds. At the proper time, when the non-intended horses have yielded all the money that can be got out of them, a commission is simultaneously "worked" all over the country on behalf of the genuine horses. This part of the work is accomplished by means of arrangements through confederates in all the chief towns. Every layer of odds in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Brussels, and Paris, as well as at the London lists, is approached at a given moment, say at twelve o'clock, and the horses are then backed for all the money that the different betting men will lay. If it is a large handicap, in which some twenty horses may be expected to run, a sum of forty or fifty thousand pounds will be taken up in this way; at the same time the news will be telegraphed over all the country that the whilom favourite has broken down in training and may never run again, which of course spreads such consternation among his backers as to force them to back the new favourite which has come in the betting so as to save themselves. In a day or two the horse is "scratched," or struck out of the race, and the thousands of pounds that have been got out of him will in due time find their way into the pockets of those interested. The Electric Telegraph is now an important instrument in all matters connected with horse-racing. By means of it information can be sent to owners, trainers, jockeys, commissioners, and others, in almost an instant of time. We all know from the published statements of the Postmaster-General that a large revenue is derived by the State from messages appertaining to the affairs of the turf, but we do not all know—indeed, most of the public are ignorant of the fact—that the turf gangrene is extending among the telegraph clerks and message boys; they obtain information about horses by virtue of their office, and some of them have no scruples about using it, in order to make a little money in betting.

It must not, however, be supposed that in planning and bringing off such a *grand coup* as has been indicated, all is plain sailing. Indeed, it is very often a work of great difficulty to achieve a highly remunerative success. There is one class of turfites in particular that it is both dangerous and difficult to conciliate. We allude to the array of touts now scattered all over the country watching what is doing in the training grounds, and waiting for the trials of horses which always take place before great races are timed to come off. These men are largely endowed with the faculty of sleeplessness, and have a never-failing power of industry. They are at their posts by break of day, and will hang on within view of a training-ground for hours to ascertain some particular fact. They will note the doings of the favourite for some particular race, scanning him keenly and critically; they will see how he takes his pipe-opener, or if he breaks down, or if he turns lame, or is absent from exercise. And such facts as they can gather are in the possession of their employers with the utmost speed,—wired from the nearest telegraph station within a minute or two of their having occurred. There is nothing that so well denotes the immensity of turf business, and the largeness of the money interests which are at stake as the keeping up of this army of touts. Every bookmaker has his little band of them, one, or perhaps two, at each training ground of importance, who holds constant communication with him, so that he speedily knows whatever takes place, and as a rule is always a long way ahead of the public in information. By the same sort of machinery he frequently knows a horse will be scratched on a given day, so that if opportunity occurs, he may lay a few points over the market betting against that horse. In fact betting, as we shall by-and-by explain, is a game in which the public must have always the worst of it; as the proverb hath it, "the public always in betting get the hot end of the poker." Be that as it may, trainers hate to work under the eyes of touts, and they sometimes, in consequence, resort to most ingenious devices to hoodwink and out-manœuvre them. Before now, a horse has been painted so as to deceive the touting fraternity, and false trials are frequently got up for the delectation of these men. As for the Ferret, he hates touts with an exceeding hatred, although he has been known to use them for his own purposes, but he has occasionally taken away a horse in the dead of night from one training ground to another, so that he might deceive them. Before now a band of touts have been captured and kept in confinement, so that they might not be able to witness an important trial on the eve of a great race: on other occasions, they have been deceived by the wrong horse being allowed to win in the trial spin, and whilst the touts rushed off to the telegraph office another trial would be accomplished, which they, of course, were not able to witness, and so the tables would be turned upon them. But it is not easy to deceive touts, they are so keen-witted and so industrious —many of them are also very clever, being excellent judges of horse-flesh; some of them, perhaps, are fallen trainers. Moreover, it is the interest of touts to obtain the best information for their employers, as in general they are remarkably well paid, receiving many a ten pound note as the reward of their shrewdness and industry. A book-maker we have heard of pays a Newmarket tout at the rate of two hundred pounds a year, but the information sent from day to day is worth it. The same person will also retail his information to some other bookmaker in another town.

The Ferret's trainer has no voice in the handicap arrangements we have described; his duty is ended when he brings his horses fit and well to the starting-post. His business is simply to train the animals entrusted to him, and, as might be expected, different men are adepts at different kinds of training, and some at all kinds. One man is celebrated for training horses for short distance races, whilst another is good at getting animals into condition for a two-mile spin. One trainer will devote his energies to steeple-chasing, another will make handicaps his principal study. Among the trainers are many good and true men, who scorn to be mixed up in the chicanery of the turf. There are others, again, who delight in scheming, and who are eternally plotting with all their might to accomplish every now and then a big robbery. Such a trainer has before now spoiled many a good thing when he has not been taken into the confidence of his owner. Many examples of cross-grained actions on the part of trainers might be given here had we space in which to detail them. If a trainer has got a good horse in hand, leniently weighted in some particular race, he may give all his friends the "tip," so that they back it as he himself does, and then he may find that from some cause or other the owner will not run the horse, so that at the last moment he and his friends are left in the lurch. Next time, however, he is upsides with his employer, who has, perhaps, set his heart on winning a particular race with some horse which he considers well able to do so, but which unaccountably is about last in the struggle instead of first, as he had fondly hoped. This time the trainer does not lose a single sixpence, nor have any of his friends backed the horse. It is even whispered that Dick Wisp, the trainer in question, received the present of a couple of "ponies" (£50) from a well-known bookmaker, who never ceased laying the odds against the horse. But that may be a slander.

Dick Wisp, having brought the *Spider* and the *Sparrow* to the course in splendid condition, is congratulated by the Ferret on his success, and all are hopeful that the grand *coup* will be brought off. An honest jockey, who is also a clever one, has been retained to ride the horse, and, if he is successful in being first past the post, he will be paid £500 for each mount. The lad has been put "on" that sum to nothing. In ordinary cases a jockey only receives £5 for a winning mount, and two pounds less for a losing one, but, in these days of hot competition and turf money-making, a commissioner will think nothing of giving a boy a cheque for £500 if he wins an important handicap. "It is well," some readers will say, "to be a clever jockey. Where is the professor in any of our universities that will receive such a sum for even a whole course of his best lectures? What minister that ever mounted a pulpit will be paid £500 for the best sermon he ever preached?" Of course, it is the boy's honesty that is bought, not his skill; a bookmaker could square a bad boy by giving him double the sum. One or two jockeys earn as much as £5,000 in the season. Two or three of the best of them hold retainers from crack sportsmen entitling them to so many hundreds a year, and earn besides large allowances for their winning mounts. A popular jockey is sometimes "retained" by several noblemen and gentlemen, one having the first call on his services, another the second, and so on in rotation. He is, of course, paid by them all, and has thus the chance of riding all the best horses of the period. A jockey too gets more presents, and those of far more value, than a popular clergyman. We have heard of the latter getting an occasional pipe of port wine, but it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for a jockey to get ten or twelve cheques, each for a hundred pounds, in the course of a year from men who follow his mounts. At one period jockeys were sadly spoiled. Some ten years ago, when a few men went crazed about racing matters, and lost their patrimony on the turf, thereby beggaring their families, it was the fashion to pet the jockey lads of the day; they were made much of, and were often seen in the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of their patrons, and were occasionally taken to the opera by duchesses! No wonder, then, that some of them lost their heads, and, to use an expressive phrase, "went to the bad." But there are jockeys *and* jockeys. There are riders who would not "pull" a horse for any sum of money that might be offered to them, whilst there are not a few who would do any piece of dirty work for a sovereign. Some trainers who work the oracle either for themselves or their patrons would not directly corrupt their boys by giving them orders to pull a horse; they take other means to ensure their ends being arrived at; but it is known that an unscrupulous bookmaker has bribed a jockey before now. All jockeys are bound to ride to order; they are very seldom invested with any discretionary power. A trainer or employer will say to them as they are about to start:—"Well, George, I think you can win this race if you wait on your horse till you come to the straight run home; but don't bother him, only keep well up with the ruck, and when you come to the turn let him have his head, and then, after you have tried and find you are not in the hunt, ease him, because I can try for something else; and if you can't win right out, my lad, I would rather not see the horse placed." In other words the trainer does not want the horse to be in the first three at the finish, which means, that he can get the animal let into some other race at a light weight upon some other opportunity. Hope of future success, "better luck next time," is one of the grand sustaining powers of the sporting man. The Ferret is an adept at knowing the right tools for his work; he knows which jockeys to engage and which of them to avoid. He knows full well that when a particular lad is seen on a certain horse, that particular animal is not meant to win the race which he is running for, for on that occasion the lad has the mount in the interest of a certain bookmaker. Many a good rider owes his downfall to being bribed by a bookmaker to "pull" a horse. One of the crack horsemen of the day, a man with fine hands and an excellent judge of pace, well able to make a brilliant finish, even in a Derby, maintains at present a very equivocal position, it being surmised that he is more interested in the success of a leading bookmaker than in that of those who employ him.

The Ferret having been fortunate in obtaining a good jockey, the first race is won in "the commonest of canters," as the "Sporting Oracle" describes, and another tribute is paid to the genius of the handicapper, the light-weighted favourites so strongly fancied by the public being literally nowhere, the first three being all of them well-weighted horses! The division of the spoil comes next: a sum of sixty thousand pounds will perhaps be netted over the two handicaps gained by the *Spider* and the *Sparrow*, all through the astute management of the Ferret. The bookmakers, who had the working of the commission, duly hand over the cash, which is promptly divided among all who are privileged to "stand in"—that is, to share it. The trainer gets his "century" (£100), the head lad of the stable gets his "tenner," the jockey gets his "monkey" (£500), and duly gives his valet a "fiver" out of the sum. All popular jockeys now-a-days keep a valet! The sporting writer, who has done the Ferret good service, is duly remembered. The handicapper and clerk of the course is above being bribed, but by some oversight the stakes won on the two races—and they must amount to a considerable sum—are never even asked for. How strange that so 'cute a business man as the Ferret should neglect to take up the stakes? and how passing strange that so strict a man as Mr. Weightem should never remind the Ferret of his forgetfulness? After all, handicappers are but human.

The bookmakers intrusted with the carrying out of the Ferret's plans will have taken care of themselves; they will have "stood in" to win a thousand or two at the average odds obtained for the commission. The bookmakers of to-day, as a rule, make large sums of money through the gullibility of the public, who back no end of horses to win large sums. All the chances of the unholy war of betting are in favour of the bookmaker; he is well posted up by his touts as to what is occurring on the training-ground; the money sent to him to back different horses affords him a constant clue to what is going forward. He gets to know where it comes from, who sends it, and their position as to knowing which horses are meant for a particular race; and so he is able to judge, if he is not in "the know," which horses are stiff ones, and which are likely to compete. In fact, all the fools who throw away money in backing horses play into his hands; he sifts the information they give him, and has their cash into the bargain. Some bookmakers have been stigmatised by Dr. Shorthouse as being "swine." As a general rule, the men attending a race-course in the betting line are very coarse in their language and illiterate to a degree, many of them being scarcely able to pronounce the names of the horses they lay the odds against, and nearly all of them garnish their conversation with oaths. A large number of the bookmakers who attend a race-meeting are thorough swindlers, the typical name for them being "welchers;" they are men, many of them, who would rob their mother if she came and made a bet with them. A number of the men who are daily seen in the ring have "convict" legibly stamped on their foreheads, and we once heard a gentleman say of a well-known bookmaker that if he were to appear for trial in a criminal court, the jury would not ask for any evidence of his crime to be produced, but would say "Guilty," whenever they looked upon the man. It is pitiful to think that by the gullibility of the public a lot of these ignorant roughs should make fortunes, be able to keep carriages, and live in elegant mansions. Many a poor fellow has been ruined, and his family reduced to beggary, by the machinations of these men and their congeners whom we have described. They "lay" against a *stiff* horse with great avidity. With the utmost glee, they will laugh over their feats of this kind, and speak with sad contempt of the men that bring the grist to their mill. Of course there are good men even among bookmakers—men of taste and cultivation—jewels in a pig's snout, so to speak—men who can not only read, but men who can write as well—ay, and write elegantly, too. And the gentleman bookmaker, who receives his visitor politely, and does not garnish his conversation with a volley of strange oaths, is just as acute at his trade as the others; he can fight a rogue with a rogue's weapons, but would not on any account become an accomplice of mere swindlers. He makes a legitimate book, and holds his own in the race for wealth, and is not averse to tell a friend about a real good thing when he knows it.

Before these remarks are published, the Derby of 1873 will have been lost and won, the annual suicide over that race will have been recorded, and the whole pack of layers and takers of the odds will then be impatient for the advent of "Royal Ascot" and "Glorious Goodwood." It would seem as if fools never tired of their folly. A man is no sooner eased of his money at one race meeting, than he hurries off to another in search of better luck, but "better luck" is simply an *ignis fatuus*, which leads him further into debt and disgrace. No man can make money by "backing" horses, because, from the beginning to the end of the season, the kind of plotting we have endeavoured to describe is ever going forward, so that those behind the scenes must in the long run be the gainers. Fortunes have been and are still made by laying the odds against horses, which ought to be the best argument that could possibly be used to convince the backer of his folly. Only one argument, however, is understood by a backer of horses,—it is embraced in one word, and that word is *ruin*. The turf has ruined, and is still ruining, day by day, its thousands. Betting has become a clamant nuisance, that must be put down with a high hand, or be regulated with a hand still higher and heavier. We have a dread that it will be found impossible altogether to stamp out betting; men, unfortunately for themselves, *will* bet—no matter what the instrument of gambling may be; a horse, a boat, or a sack of hops will answer equally well. There is scarcely a warehouse or shop in London and other great cities in which the assistants and other servants will not put their shilling or their crown into a Derby sweepstakes: even the apprentices of London and country workshops have their Derby sweep, and so the young idea is taught to gamble. In India, Australia, and America, immense sums of money also change hands by means of sweepstakes on the race for the Derby. "The race-horse is now more an instrument of gambling than of sport," and when our readers consider the kind of genii by whom the animal is surrounded, and what they do with it, they will at once see the sterling truth of this proposition. It is in vain that owners of race-horses say, "We don't want any gambling, we don't encourage it; but our horses are our own, and surely we may do what we please with our own—may we not run or scratch them just as we please?" We say No, most emphatically, because, except in rare instances, no owner of horses is able to pay for their keep by means of the few stakes which he may win in the course of a year. The keeping of a racing-stud is one of the most expensive amusements that a gentleman can possibly indulge in, and the money to pay for such a luxury must ultimately be supplied by the public. A race-horse will not cost less in training expenses, travelling expenses, and fees for entries in races, than £1 per day, or at least £300 per year; a stud of twenty horses would therefore, cost £6000 a year, and unless the owner could make sure of winning the Derby, or one or two important handicaps every season, he must recoup a portion of his expenses by backing his horses, or by general betting, consequently, the public, in turf parlance, must ultimately "stand in" along with him. No man, therefore, has a right to do what he likes with his own horses when he goes into the public betting-market in order to find a share of the money with which to pay his trainer's bills. If the public are asked to help him to pay the piper, they have a right to a voice in calling the tune. But no argument is necessary to convince thinking men of the immorality of the turf: it has told, and is daily telling, its own tale in the police courts and in our courts of justice, as also in the by-lanes of our great cities, in the hotels and public houses: at Tattersall's, and in the smoking rooms of the great clubs. None can tell all the misery which the Turf has inflicted, because much of it has been borne in sad silence. Many a sudden death might, if all were known, be attributed to losses on the Cesarewitch or some other great race—indeed the history of the turf is daily being written in letters of blood in the annals of the nineteenth century.

STRAUSS ON THE OLD AND THE NEW FAITHS.

The Old Faith and the New. A Confession, by DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

DR. DAVID STRAUSS'S new work has attracted great attention. It is a repetition in his old age of the success of his youth, when, nearly forty years ago, his "Life of Jesus" caused so much excitement in the theological world, and gave rise to a lasting critical activity. But this time it is not the supernatural birth and divinity of Christ that he disputes. He rejects belief in a personal God, and tries to defend absolute materialism.

The mode of treating the subject is also very different from that of the "Life of Jesus." In his early work there is minute critical research, and so detailed a discussion of every point that the reader's patience is often tried. The new work, on the contrary, is written in an attractive style, and is easily understood. It trips along, as he says, loosely girded, and makes no great demands on the reader as the more difficult problems are passed over lightly. A spice of frivolity too, of which there is no trace in his earlier works, renders it attractive to superficial readers. In Strauss's previous writings, though there are frequent vehement attacks on his theological opponents, yet Christ and his work are treated with respect. The character of the present treatise is entirely different. Long occupation with frivolous French writers, particularly Voltaire, has not been without its effect, and he has turned this to account in attracting the public who were frightened by the seriousness and learning of his earlier works.

Besides, this new book is expressly called a "Confession," and therefore learned research is not its special object, which is simply to give a clear and comprehensive view of his present opinions. It is intended chiefly for the guidance of those who agree with him. It may be regarded as a sort of pastoral, addressed to his disciples. And in truth Strauss has shown that he understands these pastoral labours in favour of a new faith better than the dignitaries of Church understand theirs on behalf of the old. They would make a sad figure if, under similar circumstances, they had to set forth a confession of the same kind.

After being long employed in critical and negative labours, Strauss feels impelled to produce something positive. He presents in a connected form the conception of the Universe, which he wishes to substitute for Christianity and religion itself. This conception he calls "the laboriously attained results of continued research into nature and history, as opposed to Christian and ecclesiastical opinions." "I shall have," he says, "to show two things: first, our relations with the ancient faith of the church, and secondly, the main features of the modern conception of the world, which we, that is, I and those who think with me, profess. The faith of the church is Christianity. The question therefore is: Whether, and to what extent, we are still Christians. Christianity is one definite form of religion, the essence of which is distinct from the form. A man may renounce Christianity and still be religious. Another question then arises out of the first, namely, Have we still any religion? Our second question about the modern conception of the world also resolves itself into two. First, we desire to know in what this conception consists, on what foundation it rests, and what are its distinguishing characteristics, especially with reference to the old ecclesiastical opinions. In the second place we ask, Does the modern conception of the Universe render the same services to us as the Christian faith does to orthodox believers; is it better or worse adapted for the foundation of a really moral and therefore blessed life?" In accordance with the problem thus stated, the following are the four questions which Strauss answers for himself and his followers: "Are we still Christians? Have we still any religion? What is our conception of the world? How do we order our lives?" To these four sections two others are added: one "On our great poets," the other "On our great musicians."

Strauss answers the question, "Are we still Christians?" with a decided negative. He rejects the entire ecclesiastical system, with its dogmas, principles, and modes of worship, as untenable in the face of modern science. In this part he is in his native element. To the investigation of this subject he has devoted the greater part of his life. After his "Life of Jesus" we had his "Christian Dogmatics," in which the same critical research was applied to particular dogmas. The contents of these two works are freely reproduced in the first part of the present work. And we do not hesitate to pronounce the first part the best.

We observe, however, some peculiar tactics, which are still more conspicuous in the second part. He persists in representing as the essence of Christianity very gross misrepresentations of Christian doctrines. He goes beyond the narrowest orthodoxy in obstinate adherence to the crudest forms of Christian faith. This greatly lightens his critical labours but renders them to a great extent illusory. Through his destructive criticism he has reached a negative orthodoxy, which is related to the old orthodoxy as the negative to the positive pole. He will not be deprived of the object of his assault, nor have its importance lessened, by admitting that the old theology was not genuine Christianity. He has often expressed himself with bitterness against the liberal theologians. Hengstenberg's old Lutheran conception of Christianity, for example, he has defended rather than the more liberal tendencies of Dr. Schenkel, which rest upon the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, while Hengstenberg is the advocate of the mere letter of the Reformation, with its rigid formulas.

This indicates a peculiar narrowness in Strauss's mind. He is, perhaps, afraid that the importance of his critical exploit would be diminished, if a less literal conception of Christianity were generally received. He wants to make his opponent appear as important as possible; but in trying to do this he ignores the laws of nature and history, as much as the old orthodox Christians did, whose theology he refutes. It is not necessary that everything which enters this world as a power or a principle must either work continually in the same form, or be destroyed. It may assume new forms, as circumstances change and occasion requires. If for example, in the early ages of the Church, the person of Jesus could only be apprehended by the multitude as the great phenomenon that it really was, in the form of apotheosis, this does not exclude a different conception in other times and under other circumstances. The conceptions of our age are supplanted by those of another, while the truth concerned remains the same. The absolute alternative about the person of Christ—either God, or an impostor—with which the defenders of ancient orthodoxy hold a pistol to our heads, is no longer to be admitted. The subject must be left open to investigation, for in recent times the means for it have been greatly increased. Should the traditional idea of the person of Christ and of Christianity appear untenable in the light of modern and scientific research, this would not abolish Christ and his work, as Strauss imagines. It seems rather to enable us more fully to comprehend his actual and ideal nature, and to recognise the true value of his life and lessons. It is far more likely that there should have been error than that the whole truth should have been recognised at once.

Strauss himself, as well as many eminent theologians, deny that the divinity of Jesus Christ, as popularly understood, is to be found in the New Testament. It is doubtful if there is one passage clearly for it even in the Gospel of St. John, unless it be in the sense of the eternal Word or Wisdom of God dwelling in the man Jesus. The whole doctrine of the Ecclesiastical Trinity requires revision. There are passages in the New Testament which directly contradict the opinion that Jesus himself proclaimed his divinity and demanded belief in it. He declines the predicate "good" with the remark, "There is none good but one, that is God." On the Mount of Olives he accepts the will of his Father as opposed to his own. He complains on the cross that God has forsaken him. No one would thus express himself who was really God in the sense in which Christ is commonly supposed to have been God.

Again, supposing Strauss's criticisms to be established, we cannot take the orthodox conception of Christianity which he identifies with Christianity, and against which alone his present arguments have any force. If the accounts of the birth, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ are mere legends, the dogmas founded on them cannot be Christian dogmas. They may be forms of belief natural to that age of the world, but the essence of Christianity must be something altogether independent of them. The biblical passages on which the doctrine of the divinity of Christ was founded, and the circumstances of the times when it was proclaimed, abundantly justify a fresh inquiry into the subject. And if earnest and conscientious men are led to a different conclusion from that reached by the bishops of the fourth and following centuries, Strauss and the orthodox must not call them unbelievers, nor deny them the name of Christians. He must be above all others a Christian, a disciple of Jesus, who takes him to be what he himself professed to be, not what bishops afterwards made him. Christ's true disciples are those who accept the truth which he taught, live and act in his spirit, and not those who seek to gain his favour by making him something different from what he professed to be. It is easier to exclaim Lord, Lord, than to realise the truth and will of God. It is sometimes no great honour to be called God by men, since the idea of God is often so imperfect. What sort of God did the Romish Church in the Middle Ages make of Christ? A God the very opposite of Him whom Jesus declared to be "our Father in heaven," who loves all men as his children, and who makes his sun to shine on the evil and the good. Instead of this, the Jesus proclaimed to be God is set forth as a cruel tyrant, who thirsts for the blood of the heretic, who again gave over to the devil the world he is said to have redeemed by his death, and whose dominion was to be secured by fire and sword. What a spectacle contrasted with the life of Jesus! Will Strauss call this Christianity, and because we have different views will he deny that we are any longer Christians? How much better would it have been with the nations, if they had been led to accept the life of Jesus, to adopt his views, and to imitate his life, instead of making him an Old Testament God, whose acts, according to his papal representatives, are in manifest contradiction to his doctrines of love and forgiveness, the easy yoke which He promised his disciples.

The essence of Christianity is not destroyed by critical inquiries, nor is Christ degraded. On the contrary, Christ is not duly honoured until those views of him are superseded which arose out of the circumstances of the times, which bear the stamp of ancient modes of thought, and which have been maintained through so many centuries, chiefly because they favoured the ambition of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome. It is not to be expected, nor indeed is it desirable, that individuals or nations should accept without inquiry the results of modern criticism into the life of Christ. Venerable age and custom are firm supports of opinions even when refuted on scientific grounds. We neither can nor ought to put an end to them by force. They must be treated with the respect which even error demands, as the conviction of sincere men, and which is therefore included in the rights accorded to them.* It is, therefore, much to be regretted that Strauss has made use of the expression, "The story of the resurrection of Jesus can only be characterized as a historical humbug." Humbug consists in wilful deception. There is not the least trace of anything of the kind in the origin of belief in the resurrection of Christ. Strauss himself is far from supposing that there was. He considers rather that it arose from a psychological process which went on in the minds of the disciples after their flight into Galilee after the death of Jesus. "There," he says, "they may have celebrated his memory in secret meetings, strengthened each other's faith in him, searched the Scriptures over and over again, striven together for light and certainty. These were mental struggles, which in Oriental one-sided, fantastic natures, especially in women, would readily develop into ecstacies and visions. Thus when they thought they had discovered that as the Messiah he could not remain in the grave, it was not a long step to, 'I, or we, saw him after he rose from the dead; he met us and spoke to us; at first we knew him not, but when he had departed the scales as it were fell from our eyes, we knew that it was He himself.' And these statements became more and more distinct by repetition. He had eaten with his disciples, showed them his hands and his feet; challenged them to put their fingers into his wounds. The disciples thus saved the work of their murdered master by this representation of his resurrection." It was their honest conviction that they had really seen and spoken with him after he had risen. Delusion it might have been, but there was nothing in it of pious fraud. Whatever may be the explanation, it was not "humbug." The most probable solution of the difficulties connected with revelation, is by assigning to the essence of religion a deeper psychological source; by recognizing a revelation of God in the essential nature of the soul of man, of which the highest and purest manifestation must be recognized in Jesus. He realized most completely this divinely human gift as God-consciousness, and intimate union with the Divine Being, and he must therefore be revered as the highest revelation of God to man.

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* See the Author's work, Das Recht der Eigenen berzeugung Ue. Leipzic, 1869.

This brings us to the second part of Strauss's work. "Have we still any religion?" The answer to the question is not so decidedly negative as to the first. Strauss finally confesses that his religious emotions are to some extent excited, not by a personal God, but by the "All" (Universum), which by its order and adherence to law, is the source of all truth and goodness, and which is regulated not by, but on the highest reason (Vernunft). Strauss thinks it wrong of Schopenhauer, the pessimist philosopher, as an individual, to despise the "All" from which he derives his existence and the little reason that he misuses. "We see in this," Strauss says, "a denial of the feeling of dependence which we attribute to every man. We ask for our Universum the same devotion which the good man of the old school feels for his God. Our feeling for the 'All' reacts, when wounded religiously."

Strauss's remnant of religion consists in a feeling of dependence on the "All." It is then no surprise that he assigns the origin of religion to man's weakness and helplessness in face of the powers of nature. "Hume," he says "is right in maintaining that it is not the disinterested desire for truth and knowledge that originally led men to religion, but the very interested desire for their own welfare, and that questionable religious motives have always been more effective than pleasant ones. The Epicurean derivation of religion from fear is indisputably correct. Had things alway been as man wished, had he always had what he desired, if none of his plans had failed, and if he had not been taught by painful experience to look anxiously forward to the future, the idea of a higher being would scarcely have occurred to him. He would have thought, it *must* be as it is, and would have accepted it in blank indifference."

That may be true, but it is no proof that there is no truth in religion as such, or that it is a mere accidental delusion. It only explains the method in which religion arose and developed itself. But it is a method founded on the eternal nature of things, and the law of their development. Man's faculties have been developed by the necessities of life. Laws, moral culture, and even the arts and sciences originated in this way, But they are not therefore merely the results of accident, and the necessities of life, but are based upon truth, and the nature of the mind itself, and correspond with objective realities. All things begin in imperfection, and only attain perfection by degrees. They must not be judged by their imperfect beginning, but by their state of greater perfection. Take music, for example. No doubt it began with most imperfect instruments, and was at first a very rough expression. But the melody and harmony of a great musical composition is the expression of truths founded in the eternal nature of things revealed through the mind of man. The harmonious relations between certain musical notes are not accidental, nor have they been determined by man, but are founded on eternal truths, which can only be revealed to, and participated in by, man, by means of musical creations. If then man is made partaker of eternal truths by the enjoyment of musical notes in certain relations, is it likely that the soul of man can have fallen under an accidental delusion arising out of the circumstances of life, in relation to religious sentiments and faith? Has he not rather embraced an eternal truth, received the hidden divine nature, and become in a greater or less degree, a partaker of it? He who looks closely at the nature of religion, who rightly estimates its profound importance to the mind, instead of judging it by imperfect representations, will scarcely deny that, in religious feeling and faith, a divine essence is revealed as the basis of all existence and life.

Strauss cannot withdraw himself from the influence of this feeling, for he himself confesses that he is religiously affected by the "All," the universal order and reason. Besides, he is wrong in saying, as Schleiermacher said before him, that the mere feeling of dependence is the essence of religion. Religion may begin in this way, but this is only a stage and is entirely outgrown by many persons, especially by those of a mystical nature. Strauss ought to have known, from his study of the life of Jesus, that religion includes infinitely higher and deeper feelings than those of dependence. No one gives so clear a testimony to this as Jesus. Even the religious emotion excited by the "All" is not merely a feeling of dependence. It is not the outward manifestation of power that excites Strauss's emotions, but the source of order, law, and reason. He feels Schopenhauer's pessimism and contempt for the "All" to be blasphemous, and demands the same devotion for the Universum as the good man of the old school feels for his God. Strauss certainly would not lay claim to have penetrated to all the heights and depths of the Universum, and his emotions cannot have reference to the mere outward manifestations of it. They must therefore have reference to the hidden as well as manifest reason (Vernunft) of existence, and they cannot really be so different from religious faith as he imagines. He has not, therefore, succeeded in denying religion.

The representations of the Deity, as well as the modes of religious worship, are, as we all know, very different among different nations. These do not constitute the essence of religion, but are merely the forms in which it strives to express itself. They change, and depend on natural and historical circumstances, according to the degree of culture to which a nation has attained. Religion cannot be refuted by merely these imperfect and transient conceptions. And if Strauss feels his emotions excited by the "All," which he does not perfectly apprehend, as by a personal, intelligent being (Vernunft-Wesen), he need not be so anxious to refute the ordinary proofs of the existence of the Deity, as if he had thereby refuted religion itself. Besides, his criticism of these proofs is very superficial. Even supposing that the cosmological and teleological proofs are not strong, one who thinks so highly of Kant should not have passed so lightly over his moral proofs of the existence of a personal God, and treated them with a Voltairean superficiality. And it would have become a disciple of Hegel to have thoroughly investigated the ontological argument on which he lays so much stress. But instead of this, Strauss tries to bring forward positive proofs against the existence of a personal God. The following are the chief of them:—First, according to modern astronomical science there is no longer any place where God can be enthroned, and therefore He must be rejected. Secondly, the idea of personality implies limitation, which cannot apply to an absolute, infinite being. The first of these arguments has the old popular notion in view, that God is like a great Eastern potentate, enthroned in heaven, whence, surrounded by saints and angels, he rules the world, and especially the church. A gross idea, which has undoubtedly been fostered in the Roman Catholic Church by her worship, by pictorial representations, and by her doctrines. But it is quite an assumption to suppose that it is only in this way that a personal God can be conceived, and to say that his existence is disproved when it is shown that no such heaven beyond the stars exists. Strauss again adopts the tactics of which we have before spoken. He takes the grossest and most sensuous representations as the only true notions of religion, and of course finds no difficulty in refuting them and making them appear ridiculous. He is caught in the trap of the old sensuous orthodoxy, though he approaches it critically and negatively.

The assertion that the notion of "personality" implies limitation, and is applicable only to what is finite and relative, but not to the absolute, is taken from Fichte; but it is by no means correct. This will be clearly shown by a deeper consideration of the essential elements of personality. These are—existence, consciousness of this existence, and control over it. Distinction from, and therefore limitation by others, is not an essential element of personality, but an accidental sign of relative personality. An absolute personality cannot therefore be said to be impossible; for it may find in itself, in the constituent elements of its existence, without the necessity of any other being, the distinctions necessary for personal consciousness. And as distinction from others and limitation by them, is not one of the essential elements of personality, neither is personality essentially subject to limitation in regard to action. Personality, self-consciousness, and freedom of the will, is rather the power of breaking through the narrow limits of relative monadic existence, of expanding into the infinite by consciousness and will, of rising above itself, and on the other hand of receiving the infinite into its own consciousness. The more a man cultivates his idiosyncratic nature, the more independent he becomes in knowledge and the exercise of the will, the more he suffices for himself and the less need he has of others; according to Strauss's theory the more perfect the personality the greater the limitation.

Moreover, the divine absolute personality cannot be altogether compared with human personality. The divine Being cannot be without the perfection which manifests itself in the human personality as the highest of which we have any knowledge. If we define God by other predicates of earthly perfection we must not deny Him the highest phase of it, must not regard him as *less than personal*. That would be imperfection. The personality of the absolute must be of a higher and more intensified kind than human personality. It may be said therefore that God is super-personal. His personality includes the essential elements of man's personality. But it is also absolute in a way that transcends man's comprehension.

Strauss appears to us to deny the chief object of religious faith without sufficient reason. He need not therefore be surprised if he is told that his views of the nature of God are quite as offensive to religious feeling and to reason as Schopenhauer's views of the Universum are to him.

Strauss disposes of the immortality of the soul with a few superficial remarks. His chief argument is that it is inconceivable that a spirit can continue to exist without a body, since we find that its action and development are conditioned by the bodily organs. He now changes his tactics. Having previously taken the most sensuous ideas as representing Christianity and religion, in order to make the existence of the soul after death appear impossible he now assumes that it is absolutely disembodied. He ought to know that this is not the Christian idea of the existence of the soul after death; that some kind of sensuous nature is almost always ascribed to it, and the possibility admitted of some kind of sensuous punishment. Even philosophy for the most part rejects this pure spirituality so-called, and clothes the soul with some kind of sensuous organ or etherial body. But even if pure spirituality is assumed, the existence of the soul after the death of the body is not inconceivable, for in this case an innate, eternal substantive power is ascribed to the soul, such, for instance, as Leibnitz has ascribed to it in his doctrine of monads.

Strauss attaches but little value to belief in immortality in respect of rewards and punishment after death. Moral effort in order to attain eternal happiness appears to him mere selfishness; true morality should find its reward in the consciousness of having acted rightly. In reply to this, it may be observed that the real motive for morality is not reward, but love to God and our neighbour, as Christ distinctly proclaimed. At the same time the hope of reward for virtue in this life by blessedness after death, is not so selfish as Strauss imagines. It is rather the expression of the reasonable belief, that in accordance with a universal law, all discord in the universe will be finally adjusted; that the condition of every creature will be in harmony with its real or ideal constitution. This is not to be effected in the interests merely of the individual, but in those of the whole creation. Moreover, this consciousness of virtue, so much lauded as a sufficient reward, is *not* sufficient for weak and helpless man. It becomes him humbly to look for divine aid in his spiritual advancement as well as in his physical necessities. The self-sufficiency of virtue has not had very brilliant results when subjected to temptation. The Stoics have shown that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

The immortality of the soul cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have been sufficiently proved; but neither has it been scientifically refuted. The arguments scientifically proved for it are at least quite as conclusive as those against it.

Strauss having, as he supposes, abolished Christianity and religion, he proceeds in the third part to describe the conception of the universe which he proposes to substitute for religious faith. The answer to the question, "What is our conception of the world?" shows that Strauss has adopted what is called naturalistic positivism. He wishes to see the principle of purely mechanical forces applied by Kant and Laplace to the planetary system extended to living and psychical phenomena, and he considers the human mind to be merely the result of complicated mechanical forces. Darwin's theory of the origin of species is of course most welcome to him. He does not, however, display Darwin's caution and reserve, but far outstrips him in the confident hope that the great gaps which still exist in the system will in future be filled up. He assigns to spontaneous generation the origin of organic life, which has afterwards by slow degrees, during immense spaces of time, developed into man. He thinks that man only differs from the lower animals in degree, not in essential characteristics. The psychical faculties of animals are, as usual, magnified as much as possible, while man is reduced as low as possible, and the most degraded races introduced as representatives of humanity. To make the doctrine he has to oppose as improbable as possible, he forsakes his idea of the soul as a disembodied spirit, and describes it as consisting of the grossest material. In the idea of a soul as distinct from the brain, he sees nothing but a groundless hypothesis involving numerous difficulties; especially the difficulty how an extended unthinking thing like the human body can exert any influence on an immaterial thinking thing such as the soul is assumed to be. "No philosopher," he says, "has explained, nor ever will explain, how there can be any reciprocal influence between the two. But it would at any rate be much easier to comprehend if we had only to do with one and the same being, at the one end extension, at the other thought. Of course we are told such beings are impossible. We answer, they actually exist; we ourselves are such beings." Strauss, therefore, who finds it inconceivable that a thinking being can influence extension, or that there can be any reciprocal action between the two, finds it quite conceivable, or rather a matter of course, that a being can be extension at one end and thought at the other. And what is certainly very extraordinary, the thinking end gets its power of thinking from the extended end. It must arise from a mere spirit of arbitrariness and contradiction, to maintain that the difficulties of the problem of mind and matter exist only in the imagination, and then coolly to say that the problem is solved. Instead of lessening the opposition between mind and matter, which has been received since the days of Descartes, and facilitating the idea of reciprocal influence—which the idea of force suggests—the opposition is maintained and an ideality of both assumed. This is mere caprice, and not a solution of the difficulty. Any approximation between mind and matter is declared impossible, and yet they may be identified. Is the *Credo quia absurdum* also not quite impossible to the materialists?

Strauss seems to be highly pleased with this solution derived from gross materialism; but it has already been given by Spinoza in his ideal of substance and in a less gross form. Strauss continues in his usual strain of self-complacency:—"It is incredible how even scientific men have been posed for centuries by this problem. It is not so long ago that the law of the conservation of force was discovered, and it will be a long time before its intimate relation to the transition of heat into motion, and *vice versâ*, is understood and defined. But the time cannot be far distant when its application to the problem of sensation and conception will be discovered. If, under certain conditions, motion is transformed into heat, why should there not be conditions under which it is transformed into sensation? We have the conditions, the apparatus for it in the brain and nervous system of the higher animals, and in the organs which supply their place in the lower animals. On the one hand, if a nerve is touched, set in motion, a sensation answers to it, a thought is educed; on the other hand, sensation and thought is transformed into movement of the limbs. Helmholz says, 'In the production of heat by friction and collision, the motion of the mass causes motion in the minutest parts; *vice versâ*, in the production of motion by heat, motion in the minutest parts implies motion in the whole mass.' Is this, I ask, anything essentially different? Is the above not the necessary continuation of it?"

This passage shows more plainly than any other, how strong the power of faith still is in Strauss's mind, notwithstanding all his critical labours. Like the orthodox world, he rejects all evidence derived from reason and experience, in order to believe just what he wishes to believe. The result of this is that he substitutes for the old faith, not modern science, but a new faith. The mission of this new faith is, as he himself remarks in his brochure, "Postscript as Preface to the Old Faith and the New," to fill up the gaps in modern science and to help to overcome still existing difficulties. A proceeding which the true student of nature will certainly resent as the dangerous intrusion of desires of faith and hope.

Strauss has chosen the wrong time to come out with his new faith. During the last few years there has been a reaction in scientific circles against the materialism which thinks to explain everything physical and mental, by "matter and force." This reaction has found expression at the meetings of scientific men in America, England, and Germany. It was expressed in the opening address of Mr. Barnard at the meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, at Chicago, August, 1868, entitled, "The Recent Progress of Science, with an Inquiry into the Assumed Identity of Mental and Physical Forces." Professor Tyndall spoke with equal decision at the meeting of the British Association in 1868. And last year, in Germany, the same convictions were expressed by the most eminent members at the meeting of scientific men. Dubois Reymond especially, in an address "On the Limits of Natural Knowledge," acknowledged the impossibility of explaining even the most imperfect indications of life, the blunt sensations of the lowest organic forms, by the mechanism of physical forces. He mentioned especially two limitations of natural knowledge: first, the nature of atoms as the last factor of mechanical natural processes is not discoverable by scientific knowledge; and secondly, physical life, even in its most imperfect forms, cannot be explained by the most complicated mechanical forces. Even if science succeeded in detecting all the movements of the brain in psychical activity, it would only be external mechanical movements that would be discovered, not their transition into sensation, consciousness, and thought. Strauss has for his views only the *dii minorum gentium* among the men of science for his authority, and must supplement himself by faith.

The Darwinian theory is of course very welcome to the Straussian naturalism, and is adopted in its most advanced form. Strauss acknowledges that there are many gaps in it, but faith and hope come to his aid. He believes in spontaneous generation, yet he admits that it cannot be scientifically proved either from observation or experiment. This is the New Faith. It is something like the old authority in religious faith, which sets up dogmas, commands belief in them, and then commissions theologians to prove them true. Man is supposed to be developed from the lower animals. It is quite unknown in what way, but it is hoped and believed that evidence will yet be found. Strauss does not inquire into the origin of man's intellectual, moral, and æsthetic faculties. Natural selection is the magician's wand which gives being to them all. If he had chosen to investigate the subject a little further, he must have seen—for he is no stranger to philosophy—that natural selection will not account for the reasoning faculties. The laws of logic are the expression of an eternal and absolute truth and necessity. They cannot be said to have originated at all; they have only been revealed to the conscious mind of man.

He who holds that man's reasoning faculties were evolved by natural selection, must admit that by continual selection further changes may take place;—a possibility which puts an end to all certainty in human knowledge, and takes away the foundation of every theory, the Darwinian among the rest.

Neither can moral and æsthetic ideas be accounted for by natural selection. The laws of the beautiful are not accidental nor arbitrarily fixed. They rest upon eternal necessity, upon an ideal of beauty which has developed in the human mind into the sentiment of consciousness of beauty. No doubt it takes part in the development and cultivation of the mind; but this concerns only the revelation and recognition of the Beautiful, not its nature, the eternal and necessary principles of which, under the name of Æsthetics, it is the mission of science to investigate.

The same is true of morals. Truth is not merely a mechanical agreement between thought and the object of thought. It is an eternal idea which must be realised in man's mind by means of faith and knowledge. The investigation of truth therefore is not merely enjoined because it tends to the advancement of the human race, but because it has more right to exist than error. This is a strong argument against Darwin's doctrine of natural selection. How can we attain to the pure theological right of truth, apart from external interest, if there is no such thing as an eternal essence, an idea of truth which lies at the foundation of man's intellectual and moral nature? And with what right can Darwin desire that his theory shall be accepted, not because it is useful or acceptable, but because it is true? If truth is not an idea, then it has no right as such, and it cannot be appealed to against a useless superstition, a cherished custom, an advantageous error. Without the idea of truth, it is nothing but a function of the brain which, for example, counterfeits an object; but such a mechanical function of the brain is a delusion, just as energetic and often more useful and agreeable, and therefore in this respect more defensible, than the mechanical motion of the brain which counterfeits a real object and is therefore called truth.

It will hardly be disputed that nature, with its manifold forms of animal and vegetable life, constitutes a great unity; and that this endless variety was not ushered into existence at once, but has been evolved in a continual process of formation. This process cannot have been guided by mere accidental necessity, and mechanical laws. These are manifestly typical principles which exist not for the sake of meaningless mechanical action, but serve ideal purposes to be consciously realized by man. Even supposing that man really had his origin in this universal natural process, he must not be regarded as the mere product of external matter and force, but as the realization and revelation of the original idea of humanity, which is the determining principle for which all external things served only as means. Instead of making man the product of the animal world, it is far more likely that the animal world is evolved from the idea of humanity. From the beginning, the processes of nature have been tending towards man as their ultimate end. In the various efforts after development, the original types of animal life were evolved, and then further developed into different forms. As in a plant, the whole form, with leaves, blossom, and fruit, exists from the first in germ. There lies at the foundation of nature not merely an external, rigid law of necessity, but an eternal truth, a rational, logical, especially an ethical and æsthetic ideal. When this is admitted it is in no way derogatory to the dignity of man to believe that he had formerly his origin in these processes of nature. Notwithstanding the much celebrated Darwinian hypothesis, that the beginning and the progress of the process of evolution is hidden in the deepest darkness, Darwin makes the vegetable and animal world begin with four or five primitive organisms, though he thinks that consistency demands but one. Many of his followers have assumed as a reality that which with Darwin was only a conjecture. They have set aside his scruples about spontaneous generation, and without any logical proof have adopted it as the indispensable basis and postulate of their subsequent theories.

We will not enter further into the problem of generation. But the idea that there was originally but one original organism in which all the forms of plants and animals originated is without foundation. If, according to Darwin's theory, the sensitiveness of the reproductive system is the cause of newly developed organisms always appearing with slight variations, there must have been similar variations in the original forms. The various affections of the generative system in the most highly developed species must be caused by the various circumstances under which the action of the system takes place. If this is so, the various circumstances under which spontaneous generation took place would have all the more effect upon the first organisms, and thus, from the very beginning, variously formed organisms would come into existence. But if this is the case, the beginnings of all life, even if spontaneous generation is assumed, are uncertain, indefinite, undefinable in their constitution; and as, therefore, we do not know the constitution of the original organisms, it cannot be determined what natural selection has done or may yet do.

A word in conclusion, on the answer which Strauss gives to his fourth question: How do we order our lives? He now appears for the most part in an entirely new light. The acute theological critic, the denier of the personality of God, propounds a very practical philosophy, professes principles which would just please a moderately liberal *bourgeoisie*. All theoretical Radicalism has vanished. This, however, is nothing new. In 1868 he repelled the Radicals, who reckoned with certainty on his co-operation, by his cool, conservative attitude. He incurred much censure and the reproach of cowardice. Though in the theological sphere his criticism had been marked by a spirit of ruthless destruction, yet in the political, when it was dangerous to defend the rights and liberties of the people, he kept out of the conflict and went his own way. So it is in this book. He opposes socialistic tendencies; is proudly contented with his burgher position, but advocates the maintenance of the privileges of the nobles, and even manifests some enthusiasm for royalty. In every other sphere he desires rationalistic clearness, but in this he reveres a something mysterious. We will not argue with Strauss on these subjects. The only question is, Are these practical principles consistent with his theories? Will his purely materialistic foundation bear this ideal superstructure? Is it not rather suspended in mid-air without any theoretical basis, and without sufficient material for its realisation?

Strauss holds it to be man's ethical vocation to give reason the supremacy in the conflict with sensualism, seeing that he is more than a mere natural being. How man can be more than a natural being, by reason of his power of thought, if thought be the result of mere mechanism, is not clear. The fact of the existence of any such conflict, in face of his mechanical views of the world, *is an enigma* not easily solved, and it is difficult to see why pleasure or utility should not govern man instead of reason. Nor is it clearer what the reason is whose laws are to be followed. Strauss refers to the idea of the "All" and to the idea of the race; but both these are abstract notions, unintelligible to the great mass of men, and powerless to produce moral action or to keep sensualism in subjection. Men want a concrete form of law in a higher and more concrete Being, such as is offered to them by religious faith. But the very sense of this Strauss seems to have lost in his perpetual occupation with criticism. He is only susceptible of the concrete ideal in the enjoyment of art, which is to him the substitute for the enjoyment of the divine in religion. He feels an enthusiasm for the ideal heroes which art has created, although he rejects their eternal and ideal basis.

Strauss's book is the confession of a great mind, and has an interest as the expression of widely prevalent views. But it contributes nothing to the solution of the great problems of our day, either in science or philosophy. It seeks to restore unity to our views of the world, but it does not seriously make any scientific effort to explain the empiric dualism between mind and matter. It speaks expressly of a conflict between reason and sensualism in the world of mechanism and necessity, where there can be no place for any such conflict. Strauss contributes nothing whatever to the solution of the great psychological problems of sensation, consciousness, the mind and will, the difference between imagination and understanding in human nature. His great reputation was gained by his earlier works, but to this reputation the present has added nothing. A sixth edition is announced in Germany. But the book owes more of its success to the speech of the Prime Minister of England than to any intrinsic merits of its own.

J. FROHSCHAMMER.

MUNICH, *April*, 1873.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY.

PART II.

IN examining the evidence of development in Morals and Politics, there continually comes to my mind a childishly simple little story told by a Buddhist sage in argument many ages ago. It is the legend of the three child-princes who debate with one another how rice comes. Little Prince Anurudha settles the matter at once. "Rice!" he says, "why of course it comes out of the great golden bowl!" The child had always seen it served at meal-times from the golden bowl, and naturally concluded that this was its origin. But Prince Bhaddi knew something more than this—"It is produced from the kettle," he said; indeed he happened to have been in the kitchen and seen so much. The third, Prince Kimbila, had been even farther back than this in the history of rice; he had seen the servants husking it, and accordingly declared that it came out of the rice-cleaner. Then the princes' tutor joins in, and explains to them how many states and processes the rice had really gone through, the sowing and fencing and watching and reaping, before it came to be cleaned and cooked, and brought in for their young highnesses' dinner. Now this parable touches the origin of social laws. The philosophers who think that standard rules of right and wrong were given to or implanted in primæval man, ready-made and perfect, are like the little prince who thought his rice came straight into existence in the golden bowl. But those who look into the matter by the light of ethnology may, like the other princes and their tutor, become acquainted with earlier processes by which the world's ethics and politics have been grown, and cleansed, and prepared.

We can scarcely bring before our minds in clearer light the relation of primitive and savage society to modern and civilized society, than by tracing the long and changing course of a custom which began as right and ended as wrong, which was once a virtuous act on which the very existence of society depended, and which has come to be itself a crime. Revenge is a passion well marked among the lower animals, and the study of its development there and in the most rudimentary human life may be left to naturalists. But among the rudest savage tribes, it is already recognized and organized as one of the great social forces. Let us trace the path of the avenger of blood along the course of history, from the savage days when his bloodstained spear was the very safeguard of society, to the civilized days when not only the kinsman's ancient duty is taken from him to be executed otherwise, but he is punished if he presume to maintain it in survival.

Sir George Grey's picture of the law of blood-revenge among the natives of Australia is not only touched in with an artist's hand, but has the merit of showing native custom as yet scarcely affected by European influence. The holiest duty a native is called on to perform, he says, is to avenge the death of his nearest relation. If he left this duty unfulfilled, the old women would taunt him; if he were unmarried no girl would speak to him; if he had wives they would leave him; his mother would cry constantly and lament she had given birth to so degenerate a son; his father would treat him with contempt, and he would become a mark for public scorn. This, by the way, is a typical passage as showing the enormous force with which, in savage society, public opinion is brought to bear on the individual, forcing his moral duty on him. The social sanction thus already gives to custom the force of imperative law. Here, also, there appears the important fact, which is as true elsewhere in the savage world, that though the native women are from our point of view miserably oppressed and ill-used, yet, for all that, they have their influence, they are principal agents in enforcing the social consensus by their arts of praising and aggravating, whereby they keep the men up to the mark of social propriety. The next point in the Australian law of blood-vengeance is, that if the individual culprit escapes, his kinsfolk are implicated in his guilt, and the avenger slays the nearest relative he can fall upon, the nearer the better. The consequence is, that when it becomes known that a murder has been committed, and especially when the actual culprit has run for his life, the greatest consternation prevails among the whole family connexion, for no one can tell where the blow will fall. The very children of seven or eight years old, when they hear that some one has murdered another, know at once whether or no they are *jee-dyte* or kin to the murderer, and if so, are off to a place of safety. In this interesting account we see plainly recognized the remotely ancient doctrine of family responsibility, of which more presently. But inasmuch as it is everybody's interest that the culprit should be punished, for till then all his relations are in danger, there is generally an amicable settlement in which both families unite, and the avenging parties start on the murderer's track, to atone for blood by blood. That this rude law restrains murder within the community, and thus keeps society together, there is no doubt. But the inevitable tendency between clan and clan to make reprisals, avenging vengeance as murder, is one cause of those incessant tribal wars, which more than anything else have brought about that wretched hunted hand-to-mouth life which kept the Australians down so near the bottom of the social scale. This disastrous effect was all the stronger from the natives, like various other savages, finding it hard to admit the existence of what we call natural death, but rather setting it down to some malignant sorcerer having slain the man by magic arts. Therefore, when a man falls sick and dies, it simply has to be divined where the sorcerer is to be found who caused his death, and this is learnt by watching the flickering of the funeral fire, or the direction of tracks of an insect or footprints of an imagined demon from the grave. Then the avenger sets out across the bush and the waterless desert, with a relentless fury that sets at nought weariness and hunger and thirst, to track out the unsuspecting wretch on whom the diviner has fixed, and to wreak his misguided vengeance.

Turning to Dr. von Martius's description of the South American forest tribes, we again find the custom of blood-revenge operating as a penal statute. When a murder is done within the clan, vengeance is the private business of the families concerned; but when the murderer is of another clan or tribe, it becomes public business, the injured community hold council, and mostly decide for war, if they dare. The deceased's nearest of kin, the avengers of blood, will work themselves into drunken fury at a solemn debauch, chanting in wild songs the virtues of their murdered kinsman, and when the fight begins they rush on foremost, known by the black spots painted on their bodies to show their deadly office. Of course disastrous effects spring from such a system, the Indian's long years spent in brooding over a coming vengeance, the dark sly waylaying and stabbing, the gloating over the tortures of the enemy caught at last and bound to a tree and slowly hacked to pieces with knives and arrows, the spread of the feud from family to family, till it solidifies into intertribal enmity and hereditary war.

Such, in its nature and consequences, is the primitive law of blood-revenge, which, if space served, might be exemplified in further detail among the North American Indians, the South Sea Islanders, the rude tribes of Africa and Asia, and then carried on into the history of the barbaric nations, till where it is seen to have been slowly ousted by higher civilization. The ordinary Englishman's earliest and best ideas of it are derived from the Jewish law of the avenger of blood, and we note there one of the plans of distinguishing between unpremeditated and deliberate manslaughter, by the establishment of cities of refuge. The old German law recognized blood-revenge in its full and free savage form, while later provisions show the intermediate stages through which the law of our forefathers passed on its way to our own. Within historical times, when every freeman was still allowed to avenge his wrongs by private war, the murdered man's kindred might and did raise feud against the murderer, and blood-feud raged or smouldered between clan and clan. But also the law had already fixed the were-gild or "man-money" which was the proper composition for a life, so much for a freeman, so much for a nobleman, and the family might, if they would, forego their vengeance, and take instead the price of blood. That is to say, the forefathers of the English 1000 or 1200 years ago, had just passed beyond the stage of unmitigated exterminating blood-feud, which the wilder Circassian tribes kept up in the present generation; they had arrived at the stage of choice between vengeance in blood or in money which the jurisprudence of the Beduin Arabs maintains in our own day.

Going back from these later reforms, however, we notice the wonderful ethnological generality of the primitive law of blood for blood among mankind. Questions of bodily form and complexion, questions of connexion of language, have no direct bearing on it; it belongs to races of all colours, of all linguistic families, of all ages of chronology, with but this one limitation, which lies at the very root of the matter, that it is a characteristic of the lower organization of society. It was not by theoretical changes in men's ideal of right and wrong, but by the sheer pressure of circumstances in society at a particular stage of development, that the ancient usage was suppressed. When men are packed close in towns, the vengeance-laws which in a wild sparsely-inhabited land are bearable, and even beneficial, for lack of better, become a danger to the very existence of society. It is very interesting to see a tribe settling down into conditions of denser population, and acting on the avowed necessity of thus changing their criminal system. In the United States, the Creeks, always known as among the most progressive of the native tribes, have settled down more perfectly than any to the conditions of civilized life, and of them this account was given some years ago: "Formerly the brother of the deceased avenged the murder; if there was no brother, the nearest relative. Among the Creeks, now, however, the murderer undergoes a regular trial before some of the leading chiefs of the nation, and is dealt with according to their decision." In South Africa, the Basutos, under the pressure of township life, have abandoned the old execution of revenge by the nearest of kin, and now give a certain authority to the chief to protect the manslayer till his cause is tried, and they assign a distinct reason for the change: "If we were to revenge ourselves (they say) the town would soon be dispersed." So among the Beduins, the wilder hordes hold fastest to the law of mutual successive murder in its pristine ferocity, while it is oftener among tribes under the influence of town life that the blood-money is taken, and the feud loosed. In modern Europe, the old usage has vanished, or passed into a state of survival. The ferocious Corsican vendetta raged within the present century. To put it down required a pitched battle between the old savage custom and the new civilized law. It was only by the most stringent severity in prohibiting the carrying of arms that the change was made; but it was made, and the avenger no longer lurks in wait on lonely mountain paths to claim the debt of blood, nor flees when he has done the deed to barricade himself in his lonely farmhouse and spend his life in holding it as a fort against the murdered murderer's clan. It is perhaps in the semi-barbarous provinces of European Turkey that this element of primitive culture survives with most strength. In our Indian Empire, it has not ceased to be a source of trouble and danger, as was manifested not long since. We forbid the avenger of blood to strike within our frontiers, where blood-enemies from the outside must meet on neutral ground. When Shir Ali the Affghan took on himself to execute the law of his country within British territory, when he smote his hereditary foe in the peach-groves of Peshawur, he was sent as a convict to the Andamans, and there by his fatal knife India lost a wise and beneficent statesman.

Among the barbaric nations who keep up in modern days the primitive law of vengeance, the Abyssinians show in an interesting way one of its special developments. As among the savages of the Brazilian forests one hears of the avenger of blood minutely and scrupulously hewing or stabbing into the murderer the exact wounds by which he had slain his victim; so the Roman lex talionis, the Jewish eye for eye, tooth for tooth, burning for burning, wound for wound, is still law in Abyssinia. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns illustrates the principle by a curious law-case. Two little boys, aged eight and five, wandering in the woods near a village, came to an owleh tree.

The elder climbed into the boughs and threw down fruit to the younger, but by mischance he fell down on his little comrade's head, killing him on the spot. The parents of the deceased child, hoping to get money out of the unwitting delinquent's family insisted on putting him on trial for his life. The case was argued at length, as it might have been at the tribunal of Barataria. The judges decreed that the boy was guilty, and must suffer death, the execution to be done in strict retaliation by the dead boy's brother, who should climb the tree and drop on the little murderer's head till he killed him. On hearing which most righteous judgment, it is recorded that the mother of the deceased, thinking her vengeance hardly worth risking another son's life for, preferred letting the culprit off.

In connection with the law of vengeance, there arises an instructive question of morality. Lord Kames, a Scotch judge, whose "History of Man" is an important eighteenth century work, brings forward what seem to him conclusive proofs of the overbearing power of malevolent passions in past dark ages of the world. There is no moral principle, he says, more evident than that punishment cannot be inflicted with justice but on the guilty, and yet the opinion was formerly universal that the innocent might be justly involved in the same punishment with the guilty. He refers to numerous cases: thus, when Hanno plotted to poison the Carthaginian senate at a feast, not only was he tortured to death, but all his family were cut off without mercy; in Macedon the punishment of treason was extended to the criminal's relations; Cicero indeed admits the hardship of punishing the child for the parent's crime, but considers the law excellent on the ground of expediency, as binding the parent to the republic by his love for his children; the retaliation of murder against the criminal's whole clan, the so-called 'deadly feud,' prevailed within historical times in England, and King Edmund made a law to limit it. Now Lord Kames may well give honour to the Israelite law for upholding a principle far in advance of this, "The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin." In Lord Kames's time, however, the remark was not obvious as it is now, that this maxim appears not in Exodus but in Deuteronomy, that is to say, not in the earlier Code, but in the much later Revised Code. That the Jewish mind could without protest accept the doctrine of family retribution, which the new maxim so expressly abrogates, is well shown in the narratives of the execution of the children of Achan, Saul, and Haman for their fathers' misdeeds. If we look among the Beduin Arabs as the near modern relatives of the ancient

Israelites in race, language, and culture, we find them still keeping up the right of vengeance to the third and fourth generation against the manslayer's family, and even taking several innocent lives for one. There is, of course, a distinction between slaying members of the criminal's family instead of himself, and slaying criminal and family together. Yet the same principle is so far involved, that a man may be punished for his father's crime, and in practice there are intermediate cases such as this of the Beduins, where several kinsmen may be put to death for the crime of one. It is not for nothing, all legists must allow, that the Jewish law holds so high a place in the jurisprudence of the world. Israelite law proclaimed, ages before it came to be Roman law, that the penalty of the crime shall fall on the criminal alone. It curiously illustrates the change in the English standard of right and wrong which has come since King Edmund's time, that this intelligent judge, Lord Kames, has no idea but that his principle of individual responsibility is a precept of fundamental morality. One wonders that the facts he brought together from Greece and Carthage, from England and Japan, did not put into his mind that these nations acted on a principle of jurisprudence quite different from his own, namely, the principle of family responsibility. But his judicial life had seemingly confirmed him in the notion that his own legal education qualified him to sit in judgment on mankind, and teach them the abstract necessary principles of right and wrong. He is satisfied to account for the practice of punishing innocent relatives with the guilty, by talking of the power of revenge to trample on conscience and law.

Let us compare this crude decision with that of a lawyer of this century, whose mind has been turned to investigating law from the point of view of development. Sir Henry Maine simply points to the fundamental difference between the ancient and modern ideas of society. We look on society as an aggregation of individuals, but to the earlier view the unit was not the individual but the family. While the crime is looked upon as a corporate act, and the criminal's children and kinsfolk are involved with him in its consequences, the primitive mind is not perplexed with the questions which become troublesome as soon as the individual is conceived as altogether separate from the group. It is true that Sir Henry Maine does not go for evidence down to the lowest or savage stages of society, but his antiquarian research carries him quite far enough back to reach the required principle of family responsibility. Still farther back in civilization this principle is found in full vigour. We have noticed how among the Australians, when a murder has been committed, all the criminal's family, in Sir George Grey's words, "consider themselves to be quite as guilty as he is," and run for their lives. In the practice of the South Sea Islanders, vengeance might fall not on the murderer but on some relative, perhaps an innocent child, for the whole family or tribe was responsible, and we hear of such cases as blood-revenge handed down as an heirloom for generations, the father on his deathbed whispering to his son the name of the man doomed to expiate the crime of his grandfather. In Kafir law, where punishment is mostly inflicted by fines, this doctrine of family liability is well marked, the father paying for his son's offence, and the family being responsible for any member who cannot pay. When a man obstinately refuses to obey the chief's orders, the whole kraal or clan is held responsible, and the chief inflicts the customary punishment known as "eating-up;" an armed party stealthily attacks the kraal, plundering the cattle, and firing on or spearing any who resist. Col. Maclean, in his "Compendium of Kafir Laws and Customs," thus quotes Mr. Warner, an official resident in Zulu-land: "The grand principle of Kafir law is *collective responsibility*, and on this principle depends in a very great degree the peace and safety of society. Do away with this, while the Kafirs still continue in their present clannish and barbarous state, and they would immediately become unmanageable."

Such evidence clearly shows that it is not immorality, but rude morality, which accounts for ancient laws punishing the innocent kinsmen for or even with the actual transgressor. A family is held to be an organic body which may be punished in any of its members. As a matter of practical expediency, any statesman set to rule a half-civilized people would admit the immense force of the theory of family responsibility, as a means of orderly government, acting just where our theory of individual responsibility breaks down. The mutual influence of the members of families is one of the strongest of social forces, and to hold the family responsible is to give the ruler control over this force, to be used on his side instead of against him. A governor with the task before him of putting down Italian brigandage or Irish landlord-shooting, might well wish to go back in history, that he might meet uncivilized crime with uncivilized justice at its proper level. Indeed, the society we live in does still in a measure keep to the old canon, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children. It is true that one is not hanged for being the son of a murderer, nor sent to prison for being the brother of a thief, but the social pains and penalties are nevertheless both severe and effective. On the whole, granting that the doctrine of modern lawyers, of individual responsibility as the true principle of punishment, is a vast advance on the legal ideas of the barbaric world, it has as usual to be admitted that the reform is not to be reckoned as all clear profit.

To conclude this subject, it is seen that the progress of legal ideas has caused the punishment of crime to be more and more taken out of the hands of the private avenger. Ethnology begins with the savage state, in which society at large does not take in hand the criminal law, but merely by public opinion encourages the individual to take his revenge for any injury done him, and in case of homicide compels the next of kin to avenge his slain kinsman. Next, society at large begins to take cognizance of certain crimes which the tribe judges to be destructive of itself as a body. Thus there are tribes who leave theft and murder to be revenged by the individuals whom they concern; but the sorcerer who kills men by his wicked spells is held to be a public enemy, dangerous to the existence of the whole tribe, and accordingly the whole tribe will join to hunt him down and bring him to the stake. Here, by the way, is an instructive example of Mr. Bagehot's principle, of the advantage of a common action in consolidating society, even if the action itself be as bad as bad can be. Then, as in course of time society comes to find its advantage, and therefore its duty, in repressing crime, it does this for ages with more or less of the old idea of vengeance, the vengeance of the law. At last comes in the higher doctrine that punishment should not be inflicted for itself, but only in order to benefit society by repression or example, or to reform the criminal. We have come to this stage in England, and at this moment it is interesting to watch and profitable to urge forward public opinion, set as it is on reforming a legal practice in which survives unreasonably the barbaric doctrine of vengeance. Look at the picture, in Grimm's "Legal Antiquities," of an ancient German court of justice, and see the king on his throne, grasping his own sacred beard, with the headsman at his back bearing the naked sword, while an injured woman and her friends stand waiting for justice to be done on the culprit bound before them—this is the reality of private prosecution for vengeance. Or open the Salic laws, and imagine a man coming into court with bandaged head to claim fifteen solidi from another who smote him so that the blood dropped on the ground; but defendant pleads as a set-off that plaintiff called him a hare, which aspersion on his courage the law amerces at six solidi—this also is the reality of private prosecution for compensation. But now-a-days, though the principle is acknowledged that punishment is public business, the injured party, though he may want no revenge and is to have no compensation, may be yet bound over to prosecute as if the old desire of retaliation were strong in him. He comes into court to do homage to the ghost of a dead law, to show how incongruously an old form may clothe a new idea. He will remain an instructive example of the principle of survival in culture, till the institution of a Public Prosecutor acknowledge in England that it is society which claims to inflict punishment, not the individual who sues for vengeance.

Let us now turn to a new subject, where again the ethnological clue is indispensable to explain the conditions of civilized life. Glancing at the savage and apparently primitive stages of the law of land-holding, and comparing these with civilized stages, we see how through neglect of the historical method many a learned lawyer and historian has gone astray, as Sir John Lubbock points out that Goguet did when he assumed that property in land only began with agriculture. Among men in the rudest stage of wildness, mere hunters of wild animals, pluckers of wild fruits, and diggers of wild roots, it appears that the original land-law was ordained for the purpose of a game-law. Each tribe has recognized boundaries marked out by rocks or streams or trees, or even artificial landmarks. Among the savages of Brazil we read of the sorcerer-priests taking part in the solemn ceremonies of fixing boundaries, performing their sacred rites of rattling, drumming, and puffing huge cigars; here already the landmark begins to have the religious sanctity which cleaves to it so far along the course of civilization. In savage law, if a man of one tribe trespass in pursuit of game on the land of another tribe, the offence is serious, punishable sometimes with instant death. But every man may hunt within the bounds of his own tribe. The law of ownership of game is based on the idea that the animal becomes property by being struck, and the property of the striker. But certain conditions or modifications arise among the most savage tribes, where, for instance, the first who strikes the game, or all who strike it, or the whole hunting party, may have more or less of rights of ownership; even the owner of the weapon claims in some districts, and a famished Indian, after killing a deer with a white man's musket, has been known loyally to hand over the game to the owner of the gun as the person legally entitled. Thus, looking round upon the lower races of the world, we find among wild hunting tribes what may be regarded as the primitive game-law, namely, that all men of the tribe are free to hunt within the boundary of the tribe-land, the game only becoming private property by being killed. Though in after time agriculture made immense alteration in the tenure of land, yet the records of barbaric antiquity show clearly that the primitive game-law lasted on through stage after stage of civilization, and age after age of chronology. English history reaches well back to the period of the village communities, when but a fraction of English land was yet under tillage; the far larger part was wild forest and moor, and every commoner was free to take game within the wide limits of the common mark, miles and miles of range. Since those times the law has been altered, and indeed the conditions of the case have been altered, for the game which once fed on the wild produce of the woods now to a great extent feeds on farm produce. Yet ideas belonging to the older state of things seem never to have faded quite out from peasant memory; centuries of law have not availed to eradicate from the rural mind the notion that poaching, though illegal, is not immoral. This idea did not arise, and what is more, would hardly have arisen, out of the modern agricultural conditions of the land; but it seems to keep up in survival an unbroken popular tradition, handed down from ages before feudalism, of a primitive state of law which may be traced through civilization, from the stage of the savage hunters of the Australian bush to the stage of barbaric Englishmen before the Heptarchy.

Inasmuch as the civilized law of real estate is a consequence of the introduction of agriculture, it is worth while to call attention to two points of ethnological evidence which carry on to a farther stage Mr. Darwin's remarks, in his "Descent of Man," as to the origin of agriculture. In wild regions there are still to be seen specimens of certain rude instruments whose type is a real record of the period when men began to till the ground. Unfortunately, travellers have scarcely noticed their historical interest, and have thus neglected to bring home for our museum things so inartificial as mere pointed sticks. But it is not yet too late, and perhaps this remark may meet the eye of some explorer who can still find the primitive agricultural implement in the savage's hands, and send it home for the edification of the modern farmer. Its nature and place in history is simply this. Some of the lowest tribes of man were found of late years living without knowledge of agriculture, or memory of their ancestors having any such art. But these tribes industriously collect wild roots, and to dig them up they carry some instrument, the rudimentary type of which is the straight stick with a point hardened in the fire, such as used by the Australians, or the double-pointed stake for digging roots or knocking down fruits, &c., without which no Abipone woman would set out on a journey. Now, the same instrument used for rooting up a plant will serve for planting it, when once the idea of planting has been reached: and accordingly Columbus found the natives of the Antilles tilling their soil with the mere pointed stick. The South African digging-stick, stuck through a heavy stone ball to give it force, has drawn the attention of the white men by its ingenuity, and accordingly specimens of it are common in England. The Hottentots in old times used it only for rooting and for digging out burrowing animals, but in the slight attempts at agriculture they have begun to make, it answers the purpose of an implement for breaking ground and sowing. A step beyond this is to fashion a stake with a projecting point at the side; this is the rudest kind of hoe, and is used in North America among "Digger Indians" for root-digging, and also among the agricultural tribes as an instrument of tillage. It is remarkable that such a country as Sweden should show comparatively recent traces of a primitive tillage like that of the North American Indians. In outlying forests or heaths of South Sweden, the wayfarer comes now and then on a small plot of ground enclosed by a border of heaped stones. These plots lie waste now, but peasant tradition keeps in mind that they belonged to the old days of the so-called "Hackers," a rough agricultural people who tilled the ground with a clumsy wooden hack or hoe, a mere stake or fir-pole with a short projecting branch at the lower end, sharpened to a point. Such hacks, which in wild, old-world places in Sweden have not even yet gone quite out of use, represent another form of implement which uncivilized tribes, not yet passed from the root-digging stage to the tilling stage, have arrived at.

In South Sweden also, a district rich in relics of ancient custom, the memory remains of another process of very early agriculture. When Columbus landed in the West Indies, he found the natives at once clearing and dressing patches of soil by cutting away the brushwood and burning it on the spot. In modern times this simple method of bringing forest land under tillage may still be found in distant parts of the world, as for instance among the Basuto of South Africa, or the Bodo and Dhimal of North-East India, whose regular custom is thus to clear by fire a plot of land, till it for a couple of years, and then shift to a new spot. Now this shifting brand-tillage, as it may be called, was the oldest mode of agriculture in Sweden, known by tradition and even by late survival, and having the special name of "svedje-lands-bruk."

From these considerations as to the primitive cultivation of land, we pass to its legal ownership. It has been noticed that in the wildest state of human society the land of each tribe, where they hunt and root and gather fruits, is the property not of individuals or families, but of the whole community. Turning now to the laws of the rudest tribes who till the soil, such as the lower natives of Brazil, we find that when agriculture begins ever so slightly, it at once brings with it a law of real estate. Let a family clear and till a plot of land, that plot becomes the acknowledged property of the family who cultivate it, and gather in the crops unmolested. Beyond this there may and does arise, at the beginning of the agricultural stage, a social arrangement of great historical interest. When, in the course of two or three generations, one family becomes several, or when several allied families join together, they are apt to live united in a single house, one of those long and large huts in which each family has its own part and separate hearth; in such settlements this primitive federation owns jointly its adjoining plots of tilled ground. In North America also, among tribes in the early stages of agricultural life, much the same state of things appears. The tribe has its undivided hunting lands, while out of these any family may clear and till any plot they choose, which remains the family property during occupation.

To those conversant with Sir H. S. Maine's work on "Village Communities," these facts from the savage world have especial interest. Wherever in Europe the legal antiquary can dig down through the accumulation of modern and mediæval law, he comes on traces of the barbaric theory of landed property, according to which the wild moor and forest is the common hunting-ground of the tribe, the meadow-land is more or less held jointly as the common pasture, while the tilled plots are owned not by individuals but by families, a number of neighbouring households sharing among them the great village field. Through the ages which have elapsed since our Teutonic ancestors made their village settlements on this communistic plan, the old system of family landholding has almost everywhere in England dissolved into individualism; yet traces of the older system are still strong among us. The theory of commons has come down to our time under a feudal transformation, the lord of the manor having obtained rights over the waste land which originally belonged to the commoners. Besides this, numerous local customs which lawyers till lately have explained away by ingenious but baseless speculations, are now known to be simply survivals from the communistic times before feudalism. In many counties, any one who enquires will find within a mile or two of him some "lot meadow," on which several or all of the householders of a parish have rights of pasture, or some "Lammas land," or "shack land," where at a fixed time of year the neighbours may turn their cattle into the stubbles. In some places the huge "common field" may be seen, still divided by the turf baulks which cut it up into plots, distributed from time to time among the village commoners. Not many years ago, half the agricultural land in some shires still lay thus in common or commonable fields. If now we follow Sir Henry Maine by such evidence as this back to the time of the settlement of Northern Europe by the old Scandinavian and German village communities, we can then use the evidence from savage America to complete the whole chain of land tenure from the days of the earliest savage tillage of the soil with pointed sticks, to our own days of the steam plough. In arguing that the village community of our forefathers was developed from the early savage agricultural conditions, I am satisfied to appeal to the authority of an eminent ethnologist, Dr. von Martius, who happens to be the best-informed supporter of the degeneration-theory, that savages are the fallen descendants of civilized nations. In consistency, this theory absolutely contradicts the development-theory of culture which I have been advocating. But Dr. von Martius, describing the land-law of the Brazilian savages whom he knew so intimately, is driven by sheer pressure of facts to drop his consistency. Forgetting all about his degeneration-theory, he talks quite naturally of the Indian law of family-land being in an "undeveloped" state, showing the transition between the law of tribe-land by which a whole tract is held in common for hunting, and the civilized law of private freehold. The case is indeed plain, showing us that while we have a land-law modified from that of our barbaric ancestors, their law again had its origin in the simplest forms of tenure still to be found among savages who have but just come to the agricultural stage.

The fact that in primitive society the plot of tilled land was owned not by the individual but by the family, fits well with the principle brought forward in the first of these two essays, that in early society the family, not the individual, is the unit. In the village life of even rude races, this principle leads to a further result of practical importance. When several families dwell together in more or less close approach to the union of a single family, cultivating jointly their plot of ground and living on the produce, their way of life is not the mere communism which has just been spoken of, but reaches the closer intimacy of actual socialism. The savage family is the original germ of the socialistic community, and it is interesting to notice that among races of low culture, as in the two Americas, socialistic communities are found in operation, formed by the amalgamation of several families who may even inhabit a single dwelling, a sort of savage phalanstery. Arriving at this level, socialism continues into barbaric ages as a somewhat important institution. A striking example is that of the Vaccæi (perhaps Basques), described by Diodorus Siculus, who says that they parcelled out their lands yearly, but gathered the crops in common, giving each his share, and punishing with death the peasant who should appropriate any to himself. In modern Servia and Croatia, villages have kept up such an ancient system, the land being not divided, but cultivated jointly under the direction of the elders, and the harvests shared equally among the members of the commune. Thus there arose among savage tribes, and continued to our own day among people at a middle level of civilization, socialism in its most pure and absolute form.

It is a matter of wonder to me that the theoretical politicians who have advocated the introduction of communism and socialism into the modern civilized world, should have so shut their eyes to the ethnology of these institutions. Communism in land, and socialism in life, are simply two results of the attempt to extend the primitive household system to the whole village or tribe, endeavouring so far as may be to live as a single family. The place of the two systems in history is one not of theory but of experimental fact. Haxthausen remarked a quarter of a century ago, that the Utopia of European revolutionists still exists in Russia. The Russian Mir, with its equal division of land, equal rights of men, and absence of born proletarians, shows the advantages and defects of communism as clearly as the Servian or Croatian family-village shows those of socialism. It is not for nothing that these systems have held their social place through so long a course of history. Their results within certain limits of civilization have been admirable. The mutual helpfulness and honesty which communism fosters in the village, are among the best points of Russian peasant character. It leads to a tribal patriotism which is genuine though narrow, and to a supreme sense of the common interest, expressed in such proverbs as these as to the Mir or community; "Throw everything upon the Mir, it will carry it all," "No one in the world can separate from the Mir." For colonizing a wild country in barbaric ages, introducing pasture and agriculture, settling law and order, a sounder system could hardly have been devised than that of migration in communal villages. Even during the last thousand years the Russian village system has spread over an eighth of the world, and still it spreads over the lands of rude Asiatic hordes. Many ages earlier, it was under such a village system as these Sclavonic communes show us, more or less perfectly, that one of the mighty works of the world was done, that of raising much or most of Europe from savagery to the Aryan level of barbaric culture, such as that of our Teutonic forefathers. But it is not less clear that the old village system could only answer well up to a certain level of society. It made prosperous and orderly barbarians, but it stopped short there. So long as wants were simple and land abundant, and the population could obtain their few necessaries in their self-supporting villages, things went well. But when it came to pressure of population and necessity of industrial and social progress, the plan showed its worse side. The individual was indeed secured from falling into destitution, but, on the other hand, he could not rise. The use of money in other matters accustomed men to fair payments, but the communal system of equal division was obviously unfair between the better and worse labourers. Lastly, in every question of methods and implements, the most doggedly conservative and obstructive part of the community had the power of resisting improvements on ancient custom. No wonder that the ancient communism failed to compete commercially with individualism in action and estate, and has after long trial been discarded in the civilized world. Perhaps, in modern times, co-operative schemes may be so contrived as practically to meet the difficulties against which the ancient schemes were so helpless, while retaining the noble qualities of the old united society. But the arguments of modern doctrinaires for communism and socialism, on abstract principles, seldom go much beyond an attempt to throw society back into the very institutions long ago tried and found wanting.

As a last topic on which to show how the ethnology of institutions throws light on their practical status, I will briefly notice two prominent effects of war on the constitution of society.

It need hardly be said that paternal and patriarchal government are most primitive institutions. As the family is the unit of early society, so the father's rule is the germ of law and authority. Thus among the rudest American tribes the father is head of the family, with power of life and death over wives, children, and slaves; he has that absolute patria potestas which lasted on among the ancient Romans till they had conquered the civilized world, and which only gradually broke down into our modern individualism. From the paternal government of the family, the patriarchal government of the tribe arises under savage conditions. Among tribes as rude as the Bushmen and Australians, the political development is seen, whereby the headship of the family passes into the chiefship of the tribe; the head of the family lives till he has a whole clan to govern, but his office has been during his latter failing years more and more executed by his eldest son, who at the old man's death is recognized as replacing him as chief of the community, his younger brothers remaining under him instead of branching off to become heads of new clans. Beside or instead of this patriarchal chief, however, there appears already among the lower races a chief of different kind, whose claim is not that of birth, but of popular choice. While the tribe-life goes on in its daily routine of hunting and fishing, and if it be a settled tribe, of planting and reaping, the wants of the community are fairly met under the patriarchal system, where the council of heads of families serves to guide and effectuate public opinion in public matters, and the hereditary patriarch has influence, if not much absolute power, over all. Why then should there be so marked a tendency toward elective chiefship; what circumstances are they which place a tyrant over the heads of a patriarchal democracy; who is this chief whom we find occupying in savage and barbaric life the various stages between the President of the United States as he is now, and the Emperor of Russia as he was a century ago?

In answer to this enquiry, let me call attention to an account of the constitution of a North American tribe. Hearne, an old traveller, under stress of need joined a tribe of Coppermine Indians, and with them had to go, to his sore horror and disgust as it proved, on an expedition against a wretched helpless tribe of Esquimaux, whom the Indians considered scarcely human, and delighted to murder in mere wantonness. Yet, even this mockery of a real war-party, as Hearne saw, was enough to alter the whole tenour of Indian society. Clans which at other times carried on intertribal murder and pillage, became close and disinterested friends, property ceased to be private, and was given up without scruple to the common stock, and above all, the warriors who on ordinary occasions were an undisciplined rabble obedient to no commands, now became of one mind, ready to obey their chosen leader Matonabbee, and to follow wherever he led. Here, then, the effect of war is seen in knitting the loose social bonds of savage life, turning a half-organized patriarchal horde into an organized army under a dictator. It is thus also with rude tribes of South America. Here the mere family chiefs have little tribal authority; but let war break out, the scene changes at once, and there steps forth one with the garb and insignia of a leader, chosen by acclamation or ordeal to command the fighting men of the alliance, with power absolute even to life and death over his warriors. As Dr. Martius was travelling with a chief of the Miranhas, a tribe rude even among the rude tribes of the Brazilian forests, they came to a fig-tree where the skeleton of a man was still bound to the trunk with cords of creepers; the chief explained that this man had disobeyed orders on the war-path, and he had had him bound and shot there, a savage St. Sebastian martyred in the cause of individual will against the growing authority of political organization. Throughout history, one constantly comes on the lines of this principle, that war most forcibly tends to produce absolute monarchy, giving the bold warrior and able administrator a supremacy which may nominally end with the campaign, but may also develope into permanent despotism. Our civilized world, now at last out-growing the need of "strong government" of the old despotic type, must yet acknowledge its service as one great means of national solidification. Thus it is clear that already in savage times war had begun one of its civilizing offices, in setting up the warrior-tyrant to do work too harsh and heavy for the feebler hands of the patriarch.

Another office, scarcely less important, which war had to perform in the organization of society, may be still seen in action among the lower races. The rudest savages are apt to kill their prisoners of war; civilization has made a distinct upward move when the war-captive is spared and made the slave of his captor. This state of things may be well studied in its various phases among the Indians of South America. Ferocious tribes, such as the Guaycurus and

Mauhés, though mercilessly slaughtering in war the vanquished warriors, will carry off the young children and hand them over to their own women to bring up for slaves. Other tribes, such as the Timbiras and Miranhas, will spare also their grown-up prisoners as slaves. Thus it comes to pass that a hereditary slave-caste is part and parcel even of savage society in South America, and so it is elsewhere among the lower races, as in North America and Africa, and so it is to be seen far along the course of civilization. It was Greek law that the prisoner of war became a slave; and as for Roman law, the quæstor held a sale of captives after every battle, and the slave-dealers regularly followed the camp to buy them up. Now, from savage times onward, what has been done with slaves? From savage times the freeman has been the warrior and hunter, but the slaves might not bear arms, they were set with the women to the inglorious work of tilling the soil. To take an example from classic history, when the Roman freemen were continually liable to be called off to serve in the wars, agriculture was carried on almost entirely by slave labour. Of the agencies which have effected the change from the wild nomade hunter's life to the settled agricultural stage of society, I doubt if any has been more powerful than the social law that the prisoner of war was to be his captor's slave. Here then is one of the great trains of causation in the history of the human race. War brings on slavery, slavery promotes agriculture, agriculture of all things favours and establishes settled institutions and peace.

Such, by the evidence of ethnology, have been the beneficial results of war and slavery. Yet of late years the mind of the civilized world has been set, and rightfully and successfully set, on putting down slavery. It had arisen in the savage state of culture, and done its work there and in the barbaric stage, but in spite of much survival and revival it proved incompatible with the civilized stage, and men thrust it out. This is the teaching of ethnology concerning slavery, and what is its teaching concerning war? Among low hunting tribes, war was simply a social necessity; had the Australians and Red Indians been at peace for a century, they would have exterminated the buffalo and the kangaroo. War has always been an admirable school of manly virtues, endurance and courage; we have here noticed how it has acted in condensing weak loose clans into strong united nations, and aided in the organization of regular government; and these merits it has still. Practically, the rights of defence and conquest are to this day, as of old, the basis of all national existence. Yet there is a growing sense in the civilized world of the *savagery* and *barbarity* of war, to use these words again in the double sense which conveys that strongest lesson of ethnology, the repugnance of the higher civilization against the ferocity proper to the lower. Any Englishman who will read the history of war can recognize the change of manners or morals, since the not very remote days when any freeman who thought himself aggrieved might gather his friends around him, and go to war with his adversary. Private war has only disappeared during our last thousand years, and the same causes which did away with it seem to be acting gradually against public war, and bringing the world to look with increasing favour on political arrangements shaped to control all nations jointly, so as to throw back to rarer emergencies the last resort to arms. That the resources of modern civilization are in our day summoned to make an army a more powerful engine of destruction than ever, is true enough, but it is not the main point. The adaptation of modern arts to institutions of the barbaric world is no unknown thing. For centuries the revived slavery of the European colonies was helped and fostered by modern civilization; a slave might be seen working a steam-engine, the negro made acquaintance with the printing-press as a machine for advertising runaway slaves. But the alliance was unsound, and did not last. And though war may have a future of centuries yet of help from intellectual men, and respect from good men, it has fallen from its old rank. Savage and barbaric nations still keep up the old-world notion that man's noblest calling is to slaughter and plunder. We of the civilized world have come to talk of deplorable necessity, and of the end justifying the means.

Thus, from age to age, social and political institutions change. It is not a mere shifting hither and thither. Civilization breaks down often, and falls back sometimes, but there is no such permanent set backwards as there is forwards. Dr. Adolf Bastian tells a pleasant story of a belief the Brandenburg people have about their Lake Mohrin and the monstrous Craw-fish that lives in its depths. When that monster shall come ashore, the town will go to rack and ruin, and all things will go (crab-like) backwards; the ox will go back to a calf, the bread to meal and the meal to corn, the shirt to thread and the thread to flax, the rector will be scholar again, and everybody will turn little and weak and silly as he was when a child. But years go on, we wait and wait on the shore, yet this monster of personified Retrogression scarce shows a claw; he has been so long coming that perhaps he may not come at all. Meanwhile, Mr. Herbert Spencer may rejoice to see society moving as steadily as ever in his line of evolution, organizing itself more and more accurately to its special ends. In its course, seen as ethnology can show it from savagery onward, many an old institution which in its time did its work and earned its rightful praise, has had at last to be given up. It is not for us, sitting in judgment on the men of the past, to try them by our modern views of morals and politics. Their various grades of culture had each according to its lights its standard of right and wrong, and they are to be judged on the criterion whether they did well or ill according to this standard. Much that to them did good and was good, is changed or replaced in our time. For myself, when I consider what blood-revenge and slavery have done in savage and barbaric ages to promote the higher culture destined to abolish them, I think of Mr. Emerson and his definition of evil, that it is good—in the making. Of yet more practical account than what we think of institutions of the past, is our approval or condemnation of the institutions we live among, our support in conservatism and our guide in reform. Such evidence as I have here brought forward may help to make good the claim of ethnology to aid in such practical judgments. We could not if we would wipe out history, and begin the world afresh on first principles. Whether we will or no, the morals and politics of future generations must bear, like our own, the stamp of their origin in primitive society. But our social science has a new character and power, inasmuch as we live near a turning-point in the history of mankind. The unconscious evolution of society is giving place to its conscious development; and the reformer's path of the future must be laid out on deliberate calculation from the track of the past.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF THE METROPOLIS.

LIMITS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE Registrar-General, in his annual summary for 1872 regarding population, has applied his accurate statistics to a comparison between ancient and modern cities of great extent and the London of the present day.

> "But England maintains its ascendency, and her capital is the greatest the world ever saw. Babylon, Thebes, Rome were never so populous as London, which has now within its widest boundary [The Police] upwards of four million souls, and had in the middle of 1872, within the limits of the Weekly Tables, 3,311,298."

This vast total does not, however, satisfy the great statist :—

> "The outlying districts, with a few exceptions, although provided with water, remain imperfectly provided with sewers, or with any other effectual means of removing impurities, and this state of things cannot continue without danger, with a population outside the sewerage area running up to a million. Unless the London Municipal area be promptly extended so as to include the whole of this outer population, the evils will accumulate to an extent with difficulty reparable.
>
> "It is a well established law that, other things being equal, the insalubrity of a place increases with the density of its population ; and that the fevers generated in crowded dwellings have a tendency to spread among the whole of the population. The State, therefore, while it has no right to prevent people in any numbers settling in or near London, has a right to prescribe such conditions of residence as are required in the interests of public health.

"What is at the present hour especially wanted is the breaking down of the restricted barriers of London, and the extension of Municipal organization to the well-considered boundaries laid down in Sir Robert Peel's Metropolitan Police Act, which seems to have taken the prospective increase of population into account. Any narrower boundary, while the population is increasing within the great circle at the rate of 75,000 annually, could only be temporary, whereas it is desirable to make the change once for all, or for the next 100 years. And it is evident that within this limit the water-supply, the drainage, the lighting, the house-regulations, and all other Municipal regulations should be under the supreme control of one municipality, with a great administrator at its head.

"The state of things now is that a small population on 668 acres in the centre enjoys under a Lord-Mayor, the old municipal form of government; that 3,266,987 persons on 78,208 acres are living under the Local Management Act, with a paid chairman; and that outside this region 618,654 people, increasing rapidly every day in numbers, are spread over 366,097 acres of land, without sewers, except in a few places, but covered by the Metropolitan Police Administration.

"If the whole of the people, amounting in 1871 to 3,885,641 on a circle with a radius of 15 miles can be administered for police purposes from Scotland Yard, can they not be associated together in one community for the purposes of Local Government, with the City for the central point of its administration? A city is a co-operative society for the supply of common wants; and as the police now discharges the duties of defence which were formerly left to householders, and to parish constables; as common-sewers carry away impurities which were formerly got rid of by each householder, so water, light, and perhaps heat, and force to a certain extent, may be provided by a sound municipal organization; in fact, almost every commodity in universal demand which can either only be supplied under monopolies, or be supplied imperfectly under competition. Under this head naturally fall the conditions of healthy existence."

Whilst giving prominence to this important view of the subject as a whole, we must object to "the old municipal form of government," and its Lord Mayor, being extended to meet the requirements of the Metropolis; and we shall be able to show what the Local Management Act really does for the Metropolis, and how it might be usefully further applied. The old chartered City of London ages ago lost its opportunity of becoming the administrative power for the Metropolis; by neglecting the parishes outside its walls, and treating them, as it does to this day, as "foreigners." The parish of Marylebone or of Kensington or the City of Westminster has now as much right as the City of London to claim a right or an aptitude for general administration; and we do not consider that any parochial or localized body, as such, should be in any degree permitted to exceed its special functions.

LOCAL MANAGEMENT ACTS.

In 1855, when Sir Benjamin Hall, as Member for Marylebone, and with the energy and resolution of a Welshman, brought before Parliament his Bill for the better Local Management of the Metropolis, in respect of the sewerage and drainage, and the paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvements thereof, the state of parochial administration was in the utmost disorder and complexity, from the want of efficient legislation, and the indifference of some of the local bodies in regard to the execution of such powers as they possessed under Local Acts obtained from time to time. In 1817, a general Paving Act had been passed, giving additional powers to some of the parishes, and in 1862, so much of that Act as was then in force was made applicable to the whole Metropolis; but it, too, and other Acts, must be construed so as not to be inconsistent with the Management Acts.

A Metropolitan or General Commission of Sewers had been consolidated in 1848, and then existed for the management of all the sewers within places named in preceding Commissions. This jurisdiction was founded on the statute of Magna Charta, and many statutes of subsequent date, but especially on that Statue of Sewers made in 1531 by Henry VIII. These Commissioners had power to levy rates over the whole area of their jurisdiction, and many other beneficial powers are conferred on behalf of the public.

The scheme of legislation, therefore, adopted by Sir B. Hall, was both simple and sensible. He used and reformed the authorities then existing, but with some exceptions, on account of difficulties regarding drainage: such as Richmond, Croydon, Hornsey, and other suburban parishes, which still contribute to the payment of sewerage debts. He made each a Corporation, but without any affectation as to their municipal nature, feeling assured that the works to be performed would sufficiently indicate that in due time. He adopted the existing parochial divisions for boundaries, although urged to consider other arrangements tending to equalize to a greater extent the population and property within each jurisdiction.

The Sewers Commission became the Corporation of the Metropolitan Board of Works, without any oath-taking or processions, or feasts at annual or other elections. The Board was to consist of forty-five members, elected for three years, but one-third to retire yearly, according to certain arrangements, for the first and second years. Certain elected vestries were also to retire by thirds, and to be elected by the votes of the ratepayers without further distinction. Some of the parishes were united into District Boards, and these, and also the elected vestries, were to appoint the members of the Metropolitan Board. The number of vestrymen was to be not less than eighteen, nor more than 120, according to a scale proportioned to the number of rated householders, and the Incumbent and Churchwardens to form part of the vestry. A power is given to the Metropolitan Board to alter the number of vestrymen or members of

District Boards when the relative numbers of inhabited houses in the wards of parishes may have varied from those shown by the last previous Census; and this has been applied in several instances.

During the latter years of the operations under the Commissioners of Sewers, the great question then much debated amongst the sanitary authorities was,—"the rainfall to the river and the sewage to the land;" and much fine eloquence was wasted in demonstrating the impracticable theories to which it gave rise, as it was found to be impossible both in reference to expense and convenience, thus to treat the subject as if the metropolis were a new city, to which any approved system of drainage could be applied. The sewers were already made, and all were carried according to the watershed or direction of streets, at right angles, into the river. Seventy-one of these main sewers, in every part of the metropolis, were vested in the Metropolitan Board, to enable them to establish the system of intercepting sewers since carried out, and which prevent access to the river for any sewage, except in cases of storms, when certain overflow outlets come into use to prevent flooding from the overcharged sewers. These works were not, however, allowed to proceed without a veto requiring the plans to be approved by the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings. This power happened to be exercised by Sir B. Hall, who had become Commissioner of Works, and it only occasioned agitation, expense, and delay, as it was found to be impracticable for two public bodies to meddle in such an undertaking. In 1858, therefore, when Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, an Act was passed repealing the veto clause, and enabling the Board to adopt such plan for the main drainage as to them should seem proper. Other vetos regarding improvements in streets, and even the alteration of street names, were afterwards abolished as useless, and only hindrances to the action of proper authority.

Street-sewers and house-drains were left to the management of corporate vestries and district boards, the sewers requiring the approval also of the Metropolitan Board, and the execution of connections with main sewers being inspected by its officers. The site of every new house or building has to be notified to the local authority fourteen days before works are begun, so as to enable them to determine levels for drainage, &c., if the building is within 200 feet from a sewer.

Many other municipal duties are thus performed by a sort of joint action between the central Board and the local Boards. Streets are subject to many regulations of this sort.

1. The width and entrances for new streets are determined by the Metropolitan Board, and notified to the owners, and also to the local Boards. The names are also so given.

2. Registers of existing and new names, and of abolished names are kept up by the central Board and published periodically, to enable those concerned to ascertain the facts, and certificates of orders may be had for purposes of identification.

3. The revision of the numbering of houses in streets is done by the central Board, and their orders executed by the local Boards; but this is done so imperfectly that a change is desirable, so as to diminish such a divided authority.

4. Byelaws made by the central Board regulate the mode of forming a street, as to curve and slope of the roadway and pavements, and the gradients of levels: and these rules are observed by the local Boards when they take streets in charge, and become vested for maintenance and repairs, on being given over by the owners of land.

5. The general line of buildings in streets and projections from shops or buildings, are subject to various control. The local Boards are the executive to remove any buildings or erections contrary to law, as may be determined by a magistrate. The central Board may permit additions beyond the general line. The superintending architect may judicially determine what is the general line. Shops and certain projections may be made to a limited extent under the Building Act, under supervision by the district surveyors; and signboards, steps, rails, &c., when inconvenient to the public, may be abated by the local Boards.

6. The police have the regulation of the traffic in streets.

7. The local Boards regulate lighting and cleansing, and the removal of nuisances from dwellings.

8. Minor or local improvements in streets, by setting back houses or rounding corners, when premises are being altered or rebuilt, may be effected by requisition to the owners from the central Board, or when the improvement is desired and to be made by the local Board, and a contribution is needed, it may be made by the central Board.

9. Metropolitan or greater works, where large expenditure and larger powers are required, are the subject of special legislation by Local Acts, and property is thus acquired for the formation of wide thoroughfares in crowded localities.

10. Streets may be wholly or partially stopped by orders of the central Board during repairs.

11. Some existing barriers in streets are saved from removal, but none are permitted in new streets.

For all purposes of local management, money may be raised by rates or borrowed on security of the rates, the latter with consent of the central Board, for local purposes, and with consent of the Treasury for general works. The recent Consolidated Stock and

Loans Act, under which the finances of the Metropolitan Board are now managed, extends the duration of loans to a period within sixty years, and also enables the Board to lend to local Boards, at a more moderate rate of interest than would be possible on their unaided credit. The District Asylum Board, and Education Board also, participate in this facility to a limited extent given under their statutes.

It is considered equitable that the cost of works for the permanent improvement of localities, should be spread over a considerable period, and only an instalment and the interest be charged on those who receive the immediate benefit, instead of the whole being paid for within a few years. The latter practice rendered the rates of some recent years so heavy as to retard progressive ameliorations essential to public health and convenience; but the other principle, judiciously applied, will enable the local authorities to confer great public benefits. Such principles of administration may not be considered municipal enough for some minds; but it seems to us that with due care in the selection and election of men capable of appreciating and exercising their functions with a singleness of purpose and for the public good, not only the mode in which the metropolis is governed may be extended and improved therein, but also applied to the local government of other localities, where both a general and local administration is essential for the full realization of the benefits to be derived from sanitary legislation.

THAMES EMBANKMENTS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

After purifying the waters of the Thames, it became necessary to provide by legislation some means by which the long-agitated schemes for deepening and regulating the flow of the river and covering its mud banks, might be effected. The Government first passed an Act to continue the duties on coals and wine for ten years, and then applied a certain portion of those duties towards defraying the cost of forming the northern embankment from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, with a new street along the river front, and certain approaches thereto. A further reason for undertaking this work was the facility thereby given for forming the low level sewer along the river bank, by which it was intended to convey the sewage of the low lying parts of the western metropolis, to the pumping station at West Ham, whence it might gravitate with the high and middle level sewage to the outlet at Barking. A subway was also formed for gas, and water-pipes, and telegraph wires, so as to prevent the continual breaking up of the surface of the street to lay pipes or repair them. This has been a feature in all the new streets made by the Board.

These works were much retarded by Parliament having conceded to the Metropolitan District Railway Company, powers for the formation of their underground line along the Embankment, subject to certain payments for such privilege, and for the sites for stations.

Another important work granted about the same time was the continuation of the street on the Victoria Embankment from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, now called Queen Victoria Street.

The Embankment on the south side of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament, and extending from Westminster Bridge nearly to Vauxhall Bridge, was next accomplished, and a splendid site was acquired for St. Thomas' Hospital, whereon the trustees have erected seven spacious buildings for the accommodation of patients. One effect of this Embankment was to widen the bed of the river considerably at a point on the Lambeth shore where it bent towards and obstructed the stream. The ruinous and dilapidated sheds and houses along the bank were also extinguished.

The embankment at Chelsea, extending from the grounds at the Hospital to Battersea Bridge, is now in progress, and by it the mud bank will be covered and a roadway formed, with the low level sewer and subway beneath. A pumping station at Grosvenor basin will raise the sewage from the sewer before it enters that which conveys it eastward and along the other embankment.

It would be tedious to detail other works undertaken from time to time for the improvement of the streets. They are fully stated in the seventeen annual reports made by the Board and laid before Parliament. The names of the streets are Garrick Street, Soho; Southwark Street, leading from Stamford Street to London Bridge; Burdett Road, or Victoria Park Approach; continuation of Commercial Street, Whitechapel; removal of Middle Row, Holborn; widening High Street, Kensington, and forming New Streets there; widening Park Lane jointly with St. George's Hanover Square vestry, when the Park railings were rebuilt; forming a new street at Stingo Lane, St. Marylebone, at the joint expense of the Board and Vestry; widening Hamilton Place, and opening it into Park Lane. There are also the 259 local improvements made in various localities, to which the Board have contributed £374,178, or about one half of the expense. Other works to widen streets, from Oxford Street and Old Street to Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, and at Wapping and other parts sanctioned by Parliament last year, are now in progress receiving and settling claims.

Such works are of municipal importance to facilitate traffic, and prevent other thoroughfares being overcrowded: they also remove decayed neighbourhoods, and can only be executed by a central authority having power to assess the whole community.

OTHER ACTS AND DUTIES.

In 1855 when the Local Management Act was passing through Parliament in the charge of a private member, another Act of great importance to the metropolis was also in progress to consolidate and amend the Building Acts, and was directed by Sir William Molesworth as Chief Commissioner of Works, &c. That Act regulates all building matters within the metropolis, and is executed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, through the appointment and superintendence of district surveyors properly qualified as architects.

For the promotion of health and recreation, Parks have to be provided, and commons and open spaces preserved; and under various statutes two Parks—Finsbury and Southwark—and a public garden on the Embankment, have been made at great expense, and the several metropolitan commons are vested by statute in the Board for regulation by bye-laws, and for preservation in a suitable condition for public use and enjoyment.

Gas and water are matters of public necessity, and instead of being monopolised and managed by private companies for gain, will have ultimately to be provided by the public for the public. For many years the Board has tested all gas-meters within the metropolis, and established testing-houses and inspectors for the purpose. The fees received are moderate, and more than pay the current expenses. Under recent statutes also the Board has to test the gas supplied by the several companies, to see that the conditions as to purity and illuminating power are complied with, and gas-examiners are appointed for the purpose. Regarding water the Board has power to see that the regulations for providing a constant supply are sufficient to secure for the public this advantage.

Such a supply is essential also for the extinguishing of fires by means of the Fire Brigade, which the Board has managed since 1866, through their chief superintending officer, Captain Shaw.

Much protection to the public interests is obtained by the facilities afforded by the standing orders in Parliament, and the Railways Construction Act, in causing copies of all bills and plans regarding local Acts for the metropolis to be deposited with the Board. Upon these Bills reports are made yearly, and appearance is made before Parliamentary committees upon all necessary occasions.

Several statutes constitute the Board the Local authority, in common with other public bodies in other parts of the kingdom, to execute such duties as are prescribed. Under this head are included the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act; The Tramways Act; the Petroleum Licensing Act; and the Infant Life Protection Act.

Such duties for such a Board to perform weekly, daily, and continually, imply much hard work; and we find that during 1872 the Board sat on 44 days, and the average number of members present at the meetings was 35. There are also nine standing committees besides special ones, and they met 304 times.

The like observations apply to vestries and district Boards, though in a modified degree, and we have always maintained that it is exceedingly creditable to all such Boards that such services are freely rendered to the public without reward.

By means of the several committees, some of which consist of the whole members of the Board, and others have 15 members each; the business can be managed in detail from week to week. If any parties require to be heard, the Board generally directs that they should have notice to attend. The committee clerk narrates in a report the facts of each case and the resolution of the committee thereon, and the Report is signed by the Chairman of Committee, and several members present at its meeting. It is then presented and read to the Board, and the several resolutions moved and supported by the Chairman of Committee, and upon which debate in public may ensue: all such proceedings are duly recorded, and the public minutes are printed for the use of members and local authorities. These may be inspected by ratepayers or others interested, and extracts may be obtained. Every decision is also communicated by letter to parties interested, and to local and other executive officers for guidance. These details are necessary to be understood, otherwise the full effect of the proceedings would not be apparent.

FINANCES.

The Board's consolidated stock stands well in the market throughout the year. The highest price was £99¾, the lowest £96, and the mean £97⅞.

The rateable value upon which the assessments for 1873 are made, is £20,287,709, and the produce of a penny rate gives £84,532.

The total expenditure of the Board in 1872 was £283,252, but the rate levied was £60,000 less, as that sum was half of £120,000 raised in 1870, to pay the instalment of debt for main drainage, and not needed, as a defect in the Loans Act was remedied in 1871, by which a less sum was provided. In 1873 the levy will be for £232,563, credit being given for the second half of the £120,000 just mentioned. The equivalent in the pound for the rate is 2¾ pence nearly.

An analysis of the estimates for 1873 shows the total anticipated expenditure and income of the year to be as follows:—

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE.

Interest on Loans	£216,139
Interest on Metropolitan Consolidated Stock	132,455

Cost of Management of Consolidated Stock by Bank of England		£1,411
Maintenance of Sewerage and Drainage Works, and Parks and Open Spaces		66,873
Fire Brigade Working Expenses		73,844
Expenses under Acts of Parliament relating to Petroleum, Dangerous Structures, Gas Testing, Gas Meter Testing, and Contagious Diseases of Animals		6,825
Establishment, Law and Parliamentary Charges, Printing, &c.		19,836
		517,383
Redemption of Debt (one fifty-seventh of the net indebtedness of the Board)	£112,721	
Deficiency in respect of the year 1871	569	
		113,360
Total Estimated Expenditure		£630,743

ESTIMATED INCOME.

Coal and Wine Duties	£220,000	
Contributions by H.M. Government and Insurance Offices towards the expenses of the Fire Brigade	26,475	
Interest, Rent, Fees, and other miscellaneous Receipts	58,075	
Balance of Consolidated Loans Fund (Interest Account)	30,677	
Credit to Parishes of one moiety of £120,000 raised in 1870 for the Principal of Main Drainage Debts	60,000	
Deficiency in the Fire Brigade Funds, which the Board is unable to include in the Annual Precepts, owing to the limit placed on the rate for the Fire Brigade, by Act of Parliament	2,953	
	398,180	
Amount to be raised by Rate of 1873	232,563	
Total Estimated Income		£630,743

The finances of corporate vestries and district Boards may be presented as given in the last published Local Taxation returns, printed by Parliament for the year last ended previous to 1st June, 1871 (or the year 1870—1). These Returns appear to be carefully compiled according to the Act of Parliament under which they are required, but they are not complete, and it is to be hoped the Bill now before Parliament to improve them will not fail in its object. Nearly one-sixth of the total expenditure is represented by payments to the Metropolitan Board of Works, being on account of precepts issued to the local bodies for the levy of rates to meet its demands for the consolidated rate, but the receipts on that account are one-third less than the payments. This probably arises from the Management Acts requiring and authorizing the local bodies to pay the precepts out of any current balance, before the levy for the year can be made or completed. But the fact is not explained in these returns, and it must be unintelligible to most persons. It may also be observed that where a precept is not obeyed, the Board has power to levy for itself, and this applies to one or two parishes who have heavy sums to pay, but stand nil in the Return.

LOCAL RECEIPTS IN 39 PARISHES OR DISTRICTS.

RATES—	
General and Lighting	£1,047,628
Sewers	260,707
Metropolitan consolidated	232,373
Other or Special	10,741
OTHER RECEIPTS—	
Money Borrowed on Mortgage	71,000
Temporary Loan	19,100
Paving New Streets, Road Repairs for Gas and Water Companies, &c.	59,891
On Account of Improvements, Interest, Private Works, &c.	117,271
Other Receipts	51,434
Total Receipts	£1,870,145

EXPENDITURE.

Repairs and Maintenance of Highways, Roads, Streets, &c. and for Cleansing and Watering Roads, &c.		£822,246
Lighting and Works connected therewith		222,512
Sewage and Drainage Works		100,591
Payments to Metropolitan Board of Works		303,985
Salaries and Collector's Poundage		90,170
Bonded or Mortgage Debt—		
Interest and Annuities	£75,664	
Principal Paid Off	89,300	
		164,964
Temporary Loan Repaid		19,400
Law Expenses, Improvements (not included under the foregoing heads), and all other charges		157,903
Total Expenditure		£1,881,771

The loans outstanding at the close of the account amount to £1,495,491.

The several items of this abstract show the sort of duties performed by the local bodies. They embrace mostly sanitary works, and it must be obvious that if these bodies faithfully and promptly perform such services as they have done, they require no new name to designate their highly important functions.

A striking contrast between the state of the metropolis in 1856, when the first Management Act was passed, and its present condition is obtained from a document prepared by the Metropolitan Board and presented to Parliament in March, 1872. Certain questions were issued to vestries and district Boards in 1870, and the replies received were printed and abstracted. Of course, when so many different persons were to respond to the same points of inquiry, some were found to be more careful than others in giving the information, whilst in some instances the particulars were omitted or useless.

The sanitary and general condition of the districts now, as compared with its state previous to the operation of the Management Acts, is, in most cases, very greatly improved. Constant inspections are made; densely populated courts and alleys are paved and lighted; streets are watered; refuse removed; and drainage applied to premises which before were only supplied with cesspools.

The account of the state of St. Marylebone may be taken as a specimen of a large and wealthy parish. It has had 12 miles of new sewers, with 7½ miles of drains under the public way, constructed at a cost of nearly £60,000; about one half being for new works, and the other half for maintenance of existing sewerage. In 1856 some streets and roads were found to be without any sewers. Many miles of existing sewers were in a dilapidated state; some choked with sewage, some ill-ventilated, and so much filled with gas that several accidents occurred to workmen. At present all the sewers are clean and well-ventilated; sufficiently deep and capacious. Every street and road in the parish is drained, and all the sewers are designed where practicable, to ensure flushing, ventilation, and access. Many sewers at a higher level are connected with others so as to cause them to be self-cleansed.

The sanitary improvements in addition to sewerage works are—

1. Works done under the Nuisances Removal Acts in fifteen years.

Houses Inspected	30,470
Mews and Stables Inspected	2,775
DRAINS AND CESSPOOLS—	
Cesspools filled up	4,157
Feet of New Pipe Drains constructed (Or 45½ miles, including those under Public Ways.)	201,704
Drains Repaired	8,607
Traps to Drains	18,004
CLOSETS—	
New Water Closets	462
Water Laid on to Closets	8,064
WATER RECEPTACLES—	
New Receptacles	952
Receptacles raised above ground	646
Water Laid on to Premises	246
HOUSES CLEANSED AND VENTILATED—	
Wholly Cleansed	1,472

Partly Cleansed	4,095
Ventilated	98
YARDS AND DUST-BINS—	
Cleansed and Lime-washed	10,879
Paved or Repaired	5,675
New Dust-bins	601
Rain Pipes to Underground Drains	351
Houses Improved	17,219

Under the same Act all the slaughterhouses and cowsheds in the parish have undergone periodical sanitary inspection and improvement. During the last seven years all the bakehouses, amounting to 215, have also been under supervision.

2. Works done under the Sanitary Act of 1866.

A mortuary house erected. A disinfecting apparatus erected, and means provided for conveying infected articles. The poor pay no fee, but those who can afford it pay 7*s.* 6*d.* Hospital accommodation is provided for patients suffering from cholera, small-pox, or fever. A post-mortem house is provided.

3. Works done under the Artizans and Labourers' Dwellings Act.—Two courts unfit for human habitation pulled down, and twenty houses in another place shut up. Other houses condemned and repaired.

4. Works done under orders of Privy Council.—Graveyards closed and covered with five or six feet of earth. Grounds planted with trees and laid out for public use. Vaults under churches and chapels closed, and coffins embedded in dry earth.

5. Works done under no special enactment.—Improvement of lighting and ventilation of district churches by the adoption of sun-lights and other means. Periodical flushing of sewers and disinfection of them during summer by copious use of carbolic acid and other disinfectants. Watering 100 of the poorest streets and places with solution of carbolic acid during the hot, dry summer months. Closing several of the parish pumps unfit for use. Disinfecting houses and rooms in which deaths from contagious and infectious diseases had occurred.

The quantity of paving executed cannot be given, but the expenditure for new paving, repaving and repairing streets and roads in various paving works, is £343,726, including about £24,445 paid for by companies and individuals, but excluding cleansing, lighting, and watering.

Permanent improvements in opening up new streets and thoroughfares cost £54,800.

The works thus indicated, and the improved water supply have greatly lessened the mortality, and increased the health of the population, and such may be said of almost every locality of the metropolis.

AGITATION ON THE SUBJECT.

For some years an association has existed for the purpose of promoting bills in Parliament to improve the Government of London; and up to 1870 several bills had been printed in different Sessions, making a great parade of provisions for the establishment of municipal corporations. The bills were entrusted to private members, and they obtained but little support.

On the last occasion the Home Secretary had consented that the bills should be referred to a select committee, and one bill was after debate so referred, but the two others could not after some delay be further considered, and the whole were withdrawn.

The subject received full consideration from the Metropolitan Board and the local bodies, and it was thought to be desirable that there should be one central jurisdiction over the whole metropolis with a readjustment of the districts into which the metropolis is at present divided for the purposes of Local Government. They waited on the Home Secretary, and it appeared that his view of the matter was that the Government was then so pressed with other matters of great importance, it was impossible to give the necessary attention to the subject, and that they had therefore agreed to refer it to a select committee so as to enable Parliament to hear the objections on either side.

Since that date the whole subject of Local Government and sanitary legislation is being consolidated and administered on a better footing than was ever contemplated under the Municipal Corporations Act for boroughs in 1833. And it seems probable that the views of Mr. Ayrton's committee, of 1866, after a full investigation regarding the metropolis, will have more acceptance when the question is revived.

A recent meeting of Members of Parliament and other gentlemen interested in Local Government, adopted a memorial to the Home Secretary stating that notwithstanding the great improvement in the general condition of the metropolis by the Act of 1855, there is urgent need for the development of municipal institutions by the further concentration of the executive: That the committee of the House of Commons has reported in favour of great changes on the basis of enlarged administrative areas, and the establishment of a Municipal Council for the whole of the metropolis, and has urged the Government to introduce a bill to affect the suggested changes; they therefore urge that bills may be submitted to Parliament at the earliest possible time to correct admitted ills.

W. Newall.

"RED COTTON NIGHTCAP COUNTRY."

Red Cotton Nightcap Country: or, Turf and Towers.
By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Smith, Elder,
and Co. 1873.

THE interest of Mr. Browning's works lies usually beyond the scope of mere literary or artistic criticism; and his new poem, while surpassing as a work of art anything he has yet done, forms no exception to this rule. It is the history of a mediæval tragedy enacted amidst nineteenth-century life; and much of its peculiar force lies in the exposure of this apparent anachronism—apparent, not real—for the middle ages can scarcely be said to have passed away while the elements of religious struggle still exist; and we know that they do exist, though rarely under the barbaric form which they assume in Mr. Browning's work. We know that there are still minds in our own country, as well as outside it, in which the desire of life sustains a murderous conflict with the dread of eternity, and in which the conflict may end in madness or despair, or in a mental compromise more ruinous than both. "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" is the story of such a conflict and such a termination. It is told in Mr. Browning's own way; in a style which is always picturesque, but seldom directly pathetic. He frankly accepts the element of grotesqueness which develops itself during the narrative, and the incisive keenness of its more serious features is less often due to any sympathetic mode of delineation than to an almost cynical indifference in the manner in which they are presented. In selecting, interpreting, or expanding the recorded facts and dialogues on which the poem is based, he has adhered with exquisite fidelity to the manifest spirit of the situation, and also to those deeper truths of life which so often set obvious probabilities at defiance; but the process has engendered a prevailing sense of anomaly, and he has nowhere attempted to repress it.

Something of this feeling is apparent in the manner in which the story is introduced. The scene is laid first in Paris, but afterwards in a sea-bound rural district of Northern France, where nature is so uniform and life so primitive, that the bare possibility of dramatic incident appears excluded from it. It is here that Mr. Browning has heard the tragedy; here also that he is supposed to be relating it; and he employs the very impression of this complete repose not only to heighten the force, but to create the presentiment of what he is about to tell. He affects to sound the stillness for its latent elements of storm, and does not allow himself to discover them until he has aroused the reader's mind to an uneasy sense of expectation which the transparency of this poetic artifice, and the humorous manner in which it is carried out, would scarcely appear to warrant. Here also the poet has given himself a listener; one against whom he can whet his arguments and strike out his successive shocks of thought; but the literary accomplice is this time no phantom of an Elvire, but the living friend to whom the work is dedicated; and who has indirectly suggested its title.

Mr. Browning and Miss Thackeray are supposed to find themselves together one summer day in the Norman fishing village of St. Rambert, and the poem opens with a playful allusion to the former experiences in which their wandering lives have united them: the sauntering amongst Paris shops, the friendly scuffling upon London stair-cases, or the contemplation of that Campagna of Rome—

> "O'er-rioted
> By verdure, ravage, and gay winds that war
> Against strong sunshine settled to his sleep;"

* * * * *

Here Mr. Browning is calling attention to his tiny cottage by the sea, and to the adjacent lucern field which it is his daily delight to "pad" with uncovered feet as he runs to and from his morning bath, trampling its mustard-scented blossoms into still more odorous pungency. There is neither life nor beauty at St. Rambert in the received sense of the words, and Mr. Browning declares with true poetic egoism that he loves it the more on that account; he loves it for the absence of all but those buried charms which it is the soul's monopoly to conjure up. He concludes that these buried beauties are apparent to his artistic friend, and no doubt they were; but what seems most to have impressed Miss Thackeray was the sleepy placidity of the surrounding life, and she thinks this state of things so aptly symbolized in the cotton nightcap, which is a universal feature in the female peasant's dress, that she has proposed to christen the whole district after it. She seems even to have announced an intention of embodying her impressions for the benefit of her friends at home in a story of "White Nightcap Country;" and Mr. Browning welcomes the idea, and pays a poetic tribute to the imaginative grace with which she will weave the waking dreaminess about the reader's mind.

* * * * *

"And filmily o'er grain crop, meadow-ground,
O'er orchard in the pasture, farm a-field,
And hamlet on the road-edge floats and forms,
And falls, at lazy last of all, the cap
That crowns the country!"

But he means to reveal the fact that the annals of St. Rambert are not all to be told in the tale of a "White Nightcap," and to reveal it in the most artistic manner; and it becomes, therefore, his object to retain his hold of this harmless symbol, but so to expand and modify it that it shall lend itself to the suggestion of a crime. He begins by questioning Miss Thackeray as to the kind of nightcap which she means to glorify, and to her supposed answer that it is the common nightcap—"just a nightcap,"—he replies that it would be no more inappropriate to use the expression "just a fiddle," whilst three hundred violins displayed at her own Kensington attest the infinite variety of form and quality and inspiration with which the idea of that simple fabric may connect itself. The digression is supposed to be suggested by the interjectional use of the word "fiddle" in the previous conversation; and as the interjection is in itself nearly as uncalled for as it is ugly, it will certainly evoke the wrath of some of Mr. Browning's readers, but they will as surely be grateful to the impish apparition for ushering in the tender beauties of the following lines:—

"Over this sample would Corelli croon,
Grieving by minors, like the cushat-dove,
Most dulcet Giga, dreamiest Saraband."

"From this did Paganini comb the fierce
Electric sparks, or to tenuity
Pull forth the inmost wailing of the wire—
No cat-gut could swoon out so much of soul!"

There is, in one sense, a normal nightcap, because there is a head-covering always appropriate to sleep, whether it be the little frilly fabric that belongs to slumbering babyhood, or that specimen of tougher cotton which the grown man will carry with him into his last long sleep; and Mr. Browning describes with pathetic quaintness how the weariness of advancing years prolongs the periods at which its protection is desired, till "night's solace" becomes also the best comfort of the waking hours, which scarcely distinguish themselves from those of rest; and it remains at last for loving hands to draw it more closely over the tired eyes which can no longer shut themselves —but we are also reminded how much of waking life may shelter itself under the so-called nightcap; how this very covering has appeared as "Voltaire's imperial velvet—poor hectic Cowper's soothing sarsenet stripe," and

> "Pope's sickly head sustainment, damped with dews,
> Wrung from the all-unfair fight."

And finally, the image of Louis XVI. is conjured up before us, surmounted by the red Phrygian symbol which marked him for the guillotine—and the poet concludes:

> "White Cotton Nightcap Country; excellent!
> Why not Red Cotton Nightcap Country too?"

For the best of reasons, no tinge of red can be discerned amidst that universal white. The most famous criminals of St. Rambert are the man who shot the hare, and he who smuggled in half a pound of tobacco. The nightcap-shaped spire of the village church repeats the prevailing symbol. It repeats itself from every little town and village which dots the meeting line of the level land and the smooth sea—

> "Just as the milk-white incrustations stud
> At intervals some shell extremity."

It crowns, moreover, one shrine of peculiar sanctity, easily discernible from the spot at which we are supposed to stand: the church of "La Ravissante," which ranks with "La Salette" and "Lourdes" in wonder-working power,—and here we are made to pause while Mr. Browning relates the history of its miraculous image of the Virgin, and prepares us for the part that it is about to play. The Lady of "La Ravissante" will be the phantom heroine of the story; the phantom power by which its course is in great measure determined, and finally perhaps cut short. She will also serve as its introduction, for she carries about her in her very sacredness a suggestion of the red hue of which we are in search. A gorgeous jewel blazes in her crown, and this jewel attests the wealth and the devotion of Léonce Miranda, the great jeweller of the Place Vendôme. The ancient Priory of Clairvaux, more distant but still visible, has been tenanted by two generations of Mirandas, and we are allowed to approach it in its turn with a faint presentiment that the red nightcap is lurking beneath its monkish and historic gloom; but this feeling is soon dispelled. The younger Miranda has remodelled the old "Abbey for the Males," whilst retaining its massive skeleton, adorned it with a park-like English garden, and completed the whole by a fantastic structure destined to serve as Belvedere. It has become a luxurious country retreat, well suited to the neighbourhood of Paris, and with no more apparent mystery about it than that it stands here instead of there—the very abode of solid and yet refined prosperity. Its owner has lately died; a melancholy event, for he led a pious and useless life, but one that scarcely amounts to tragedy; the less so that his death was sanctified by a crowning act of virtue—he has bequeathed all his possessions to the Church. Disinherited children might have questioned the merits of such a deed; but he was childless. The wife might have felt herself despoiled; but Madame Miranda approved the testament, and had even suggested it. Nothing could exceed his love; nothing could exceed her sympathy. Every attempt to detect one speck of red appears only to reveal a purer whiteness; and this fact being finally established, Mr. Browning summons us to a rising ground within the precincts of Clairvaux, invites a last survey of the house and gardens as they lie before us in all their cheerful state and diciplined luxuriance; and concludes his introduction thus:—

> "It was there,—past those laurestines,
> On that smooth gravel-sweep 'twixt flowers and sward,—
> There tragic death befel; and not one grace
> Outspread before you but is registered
> In that sinistrous coil, these last two years
> Were occupied in winding smooth again."

"Turf and Towers" is a figurative expression of the mental conditions under which the drama of the Red Nightcap has taken place. The Towers are symbolical of faith and virtue in their firm foundation, their lofty striving, and the watchful, soldier-like endurance of him who takes his stand upon them, armed and bucklered for the last day. Turf is the land of pleasure, and becomes the land of compromise, if it lies within the circle of the Towers and beneath their protecting shadow. There one may lie and rest through the heat and burden of the day, and when night approaches, still mount the ramparts and claim the privileges of the eleventh hour. The picture is completed by a tent which runs along the inner circuit of the Towers, whilst its foundations are planted in the Turf. This is the decent worldliness which plays with the idea of virtue, and in a moderate way attains its ends till some shock of real trial levels it with the ground. Léonce Miranda, hero of the story, was born into the land of compromise. Son of a French mother and a Castilian father, the famous jeweller of the Place Vendôme, he inherited from the one the ardent blood that makes faith fanatical and desire imperious; from the other, the calculating instinct which suggested that since heaven and earth were both so real they could not exclude each other. He had no religious doubts; his mind was according to Mr. Browning's humorous expression, that "feather bed of thoughtlessness," which reason's sharpest weapons fail to pierce, because there is nothing there to resist them; and to his dying day he accepted every miracle of the Virgin of "La Ravissante" with unquestioning faith; he simply believed that there must be room for everything. He knew very little about Voltaire, but he trusted in Sganarelle; the towers were visible in all their height and breadth and impregnability; but they were fifty years off; and here was the turf with its "flowery laughters" twining round his feet. There were instances enough to prove that he who reached the ramparts last was not the least in favour, and he who arrived with muddy shoes must surely cut a more manly figure than he who had been carried cleanly on a saint's back. So Léonce Miranda appears on the stage of Paris life at the age of twenty-two, handsome, wealthy, and pious; determined to enjoy, but capable also of discretion. As we see from his letters to his brother he gets drunk every Saturday night, but we do not hear of any such indulgence encroaching upon working hours. He exalts five ladies simultaneously to a temporary place in his affections; but he wastes little money and little feeling upon them. Women are "necessary sport;" but being only sport, they are fair game for cheating; and if he can make them accept an hour when they want a lifetime, a tickling of the fancy when they ask for soul ("as if soul had no higher ends to serve"); if he can protect his purse by a pretence of poverty, he will have given himself what his nature needed, and damaged no higher interests by it.

> "Trust me I know the world and know myself,
> And know where duty takes me in good time."

This manner of keeping immorality in its place would be purely humorous if it were not true; if it were not an explicit avowal of the most effectual and most prevalent corruption of the so-called religious life. It is impossible not to recognize in Léonce Miranda the tendency of so many professing Christians to regard their nature as, in certain aspects, unworthy of itself, and to reduce all sensuous pleasures to the lowest degree of sensualism that they may the better cleanse their soul from participation in them. Such people say to the Materialist, with a sneer of sanctity, "What is there in YOUR convictions to prevent your living like a beast? being gluttonous and a wine-bibber? one who says, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" and the Materialist replies, "The belief in the dignity of the flesh; in the fundamental oneness and continuous inter-responsibility of the mental and bodily life. The belief that we cannot degrade the one and yet do honour to the other, and that to place one feeling of our nature outside the pale of the higher sympathies and the higher law, there to riot or to starve, is to destroy the soul itself by creeping atrophy or by active disease." Is it amongst those who uphold the nobleness of matter that we find the low aims, the untrue standards, the sordid bargainings with life, the furtive poachings on its Hesperidean gardens? Assuredly not—it is amongst those who believe that no good can come from any impulse of the flesh, and that if they cannot resist, their best morality is to defame it. The Manicheism of its early defenders had something of the poetry of Oriental speculation, something of the enthusiasm of acknowledged Christian heresy, but the Manicheism of the Nineteenth Century is well expressed in the character of a man who thinks to expiate his unlawful pleasures by defrauding their givers of the price of them.

Miranda's day of self-defence was not destined to endure. One New Year's eve he played truant to the "favoured five," went to the theatre and there beheld the woman who was to teach him in one glance that what he had mistaken for a temporary sport was the most absorbing and most fatal reality of life. Mr. Browning has described this enchantress as far as the girl of eighteen can be described at forty. He tells us that he saw her a few days ago guiding a little procession of sheep and goats through the gardens of Clairvaux. She was colourless in face, small and shadowy in figure, with features that soul might have raised to beauty, but which as they appeared to him left the eye unimpressed and the memory blank. If we did not know that this was the portrait of a living woman, we should imagine that Mr. Browning had invented it for the artistic pleasure of contrasting the nullity of the person with the persistent influence which proceeded from her; as it is we cannot do better than accept his explanation of the possible power of insignificance,—

"Yet is there not conceivably a face,
A set of wax-like features, blank at first,
Which, as you bendingly grow warm above,
Begins to take impressment from your breath?
Which as your will itself were plastic here,
Nor needed exercise of handy craft,
From formless moulds itself to correspond
With all you think and feel and are—in fine
Grows a new revelation of yourself,
Who know now for the first time what you want?
Here has been something that could wait awhile,
Learn your requirement, nor take shape before,
But by adopting it, make palpable
Your right to an importance of your own,
Companions somehow were so slow to see!
—Far delicater solace to conceit

> Than should some absolute and final face,
> Fit representative of soul inside,
> Summon you to surrender—in no way
> Your breaths' impressment, nor, in stranger's guise
> Yourself —— * * * * * *"

Miranda follows this fair girl or woman to her home; a luxurious apartment in the Rue du Colysée; declares his passion and is quickly installed in her favour; hears and believes that she is Clara de Millefleurs, noble, fatherless and poor, whom a fatal combination of circumstances lately consigned to the love of an old and illustrious English duke. The duke was so deeply enamoured that he was on the point of marrying her, but at the last moment she had recoiled from such a fate and fled from London to Paris, where she had only arrived a fortnight. The disappointed suitor still persecuted her by daily letters, and Miranda was henceforward to enjoy the triumphant pleasure of lighting his cigars with them. So little was she to be seduced by wealth that she who had so lately "helped herself to diamonds" would accept no present from her new lover exceeding in value a three-louis ring. Surely, as he wrote to his brother, this was no common case; his was no vulgar sin. In a few days, however, it became necessary to re-state the history and confess that Clara de Millefleurs was no other than the very low-born Lucy Steiner: married in London to one Mulhausen, a tailor, whose ill-treatment, as she said, had caused her to forsake him; and recently under the protection of a certain Centofanti, who, hearing of her new friendship for Miranda, had suddenly resigned her to him with as many of her bills as were yet unpaid. It was this need of money which precipitated the disclosure. Here was a terrible test, and Miranda took his soul by both hands and gave it the questioning shake which should determine whether the liquid emotions it contained were destined to crystallize or to disperse for ever. His love emerged from the process in all the resplendent hardness of the crystal, and he knew now that neither past, nor present, nor future fault of hers could prevail against it. It was a sin, there could no longer be any doubt of that, but Heaven would surely take the peculiarities of the case into account, and some day he would atone. Meanwhile it was necessary to maintain the false version of Clara's story, so necessary that it became excusable, for how else could they secure themselves against the chance that her husband might hear of this new connection and claim her value in Miranda's diamonds or what would be far worse, herself? But the danger which awaited them was of another kind. Mulhausen also had prospered in his trade; he was no longer concealed in London, but was parading his existence exactly opposite the business house of the Mirandas in the large gold letters of the well-known name of "Gustave." He did hear what had taken place, and had so little desire to reclaim his wife and so great a fear that she might some day be returned to him, that he lost no time in taking legal steps for publishing her infidelity and confirming the separation. Miranda must now walk openly in the path on which he had entered. To stay in Paris was no longer possible, but there was the home at Clairvaux, and thither he and Clara retreated. Father and brother had died, leaving him abundant wealth. The mother, although a pious woman, had condoned the illicit union, and even assisted the new arrangements with advice and sympathy. They would be solitary in their rustic life, but they were all the world to each other; moreover piety is all but position, and whilst the fruits of Miranda's contrition flowed into the Church's capacious lap, even their sin might be enfolded within its all-embracing arms. So the newly-established country gentleman made the best of the situation, built and decorated—cultivated such mild proficiency in art as can be attained by one who claims to be "Art's seigneur, not Art's serving-man;" one who enjoys it—

> "Like fleshly objects of the chace that tempt
> In cookery, not capture."

And for five years the life of compromise flowed on beneath its tent-like draperies like a dream of Paradise.

The first awakening shock was a summons from Miranda's mother to answer to her for his continued immorality and his profuse expenditure. "She had tolerated the illicit bond in the hope that time would dissolve it; but Dalilah still held him fast—he used to love economy, and now, what was the meaning of that pulling down and building up of his father's house, and that Belvedere stuck like a fool's cap on the roof? Did he mean to soar to heaven from it? Better dig himself a hole in the ground below"—prophetic utterance. Miranda loved his mother passionately, but bitter words were exchanged, and when he rushed from her presence he was in a state of agitation which impelled him irresistibly to jump into the river then rolling at his feet. He shivered back to bed, and lay for a month delirious, suspended between life and death. The family doctor was a shrewd man who had seen the pictures of Saint Anthony, and he interpreted the patient's ravings to his mother, and told her that there was ever the white vision of a woman interposing its mute appeal between him and every other object; and that since water had not quenched that vision, and the "flare of fever" did not "redden it away," she had best bear with it in silence and leave the cure to Providence. Miranda returned to Clairvaux, injured for life, and the home which he had quitted in October now wore an aspect of neglected Autumn sadness which reflected his forlorn condition. But Clara poured on him the full sunshine of her tenderness, and entreated him take courage for her sake; she entreated him not to let a mere wind of words bite at his brain, and to remember that old and young *must* disagree, and that after all each only sought his own way of happiness. Madame mother's house on the Quai Voltaire had cost fifty times as much as theirs; and if she preferred Bézique to their performance of charades, if she entertained the curé whilst they received Dumas—was the difference so great? Miranda tried to be comforted, and when

> ". . . . the new-comer,
> Merchant of novelties, young sixty-eight,
> With bran-new bargains, whistled o'er the lea,"

something like Christmas brightness had returned to them. But a second shock was impending; a second summons to the maternal home—more imperative than the first, for it came in the flashing of a wire, without preface and without explanation. Again he rushed to Paris, to the old house, to the well-known room; and there, it was no longer the living, but a dead mother who awaited him. Every detail was present that could increase the horror of the scene; the sable velvets, the yellow burning lights; a spectral nun watching on either side of the corpse; whilst the attendant priest greeted him with the portentous words: "dead through Léonce Miranda,"—dead without warning; of a broken heart! It was his vices that had killed her.

> "You hardly wonder if down fell at once
> The tawdry tent, pictorial, musical,
> Poetical, besprent with hearts and darts;
> Its cobweb-work, betinselled stitchery,
> Lay dust about our sleeper on the turf,
> And showed an outer wall distinct and dread."

The poor fellow fell senseless on the ground, and though the swoon passed away and the first violence of grief subsided, pain, remorse, and terror had done their work. He went forth from his mother's room into the presence of the assembled kinsmen, and with a stony calmness of demeanour laid before them his plan for a new life. He would transfer his business to them, receiving only a yearly stipend, which they themselves should determine. Eventually they should be his heirs. He only stipulated that some provision should be made for Clara, whom it was understood that he would never see again; else the anxiety for her unprotected youth and beauty would disturb his better thoughts. The cousinry were dissolved in sympathy; they had gained their end. May not the thought of some such result have inspired the cruel suddenness with which the blow had been dealt, and the scenic terrors by which it had been enforced?

A week had elapsed; the will was signed and sealed. There still remained to convey the news to the abandoned creature who had returned to her old haunts in the Rue du Colysée; it was essential that she should be apprized of her divorce, and presented with the first instalment of her very moderate pension. The cousinry had met once more at Miranda's house to arrange the deputation. But Miranda did not appear; an inquiring eye was thrust against the keyhole of his door, and the cause of the delay became apparent. He was standing before the fire, with an open box of letters at his side. "Of course they were those love-letters which he was always carrying about with him like precious stones." They were those letters; he was reading them one by one; pondering the tenderness contained in them, and asking his soul what hope there was that it had ceased—that it ever would cease to return it. The answer was unequivocal, and one course only remained. He returned the letters to their box and plunged it with the hands that held it into the blazing fire, calmly reiterating the words—"burn—burn—and purify my past." Every one rushed to the rescue, but he fought against those who would have saved him with the strength of a strong body and a tenfold stronger will. "Why am I hindered when I would be pure?" And when the combined force of all the bystanders had at last dragged him from the fire, he had no hands left. They carried him to bed, and during the three ensuing months of fever, during the earlier days which should have been days of agony, one feeling alone possessed him—"absolute satisfaction at the deed." He smiled at the anxious kindness which surrounded him. Why should they pity him? "such bliss as his abolished pain." The only trouble that disturbed him was a passing fear that he had not completely burnt away the sin; not completely burnt away the forbidden flesh that had become one with his.

"'If sacrifice be incomplete!' cried he,
'If ashes have not sunk reduced to dust,
To nullity! If atoms coalesce
Till something grow, grow, get to be a shape
I hate, I hoped to burn away from me!
She is my body, she and I are one,
Yet all the same, there, there at bed-foot stands
The woman wound about my flesh and blood;
There, the arms open, the more wonderful,
The whiter for the burning. . . . vanish thou!
Avaunt, fiend's self found in the form I wore!'"

And then he kicked and struggled as if an imaginary foe were upon him. Still there was no sense of bodily pain, and Doctor Beaumont pronounced him mad. It is difficult to understand how his medical experience can have justified such a verdict, but it is given to us as genuine, though in an expanded form—

> "Mad, or why thus insensible to pain ?
> Body and soul are one thing, with two names
> For more or less elaborated stuff,"

and Mr. Browning seizes the opportunity of giving a side thrust at Positivism, by comparing this doctrine of what he calls the new "Religio-Medici" with the unscientific views which the old faith would have brought to bear upon the case ; explaining that—

> ". . . . body is not soul, but just
> Soul's servant ; that, if soul be satisfied,
> Possess already joy or pain enough,
> It uses to ignore, as master may,
> What increase, joy, or pain, its servant brings."

It does not hit so hard after all. If Mr. Browning chooses to give the name of soul to that perception of bodily pain or pleasure which is dulled by repetition or destroyed by any predominating emotion, no one can prove him to be wrong; but in so doing he does not assert for the soul any mastery over these emotions. Perception registers sensation ; it does not constitute it ; and its apparent acceptance or rejection of certain impressions is nothing but the recognition of the strength of the one or the weakness of the other. That the varying power of the same impression lies in the sentient subject, not outside it, and forms the supreme mystery of the individual life, the disciples of both religions are alike ready to admit ; and Mr. Browning scarcely does justice to the sympathy with which the warmest votaries of science would echo those words of his,—"As if within soul's self grew joy aud pain."

Meanwhile, the good work must be completed, and as Miranda was unable to act, the cousinry took the law into their own hands. They proceeded to Clara's abode, and addressing, "You, Steiner, Mulhausen, or whatever you please to call yourself," with appropriate roughness, informed her that Monsieur Miranda had done with her ; had gone to Portugal for good, and had empowered them to offer her an allowance on condition of her seeking no renewal of the connection. Clara received her sentence with touching gentleness, and only asked for time to recover from her bewilderment ; she readily promised not to set foot beyond her home. They might have spared themselves the trouble—and the lie. In a few weeks the patient was recovering, and the doctor had ordered him fresh air ; he crept downstairs and into a carriage. In another moment he was in the Rue du Colysée, and Clara's arms were around him

A more commonplace version of the story would have represented the woman as pursuing, and the man as surrendering only after a struggle more or less prolonged. She, knowing all she had at stake, would have employed every weapon of seduction; and he, sobered by remorse and by the fearful physical shock, would, for a time at least, have been proof against them. But Mr. Browning has judged the case from a deeper insight into human nature. He knew that Clara Mulhausen must have become the one ineffaceable reality of her lover's life, and that such a reality might be banished by a night of frenzy, but must return again with the morning; and he knew that the woman who consciously possessed such power could wait and be silent. There had been no farther struggle in Miranda's mind; he had simply convinced himself, as Mr. Browning says, that what was, WAS. He had found it sweet to expiate, but he had also discovered that it was impossible to renounce. To expiate without renouncing, would henceforth be the business of his life. Clara accompanied him back to the Quai Voltaire, and he appears to have had a humorous appreciation of the discomfiture of the cousinry when they saw the results of their invalid's first drive. He dismisses them with politeness, and assures them that all he has engaged to do will be done. The business will be theirs—by purchase. He abjures love for himself. The lady also is transformed; she has changed her sex. In future it is his BROTHER who will nurse him. Clara curtsies to the company, and in a voice of penetrative sweetness, begs them to observe that if she had believed one word of theirs, she would by this time be on the straw. Whereas now, SHE HOLDS HIM.

The lovers returned to Clairvaux, there to remain for the short period they had still to spend together. The contract between Miranda and his kinsmen, which we are told, resembled rather a transaction between wolf and wolf, than between man and man, was "bit and clawed" much more than signed and sealed, still left abundance, both for its pleasures and its duties. But notwithstanding this decisive step, life still remained, to the persistent sinner, a sore perplexity. He had been told that flowery turf was false to the foot, and soon tired the traveller—that was untrue. He had been told that one fair stride gained the platform and secured rest—that was untrue. He had been told neither turf nor tower was real—and that was doubly false. Here Mr. Browning suspends the narrative to imagine him climbing his Belvedere some genial morning, when—

> ". . . . . Spring's green girlishness
> Grew nubile, and she trembled into May,"

and to ask why in this land of miracles, that *one* which would have saved him was refused to his helpless and misguided ignorance; why, as his eye wandered over land and sea, some angel could not come and whisper to him, "Friend, look neither right nor left, but straight before thee; and there, at St. Rambert, pacing the beach, tasting the spring like thee, is one who will tell thee all thou need'st to know." Then follows the portrait of a "man of men," whom we recognize as the author's old and dearly loved friend, Joseph Milsand, of Dijon. For many years he has spent the summer amongst the scenes which are here described, enjoying their absolute seclusion; and it is easy to imagine how the vision of these two lives, flowing side by side, yet in such different channels, suggested the appeal from the distracted foolishness of the one to the kindly sustaining wisdom of the other. All who know Mr. Browning and Mr. Milsand, will know, also, as they read this passage, how heartfelt was the tribute of admiration and how amply it is deserved.

But no miracle was granted, and Léonce Miranda must needs walk by such troubled lights as he possessed. He could not renounce either earth or heaven, so he must raise for himself a bridge of good works that would unite the two. His charities became no longer ardent, but frenetic. Whoever asked, received; the sick were cured, the hungry fed. The ground was strewed with beggars whom his flowing wine had intoxicated; and all these private bounties were but the incidental spillings of the broad stream of munificence which poured steadily into the Church's lap; and which the Church received no doubt with due regret for the continued sin, but as a wholesome exercise for the sinner's soul. The precious stone which adorns the image of the Virgin of the Ravissante, was presented to her at this period; and Miranda's devotion could not be satisfied by the mere worshipping at her shrine; he performed the journey to it ON HIS KNEES. Ordinary pleasures were not quite neglected; for we hear of the ingenuity with which his feet learned to do the work of hands in shooting, painting, and playing on the piano: and Clara was now as ever the one unfailing joy. She shared in his every mood; sympathized in every amusement; assisted in every self-imposed duty. She was the constant companion, the faithful echo of his life.

One joyous spring morning, the anniversary of his birthday, he flung himself from the top of his Belvedere, and was found dead on the ground beneath. The natural inference is that he was, for the time at least, mad; but Mr. Browning regarding the deed, as a poet and not as an historian, sees in it nothing less than a crowning proof of sanity; and he vindicates this opinion by giving his own version of the death scene, and of the invisible chain of circumstance by which it was prepared. He resolves the moments' intensity of complex consciousness which might give birth to such an act into its component elements of slowly ripening thought, and represents the fatal leap as prefaced by a monologue in which the insistency of connected reason assumes a fiery exaltation not to be confounded with insanity. From the summit of his tower Miranda's eye has caught the beloved shrine, and his heart, heavy with its growing burden of sin and sorrow, has gone out towards his lady of La Ravissante in a passionate appeal to end the doubt, to reward the faith by one supreme and final revelation. "Has he not loved and worshipped, and obeyed her as far as human weakness allowed? Was he to blame that there stood opposed to her the robed and crowned, imperial and pre-eminent, one nameless and silent, one neither robed nor crowned, but no less absolute than she? the enchantress whom SHE contemned as lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, life's pride."

> "You spoke first, promised best, and threatened most;
> The other never threatened, promised, spoke
> A single word, but, when your part was done,
> Lifted a finger, and I, prostrate, knew
> Films were about me, though you stood aloof
> Smiling or frowning. 'Where is power like mine
> To punish or reward thee?' * * * *"

If he had fallen, had he been satisfied so to lie? Had he not willed to make amends? Unable to pluck out his heart, had he not burnt away his hands? If he had retained his soul's treasure, had he not showered forth his earthly goods? Where was his reward? where was the added power or light? Where even the certainty of acceptance?—Whilst she, the "less authoritative voice," so gently promised, and also so truly gave. And so the monologue runs on, half-protestation, half remonstrance, till a sudden thought illumines the speaker's face. Faith's reward has been withheld because itself has been incomplete; it shall no longer be so. He will solve the riddle, will destroy the doubt for himself and for the whole world by a crowning act of trust. He will challenge the Lady's full miraculous power. He will go to her through the air. The angels who bore her image to the spot on which it stands will also support his flight. They will drop him gently before her church; the news of the miracle will fly. The Emperor's faith will be renewed to pious working in the service of the Church; even to the renouncing of the throne in favour of its rightful heir. France will be regenerate. Belief triumphant. For him and Clara too will the blackness of the past be swept away; she will stand in pristine purity; the beauty and the soul alone remaining of what she is—and to him the hands will be restored, not for any selfish use, but that he may take her virgin hand between them, and say—

> "'I marry you—
> Men, women, angels, you behold my wife!
> There is no secret, nothing wicked here,
> Nothing she does not wish the world to know!'
> None of your married women have the right

> To mutter 'Yes, indeed, she beats us all
> In beauty,—but our lives are pure at least!'
> Bear witness, for our marriage is no thing
> Done in a corner! 'Tis The Ravissante
> Repairs the wrong of Paris. See, she smiles,
> She beckons, she bids 'Hither, both of you!'
> And may we kneel? And will you bless us both?
> And may I worship you, and yet love her?
> Then! ——'
>
> A sublime spring from the balustrade
> About the tower so often talked about,
> A flash in middle air, and stone-dead lay
> Monsieur Léonce Miranda on the turf."

Hitherto Mr. Browning has treated his subject with an almost complete indifference; showing little pity for the sufferings he was depicting, and detailing the successive instances of knavery and folly in that tone of quiet satire which may produce emotion, but expresses none; but it is impossible not to imagine that a genuine feeling has inspired the description of this final conflict of the flesh and the spirit, and the delirium of love and hope in which it passes away; and that it is his very sympathy with such deepening intensity of desire and will that has suggested this poetic reading of a deed into the depths of which no human eye can see. We are strangely reminded of the character of Old Testament Christianity in that imaginary prayer; in that wrestling of a soul for a sign of Heavenly acceptance; in that approach to the Divinity at once awe-stricken and familiar; in the gloomy magnificence of expression which clothes the supplicant's appeal from the vain promises and tyrannous exactions of the spirit to the faithlessness of those proscribed earthly joys in which alone there is firm hold to the human foot, a firm grasp for the human hand—and we ask ourselves on reading it whether a simple re-arrangement of existing elements might not convert the writer's powerfully sensuous genius into the rigid spirit of a Puritan.

The calm though astonished pity with which Clara receives the news of her lover's death, is, with all its tenderness, so eloquent of contempt that it reveals in one flash the whole spirit of their relation. What had he gained by leaving her, who had learnt his every wish only that she might fulfil it? Why had he not come to her like the child he was; laughing, crying, "Mother, let me fly?" and she would have tossed him in her arms and dropped him safely in her own lap. It was all over now; the life-long business of guiding all he did and feigning surprise when it was done.

> "What weariness to me will work become,
> Now that I need not seem surprised again!
> * * * * *
> * * * dear, dear me!"

A better woman would have loved this man, for it is only an imperfect female nature which despises what is weaker than itself. The maternal sentiment which is the final outcome of all purely feminine emotion glides into every affection of the full-grown woman's heart; and those who have loved most happily know best how easily the yearning for some weakness to protect may disturb even the happiness of being protected. Mr. Browning has judged Clara Mulhausen by her recorded actions and found her wanting in such power of true attachment; she had been complacent to her lover's every weakness, and

"True love works never for the loved one so;"

but he credits her with the reasoning selfishness which so identifies itself with the lives on which it feeds that it can do much of the work of love without apparent straining, and perhaps without conscious hypocrisy; and whilst he "nothing extenuates," he considers that she is far from representing the worst form of womanhood.

At the end of two days the cousinry swoop down upon their prey. They come to claim the inheritance of which they feel doubly sure now that their kinsman's self-inflicted death must invalidate any recent will by which he may have attempted to dispossess them. They are admitted to Clara's presence, and there ensues a dialogue which is such a masterpiece of satire that nothing short of a literal quotation could do justice to it. The new masters of Clairvaux signify their wish to temper judgment with mercy in their dealings with the sinful woman whom fate has now laid so low; and whilst they distinctly lay it to her door that a man who was born and bred to better things has lived in profligacy and died mad, they promise to ensure a decent competency to her declining years. "They propose" —whereupon Clara dries her eyes, surveys the "consistory," and expresses bland astonishment at their imagining that she, of all persons in the world, has power to treat with them on such a subject. She has no claim whatever to the property; its ultimate and sole possessor is the Church. She has a life interest in it, it is true, but solely that she may represent the Church and carry out its pious purposes. So runs the will which Miranda himself has signed, his mouth guiding the pen. Then the tone of quiet satire rises into one of withering scorn as she tells them why her dead friend has bequeathed to stronger hands what he would fain have forced on her acceptance. It was herself who had entreated him thus to protect her helplessness. She herself had urged on him the question whether they who had hunted him whilst he yet lived would spare his memory or spare her when he was gone. If they, his kinsmen, had not conspired against his reason and robbed him under cover of its *temporary* *swoon*, had they not traded on his bodily weakness; urged her by alternate bribes and bullying to forsake it? And would they fail to construe his acts of piety into madness; his accidental death, if such occurred, into suicide; that they might find a surer gain in her bereavement, when its time came. Let her guard his wealth, but only in the name of the Ravissante. She thanks them for their testimony to the character of Lucy Steiner, whose early fall she may excuse but will not deny; but commands them to remember that Miranda came to her no less soiled than she was, and that each helped the other to a purer life. His sin to them was his fidelity to his love, and she dares them to impute to her one breach of loving faithfulness in the twenty years during which in their opinion nothing stronger than a cobweb bound her to him—and finally she sends them back from the pollution of her presence to their virtuous trade in Paris, with this parting caution, that when next they are called upon to supply the Schneider with a set of jewels they will not by accident employ for it the priceless stone which Miranda entrusted to them that it might enrich the Virgin's crown. The cousinry retire, each flinging at her such an epithet as his emotion most naturally suggests,—"Cockatrice," "Jezebel," and so on; and proceed to place their grievance in the hands of the law, which in due time gives its verdict to this effect:—

"That whereas, in leaving his property, for her life, to the person to whom in all the world he was the most indebted; and after it to the Church of which he had always been a faithful servitor, Mr. Léonce Miranda had done what was in itself just and conformable to his previous acts; and whereas his kinsmen had regarded him as sane enough to do much important business with him, and only changed their opinion when it became their interest to do so, all evidence of his being mentally deranged was wanting."

When Mr. Browning saw Clara Mulhausen in the gardens of Clairvaux she was its legally acknowledged mistress. Here the story ends, and the author advises those of his readers who believe the superstition to be extinct which it has been his object to retrace, to remember the best use to which they can put a nightcap, and draw their very thickest over its "decomposing face."

In this passage Mr. Browning has anticipated a possible criticism, the only one to which the intention of his work is open. It may suggest itself to some minds that in exposing the still possible abuses of ultra-Romanism he has directed against them a seriousness of satire which their general importance no longer warrants; that he has treated them as being farther than they really are from the nightcap stage of existence. On this subject he is at issue with many who will read his book. Many thinking persons of his generation believe that a crusade against Catholic superstitions is as unnecessary as a crusade against the mythology of Greece and Rome; that the one order of ideas is as surely self-destructive as the other; that both are almost equally remote from the prevailing tendencies of modern thought. They know how deeply idol worship still darkens the lower strata of Christian life, but they believe that precisely through these darkened strata the delusion is passing away. Mr. Browning seems rather to imagine that they are preserving it to a continuous life, none the less dangerous because it may be little else than the insidious energy of decay. Hence the warning contained in his digression upon ruins, that such haunts of romance should be swept and garnished, without regard to the sentimental pleasures which may thus be destroyed; that the still upright wall or column should be protected; the toppling or fallen masses cleared away, lest the too slowly rotting fabric should find time to make the atmosphere unwholesome and the ground unsafe. He is disposed to believe in the vitality of superstition by his very faith in the vitality of the higher religious ideas. His deep and loving veneration for the mystery of life guards the belief in a conscious first cause against all the scepticism of his own intelligence, whilst his no less keen perception of the realities of sensuous existence enables him to conceive it under every aberration which the laws of such existence may impose upon it. The errors of a coarsely humanized religion appear to him too natural to destroy themselves except by a slow and tortuous process to which it is dangerous to trust, and he regards them therefore as both requiring and deserving more active means of annihilation.

Time alone can prove whether any given idea is waxing or waning; but if Mr. Browning were to ask us what is the essential difference between the worshippers of La Ravissante and the educated crowds which daily prostrate themselves before the altars of the modern "Anglican" Church, we might be obliged to confess that for the present he had the best of the argument.

The "new poem" possesses one quality at least which no one will dispute. It is easy to understand. Its flowing blank verse carries on the narrative in an unbroken stream, now and then suspended, but never disturbed by the various reflections which grow out of it; and though the author's imagination occasionally forsakes the daylight of accomplished acts for those penumbral regions of existence in which act begins, he presents them under no perplexing individual form. He enters the dream-land by the broad gates of observation, through which whoever will may follow him. We are heartily glad that he has this time avoided his old ground of offence, and none the less so for believing that he has been more sinned against than sinning in the profound irritation which his so-called obscurities have created. Many of his readers to whom it is irksome to substitute an active effort of attention for that state of receptive dreaminess which poetry is expected to encourage, resent his frequent ruggedness of form as if it were a real obstacle to comprehension, and cannot be convinced that a style of expression which was more caressing to the ear would not find its way more easily to the understanding. There could be no greater mistake. Mr. Browning deals with the concrete images of poetry, not with its abstract emotions; and the harmony of sound which is a potent auxiliary to the one order of impressions has nothing in common with the other. One of his critics has accused him of wanting that "brooding" power of the imagination which usually characterizes poets; and although pages, even volumes of his works attest the fact that his poetic insight suffers no diminution from it, the opinion does point to a distinctive feature of Mr. Browning's mind. That toning down of consciousness which is supposed to create the susceptibility to the more subtle impressions of life, does not occur with him; but neither does he require it. He sees with waking eyes what others see in dreams. What other minds reflect in a diffused impression flashes back from his in a vivid chain of ideas with which all vagueness of utterance is incompatible. We are sometimes in danger of overlooking his leading thought from the very force and number of his illustrations; but we should lose it much more surely if it effaced itself in the mere suggestiveness of musically balanced words. Still, the same persons may say, What are we the better for such direct expression if his meaning is not always made apparent by it? What is the use of words, if thoughts which are clearly conceived cannot also be clearly understood? The question has an obvious answer. The use of words is to convey to every mind just those things which it is itself able to conceive. Every man can find suitable words for his ideas, because it is in the nature of language to adapt itself; but no man can so express them that they will necessarily reproduce themselves in the mind of another person. Certain mental impressions are of their essence incommunicable; and to deny the force and justness of such impressions on the ground that they cannot be communicated, is to abolish individuality, and still more surely, genius.

It still remains to be asked whether a poet is justified as such, in choosing subjects in which matter necessarily predominates over form; and this question can only be answered by another—is the function of poetry permanently fixed, and may not the modification of artistic principles which has raised Wagner to the throne of music, legitimate Browning's position with regard to verse? This also time will determine.

A. ORR.

BISMARCKISM IN ENGLAND.

BISMARCKISM is a terrible word, but not more terrible than that which it is meant to express. A course of political action, based on principles antagonistic to the whole tendency of Liberal thought and movement during the better part of three centuries, is essentially a serious thing; but it also excites our fears. Was the seed which first sprang up in Toleration and was beginning to come to blossom and fruition in Liberty and Equality, really a seed of error? Were our fathers deluded in struggling for the right of private opinion, and must we stultify a very glorious and successful period of our history, by characterizing their principles as inept, their aims wrong and unpractical, and the results hostile to the public welfare? Is the tide of liberation of thought and opinion to be reversed and to flow back once more into the narrow channels of bigotry and constraint?

These are the issues raised, not only by Prince Bismarck's action in Germany, but by the preachers of Bismarckism in England. Their principles have been rather ironically termed the "New Liberalism," but they are really nothing more than the oldest and most arrogant principles of despotism served up in a new dish. And Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who deserves at least credit for a courage which is indifferent alike to public opinion and to abstract consistency, should be thanked for putting in an intelligible and striking form the doctrines of this school of Force. He is the philosopher of Carlylism. In referring to him I do so with the respect due to a man of Imperial reputation and of singularly honest and vigorous mind, for whom moreover I have a sincere admiration.

I propose to examine briefly that part of Mr. Stephen's work, entitled "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which refers to liberty of thought and discussion as concerned in the relations of the State and religion. Subsequent glosses and explanations of the book have from time to time appeared as leading articles in an evening paper, and these are so obviously by the same hand, that I think I commit no breach of etiquette in treating them as part of the author's argument. The book, upon the points I have indicated, merits special attention, for the reason that it propounds very clearly the only logical and consistent principle on which, in default of the Ultramontane theory, the doctrine of a State Church can be maintained. The difference between what I may term the Bismarckian principle and the Ultramontane principle I take to be this: The Ultramontane insists on the divine right of the Church to control the State; the Bismarckian affirms the natural right of the State to control the Church. Of the two I have no hesitation in saying that I consider the Ultramontane principle to be the least injurious and incorrect.

Unhappily there is, at this time, in England a special danger in Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's specious but able arguments, since they address themselves to three parties who may possibly be induced to unite in pursuing them as a policy. Those who detest and fear the Ultramontanes, will feel a great sympathy with Mr. Stephen's aims if not with his arguments. Secularists must see in his propositions the means of shaping a formidable weapon against evangelical truth. And lastly, those in the Church of England, probably a majority, who care more for preserving her as a State Church than as a system for the propagation of spiritual dogmas, will naturally, as the battle of disestablishment waxes hotter, find themselves driven to adopt the stern principles of Bismarckism in religious politics. Thus, though many may not believe it probable, it is possible that three parties, incongruous enough in their views and opinions, may combine in a policy based on the most rigid Bismarckism. As a citizen I hear in such a proposition the knell of liberty. As a Christian, I should be ready to resist such a policy in the last resort with the sword. It needs no great historical experience or political insight to foresee that a persistence in this policy in Germany will inevitably lead to the same vigorous argument on behalf of spiritual freedom.

At the outset I may say I find one difficulty in dealing with the author's arguments. They force one to recur to almost elementary principles, both in the theories of religious liberty and of religious life. It seems, at this time of day, absurd to be obliged to combat the doctrine that a governor is bound to enforce upon the governed whatever views of truth he may happen to hold! And yet, whatever qualification of this bald proposition he may have sought to introduce, this is what Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's arguments amount to. I shall therefore, in analyzing and commenting on them, take for granted the elementary propositions regarding liberty of thought in religious matters, and endeavour to avoid meeting him on old worn-out issues long since decided in favour of free thought—unless, indeed, it should prove that his propositions are so fundamentally incorrect that this is impossible.

Mr. Stephen has shown, I think, with some success that Mr. Mill's simple principle is too extreme. In a world of human beings it is impossible absolutely to limit to self-protection the cases of justifiable interference with the liberty of individual action. The principle is one admitted by its author to be good only for a superior state of society—to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties: only practical when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Nevertheless the general principle is so far true, that it should be the aim of Government and society to attain as nearly to it as possible; and when for purposes of civil polity exceptions are necessary, they should be clearly proved to be so, and should warrant the exercise only of the minimum of restraint or coercion compatible with effectiveness.

Mr. Stephen, on the other hand, denies the soundness of the principle. Liberty, he says, is good or bad according to relations: we do not know enough of the history of mankind to enunciate a "simple principle:" it is a matter to be settled by experience and expediency. If you ask when compulsion is proper, he answers from the negative side. "Compulsion is bad,—

1. When the object aimed at is bad;
2. When the object aimed at is good, but the compulsion employed is not calculated to obtain it;
3. When the object aimed at is good, and the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, but at too great an expense."

Conversely, I understand Mr. Stephen to assent to the affirmative propositions, not only on utilitarian principles, but by his own intelligent conviction. "If the object aimed at is good, if the compulsion employed such as to attain it, and if the good obtained overbalances the inconveniences of compulsion itself, I do not understand how upon utilitarian principles the compulsion can be bad."

We shall see directly how Mr. Stephen applies these principles to liberty of thought and discussion in matters of religion. But it appears at once on the face of this analysis that it is unscientific; that it exhibits a very fatal oversight of the differences in the meanings and relations of the terms "good" and "bad." In fact there is an equivocation. The terms themselves are utterly unscientific. If Mr. Stephen uses them here in relation to civil and political expediency only, then it will be found hereafter that in that sense these rules will not support his subsequent conclusions about the proper attitude of the State towards religion. If Mr. Stephen uses them in relation generally to all good, as I take it he does, we are at once launched upon an infinite sea, unknown, unsounded, whose shores have never been mapped, whose powers and possibilities and perils no man can estimate. In fact, if we are to take the words in this sense, I think I shall be able to show that these propositions are equally untrue and incapable of application.

"What is Truth?" said the Governor, Pilate, for whom Mr. Stephen elaborates an able defence. "What opinion is good?—or bad?" is Mr. Stephen's question for the modern Governor, a question involving, of course, the responsibility of acting upon his determination of it.

> "I think," he says, "that Governments ought to take the responsibility of acting upon such principles, religious, political, and moral, as they may *from time to time regard as most likely to be true*" (p. 53).

Mr. Stephen's qualification here destroys the value of his three rules, and indeed admits their fatal deficiency. There is no sufficient criterion of truth in religious matters to enable the governing authority to declare that such and such dogmas are absolutely true. Nor is there any test of what is good or bad. The ideas and standards of these terms differ with every religion. A utilitarian government might declare the principle that it is well for everyone to be rich; the Christian religion eulogizes the blessedness of the poor in this world, who are to be heirs of riches in the next. Mr. Stephen's first rule could only be of effect were it possible for the governor to know what would be good or bad for all time and all eternity, and to control the sanctions of both. Therefore the words "bad" and "good" in his rules afford us no criteria at all, and the rules themselves are worthless, at all events so far as religions are concerned. In matters of ordinary secular policy these questions, What is good? or, What is bad? must be determined by experience, expediency, or from analogy, and proved or disproved by results. In matters of spiritual or philosophical opinion, who and where is the judge upon whose decree the governor is warranted in exercising coercion? The Ultramontane can point to his infallible Pope, and his theory has a certain consistency and basis. Mr. Stephen can point to nothing but the shifting and temporary opinions of the casual authority.

The fallacy of the propositions appears more glaring when we consider the third, namely, that—"Compulsion is bad—when the object aimed at is good, and the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, but at too great an expense." I can imagine a Jesuit or a Dominican using this proposition in defence of the Inquisition; or a Calvinist to defend the burning of Servetus. The *equivoque* is a double one. The goodness of the object and the greatness of the expense are both incapable of being estimated. The entire deprivation of civil liberty may well be held by one who believes in the transcendent interests of an eternal life to be as nothing. What to an Israelite was the horrible destruction of whole nations—men, women, and children—compared with the assertion of a divine mission, based on a divine ordination enforced by a divine sanction? It is impossible, in estimating the cost of a given amount of coercion, to confine the valuation merely to material, or civil, or political considerations of what is good or bad, and were Mr. Fitzjames Stephen to hold to that limitation, I have already said that his propositions will not support his conclusions; and if the estimate is to be made in view of the peculiar opinions of the government about religion and the future state, it is clear that we can put no limitation whatever upon the extent of the coercion to which they may be justified in proceeding in order to enforce their notion of what is bad or good. I observe it with all respect, but Mr. Stephen's subsequent argument indicates some confusion of thought. For he says that his third rule condemns all coercion which must be carried to the point of extermination or general paralysis of the thinking powers in order to be effective . . . "it is attained at too great an expense." I have shown that the rule condemns nothing in the way of either persecution or suppression of opinion, if the object aimed at is not defined more accurately, and the considerations arising from the relation of that object to real or supposed conditions in an unknown world are not excluded. It seems to me to be idle in the face of considerations like these to say, "I am prepared to show that the doctrines favoured by the Inquisition were not true, the means used to promote them ineffective, and that their employment was too high a price to pay for the objects gained." Mr. Stephen and an Ultramontane would never agree upon an issue like that, nor is there in the world any authority that can decide the first and third of its propositions. Were these two decided in favour of the Ultramontane, the second—viz., the question of the efficiency of the means used—would be of subordinate consequence, if indeed he might not be able to develop a capacity for making the means absolutely or approximately effective so far as this world was concerned.

On the whole, therefore, I cannot admit Mr. Stephen's three rules to have any practical value. Scientifically they are inexact, they are bad for vagueness and duplicity, and, as we have seen, they do not in reality protect the most ordinary liberty. Still less do they protect the absolute liberty of every man to hold his own opinions. However, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen has endeavoured to apply them to the case of religious freedom, and it will be instructive to examine the results. I think I do not misrepresent him in saying his opinion is as follows: —The temporal and the spiritual are inseparable in human affairs. Whether you pray or buy an estate it is both a temporal and spiritual act. Therefore the governor must either consciously or unconsciously, and ought intentionally to act upon such views as he may at the time happen to entertain of temporal and spiritual things, subject only and always to my three rules. He must remember that compulsion is bad if it is not for a good object, if it is unsuccessful, and if though it may succeed it costs too much to accomplish it.

Now the whole of that great controversy on the distinction of temporal and spiritual, to which our author refers, has been clouded by a great confusion as to their meaning and relations. It is really as insoluble as the dispute between Materialists and Idealists about the difference between body and soul. In that, however, metaphysics are of no practical consequence. For all practical purposes we are forced to admit the practical difference. If my body is wounded or in pain, I send for a doctor and not for a priest; if my soul is distressed I send for the priest and ignore the doctor. You may tell me that I am one being and not two, that soul and body are intimately united, that it is not possible to draw an exact line between their functions and operations, but I reply, that all my life I recognize and act upon a certain distinction between them. I cannot accurately define their spheres of operation—I only know and live by the fact. Such is the nature of the practical distinction to be made for the purposes of human life and government between temporal and spiritual. Men have come to recognize that whatever their relations may be to the divine, and eternal, and unseen, they have certain immediate and direct relations to the visible, tangible, and practical world: that society is an aggregation of human individuals to be held together on the best known or attainable principles of human expediency; and so there has been struck out a rough, but useful division between temporal and spiritual, sometimes, no doubt, proclaimed with some extravagance and defined with too great detail, but, nevertheless, a distinction which experience and argument have shown to be of real utility—in fact, necessary to the maintenance of human government on any other but intolerable conditions. This and no more in this relation I take to be the meaning of the words temporal and spiritual—words I should prefer not to use except in their religious sense, as indicating the distinction between the visible the material, and the unseen the spiritual. For the purposes of political argument the terms "civil" and "religious" are far more accurate and descriptive. They indicate the difference between a number of things that necessarily come within the jurisdiction of the civil power,—and the doctrines of liberty aim at reducing the number of these to their just *minimum*,—and a number of things which generally appear to concern more man's future state or present opinions, matters upon which the civil power is imperfectly informed and practically impotent. Thus the civil and religious power differ in their provinces as well as in their sanctions. This, Mr. Stephen, with the Ultramontanes, denies.

> "It appears to me that the Ultramontane view of the relation between Church and State is the true one; that the distinction is one of sanctions and not of provinces. . . . No one has ever been able to draw the line upon any intelligible principle or to decide who ought to draw it. To take prominent concrete cases, who can say whether laws about marriage, education, and ecclesiastical property belong to the spiritual or the temporal province? They obviously belong to each. They go down to the very depths of the human soul."

I say they belong to *both*. To talk of their "going down to the very depths of the human soul" is nonsense. The civil power has nothing to do with the depths of the human soul. It simply recognises marriage as an institution involving certain personal rights and rights of property, and in so far as it relates to the State, it insists that the compact on which those civil rights depend, and by which they are evidenced, shall be legally and properly registered. As to the human soul, it and its depths and its thoughts and passions are shut in from the eye of society. If there be a spiritual power let it take cognizance of them; and if marriage is also to have a spiritual basis, let the priests of that power and the parties settle it between them. One thing is sure and practical, society must be held together. As to "ecclesiastical property," I say much the same. The spiritual power must hold its property (if it think it consistent to hold any mundane goods at all) subject to the same regulations which the State has seen fit to impose on all individuals and corporations. Property is one of the things with regard to the very existence and protection of which the State is formed. It is a civil matter. You cannot spiritualize it any more than you can take it out of the world altogether. Education is a far more difficult instance, because there we get into metaphysical issues of a peculiarly complicated character; but even there we may strike a practical distinction and affirm the difference between the temporal relations and the spiritual relations of the human mind. To say, as Mr. Stephen says—

> "Every act is spiritual. Every power is spiritual. Whether a man is saying his prayers or buying an estate, it is he the spirit or soul, whatever that may be, which prays or buys,"

is to delude us. In effect, that is simply to say Mr. Stephen's definition of the term spiritual is not the definition of the term spiritual in use among his opponents and generally accepted in this connection. He sets up his own puppet in order to knock it down. It is very like saying that whether you kneel on your knees or speak with your tongue it is your body which kneels or speaks: a truism!—but, notwithstanding, the members are different and the functions are different. The fallacy is one of confusion—in fact, of equivocation. The word spirit in the proposition is used in two relations, in which it exercises different functions. The function of the spirit or soul concerned in buying is totally diverse from the function of the spirit or soul concerned in praying—as diverse as the tongue from the hand—as touch from taste. Anyone who wilfully ignored this difference would appear to me to be as disqualified to be a philosopher as he would be incapable of governing.

However Mr. Stephen makes this opinion the basis of his arguments—the temporal and the spiritual must act together. Their sanctions may be different; their province is the same, that is, human life. The Ultramontane may say: "Therefore the Church, whose sanctions are highest, must have the supremacy." Mr. Stephen says—"Therefore the State, which has to do with human life, has and ought to exercise a real supremacy." But what is the "supremacy" of Mr. Stephen? Is it even only a qualified one? And what does it mean? Is it to be spiritual as well as temporal? For I find there is some hesitancy on his part—or at all events some vagueness in defining how far he goes. At points he uses language that would imply his arguing for a very extreme interference on the part of the State with religion. At others he draws back.

> "There are cases," he says, "in which a degree of coercion *affecting*, though *not directly applied to*, thought and the expression of opinion, and not in itself involving an evil greater than the evil avoided, may attain *desirable* ends. . . . In general terms I think that the legal establishment and disestablishment of various forms of opinion, religious, political, and moral, their encouragement and recognition by law and public opinion as being true and useful, or their discouragement by law and public opinion as being false and mischievous, fall within this principle."

At other times, he says, "It is important that the State should act on distinct principles with regard to religion."* Again, in the course of an argument of considerable eloquence and ability, he vindicates the claim of the supernatural or spiritual to the support of the governor.

> "Are these doctrines true? . . . Is there or not a God and a future state? . . . I confine myself to asserting that the attitude of the law and of public authority generally towards the discussion of this question will and ought to depend on the nature of the views which happen to be dominant for the time being on the question itself—modified in its practical application"

by his three rules. There are other passages,† but perhaps the most important, because it seems to show how little Mr. Stephen has to add to the controversy, and how imperfect his foundations are, is one in the *Pall Mall Gazette*,‡ on Mr. O'Keefe's case:

> "Apart from legal and technical considerations the case is one of very great interest. It sets in the very clearest light in which it could be set, the principles which we have repeatedly stated in these columns as to the relation between Church and State under the principles which Cavour threw into so neat a form. A free Church is, in fact, a subject of the State, like a free railway company, or a free joint-stock bank—that is to say, it is free to do what the law of the land permits it to do, and no more. *It is free, that is, in precisely the same sense in which individuals are free, and no other.* The State and its laws are the unquestioned and unquestionable Masters of the Church as they are of other persons, natural or fictitious, and the Church is simply a corporation, pleading in the courts of the State, submitting the terms of the contract which connects its members *to the State notions of law and morals*, and to the State procedure, just as might be the case with any other body. The doctrine of Free Churches in Free States, means in short State supremacy exercised for the common good of the whole nation in a moderate and rational way, but still with unmistakeable force."

This appears to be very little wool after the huge outcry about State supremacy. It would seem to be no more than the assertion that spiritual Corporations—*quâ* the State—must stand on the same footing as all other Corporations. But the last sentence in this paragraph may or may not conceal some very truculent theories about the interference of the State with the freedom of thought and discussion.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen evidently shrinks from the logical conclusions from his premisses, or from a candid statement of them. He owns that he cannot dispute the benefits of historic Liberalism, nor can he "object to the practice of modern Liberals." Does he not really wish to discountenance their principles, in order that he may substitute a hybrid but impracticable tyranny, just strong enough to suppress some objectionable features of certain systems of religion, and just weak enough to tolerate others? He tries to prove that, at all events, all governments do and must act upon some view of religion, either in the nature of faith in some special form, or of no faith in any, that no government can, in fact, be neutral in religious matters.

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* *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 29th.

† Cf. p. 68, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

‡ May 12th, 1873.

Now, I am not concerned to vindicate the various arguments by which from time to time, men struggling for Toleration and Liberation in religion, have endeavoured to construct or maintain the doctrines of religious equality. I think the true answer to Mr. Stephen is this. As regards religion, it, in so far as it is really spiritual,—*i.e.*, concerns the soul in its relation to God and the Future State—needs not the aid of a temporal power for its maintenance and propagation. It only requires protection and freedom to think and speak. In proportion as it gets mixed up with Statecraft, or promoted, or even made civilly supreme by that influence, it will be found to lose its spiritual and develop a materialistic, that is an incongruous, character. Moreover it will be supported by inevitable injustice. As regards the State, it is simply a combination formed for certain specific practical, material purposes. These purposes have by this time been denoted with tolerable sufficiency. Wherever the pretensions, acts, aims of the Church, come into collision with these purposes of civil government, and only then, civil government must vindicate the constitution which holds society together. The theoretical principle of that constitution in a free State will be, the least possible interference with the individual, consistent with the general objects of civil society. It will confine itself to its object—the maintenance of society on the best civil relations. It will coerce only with this view. It will suppress nothing that is not inharmonious with it. But within its sphere it must be absolute, and when the religious authority on the plea of religious rights or sanctions, invades the province of the civil authority, and undertakes to adjust or alter civil rights, personal or material, the latter authority must assert its power.

In illustration of the difference between this view and that of Mr. Stephen, I would refer to the instances which he has adduced from the history of English government in India, in order to prove his point that a certain amount of coercion in religious matters is inevitable in government and is good.

Mr. Stephen, in referring to the effects, direct and incidental, produced by the policy pursued in India, may himself describe the course of action.

> "It is remarkable that this pressure is exerted as it were involuntarily. No act which can in the ordinary use of language be described as remotely resembling persecution, can be laid to the charge of the Government of India. The most solemn pledges to maintain complete impartiality between different religious persuasions have been given on the most solemn occasions, and they have been observed with the most scrupulous fidelity."

This is no more than a description of a course of action based upon a desire to maintain the strictest civil rights and the utmost freedom of religious opinion. Has there, then, been in India an unconscious or a wilful use of the civil power to propagate or suppress religious opinions? I say, No. The most that could be drawn from Mr. Stephen's facts on a fair examination of them, are the principles I have already stated. That if the civil power has a domain within which if government—especially righteous, free government—is to be carried on at all, it must be omnipotent. Whenever the spiritual authority oversteps the limits of that domain and arrogates to itself the right to restrain or defeat civil rights, it must be checked. It is not of the least consequence in this collision how important to the religion concerned the assumed right may be; but there is one thing the civil power cannot permit any power other than itself, whether it be a carnal or spiritual power, to presume to do, and that is to nullify its prerogative in regard to the lives and civil liberties and rights of its subjects. We shall find then that most of the circumstances referred to by Mr. Stephen are instances in which the religious authority had been in the habit, either with the assent or without the assent of the people, of encroaching upon the essential and necessary prerogatives of the civil power. When the spiritual authority assumes so much as this, it is and must always be admitted as a sound principle that, whatever the effect may be on its status from a religious point of view, it must give way to the civil authority. Thus the people of India, brought into contact with a government of higher civilization, greater knowledge, and better principles than their own, have had to learn the distinction between civil and spiritual government, and to see that whatever may be its consequences upon their systems of faith, the principles of civil government must be affirmed. Hence, taking Mr. Stephen's first instance, namely, the compulsory prevention of fighting and oppression as between different religionists, it involves no more than this, that the public order must be maintained, that people's lives must be protected, that every man is entitled to hold his opinion in peace. A government may enforce this principle without regard to a religious Propaganda; and should it incidentally affect this sect or that, in what its adherents would conceive to be an injurious way, the answer is "commonplace" enough. "You may damn other people's souls if you like, or if you can induce them to believe you are able to do it. You may get them voluntarily to give you their money or their goods: but their bodies and their effects are under my protection, and I must vindicate civil rights against all comers."

So, the second point, viz., that we have forced on the people the principle that change of religion is not to involve civil disabilities, is simply a remarkable confirmation of what I have above said. "The Act," says Mr. Stephen, "by which this rule was laid down utterly changed the legal position of one of the oldest and most wide-spread religions in the world. It deprived Brahminism of its coercive sanction." So far, then, it was the substitution of one form of civil government for another, the one conjoining temporal and spiritual functions, the other keeping within its proper temporal province. When the spiritual and temporal systems get mixed up in this way, it no doubt increases the confusion in arguing about the interference of the State with that particular system, because we insensibly confound its spiritual and its civil attributes—the latter being, in fact, on my theory, usurped from the State—whether wholly or partially is of little consequence to the argument.

The suppression of the Suttee and of human sacrifices is another strong case of civil protection, and so is the protection of missionaries on the principles of religious equality or of toleration. The one instance in which, if at all, the English Government in India has done anything in the way of coercion in religious opinion, has been in "setting up a system of education . . . which assumes the falsehood of two great native religions." I do not wish to underrate the real importance of this legislation as a religious influence. But it was negative, it was not done in the interest of a Propaganda, though it discountenanced the ignorant theories of science that happened to form part of the local religions. But it has now come to be a matter of common sense, that at all events, and whatever the consequences to religion, the scientific study of such phenomena as are within our immediate cognizance in the world is of practical utility—that in fact no nation which ignores them can hold its own in the world. The study of such facts, and the cultivation of the intellectual faculties to the apprehension of them, it is agreed the civil government may well undertake as both a matter of policy and of duty. To say, however, that in doing this, the government of necessity commits itself to a Propaganda, may be technically accurate from one point of view, but as a political proposition it is totally incorrect. On the whole then, it appears that Mr. Stephen has misconceived the appositeness of his illustration. What is it after all but to say that a novel and higher and more enlightened civilization, coming in contact with an old and degenerate one, of necessity imposes new ideas of civil rights, and involves changes of the relation of the citizen to the State? What is it but to say, that the civil power has resumed rights which had been usurped by the religious—and as to education that modern science had tested the ignorant superstitions of ancient faith? Certainly these instances do not support Mr. Stephen's more extreme theories of the right of the supremacy of the State over the Church.

I hold a distinction Mr. Stephen draws between *degrees of coercion*, to be politically futile. The steps are downwards, and if you begin to move you must go the whole way. It is, no doubt, consistent with his view that it is impossible for legislation to be neutral (*i.e.* of course absolutely neutral, though Mr. Stephen sometimes means qualifiedly neutral) to religion, and his wish to hold that opinion concurrently with Liberal ideas. But the difference between a degree of coercion "affecting," and a degree of coercion "not directly applied" to, thought and opinion, when he acknowledges that the former includes the legal establishment and disestablishment of religion, is a very slight one indeed, and in practice they must very closely approach each other. You cannot legally establish or disestablish a religion without a degree of coercion "directly applied to" thought and opinion. The State in England declares: "You, the Queen, must and shall be a Protestant, and the temporal Head of the Church in England and Scotland. You, the subjects, must, and shall be ruled over by a member of the Church of England." Indeed the whole machinery of the Constitution is at the back of the maintenance of an establishment, and ought to be if there is to be a State Church. There is a difference in degree between this and the far more absolute compulsion by persecution in favour of one religion, but it is direct, and not merely "affecting" coercion. Then I have already shown that the safeguards attempted to be imposed by Mr. Stephen's three rules, are, if coercion is admitted to be right at all, untenable and inoperative. His attempt to reconcile Liberalism with any form of coercion of religion—either repressive or expressive—is Quixotic; but, besides, does he not confute himself? For, as I understand him, the *real* aim and tenor of Mr. Stephen's arguments is expounded in this passage:

> "When you persecute a religion as a whole, you must generally persecute truth and goodness as well as falsehood. Coercion as to religion will therefore chiefly occur in the indirect form, in the shape of treating certain parts —vital parts it may be—of particular systems, as mischievous, and possibly even as criminal falsehoods when they come in the legislator's way. When priests, of whatever creed, claim to hold the keys of heaven and hell, and to work invisible miracles, it will practically become necessary for many purposes to decide whether they really are the representatives of God upon earth, for there is no way of avoiding the question, and it admits of no solution."

This passage is utterly wrong and indefensible. Its author resented with some asperity the charge that he proposed to set up a "spiritual autocracy;" but if this does not mean that the State must in cases, hitherto considered the extremest and most unjustifiable cases of State interference—the cases of beliefs so tremendous and so awful that the deepest feelings of the human soul are moved by them—step in and declare (and afterwards enforce its views) what is false and what is true, I know not what language means. And how is this to be done by the purely civil power, resting only on the sanctions of time? I should like to see Mr. Stephen, as the governor, interfering in these matters! I should like to know how he would proceed to interpose between the wretch on his death-bed believing the last unction to be necessary to his eternal happiness, and the priest who, considering in his conscience that the man was unfit to receive it, refused its administration. If the governor must decide whether ecclesiastics are "really representatives of God upon earth," or "impostors," Mr. Stephen must accept all the consequences, and fling his three rules to the winds. If the governor once puts his hand within the sanctuary of the Church to coerce its opinion, or to interfere with its organization, he must undertake the whole business. He cannot stop short at some imaginary line at which Mr. Stephen would say the limits of his interference should be drawn. At every step he must come across some cherished spiritual belief, must stumble against some reverenced idea; and as he pursues his disastrous course amongst religious opinions, beliefs, rites, associations, hopes and assurances, he must hear on every hand the curses loud and deep of the horror-stricken devotees. Well for Jeroboam in that day, if the sacrilegious hand he stretches out against the altar be not withered up.

It is because you cannot stop short if you once begin, that the principles of Liberty and Toleration have been gradually erected between the State and the Church, and woe be to him who breaks down the wall of partition! The true principle is not interference with systems of religion when they come "in the legislator's way"—a vague and careless term—but when they impinge upon civil rights, or arrogate the functions of civil government. The distinction, as shown by the illustrations from India, is very clear, and two cases which have lately happened in Canada may be cited in further illustration. I give the cases as most strongly stated against myself.

"In this Province," says the writer of a letter to the *Montreal Gazette*, "the State has no machinery of its own for marrying its members, certifying the legitimacy of children and the death of the people. The State has, in this respect, abdicated three of its functions and abandoned them to the Church." This explains the following:—

A man named Guibord is brought to a *curé*, who, for certain reasons, refuses to bury him in consecrated ground. The judges hold, so far as I can make out from a brief reference, that being a civil officer the *curé* was bound to perform the functions of his office as registrar, but was not bound to bury in consecrated ground a man under ecclesiastical disabilities, or accompany the burial with the ceremonies prescribed by the Roman ritual.

The second instance is thus detailed, and it is a very curious and important one :—

> "The town of Beauharnois is in a great state of excitement. Some time ago the Parish Priest published a decree from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal commanding the inhabitants of the town to pay the *curé* what is called a supplement of tithes, consisting in an assessment of so much in the dollar, taking the municipal valuation roll as the basis, and as there is no law which could enforce this contribution, through the courts, the refusal of sacraments and burial was attached to the command to enforce submission. We are now in Easter time, and the refusal of Easter Communion to those who decline to pay is causing universal excitement, as the number of obstinate non-payers is legion. That is not all. The representative of the county of Beauharnois in the Commons of Canada, U. J. Robillard, Esq., who is at the same time the head churchwarden (*marguillier-en-charge*) and who opposes this irregular and oppressive abuse of religious power, was lately presented by his wife with a new-born (*sic*) child. As usual, the father brought the child to the church to get him baptized and have his birth registered, in order to authenticate his legitimacy. Both were denied by the priest on the ground that the father had not paid his supplement of tithes. At the risk of killing the child by the cold or bad roads, the father brought his offspring to the neighbouring church, six miles distant, and both baptism and registration were again refused. Burial having been denied to Guibord and baptism to Mr. Robillard's child, there remains a marriage to break down to illustrate the Free Church in the Slave State."

It appears from a letter written in reply, that this description is inaccurate in so far as it states that registration was refused to Robillard's child. The *curé* offered the civil registration, but refused to perform the rite of baptism. It would be hard to find a case apparently of greater injustice than this, but even here the two provinces and the two sanctions are perfectly distinct. The case is complicated by the fact that the State has created ecclesiastics its officials for a civil purpose, but even Mr. Fitzjames Stephen would hardly suggest that a mandamus ought to lie to the *curé* to baptize into the Church of Rome the child of a recalcitrant member. Whether or not the imposition of such a rate as that laid by the Bishop is, or should be permitted to be, legal by the civil authority is a side issue, and one fairly arguable as a question of polity; but one sees that Churches must be maintained, and if a man becomes a member of a Church of that sort, he does it on condition of fulfilling such claims as it makes on its members; and he fails to satisfy them at the peril of suffering all the spiritual penalties it can inflict upon him. These spiritual penalties the State cannot wield, or gauge, or even abolish. Their power lies over and within the man's soul, and no human law can neutralize them. Even were the priest forced to baptize the child, he might proceed to excommunicate him and his father, and the State might exercise all its force and ingenuity on the ecclesiastic or destroy him altogether, without succeeding in compelling him to withdraw the frightful ban. As I said before, if you step in you must say, "I mean to declare what is true and make you believe it and act upon it." In the light of this day and generation this is *reductio ad absurdum.*

The O'Keefe case, which, Mr. Stephen says, sets his principles in so clear a light, is of no greater consequence to his theory. A parish priest is, by a breach of his ecclesiastical contract on the part of his superiors, subjected incidentally to a civil loss. The State insists that this shall be righted. Another question is as to the nature of the contract he has made with his church. Is it or is it not a contract which ousts him of his civil rights, and gives practically State powers to the Spiritual authority? It really seems idle to answer the assertion that the only difference between this sort of interference and the "interference of the State directly with the education of the clergy, the whole internal organization of Churches, and the existence of religious orders and corporations," is one of degree. The German Liberals may delude themselves into the belief that they can act on these principles and be still Liberal; but it is a very serious question for them whether they have not gone beyond even the principle they put forward as the basis of their policy—that the freedom of the Church cannot be absolute, it can only be permitted to extend as far as is consistent with the existence and independence of the State. Reading this in the light of the policy of Prince Bismarck, or of the glosses of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, we find that it means the most serious, and I will add, dangerous, interference, with Church organisation and the liberty of opinion.

I do not propose to examine Mr. Stephen's three principles of the only possible relation in which the State can stand to the Church, because they rest upon the arguments of which I have been attempting to demonstrate the insufficiency, and have been chiefly determined by the proposition just controverted, namely, that it is impossible for the State to be neutral to religion. But I cannot pass over without brief notice, Mr. Stephen's strange comments upon his second principle, which he offers as an accurate description of

> "The present state of things throughout the greater part of the civilized world . . . carried out to its fullest development in this country and

in the United States, though in this country two State Churches are specially favoured, while in America all churches stand upon the same footing as lawful associations based on voluntary contracts."

This condition of things Mr. Stephen chooses to describe in this way:—"The second case is that in which the Legislature regards various creeds as respectable, and favours them more or less according to circumstances, and either equally or unequally." The description certainly is consistent with the idea of no neutrality, but not with the facts. There is on the part of the State in America absolute neutrality towards religion. It makes no distinction about the "respectability" of creeds, and it gives no favour to any. Its quarrel with Mormonism for instance is not with its spiritual principles, but that it has engrafted on its system in the guise of a religious ordinance a form of social relation, which is not consistent with the compact by which our modern societies are held together, is repugnant to the moral principles not alone of any particular system of religion, but of men who profess no religion whatever, and lastly, would be destructive of our social and civil organization. We come back to the old principle—"You are free within your own province. You shall have absolute liberty of opinion, and even of action, subject to one consideration: I, the governor, must preserve the polity of the State." And the freer the form of that polity the better.

So far for the correctness of Mr. Stephen's analysis, but he proceeds to make some remarks on the tendency of this state of things:—

> "The fatal defect in this arrangement which must sooner or later break it up, is that it tends to emasculate both Church and State. It cuts human life in two. It cuts off religion from active life and it reduces the State to a matter of police. Moreover it is a temporary and not very honest device." It is an act not of neutrality but of "covert unbelief" on the part of the State: on the part of the Churches "a tacit admission of failure, a tacit admission that they have no distinct authoritative message from God to Man, and that they do not venture to expect to be recognized as institutions to which such a message has been confided."

Such a passage as this must appear to any man who knows what religion and religious life are, a grotesque absurdity. Christ and his apostles made no claims upon the civil government, but they endeavoured by voluntary efforts to transfuse society with a spirit which should revive and ennoble its life. The very thing they did by this process was *not* to cut human life in two, or to cut off religion from active life, but to transform these in all their acts, aims, promptings, by a spiritual influence. The noble passages in which St. Paul urges upon slaves—the very children of injustice—obedience to their masters, on children reverence to their parents, on masters kindliness to slaves, on husbands and wives mutual respect and forbearance, on the citizen regard for the law and the lawgiver—a Roman lawgiver, an unjust lawgiver, and, to a Jew, both tyrant and conqueror—show what the Christian religion was, and was meant to be. I do not profess to be intimately acquainted with the Buddhist religion, but so far as I can understand it, a somewhat similar teaching was at the bottom of its success. It reformed the principles of human life. These are religions you cannot emasculate or cut off from active life by any forms or theories of government you may impose. They enter into the soul, they regenerate the character, they make and mould the life.

As a fact, also, the statement is not true. Nowhere in the world is religion more bound up with the active life of the people than in the United States. Great voluntary associations have been formed, churches with millions of members, and enormous endowments, supplementary organizations for religious and philanthropic purposes, societies for distributing Bibles, or tracts, for creating Sunday-schools or supplying them with literature, endless charities and all these works are carried on by the voluntary help and sacrifice, and personal active energy of men of every class, rich and poor, to an extent and with a zeal not even paralleled in England. It will be replied that all this appears to produce little effect on American politics. This is partly true, but there are other circumstances, inseparable from the condition of a new, half-formed society, to account for a great many of the evils that seem so glaring to us, and moreover the extent of the effects produced by religion in America on men's political and social action is not clearly appreciated in England. But were the answer true to its full extent, would it not be a horrible thing to put into such hands the administration of spiritual affairs and the organization of religion?

After all this is a question of practical politics. Perhaps no absolute and unexceptional theory of relations suited to all circumstances can be evolved, but experience has shown that the nearer we approach the complete liberation of religious opinion from the control of government, and of government from the rule of the religious authority, the more smoothly and effectively run the wheels of both Church and State. The interferences of the spiritual with the temporal power, and the reprisals of the temporal on the spiritual power, form the most sorrowful, as they have been the most disastrous episodes of human history, and in no case has either party come forth from the struggle the better for the fight.

Mr. Stephen has honestly set himself to solve the problem of these relations, on the condition of State interference, and he has failed. I think he has failed partly from want of a correct apprehension of spiritual phenomena and of sympathy with the religious feelings of men. Those worldly pretensions which from time to time religious priesthoods have attempted to associate with their spiritual functions and objects, he has mixed up with and recognised as part of religion, when in truth they are nothing but incongruous and arrogant usurpations. Mr. Stephen seems to think that a neutral attitude on the part of the State to religion is an act of infidelity, and that the Churches consenting to it relinquish their claims to divine authority. He thinks that from such neutrality religion must suffer and faith grow cold and dead. But what is the history of spiritual reformations? Let Mr. Stephen answer for himself, in a noble passage, and one full of eloquence and truth.

> "The question how such a state of things is produced is one which it is impossible not to ask and equally impossible to answer except by the words, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.' The sources of religion lie hid from us. All that we know is that now and again in the course of ages some one sets to music the tune which is haunting millions of ears. It is caught up here and there, and repeated till the chorus is thundered out by a body of singers able to drown all discords, and to force the vast unmusical mass to listen to them. Such results as these come not by observation, but when they do come they carry away as with a flood, and hurry in their own direction, all the laws and customs of those whom they affect."

And so it is. The spiritual influence that emanated from the cross of an executed agitator on a hill at Jerusalem, passed from spirit to spirit, possessed itself of the hearts of multitudes, until the very kingdoms were moved and the earth shook and trembled. This influence was enough. It needed no sword of human governor to aid it. Its sword is the sword of the spirit—its victories are not of this world.

EDWARD JENKINS.

MR. GREG ON CULPABLE LUXURY.

A REJOINDER.

A PHRASE in an article on "The Labour Movement," published in the January number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, has been the inconsiderable cause of a considerable controversy in the English press, and notably of a paper by the eminent economist and moralist, Mr. W. R. Greg, entitled "What is Culpable Luxury?" in the March number of the Review.

The passage of the article in which the phrase occurred was: "Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the Labour Movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. *Its lord was, I dare say, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him.* The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families, seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honour, political power, is ready at his command," &c., &c.

The words in italics have been separated from the context and taken as an attack on wealth. But the whole passage is a defence of labour against the charge of encroachment brought against it by wealth. I argue that, if the labouring man gets rather more than he did, the inequalities of fortune and the privileges of the rich are still great enough. In the next paragraph I say that "wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side." An invidious turn has also been given to the expression "the income of six hundred labouring families," as though it meant that the wealthy idler is robbing six hundred labouring families of their income. It means no more than that the income which he is spending on himself is as large as six hundred of their incomes put together.

Mr. Greg begins with what he calls a "retort courteous." He says that "if the man with £30,000 is doing this sad thing, so is the man with £3000 or £300, and everyone who allows himself anything beyond the necessaries of life; nay, that the labouring man, when he lights his pipe or drinks his dram, is, as well as the rest, consuming the substance of one poorer than himself." This argument appears to Mr. Greg irrefutable, and a retort to which there can be no rejoinder. I confess my difficulty is not so much in refuting it as in seeing any point in it at all. What parallel can there be between an enormous and a very moderate expenditure, or between prodigious luxury and ordinary comfort? If a man taxes me with having squandered ten pounds on a repast, is it an irrefutable retort to tell him that he has spent half-a-crown? The limited and rational expenditure of an industrious man produces no evils, economical, social, or moral. I contend in the article that the unlimited and irrational expenditure of idle millionaires does; that it "wastes labour, breeds luxury, creates unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engenders vice, and is injurious for the most part to real civilization." I have observed, and I think with truth, that the most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle between classes have been generated by the ostentation of idle wealth in contrast with surrounding poverty. It would of course be absurd to say this of a man living on a small income, in a modest house, and in a plain way.

If I had said that property, or all property beyond a mere sustenance, is theft, there would be force in Mr. Greg's retort; but as I have said, or implied, nothing more than that extravagant luxury is waste, and, contrasted with surrounding poverty, grates on the feelings, especially when those who waste are idle and those who want are the hardest working labourers in the world, I repeat that I can see no force in the retort at all.

Mr. Greg proceeds to analyse the expenditure of the millionaire, and to maintain that its several items are laudable.

First, he defends pleasure-grounds, gardens, shrubberies, and deer-parks. But he defends them on the ground that they are good things for the community, and thereby admits my principle. It is only against wasteful self-indulgence that I have anything to say. "No doubt," says Mr. Greg, "if the land of a country is all occupied and cultivated, and if no more land is easily accessible, and if the produce of other lands is not procurable in return for manufactured articles of exchange, then a proprietor who shall employ a hundred acres in growing wine for his own drinking, which might or would otherwise be employed in growing wheat or other food for twenty poor families who can find no other field for their labour, may fairly be said to be consuming, spending on himself, the sustenance of those families. If again, he, in the midst of a swarming population unable to find productive or remunerative occupation, insists upon keeping a considerable extent of ground in merely ornamental walks and gardens, and, therefore, useless as far as the support of human life is concerned, he may be held liable to the same imputation—even though the wages he pays to the gardeners in the one case, and the vine-dressers in the other, be pleaded in mitigation of the charge." Let the writer of this only allow, as he must, that the moral, social, and political consequences of expenditure are to be taken into account as well as the economical consequences, and he will be entirely at one with the writer whom he supposes himself to be confuting. I have never said, or imagined, that "all land ought to be producing food." I hold that no land in England is better employed than that of the London parks and of the gardens of the Crystal Palace, though I could not speak so confidently with regard to a vast park from which all are excluded but its owner. Mr. Greg here again takes up what seems to me the strange position that to condemn excess is to condemn moderation. He says that whatever is said against the great parks and gardens of the most luxurious millionaire may equally be said against a tradesman's little flower-garden, or the plot of ornamental ground before the cottage windows of a peasant. I must again say that, so far from regarding this argument as irrefutable, I altogether fail to discover its cogency. The tradesman's little bit of green, the peasant's flower-bed, are real necessities of a human soul. Can the same thing be said of a pleasure-ground which consumes the labour of twenty men, and of which the object is not to refresh the weariness of labour but to distract the vacancy of idleness?

Mr. Greg specially undertakes the defence of deer-parks. But his ground is, that the deer-forests which were denounced as unproductive have been proved to be the only mode of raising the condition and securing the well-being of the ill-fed population. If so, "humanitarians" are ready to hold up both hands in favour of deer-forests. Nay, we are ready to do the same if the pleasure yielded by the deer-forests bears any reasonable proportion to the expense and the agricultural sacrifice, especially if the sportsman is a worker recruiting his exhausted brain, not a Sybarite killing time.

From parks and pleasure-grounds Mr. Greg goes on to horses; and here it is the same thing over again. The apologist first sneers at those who object to the millionaire's stud, then lets in the interest of the community as a limiting principle, and ends by saying:—"We may then allow frankly and without demur, that if he (the millionaire) maintains more horses than he needs or can use, his expenditure thereon is strictly pernicious and indefensible, precisely in the same way as it would be if he burnt so much hay and threw so many bushels of oats into the fire. He is destroying human food." Now Mr. Greg has ouly to determine whether a man who is keeping a score or more of carriage and saddle horses, is "using" them or not. If he is, "humanitarians" are perfectly satisfied.

Finally, Mr. Greg comes to the case of large establishments of servants. And here, having set out with intentions most adverse to my theory, he "blesses it altogether." "Perhaps," he says, "of all the branches of a wealthy nobleman's expenditure, that which will be condemned with most unanimity, and defended with most difficulty, is the number of ostentatious and unnecessary servants it is customary to maintain. For this practice I have not a word to say. It is directly and indirectly bad. It is bad for all parties. Its reflex action on the masters themselves is noxious; it is mischievous to the flunkeys who are maintained in idleness, and in enervating and demoralizing luxury; it is pernicious to the community at large, and especially to the middle and upper middle classes, whose inevitable expenditure in procuring fit domestic service—already burdensomely great—is thereby oppressively enhanced, till it has become difficult not only to find good household servants at moderate wages, but to find servants who will work diligently and faithfully for any wages at all."

How will Mr. Greg keep up the palaces, parks, and studs, when he has taken away the retinues of servants? If he does not take care, he will find himself wielding the besom of sumptuary reform in the most sweeping manner before he is aware of it. But let me respectfully ask him, who can he suppose objects to any expenditure, except on the ground that it is directly and indirectly bad; bad for all parties, noxious to the voluptuary himself, noxious to all about him, and noxious to the community? So long as a man does no harm to himself or to any one else, I for one see no objection to his supping like a Roman Emperor, on pheasants' tongues, or making shirt-studs of Koh-i-noors.

"It is charity," says Mr. Greg, hurling at the system of great establishments his last and bitterest anathema, "it is charity, and charity of the bastard sort—charity disguised as ostentation. It feeds, clothes, and houses a number of people in strenuous and pretentious laziness. If almshouses are noxious and offensive to the economic mind, then, by a parity of reasoning, superfluous domestics are noxious also." And so, it would seem, by parity of reasoning, or rather *a fortiori*, as being fed, clothed, and housed far more expensively, and in far more strenuous and pretentious laziness, are the superfluous masters of flunkeys. The flunkey does some work, at all events enough to prevent him from becoming a mere fattened animal. If he has to grease and powder his head, he does work, as it seems to me, for which he may fairly claim a high remuneration.

As I have said already, let Mr. Greg take in the moral, political, and social evils of luxury, as well as the material waste, and I flatter myself that there will be no real difference between his general view of the responsibilities of wealth, and mine. He seems to be as convinced as I am that there is no happiness in living in strenuous and pretentious laziness by the sweat of other men's brows.

Nor do I believe that even the particular phrase which has been deemed so fraught with treason to plutocracy would, if Mr. Greg examined it closely, seem to him so very objectionable. His own doctrine, it is true, sounds severely economical. He holds that "the natural man and the Christian" who should be moved by his natural folly and Christianity to forego a bottle of champagne in order to relieve a neighbour in want of actual food, would do a thing "distinctly criminal and pernicious." Still I presume he would allow theoretically, as I am very sure he would practically, a place to natural sympathy. He would not applaud a banquet given in the midst of a famine, although it might be clearly proved that the money spent by the banqueters was their own, that those who were perishing of famine had not been robbed of it, that their bellies were none the emptier because those of the banqueters were full, and that the cookery gave a stimulus to gastronomic art. He would not even think it wholly irrational that the gloom of the workhouse should cast a momentary shadow on the enjoyments of the palace. I should also expect him to understand the impression that a man of "brain," even one free from any excessive tenderness of "heart," would not like to see a vast apparatus of luxury, and a great train of flunkeys devoted to his own material enjoyment—that he would feel it as a slur on his good sense, as an impeachment of his mental resources, and of his command of nobler elements of happiness, and even as a degradation of his manhood. There was surely something respectable in the sentiment which made Mr. Brassey refuse, however much his riches might increase, to add to his establishment. There is surely something natural in the tendency, which we generally find coupled with greatness, to simplicity of life. A person whom I knew had dined with a millionaire *tête-à-tête*, with six flunkeys standing round the table. I suspect that Mr. Greg, in spite of his half-ascetic hatred of plush, would rather have been one of the six than one of the two.

While, however, I hope that my view of these matters coincides practically with that of Mr. Greg far more than he supposes, I must admit that there may be a certain difference of sentiment behind. Mr. Greg describes the impressions to which I have given currency as a confused compound of natural sympathy, vague Christianity, and dim economic science. Of the confusion, vagueness, and dimness of our views, of course we cannot be expected to be conscious; but I own that I defer, in these matters, not only to natural feeling, but to the ethics of Christianity. I still adhere to the Christian code for want of a better, the Darwinian morality being avowedly that of gregarious animals, not of men, and the Utilitarian morality being, so far as I can see, no morality at all, in the ordinary sense of the term, making no appeal to our moral nature, our conscience, or whatever philosophers choose to call the deepest part of humanity. Of course, therefore, I accept as the fundamental principle of human relations, and of all science concerning them, the great Christian doctrine that "we are every one members one of another." As a consequence of this doctrine I hold that the wealth of mankind is morally a common store; that we are morally bound to increase it as much, and to waste it as little, as we can; that of the two it is happier to be underpaid than to be overpaid; and that we shall all find it so in the sum of things. There is nothing in such a view in the least degree subversive of the legal rights of property, which the founders of Christianity distinctly recognized in their teaching, and strengthened practically by raising the standard of integrity; nothing adverse to active industry or good business habits; nothing opposed to economic science, as the study of the laws regulating the production and distribution of wealth; nothing condemnatory of pleasure, provided it be pleasure which opens the heart, as I suppose was the case with the marriage feast at Cana, not the pleasure which closes the heart, as I fear was the case with the "refined luxury" of the Marquis of Steyne.

If this is superstition, all I can say is that I have read Strauss, Renan, Mr. Greg on the Creeds of Christendom, and all the eminent writers I could hear of on that side, and that I am not conscious of any bias to the side of orthodoxy; at least I have not given satisfaction to the orthodox classes.

Christianity, of course, in common with other systems, craves a reasonable construction. Plato cannot afford to have his apologues treated as histories. In "Joshua Davidson," a good man is made to turn away from Christianity because he finds that his faith will not literally remove a mountain and cast it into the sea. But he had omitted an indispensable preliminary. He ought first to have exactly compared the bulk of his faith with that of a grain of Palestinian mustard seed. Mr. Greg makes sport of the text "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none," which he says he heard in his youth, but without ever considering its present applicability. Yet in the next paragraph but one he gives it a precise and a very important application by pronouncing that a man is not at liberty to grow wine for himself on land which other people need for food. I fail to see how the principle involved in this passage, and others of a similar tendency which I have quoted from Mr. Greg's paper, differ from that involved in Gospel texts which, if I were to quote them, would grate strangely upon his ear. The texts comprise a moral sanction; but Mr. Greg must have some moral sanction when he forbids a man to do that which he is permitted to do by law. Christianity, whatever its source and authority, was addressed at first to childlike minds, and what its antagonists have to prove is not that its forms of expression or even of thought are adapted to such minds, but that its principles, when rationally applied to a more advanced state of society, are unsound. Rightly understood it does not seem to me to enjoin anything eccentric or spasmodic, to bid you enact primitive Orientalisms in the streets of London, thrust fraternity upon writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or behave generally as if the "Kingdom of God" were already come. It is enough if you help its coming according to the circumstances of your place in society and the age in which you live.

Of course, in subscribing to the Christian code of ethics, one lays oneself open to "retorts courteous" without limit. But so one does in subscribing to any code, or accepting any standard, whether moral or of any other kind.

I do not see on what principle Mr. Greg would justify, if he does justify, charitable benefactions of any kind. Did not Mr. Peabody give his glass of champagne to a man in need? He might have spent all his money on himself if he had been driven to building Chatsworths and hanging their walls with Raffaelles. How will he escape the reproach of having done what was criminal and pernicious? And what are we to say of the conduct of London plutocrats who abetted his proceedings by their applause though they abstained from following his example? Is there any apology for them at all but one essentially Christian? Not that Christianity makes any great fuss over munificence, or gives political economy reasonable ground for apprehension on that score. Plutocracy deifies Mr. Peabody; Christianity measures him and pronounces his millions worth less than the widow's mite.

In my article I have applied my principles, or tried to apply them, fairly to the mechanic as well as to the millionaire. I have deprecated, as immoral, a resort to strikes solely in the interest of the strikers, without regard to the general interests of industry and of the community at large. What has Mr. Greg to say, from the moral point of view, to the gas stokers who leave London in the dark, or the colliers who, in struggling to raise their own wages, condemn the ironworkers to "clamm" for want of coal?

I would venture to suggest that Mr. Greg somewhat overrates in his paper the beneficence of luxury as an agent in the advancement of civilization. "Artificial wants," he says, "what may be termed extravagant wants, the wish to possess something beyond the bare necessaries of existence; the taste for superfluities and luxuries first, the desire for refinements and embellishments next; the craving for the higher enjoyments of intellect and art as the final stage—these are the sources and stimulants of advancing civilization. It is these desires, these needs, which raise mankind above mere animal existence, which in time, and gradually, transform the savage into the cultured citizen of intelligence and leisure. Ample food once obtained, he begins to long for better, more varied, more succulent food; the richer nutriment leads on to the well-stored larder and the well-filled cellar, and culminates in the French cook." The love of truth, the love of beauty, the effort to realize a high type of individual character, and a high social ideal, surely these are elements of progress distinct from gastronomy, and from that special chain of gradual improvement which culminates in the French cook. I doubt whether French cookery does always denote the acme of civilization. It seems to me that in the case of the typical London Alderman, it denotes something like the acme of barbarism; for the barbarism of the elaborate and expensive glutton surely exceeds that of the child of nature who gorges himself on the flesh which he has taken in hunting: not to mention that the child of nature costs humanity nothing, whereas the gourmand devours the labour of the French cook and probably that of a good many assistants and purveyors.

The greatest service is obviously rendered by any one who can improve human food. "The man is what he eats," is a truth only somewhat too broadly stated. But then the improvement must be one ultimately if not immediately accessible to mankind in general. That which requires a French cook is accessible only to a few.

Again, in setting forth the civilizing effects of expenditure, Mr.

Greg, I think, rather leaves out of sight those of frugality. The Florentines, certainly the leaders of civilization in their day, were frugal in their personal habits, and by that frugality accumulated the public wealth which produced Florentine art, and sustained a national policy eminently generous and beneficent for its time.

Again, in estimating the general influence of great fortunes, Mr. Greg seems to take a rather sanguine view of the probable character and conduct of their possessors. He admits that a broad-acred peer or opulent commoner "may spend his £30,000 a-year in such a manner as to be a curse, a reproach, and an object of contempt to the community, demoralizing and disgusting all around him; doing no good to others, and bringing no real enjoyment to himself." But he appears to think that the normal case, and the one which should govern our general views and policy upon the subject, is that of a man "of refined taste and intellect expanded to the requirements of his position, managing his property with care and judgment, so as to set a feasible example to less wealthy neighbours; prompt to discern and to aid useful undertakings, to succour striving merit, unearned suffering, and overmatched energy." "Such a man," he says, in a concluding burst of eloquence, "if his establishment in horses and servants is not immoderate, although he surrounds himself with all that art can offer to render life beautiful and elegant; though he gathers round him the best productions of the intellect of all countries and ages; though his gardens and his park are models of curiosity and beauty; though he lets his ancestral trees rot in their picturesque inutility instead of converting them into profitable timber, and disregards the fact that his park would be more productive if cut up into potato plots; though, in fine, he lives in the very height of elegant, refined, and tasteful luxury—I should hestitate to denounce as consuming on himself the incomes of countless labouring families; and I should imagine that he might lead his life of temperate and thoughtful joy, quietly conscious that his liberal expenditure enabled scores of these families, as well as artists and others, to exist in comfort, and without either brain or heart giving way under the burdensome reflection."

It must be by a slip of the pen, such as naturally occurs amidst the glow of an enthusiastic description, that Mr. Greg speaks of people as enabling others to subsist by their expenditure. It is clear that people can furnish subsistence to themselves or others only by production. A rich idler may appear to give bread to an artist or an opera girl, but the bread really comes not from the idler, but from the workers who pay his rents: the idler is at most the channel of distribution. The munificence of monarchs, who generously lavish the money of the tax-payer, is a familiar case of the same fallacy.

This is the illusion of the Irish peasant, whose respect for the spendthrift "gentleman" and contempt for the frugal "sneak" Mr. Greg honours with a place among the serious elements of an economical and social problem.

But not to dwell on what is so obvious, how many, let me ask, of the possessors of inherited wealth in England, or in any other country, fulfil or approach Mr. Greg's ideal? I confess that, as regards the mass of the English squires, the passage seems to me almost satire. Refined taste and expanded intellect, promptness to discern and aid striving merit and unearned suffering, life surrounded with all that art can do to render it beautiful and elegant, the best productions of intellect gathered from all intellects and ages—I do not deny that Mr. Greg has seen all this, but I can hardly believe that he has seen it often, and I suspect that there are probably people, not unfamiliar with the abodes of great landowners, who have never seen it at all. Not to speak of artists and art, what does landed wealth do for popular education? It appears from the Popular Education Report of 1861 (p. 77) that in a district taken as a fair specimen, the sum of £4518, contributed by voluntary subscription towards the support of 168 schools, was derived from the following sources:—

169 clergymen	contributed	£1,782	or	£10	10*s.*	0*d.*	each.
399 landowners	,,	2,127	,,	5	6	0	,,
217 occupiers	,,	200	,,	0	18	6	,,
102 householders	,,	181	,,	1	15	6	,,
141 other persons	,,	228	,,	1	12	4	,,

The rental of the 399 landowners was estimated at £650,000 a year. Judging from the result of my own observations, I should not have been at all surprised if a further analysis of the return had shown that not only the contributions of the clergy, but those of retired professional men and others with limited incomes, were, in proportion, far greater than those of the leviathans of wealth.

To play the part of Mr. Greg's ideal millionaire, a man must have not only a large heart but a cultivated mind; and how often are educators successful in getting work out of boys or youths who know that they have not to make their own bread?

In my article I have drawn a strong distinction, though Mr. Greg has not observed it, between hereditary wealth and that which, however great, and even, compared with the wages of subordinate producers, excessive, is earned by industry. Wealth earned by industry is, for obvious reasons, generally much more wisely and beneficially spent than hereditary wealth. The self-made millionaire must, at all events, have an active mind. The late Mr. Brassey was probably one man in a hundred even among self-made millionaires; among hereditary millionaires he would have been one in a thousand. Surely we always bestow especial praise on one who resists the evil influences of hereditary wealth, and surely our praise is deserved.

The good which private wealth has done in the way of patronizing literature and art is, I am convinced, greatly overrated. The beneficent patronage of Lorenzo di Medici is, like that of Louis XIV., a chronological and moral fallacy. What Lorenzo did was, in effect, to make literature and art servile, and in some cases to taint them with the propensities of a magnificent debauchee. It was not Lorenzo, nor any number of Lorenzos, that made Florence, with her intellect and beauty, but the public spirit, the love of the community, the intensity of civic life, in which the interest of Florentine history lies. The decree of the Commune for the building of the Cathedral directs the architect to make a design "of such noble and extreme magnificence that the industry and skill of men shall be able to invent nothing grander or more beautiful," since it had been decided in Council that no plan should be accepted "unless the conception was such as to render the work worthy of an ambition which had become very great, inasmuch as it resulted from the continued desires of a great number of citizens united in one sole will."

I believe, too, that the munificence of a community is generally wiser and better directed than that of private benefactors. Nothing can be more admirable than the munificence of rich men in the United States. But the drawback in the way of personal fancies and crotchets is so great that I sometimes doubt whether future generations will have reason to thank the present, especially as the reverence of the Americans for property is so intense that they would let a dead founder breed any pestilence rather than touch the letter of his will.

Politically, no one can have lived in the New World without knowing that a society in which wealth is distributed rests on an incomparably safer foundation than one in which it is concentrated in the hands of a few. British plutocracy has its cannoneer; but if the cannoneer happens to take fancies into his head the "whiff of grapeshot" goes the wrong way.

Socially, I do not know whether Mr. Greg has been led to consider the extent to which artificial desires, expensive fashions, and conventional necessities created by wealth, interfere with freedom of intercourse and general happiness. The *Saturday Review* says:—

> "All classes of Her Majesty's respectable subjects are always doing their best to keep up appearances, and a very hard struggle many of us make of it. Thus a mansion in Belgrave Square ought to mean a corpulent hall-porter, a couple of gigantic footmen, a butler and an under-butler at the very least, if the owner professes to live up to his social dignities. If our

> ouse is in Baker or Wimpole Street, we must certainly have a man servant in sombre raiment to open our door, with a hobbledehoy or a buttons to run his superior's messages. In the smart, although somewhat dismal, small squares in South Kensington and the Western suburbs, the parlour-maid must wear the freshest of ribbons and trimmest of bows, and be resplendent in starch and clean coloured muslins. So it goes on, as we run down the gamut of the social scale; our ostentatious expenditure must be in harmony throughout with the stuccoed façade behind which we live, or the staff of domestics we parade. We are aware, of course, as our incomes for the most part are limited, and as we are all of us upon our mettle in the battle of life, that we must pinch somewhere if appearances are to be kept up. We do what we can in secret towards balancing the budget. We retrench on our charities, save on our coals, screw on our cabs, drink the sourest of Bordeaux instead of more generous vintages, dispense with the cream which makes tea palatable, and systematically sacrifice substantial comforts that we may swagger successfully in the face of a critical and carping society. But with the most of us, if our position is an anxious one, it is of our own making, and, if we dared to be eccentrically rational, it might be very tolerable."

Nor is this the worst. The worst is the exclusion from society of the people who do not choose to torture and degrade themselves in order to keep up appearances, and who are probably the best people of all. The interference of wealth and its exigencies with social enjoyment is, I suspect, a heavy set-off against squirearchical patronage of intellect and art.

Those who believe that the distribution of wealth is more favourable to happiness and more civilizing than its concentration, will of course vote against laws which tend to artificial concentration of wealth, such as those of primogeniture and entail. This they may do without advocating public plunder, though it suits plutocratic writers to confound the two. For my own part I do not feel bound to pay to British plutocracy a respect which British plutocracy does not pay to humanity. Some of its organs are beginning to preach doctrines revolting to a Christian, and to any man who has not banished from his heart the love of his kind; and we have seen it, when its class passions were excited, show a temper as cruel as that of any Maratist or Petroleuse. But so far from attacking the institution of property,* I have as great a respect for it as any millionaire can have, and as sincerely accept and uphold it as the condition of our civilization. There is nothing inconsistent with this in the belief that, among the better part of the race, property is being gradually modified by duty, or in the surmise that before humanity reaches its distant goal, property and duty will alike be merged in affection.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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* The *Saturday Review* some time ago charged me with proposing to confiscate the increase in the value of land. I never said anything of the kind, nor anything, I believe, that could easily be mistaken for it.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

La Traite Orientale, par Etienne Felix Berlioz. Paris.
Reports of the Anti-Slavery Society for 1871, 1872, and 1873. 27, New Broad Street, London.

IT is now some years since Livingstone, alone in the vast central regions of Africa, raised his voice, literally the voice of one crying in the wilderness, to denounce the iniquitous traffic which he found existing there in full activity. When I say that he raised his voice, I scarcely imply that he made it heard, though many among us must surely remember the remarkable letter which appeared in the papers of (I think) 1866, in which he describes the sight his own eyes witnessed, the track of the slave-dealer with his hard-driven gang "fast bound in misery and iron." The public, however, takes a great deal of arousing. All people are not mentally constituted to take a sustained interest in remote suffering, or to feel called upon to redress a wrong and grievance, however crying, that lies geographically at a very great distance. Others, possibly, are honestly persuaded that as order is Heaven's first law, and there is a place for everything under the sun, the place of the African is exactly under the "beneficent Whip," and that there it is best to leave him. Domesticity, too, we all know, is a national as well as a natural virtue. If everybody took care of one, the whole world would certainly be well attended to, and with so many closely-pressing interests claiming immediate attention, with our money to invest, and our families to provide for, with croquet-playing and cricketing for serious pursuits, and manv æsthetic objects to fill up our lighter moments, it could scarcely be expected that we should much consider the affliction of Joseph our brother, the agricultural labourer at home, nor be greatly moved for "the tents of Cushan in affliction." Still, when we reflect that the public ear is from time to time, and often for a long time together, besieged and beleagured by well-meaning people upon points that to other people equally well-meaning appear of comparatively minor importance—when we remember that the press has been flooded and the Post-office choked with tracts and pamphlets through which it might appear that the Future of the World hinged upon questions such as Female Suffrage, or that the whole existing fabric of our social morality was delicately poised upon the *pour et contre* of marriage with a deceased wife's sister—while many subjects regarding which one may surely be forgiven for saying with Hotspur,

> "It is too lean a quarrel for my sword,
> I cannot fight upon such argument"—

have found both favour and a fair field, it does seem strange to look upon a paper which is now lying outspread before me, and to know that it excited so little interest that the meeting it proposes to convene was never held. The facts it states are such as require no comment; its figures, when we consider that each several unit is representative of the whole sum of a human existence, need no rhetoric to urge home their appalling eloquence; the cause it pleads would seem to lie more central to the general human heart than many which have meanwhile found ardent advocates. It was sent out by the Church Missionary Society, apparently in 1870, but it is undated. It is headed "East African Slave-Trade," and marked on one side with two broad red stripes running down the page, which contains the simple announcement of a proposed public meeting at the end of May to obtain signatures for the purpose of memorializing Government on this subject, with the offer on the Society's part of fuller information to be had from its secretary in Salisbury Square by all who chose to apply for it. The other side of the page I give *in extenso*.

THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER'S BLOOD.

In 1769 Granville Sharp commenced the attack upon the Slave Trade.

In 1869 the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced the extinction of the Slave Trade between Africa and America.

It took England 100 years, and more than £22,000,000, to effect this.

But for 50 years England has legalized the Slave Trade on the other side of Africa.

At this time 20,000 slaves, adults and children, are annually shipped, under treaty with England, from the East Coast of Africa, for Zanzibar, thence they are shipped for Arabia and Persia. These unhappy creatures are torn from their homes in the interior of Africa by Slave hunters at a fearful sacrifice of life. They cost in Africa a few yards of cotton cloth, and fetch in Arabia and Persia from 70 to 80 dollars.

The late Bishop of Mauritius and General Rigby, the late Consul at Zanzibar, say that the old slaves they have met came from the sea-coast. Now the Slave-hunter has to go 400 miles into the interior through a country depopulated by the Slave Trade, before he can reach his prey.

WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE.—Dr. Livingstone estimates that in some parts, nine lives are sacrificed for every slave that reaches the coast. An Indian Sepoy, who accompanied a slave gang of 300 from the interior to the coast, saw no less than 100 of the gang murdered on their march down. He says:—

"We witnessed many murders, many deaths; and the path was strewn with the bodies of those who had been killed.

"When we passed up with Dr. Livingstone, the road stunk with the wayside corpses; it was so again when we passed down.

"Every day we came upon the dead, and certainly we witnessed not less than a hundred deaths.

"I with my own eyes saw six men (at different times) choked to death; the victims were forced to sit leaning against a tree; a strip of bark or a thong was looped around the stem of a tree, pulled taut from behind, and the slave strangled.

"I saw not less than fifteen slaves clubbed to death by heavy blows between the eyes (which bespattered their faces with blood) or upon the head.

"Children were felled in this way and put out of life by repeated blows on the head."—*Blue Book on Slave Trade*, 1870.

In five years there had been exported from Quilon on the coast of Africa, to Zanzibar, 97,253 slaves; from other parts about 25,000 more.

At Zanzibar the slaves are sold in open market: "This," says Dr. Livingstone (11th June, 1866), "is now almost the only spot in the world where 100 to 300 slaves are daily exposed for sale in open market. This disgraceful scene I several times personally witnessed, and the purchasers were Arabs or Persians, whose dhows lay anchored in the harbour, and these men were daily at their occupation, examining the teeth, gait, and limbs of the slaves, as openly as horse dealers engage in their business in England."

They are then shipped for Arabia, and for the first half of the journey are protected from capture by Treaty with England, which permits the Slave Trade to be carried on within certain limits.

Out of these limits our cruisers may capture them, but hitherto the numbers captured are only about 7 per cent. of the number shipped.

The Sultan of Zanzibar receives two dollars for every slave sent to Zanzibar. He is dependant on England for protection.

We have the power to insist upon this horrible traffic being stopped.

Let the voice of Christian England be heard demanding the instant abolition of this slave trade."

England, however, continued to be apathetic, and that it should have done so is the more to be deplored, as so much evil that has gone on unchecked during the last fifteen years is directly traceable to what may be called our national condonement of slavery through our treaty formed with the Sultan of Zanzibar. The slave trade in that particular region may be said, in Sir Bartle Frere's emphatic language, to be *protected* by the indifference of the English nation; and not England only, but Europe itself was silent while Asia, like one of its own leopards, preyed at will upon poor helpless Africa, when Livingstone's voice, like that of Athanasius, "alone against the world," was a second time uplifted, and this time not in vain. All at once other voices[*] have arisen from France, Germany, Spain, Holland; in fact from all the great European and Christian powers, in denunciation of oppression and wrong. Spain has declared in favour of emancipation; the Emperor of the Brazils has made what we may at least call a strong move in the direction of freedom, and even the leading Mahommedan rulers have expressed in no uncertain language their sense of the iniquity of man trafficking for man. In

[*] To those who believe that the Kingdom of Light is one great related empire, and who have learnt to look in the dark places of this world for the chosen habitations of cruelty, it is always interesting to see how freedom and intellectual development go hand in hand. It has been so in an especial manner in Cuba. The dawn of literature there is much connected with generous antagonism to slavery. *Jose Maria Heredia*, whose best known poems are the Exile's Hymn and Niagara, translated by Bryant, a man of good birth, whose father had been exiled for his patriotism, spent most of his life in banishment for the same cause. *Milanes*, born in a humbler station, was no less ardent and sincere a patriot; his poems are full of tenderness and melancholy, and from their purity and elevation, have done much good in the country he loved so well. His mind gave way under private trouble and the sense of public wrong. Most interesting of all is *Gabriel Valdes*, (known as Placido) a mulatto combmaker, who with an education of the rudest kind, made for himself a great poetical reputation, and sealed it by a dignified and heroic death. He was implicated,

1854* the Sultan of Turkey in a firman bearing on the Circassian slave trade, used these remarkable words :—"Man is the most noble of all the creatures God has formed in making him free; selling people as animals or articles of furniture is contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator."

In an interview held in 1867 with a deputation from the Paris Conference, the Pacha of Egypt reminded the delegates that Africa had been desolated by Christian nations for ages, though slavery was condemned by the Christian religion. He spoke of it as being, although not forbidden by the doctrines of Islam, "a horrible institution inconsistent with civilization and humanity," and said further that the progress of Egypt depended upon its abolition, and that were the slave-trade stopped, slavery would disappear there in fifteen years, because it would not be recruited from without." In a correspondence which, in 1846, took place between the British Government and Persia on the subject of abolition, six priests of reputation in Teheran gave their opinion substantially to the same effect. They decreed that selling male and female slaves is an abomination according to the noble faith. Mahommed is reported by tradition to have said, "the worst of men is the seller of men."

This general awakening to the acknowledgment of the great principles of natural justice in so far as the Eastern rulers are concerned, may stop short of any direct practical bearing upon life and conduct. From Sir Bartle Frere's late letters it appears that neither the Sultan of Zanzibar, nor the Khedive of Egypt, show any disposition to relinquish the present profit the traffic in slaves brings. Still it is something that the principles of everlasting righteousness should be *recognized* even when they are yet not strong enough to make themselves obeyed.

> "He that well thinketh, well may do,
> And God will help him thereunto,
> *For never yet was good work wrought,*
> *Without beginning of good thought.*"

When we reflect that the Slave Trade, in so far as this Eastern side of Africa is concerned, has existed in one form or another unchecked since the days of Solomon, there seems something sudden in

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whether with or without justice it is difficult to discover, in an insurrection among the coloured population, in 1844, which was put down by the Cuban government with atrocious severity, like that of Jeffreys' campaign. During his preparation for execution he composed many of his finest poems, among them his "Prayer to God," which he sang like an Indian chief as he passed to the square where he suffered with nineteen others. His last words were, "Farewell, world, ever pitiless to me." The merits of his poetry in point of tenderness, facility, and depth, are described as being truly astonishing.

[*] See Joseph Cooper's "Slave Trade in Africa," preface, p. 7.

the tide of counter-feeling which is now setting in so strongly. The suddenness, however, is more apparent than real; the great scientific doctrine of "seeds everywhere" having its never-failing correlative in the moral world, in which truths and energies are apt to lie long dormant, possibly unsuspected, and then start in many widely separated regions into a simultaneous life, for which they have been none the less slowly, gradually, and painfully preparing. Livingstone's second letter, and his message sent through Mr. Stanley, has aroused England, and the shock of his urgent appeal has no doubt been intensified to our national sensibilities by the revelation of the all but incredible atrocities of the so-called Polynesian "labour-market," brought to light almost at the same moment through the confession of the owner of the miscreant ship *Karl*, self-denounced and self-condemned. The result is Sir Bartle Frere's mission. Yet England, like one aroused out of long and heavy slumber, seems scarcely as yet alive to the magnitude of the interests involved in this great world-cause—world-question we can scarcely call it—as although the range of subjects is confessedly wide, which leave ample verge and space for various opinions, the enslaving of man by man seems one of the few upon which there is *not* "a great deal to be said upon both sides." All that is rational and feeling in our nature condemns it, and in Lincoln's never-to-be-forgotten words, "if anything *is* wicked slavery is." It is detestable in its essence, and in this, not so much as in its accidents (although the Slave Trade, looking at it apart from slavery as an institution, has its own peculiar horrors), it behoves us to consider it. We all know something of what English schoolboys call a paper chase. It does not require a very lively imagination to follow up the track of the man-hunter on shore marked out with human skeletons; to trace the furrow left upon the sea by the dark slaver, freighted with unspeakable anguish; to stand in the slave-market and hear God's best gifts to his immortal creature put up to auction "prized at a goodly price." Most people now read the daily papers, and those who do so can no longer, after the fearful disclosures of Mr. Waller and Mr. New, be ignorant of the present actual misery and crime this inhuman traffic causes. Of those who can learn of it unmoved, we can only say that their apathy is indeed hopeless. These things are in their very nature self-evident, yet certain points remain which I would say yet need bringing into clearer light. It seems possible that we are not yet aware of the grandeur of the interests involved in the suppression, or rather let me at once say, the *extinction* of slavery, and that we do not fully perceive its vast bearing on the future of the whole human race. It is, however, certain that the extinction of slavery is identical with the extension of all true civilization and progress, by which words I would be understood to mean, not the mere advance in such arts and appliances as conduce to the increased physical comfort of a few persons in giving them added power to get and to spend wealth, and thus to enhance the sum total of a certain material *Bien être*, "the God of this present world." I do not mean progress of the kind that while it continually extends its empire over the forces of the natural world, leaves man's moral nature uncultured, and thus multiplies the material resources of a nation without increasing its joy, I mean such true development of man's nature as makes him, by setting his best powers free, a happier, nobler, really *richer* being, a development which slavery wherever it exists checks and hinders—nay, even renders impossible by the two-fold degeneracy it entails.* Enforced servitude is the exact antithesis of the divine principle of charity, in that "it curseth him who gives and him who takes." "*If the inferior*," said once a poor wise man speaking in secret, "*carries the chain round his ankle, the superior must wear it round his wrist;* hence mutual constraint, mutual violence, mutual degradation." Wherever slavery comes, moral debasement comes along with it and *must* do so. Its existence in a community is a deep *permitted* insult to humanity at large, stamping as it does "the mark of the beast" upon Man whom God *created* free, although, as Schiller says, he is indeed *born* in chains. Wherever there is a weak and oppressed race held in bondage by a stronger one, that race will work the possibly slow, but surely inevitable decay of its oppressors, if it were only through its presenting a prepared soil for all that is corrupt to take root in. Every one who knows what human nature is could predicate the co-existence of slavery and depravity as surely as Cuvier or any skilled naturalist could decide from a glance at one small bone upon the structure of the animal it has belonged to; but I will refer the numerous body of readers who, unfamiliar with Transcendental Anatomy, are inclined to prefer experimental proof to *à priori* deduction, to the testimony of eye-witnesses. They will find a valuable paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1872, headed, "The Portuguese in Africa." This paper is all the more impressive from its bearing no trace of having been written with any object, even a philanthropic one; it is stamped throughout with the disgust which would naturally arise in any mind of ordinary goodness compelled for a time through circumstances to move in an atmosphere of such corruption that even to read of it seems in some degree to darken the imagination and to pollute the heart. The residence of Senhor B., the Portuguese *Comando*, with whom the author stayed some time, appears to bear about the same relation to ordinary household life, that a charnel-house, foul and rank with dead men's bones and all uncleanness, may hold with the homes and habitations of living men. The author is careful to let us know that he was treated personally with great kindness by the Senhor, for he tells us of the Portuguese settlers (a remark which may be justly extended to lawless people in general), that "it is not rare to find among them great generosity existing along with an utter absence of principle."

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* "If slavery," writes Torgueneff, "degrades the slave, it degrades the master still more, and this of necessity, for how can he respect himself or his own rights when he exercises *rights* (so-called) founded upon contempt for the rights and the dignity of his fellow creature? The mind itself learns to grovel, from seeing others continually fawn. Consider too, the necessary effect of exercising an *iniquitous right*, one contrary to religion and morals, and the moral confusion the assertion of any such right must cause."

"The Senhor," he says, "had a farm on the banks of the Zambesi, and occasionally made expeditions for ivory and slaves. He was also 'a man under authority,' being entrusted by Government with magisterial powers. His establishment consisted of two houses, one for himself and family, the other for himself and guests; two or three store sheds, sheds for slaves, and the usual arrangements for goats and sheep. His family consisted of the Senhorina for the time being, a native woman, and several children by various mothers who called him father. There were about two hundred slaves on the establishment most of whom were women and children. Of the women some were employed about the house, others in the field. Of the men, but a few, were field-labourers, some were canoe-men, and others had special vocations—were skilled in the use of the gun, were not averse to fighting, and were the unhesitating instruments and trusted agents of the Senhor in all his adventures.

"The moral tone of the whole establishment was as low as it could be. I was never in an atmosphere of greater depravity. From the Senhor to the youngest slave just emerging from babyhood you could distinguish nothing but foul minds, you heard scarcely anything but foul words, and saw little else but foul deeds. *It seemed as though these people were encircled with evil of the worst conceivable form, until its essence had moulded itself into their very natures, and they had become the embodiments of unmitigated, uncontrolled wickedness.*

"I was personally much indebted," adds the author, "for the hospitality of the Senhor B., yet I was thankful to leave him, for when I was again among the unsophisticated natives I felt I was breathing a purer moral atmosphere. If his establishment was of an exceptionally bad character, I should not have brought it into notice, but what I saw there fairly illustrates the condition of things as exhibited in the domestic life of the Portuguese who occupy isolated positions on the delta and the banks of the Zambesi."

"M. de Heuglin," writes M. Berlioz, "the head of an expedition, sent to explore a remote region of the Sahara, came across a Frenchman, whom I shall only designate by the initial of his name N. To this man it appears that the development of a novel and ingenious mode of commerce * is fairly attributable, although it is possible that his superior renown in his own peculiar line is due not so much to inventive genius as to practical ability in carrying out a system he found already in activity around him. He keeps in his service a troop of armed retainers, always easily raised from among the warlike tribes of Nubia, who have a natural instinct for adventure, and whose country is poor and ruined. To pay so many mercenaries, however, in money would be a heavy cost, so N. pays his soldiers in slaves taken in foray—a bold and simple expedient by which he at once saves his money and *disembarrasses himself of a compromising article*, as he reserves the ivory for his own share, the traffic in which is of course legitimate. His soldiers meanwhile do not only hunt the elephant and the negro, they carry off, in their frequent razzias, droves of cattle (the most esteemed riches of the African aborigines), which at once feed their little army, and furnish another ever marketable article of *commerce*."

"All around N.'s camp," adds M. Heuglin, "was a scene of pillage and incendiarism; death was the portion of anyone who dared to resist the Merchant Lord, to whom every conceivable atrocity was attributed. A tree, in the courtyard of his establishment, was hung with the skulls of negroes. One day he had a servant who had offended him bound to this hideous trophy, when he coolly discharged his pistol at the living mark."

N. contrives, M. Berlioz tells us (on M. Heuglin's authority),—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he *has* contrived, and now can do so no longer—to pass in the eyes of Europeans as a horse-dealer on a large scale, a character which he has found it easy to assume through his connexion with an Arab adventurer, by name Mohammed-Cher, with whom he is closely associated, and who supplies him with horses in exchange for slaves. Mohammed-Cher seems to carry on business on principles yet more bold and simple than those of his European partner. "He," M. Berlioz tells us, employs open violence, *always plunders* without making any pretence of buying and selling, inhabits a sort of fortress, maintains a little army, and carries on an actual war. His army, without being numerous, is really complete. It is composed of a strong body of infantry, strengthened by a troop of cavalry, with a little flotilla of steam-boats (the Nile being close at hand) ever in attendance on the warrior band, ready to carry off their living spoil. This redoubtable brigand has established what may be called his headquarters at a place called Hallet-Kaka, on the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from Khartoum. This is the permanent residence and rallying point of his little army, and the place to which slaves after a successful foray are brought to await a purchaser. On the right bank of the river opposite to the miserable country perpetually ravaged by the banditti of Mohammed-Cher, another adventurer by name Woad-Ibrahim, who in no way yields to him in prowess or audacity, has planted a stronghold similar to his. Woad-Ibrahim's position is greatly strengthened by the aid and concurrence of a certain Chalil-Schama, who was at one time (strange to say) an employé in the service of the English Consul at Khartoum. This man, plying on the Nile, adds to a system of spoliation already so strongly organized the powerful element of the Corsair. "In the April of 1863," writes M. Heuglin, "Woad-Ibrahim returned from an expedition which seems to have been on a grander than ordinary scale, as to say nothing of business transactions supposably going on by land, the Baron d'Ablaing then passing up the Nile met no fewer than twenty-five steam-boats laden with two thousand blacks, *principally children*. The men belonging to them had probably either taken to flight, or perished in the struggle of capture; but the carnage that takes place in these expeditions being unwitnessed and unrecounted, we can only, through such a multitude of captives, guess at the sorrow, wreck, and devastation that lies behind." In 1864 Madame Tinné and her daughter, Dutch ladies of wealth and culture, travelling in Africa under a powerful escort for purely scientific objects, came across a still more extensive slaving expedition, as it had at its command at least sixty steamboats mounted with cannon, and had enlisted in its service a thousand horsemen, drawn from the Baggaras, a predatory Arab tribe, always at the slave-dealers' bidding. It seems difficult to decide on the extent to which Government in Egypt is implicated in the slave trade; one fact, however, is abundantly proved by the magnitude of such expeditions as the forestated, and that is, the absence of any sincere intention on its part to put a stop to the traffic with a strong hand. It has from time to time issued prohibitory decrees and taken measures of an *apparently* repressive character, but these have seemed to end in nothing, while the slave trade has gone on increasing. Many facts drawn from strictly reliable sources make it certain that the Egyptian Government has, so far, brought no real power to bear against it, while charity itself can scarcely acquit its functionaries of connivance and complicity. It seems, for instance, a little startling to our European notions to learn that Woad-Ibrahim, rich and desiring the *otium cum dignitate* that so fitly closes an active public life, offered to yield the suzerainty of his domains to the Egyptian Government, claiming for himself the title of Mamour or Prefect! Mohammed-Cher, not to be left behind his colleague, made some similar application, and was on the eve of being appointed Sheik of the Denkas (a tribe not wholly under the power of Egypt), under condition of taking the risks attendant upon bringing his new principality to order. This last negotiation seems, although supported on Mohammed-Cher's part by presents both of cattle and slaves, to have failed of a successful issue, and we find Mohammed's fortunes as to both wealth and influence so far on the wane that he has been obliged to quit Hallet Kaka, and to retire to some rocky heights in the interior of the country, with only a part of his men. But there is surely a significance in such free-booters being treated with at all as high contracting parties! The Mesdames Tinné also state that at the time they met the formidable slaving armament already referred to, the Egyptian Mudir, sent expressly to protect the aborigines in the Northern district where the great hunt was going on, *happened* to have gone South, to the mouth of the Gazelle river! The people of the neighbourhood did not hesitate to accuse him of direct complicity. On the part of the European Consuls, who might have done much to repress the slave trade if only through making strong and urgent appeals to their respective Governments, there seems, speaking generally, to have been much of silence and apathy.

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* Commerce under such circumstances amply justifies a remark of Torgueneff's. "Commerce, when it has not the guarantee of wise and equitable laws, is reduced to mere buccaneering, each snatching what he can for himself, and it *may become among men nothing more or less than a mode of reciprocal ruin and injury.*"

M. Berlioz, too, from whom I am now quoting, attributes great evil to a certain moral indifference prevailing in the public mind, a readiness to accept success and the glitter of wealth (no matter how acquired), and a disposition to admire that profuse expenditure of unjustly gotten money, which among free-booters and buccaneers may usurp the name of generosity. M. Berlioz speaks of characters like his countryman N., as being too common in every era, but what he looks upon as in some degree peculiar to our own, is that they should be to some extent* admired and run after by a comparatively honest public. He sees no charm or splendour in fortune speedily acquired through rash speculation and doubtful adventure, and wishes that the public would learn to look less kindly upon fraud and greed and rapine in prosperity. M. Berlioz writes warmly on this subject, because he feels it strongly. Indeed a certain white heat of indignation glows through, and, as it were, welds together the whole of his remarkable book, and it is evident that his mind is not one of those endowed with the serene and philosophic composure which enabled M. Barthe (evidently a most amiable man, and strongly opposed to slavery as an institution) to avail himself for a whole month of the convoy and protection afforded by a party engaged in the traffic, and which allows him to speak incidentally of a scene in the desert as being *enlivened* by the appearance of a small caravan of about twenty-seven female slaves! The moral ardour of M. Berlioz, however, does not ever seem to betray him into that exaggeration of tone and statement which is perhaps on one side as fatal an injury to a really good cause as indifference is on the other. His book has nothing in it of strong invective, or of that violent over-charged colouring, which in the statement of fact diminishes the value of truth itself by creating an obstacle for its entrance into dispassionate minds. His work is one of patient integrity; the labour connected with its preparation must have been very great. In his preface he tells us that it has extended over fourteen years, and that the time so spent has been taken from the scanty leisure of a life of arduous duties—duties, as M. Berlioz is a professor in the Lyceum of Lyons, that in no way connected him with his self-imposed task. His work, he tells us, has been undertaken and sustained in the simple hope of utility; and of the facts it is concerned with, we must, as he tells us, remember "that this history does not belong to the past but to the present. The crimes which it relates are going on around us, their existence is confirmed by undoubted testimony. That this book should interest or even instruct is little to me. My aim in relating the story of the slave trade is to awaken in the public mind that sense of its atrocity which leads to the serious thought of its suppression, for *our age is surely too generous to leave to any future one the task of obliterating a great iniquity.* In relating, therefore, the story of the slave trade, *this book studies how best to destroy it.* It declares war against its existence, and already and in so far as its province extends, begins the warfare it proclaims, for

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* There has been lately in a certain class of poems and stories quite a run upon the desperado quasi-Byronic type of character. Some of these, especially those of Mr. Bret Harte, are a little discouraging to honest, worthy people, who must feel, in the words of the Psalmist, that it is in vain that they have "cleansed their hearts and washed their hands in innocency," when they find themselves, as regards generosity, self-sacrifice, and all the loftier range of human excellence, out-distanced at the first start by professional swindlers, and social outcasts and outlaws. Those who accept such delineations of the heroic, will learn with pleasure that the redoubtable

Mohammed-Cher is a man of gallant and distinguished manners who makes his residence very agreeable to visitors. He received the ladies Tinné with royal honours, made his little army pass in review before them, and offered to proclaim Mademoiselle Alexandrine Tinné, "Queen of the Soudan," a compliment which, we may add, was repeated to this young lady, probably with more sincerity, in many of the wretched villages she passed through on horseback. Taking her for the daughter of the Sultan, their inhabitants came out imploring her to stay amongst them to become their queen, and to protect them against the incursions of Mohammed.

in transactions of so infamous a character, the mere bringing them to light is in some sort a battle against them."

M. Berlioz's book, were its subject a less painful one, would be very pleasant reading, there is in it all that careful and skilful plan and arrangement which carries the reader over a widely extended area of general action, and through a complicated mass of minor, yet necessary detail, without any trouble on his part. But the picture wants that relief, that mixture of light and shade which art imperatively demands, though nature, alas! does not always furnish it. We have all felt, as regards some of the highest efforts of genius, the charm that lies in the introduction of some touch of nature, "making the whole world kin;" some ray of tenderness, partial perhaps, and struggling for its existence, yet by the very fact of its being there at all piercing the deep surrounding gloom. But here we have not, as in Hogarth's picture, the poor faithful mother kissing her lost reprobate son at the foot of the gallows. We have no steadfast Kent, no tender Cordelia, no ray or gleam of possible or supposable goodness to break the terrible monotony of brigandage, rapacity, and crime. M. Berlioz apologizes for this uniformity; he lays before us Africa cut up by the slave-hunters into tracks and systems of spoliation, much as a civilized country might be intersected by canals and railways for the carrying on of peaceful traffic. The vast Continent is *laid out*, as we should say in speaking of a garden or pleasure ground, with reference to one given result, the great man-hunt which goes on, M. Berlioz tells us, at three principal points—

> "On the eastern shores of Africa, in the high valley of the Nile, and in the regions of the Soudan surrounding Lake Tsad. This last theatre of action is, among all, the least known to us; and, perhaps, it may be the latest refuge to which the slavers may withdraw operations, which the rigid surveillance of Europe has rendered difficult at other points. The traffic in the high valley of the Nile is the one most interesting to us personally, as it is in this region that the slave-trade, putting on the appearance of legitimate commerce, has found patrons among the most civilized nations of Europe, and drawn, not only Egyptians and Turks into its service, but also Austrians, Italians, English and Frenchmen destitute of conscience, without remorse, capable of any degree of criminality, and feeling too far from the track of civilized life to dread any disgrace from public opinion. The track of these bandits has already reached the Great Lakes from which the Nile flows, while the Arab slavers, setting out from the coast of Zanquebar, have arrived there almost at the same moment with them. The third great field of 'labour' extends from the entrance of the Red Sea to the Portuguese possessions in Mozambique; this is worked exclusively by Arabs. Thus each of the grand routes of slavery is, as it were, a preserve for its own especial *chasseur*. Towards the Tsad, it is the negro who hunts the negro; on the shores of the Indian Ocean, the contest is between Arab and African; in the Nile basin, again, it is the civilized man, the man of our own race and world, who brings into the field the superior finish of European weapons and European vice. Many methods are brought

into play, as well as many races employed. Sometimes the razzias are conducted on a military principle, sometimes disguised under the thin veil of ordinary commercial enterprise, but here all divergence and variety ends. They are always and everywhere alike fearful—scenes of carnage and despair."

There is nothing so frightful in this book as its mere array of figures. The mere cyphers of what M. Berlioz calls the "statistics of infamy," as regards the number of slaves exported, are absolutely overwhelming to the mind. In one town alone, Gondokoro, there are no fewer than twenty well-known well-established houses, concerned not only ostensibly but really in the ivory trade from which they draw large profits, and superadd to this traffic that in slaves. These men employ extensive country agencies, worked by a vekil, or middleman, as the Merchant Lord does not often, it seems, conduct operations in person. He is too much of a grand seigneur, and his care is to grow rich, and, if a European, to cultivate a free, open-handed hospitality, and a generous off-hand dashing style of manner, with the ultimate prospect, M. Berlioz suggests, of coming back to his native country to be admired! Sir S. Baker has told us that each of these merchants has at his command a troop of from one to three hundred men, whose wages are paid in slaves, deducted from those taken on a scale of percentage, the net profit of the whole expedition of course remaining with its organiser. This in ordinary expeditions is estimated at from four to five hundred persons. Even upon a low calculation these twenty houses of the ivory dealers of the Upper Nile are understood to furnish about 20,000 slaves annually. But beyond their district lie regions where the man-hunt is conducted like any other chase, in pure simplicity of object, "exclusively to carry off the negro." Greater expeditions are set on foot; in the Schillouk country in 1864 from 8000 to 9000 captives were taken in one battue! These numbers are, indeed, formidable, but how much more so do they become, when, as I have already suggested, we consider the sum-total of misery each several unit represents and stands for! When we remember that, especially as regards the more warlike native tribes, such as the Gallas, it is the weakest only who fall into the hands of the captors, the more courageous ones are killed in resisting the foray, the few who escape remain but to be decimated by hunger and wretchedness. Livingstone has given us a heartrending picture of the wretchedness the slavers leave behind them, in describing his own pain in revisiting a region which he had known fertile, peaceful, and highly cultivated, and finding it a desolate wilderness.

He and his friends and fellow-workers, Mr. Waller and Mr. New, have also told us as eye-witnesses of the horrors of the slavers' march, which sometimes, when the convoys are large and brought down to the coast from a great distance, involves a long and protracted struggle with the desert's heat and thirst. When the march is a shorter one, it is generally accomplished under a less strong guard; but then, as there is always a certain danger to be apprehended from ambuscade on the part of the native, the word of order becomes "speed." Sir S. Baker tells us of a convoy he met with, led, not, as it happened, by Arabs, but by Turks, where some elderly women who had been carried off in the razzia were not able to keep up with the rest of the party. As soon as one sank down over-wearied, she was quickly dispatched; one blow from a club, just on the nape of the neck, and a corpse, *perhaps still quivering in death*, was all that remained. The road was tracked by these fearful landmarks. In cases when the sea is near at hand, and there seems no immediate danger from interference, the merchant's own interest makes him use a little more consideration, and the stronger ones of the party are told to carry those who can no longer walk. The sight of such a caravan makes the heart sick with horror and with pity; the troop no longer attempts to keep up any marching order, the scattered, tottering groups stumble onwards as they best may, like so many living skeletons. Their eyes are dull and sunken, their cheeks bony, their whole face fixed in one expression, that of famishing hunger.

"People," writes Mr. Gerhard Rohlf, "who do not know the way to Bornou, have no occasion to ask it; they will be sufficiently guided by the human bones with which they will find the road thickly strewed both to right and left. At certain points the way across the desert is literally *bordered* with skeletons. That these are the remains of slaves is sufficiently proved by their being left unburied; they lie just where they dropped, exhausted with fatigue and consumed with thirst, not worth the trouble of making a grave for; some of the skeletons still had on the *Ratoun* (the distinctive garment of the negro)." "We need but see," says the same traveller in his description of the Southern Sahara, "one of the slave caravans crossing the immense solitudes of the desert, unbroken, sometimes, for many days journeys by any trace of water or of verdure, to understand what the poor slave must suffer who is compelled to track it, hungry and dying with fatigue and thirst."

We have always been accustomed to connect the idea of an oasis with associations that are eminently pleasing and refreshing; but these "diamonds of the desert" seem to shine less brightly after M. Rohlf tells us "that it is around the wells that the skeletons are to be found in the greatest numbers; the poor creatures reach them in a dying state, a little water even then might possibly save their lives, but the wind having often filled up the mouth of the well with sand, it requires some labour to set the spring free; only the stronger ones can work and wait, *the weaker stop there to die.* One day he found the body of a young boy close to a well; the sun had dried it to a mummy, before (apparently) the hyenas had had time to find it out. Another day one of our servants (with certainly blameable carelessness!) brought to our tent some muddy water in which we found a human skull."

But enough of this Via Dolorosa! Who can sum up its sorrows, or the worse miseries to which it leads, the sorrowful embarkation, the close packing in the slave ship, the horrors of the stockades, in which, after reaching land the slaves are kept to await sale, "prison places" out of which we are told they come diseased, mangled, *paralysed for life*, decimated by plague and fever!" Yet, even while engaged with such fearful histories of anguish, we can join issue with M. Berlioz when he says that the moral ruin the slave trade works is far more appalling than can be any amount of merely physical suffering.

It is scarcely possible to deepen the moral gloom of such pictures as books of travel give us of the towns in the African slave track, places that the language of Scripture best describes as belonging to "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, *without any order*, and where the light is as darkness."

Khartoum, which has become a central point for the slave trade, which it carries on in union with an extensive traffic in ivory, to Africa so great a source of wealth, is highly favoured in point of situation, being seated at the junction of the two Niles, so that on one hand it commands a way into Abyssinia, and on the other into the heart of Africa. M. Berlioz says, that Khartoum seems placed on the great highway of nations, as Alexandria was, to be a link between the civilization of the old world and the yet remaining barbarism of the interior districts. But how little does the town itself justify its natural capabilities! Though considerable as to size, and with many opulent inhabitants, it is a wretched, dirty, unhealthy place, worthy of being what it is—the metropolis of slavery. Of Gondokoro, a town on the White Nile, also occupying an important position, and a grand centre-point of slavery, we are told that it is "an actual hell." "When the steamboats, sailing under every conceivable flag, come up the river from Khartoum with goods, and the caravans descend in long files from the hills in the interior of the country, the town presents extraordinary features of animation, and when this has subsided it seems again a desert. Here the slave-dealers, disembarrassed of every check, reign as sovereign lords. Their camps are filled with slaves chained together; the soldiers, free from every restraint of discipline, spend whole days in drinking;

quarrels abound on all sides; yells, outcries, shots sent off at random, mix with a tumult of brawling drunkenness."

We learn that some Austrian Catholic missionaries tried, in 1853, to establish a mission house at some little distance from Gondokoro; their house, garden, and quadrangular enclosure are still to be seen, but the good fathers who founded it are there no longer. They were obliged, after some years of struggle, to give up their humanizing efforts, the atmosphere of corruption around them being too strong to allow of the admission of any regenerating influence, "maintaining a politic state of evil into which it was impossible that the least good could find entrance."

There is a singularity in the very conformation of the African continent which seems typical of the character and destiny of its inhabitants; even upon the map it looks heavy, inert, and block-like; a vast unorganized mass already chained and bound by nature, sending up as yet no articulate cry to Heaven, from which it has as yet had no message clearly sent.* It lifts up no mighty mountains; it is threaded by but one giant stream. It looks isolated, unfriended, *helpless*; silent, though full of teeming life—a huge human quarry, to be hewn into by whoever will.

"When," writes M. Berlioz, "we compare Europe, open at every point, open to every influence, to every idea, to every race, with Africa, which has, we may say, but one path (its ancient river) piercing the ring-fence of sand and desert which locks it into isolation, can we wonder that its inhabitants, shut out from the general march and movement of civilization and all the moral and material ameliorations it brings along with it, should have degenerated to a point at which our common humanity can scarcely recognize this child of our great family, so little does he resemble his brethren?" Leaving this point, however,—the admitted degeneracy of the African race—on one side for a moment, it is hard, I think, not to receive, from the very lines and aspects of the continent itself, a print and stamp which leaves upon the mind the marked impress of inferiority—also, I would say, of gloom. In the very wealth of Africa there is something barbaric; in the extraordinary vigour of its vegetation there is something oppressive, and, as it were, strangling to humanity, which it always seems ready to master and overtop,—something, too, which is in some strange, inexplicable way sinister and hostile to man. "The path here," says Livingstone, writing from the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, "which is something like a sheep-walk, winds among grass which often towers over one's head, and has stalks as thick as quills. On the heights and their slopes we have generally dense forests, the trees of which are less remarkable for their size as for being thickly planted and horribly intertwined with climbing plants. I call them plants, but they are, in fact, trees run mad in the struggle for existence. Some are as thick as a man-of-war's hawser, and as round; others are flat like sword-scabbards, and along the centre of the flat on each side are set groups of straight strong thorns; others have hooked thorns like our sweet-briar, but magnified and meaning mischief." Describing another region, he speaks of "a peculiar scented grass, which at certain angles cuts the hands like a razor," as mingling with the reeds he passed through, and adds, "These were bound and massed together by the climbing convolvulus, with stalks which felt as strong as whip-cord." He comments elsewhere on the quantity of thorn-bearing plants and trees which he encountered; "thorns of every size and shape—thorns straight, thin, and long, short and thick, or hooked, and so strong as to be able to cut leather like a knife. The seed-vessel of one plant lies flat as a shilling, with two thorns in its centre, ready to run into the foot of any animal that treads on it, and to stick there for days together; another—the grapple-plant—has so many hooked thorns as to cling most tenaciously to any animal to which it may become attached; when it happens to lay hold of the mouth of an ox, the poor creature will stand and roar in helpless pain."

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* Speke attributes the prevailing barbarism and degeneracy of Africa to the fact of its never having had, like Europe and Asia, any direct revelation of the true God. It has wanted what they have had—the Prophet, the powerful "Word," able to lift man, as Herder says, "forcibly above himself," to awaken him out of sluggish inertia; failing of which, as the condition of savage nations proves, he soon sinks into utter degeneracy.

How far removed is this picture, with others presented by books of African travel, from the friendliness inwoven in the very outline of an English landscape, with its wayside flower, its woodland verdure, its sunny pathway through the rustling corn—its deep inward suggestion of a spirit in harmony with the hopes and feelings and wishes of mortal man. In Africa we seem to miss a human element; it is overlaid by a rude vigour and efflorescence of merely animal life, and that which is simply vegetable seems to assert an undue preponderance, so as to dwarf and stifle that rational and spiritual nature with which it is in silent antagonism. Even the poor African himself, in his everlasting infancy, seems typified by a huge, ungainly marvel of vegetable life,* which Livingstone describes as being "a gigantic Bulb, or baby-tree, soft and spongy, *yet possessed of an indestructible vitality;* tear or wound, or strip off its bark, it will renew it by granulation; remove its inside, it still lives; nor does cutting down exterminate it; it continues to grow while laid flat on the ground. I saw one in Angora in this state grow after being blown over. Each lamina, possessing independent vitality, the roots, which run along the ground-surface forty or fifty yards from the trunk, continue to grow after it is cut down. No external injury," he adds, "not even a fire, can destroy this tree from without; nor can injury be done it from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow. I have known one within which twenty or thirty men could sleep as in a hut."

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* The Mowana: a species of Baobab.

A French writer, describing a negro festival which he witnessed at Algiers, commenting on the love of the African for brilliant, violent colours, and contrasting their passion for exciting amusements (they will sometimes dance for twelve hours without stopping) with their usually calm and impassive demeanour, exclaims, "Singular race! full of contrast and contradiction, reminding one of a Sphinx who laughs incessantly; full of animal life, and destined (may humanity forgive me the expression!) to the lot of the animal, they bear their heavy burden meekly, and, at once robust and docile, are patient under the chain. Here, among some forms which came near to perfect beauty, I found the prevailing type was an originality, at once attractive and repulsive, which lent a charm to ugliness itself; their eyes caress, their voices are sibillant but their speech gentle; they are gay, with a cast of countenance as funereal as that of night itself; laughing, but with the wide, misshapen mouth, which, like that of the ancient mask, imparts something of distortion to even the most kindly physiognomy. They are comic even when serious, and ludicrous while themselves laughing. *Yet the true atmosphere of these poor beings is joy;* their quick nature seems to drink in life from the very heat of the sun. I have seen during the last few hours more glittering teeth, more broad, expanded smiles, than I shall look upon for years in Europe, where, after all, we come short of the negro's philosophy.

The point of the African's inferiority, so confidently assumed as it is by competent and unprejudiced authorities, like Sir S. Baker and the late Captain Speke, seems to have entered far more largely than it need have done into the great question of his emancipation from bondage, and to have done more, perhaps, than is generally suspected to damp the old Abolition zeal. And yet in reality it has little to do with the real point at issue. It is possible that the poor African, with all his practical philosophy, may not have attained to that serene level of Stoicism which would enable him, with Mr. Carlyle, to look down upon his "own dirty happiness as something not worth making a pother about." He may think, with our own Warburton, that to every human being his own happiness is to himself a sacred object, transcending all others in importance, and also be of the great Bishop's opinion as to its being a subject upon which each individual man, however simple and in other respects ignorant, is qualified to judge better for himself than other people can do it for him. He may also endorse the sentiments of the ever-generous Torgueneff, and, indisposed to receive the Gospel of "labour" in its breadth and fulness, opine "that man has not only a right to live, *but also to live pleasantly.* In order to live he must work,* but his work ought to be done in comfort, without anxiety, self-dependently, unconstrained by the will of any other man; and this work should also have its due periods of rest and intermittance, so that he may be able to lift up his eyes and his heart towards heaven and contemplate the end and the aim for which he has been created." All that can be said by either friend or foe upon the physical and mental inferiority of the African seems rather to intensify than to diminish

> "The deep damnation of his taking off."

If his nature is indeed rude and animal, requiring little to content it, it is hard that he cannot be allowed that little. If, from mental poverty and shallowness, he is so constituted as to bear much that finer organizations would sink under, and to forget it easily,—so much of a child as to need, as children do, to be governed by those who are stronger than himself,—if Captain Colomb's assertion (which, by the way, seems to require a great deal of proving) that the "negro has *an objection* to freedom" (!) be even fully admitted,—what remains but the fact, that the African is a being requiring certainly on these accounts to be protected, but not on these accounts to be maltreated, by the more favoured members of the great family to which he belongs? He is our brother, concerning whom we are verily guilty, in that he has been so long by us harassed, ensnared, and sold,—the victim, not as Joseph was, of envy on account of his superior beauty and wisdom and favour, but of selfish rapacity and greed.

"But the time has come," writes M. Berlioz, "for national legislation to enter upon a fresh page of jurisprudence in undertaking the protection and guardianship of the feebler races of men. So far they have been regarded as adding little to the common stock. They occupy space which they do not utilize, and the general gain of humanity seems to demand that they should be improved† out

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* "Property," Torgueneff considers, "ought not to be made to consist in the exclusive possession of any given thing, *but in the individual right of free activity.* To many classes of men, it is evident, property must consist in the available and profitable exertion of their own industry."

† "These children," said the Ghost to Giles Scroggins, pointing to their meagre, half-clad forms, "are perishing of hunger." "Let them die," returned Giles gruffly, "and diminish the surplus population." *But who, after all, are the surplus population?* Possibly, dear reader, you and I may form part of it!—*The Christmas Carol.*

(*expropié*) of the world altogether. Where are the innumerable tribes of the North American Indians? Where the Australian aborigines? Let the pitiless policy which can but exterminate, or at best enslave, now yield to the humanizing policy, which is concerned, not how to add another realm to our territory, but how to bring back a brother to his family and home." These generous reflections, worthy of a son of France,—the great nation which, like the noble Switzer, has been ever ready "to open a lane for freedom,"—however appropriate they may be to the claims of Africa upon Europe, are capable of a vastly extended application. It is scarcely possible at the present momentous era of time to over-estimate the effect of the moral attitude assumed with regard to the question of slavery by the great Christian and civilized powers of Europe upon the Eastern rulers and principalities, through whose connivance it is virtually maintained. All of these, however ancient their dominion and high-sounding their title, are more or less dependent upon Europe; some of the lesser potentates, like the Sultan of Zanzibar,[*] seem to owe their very existence to European support, and to maintain it (possibly) through the political and commercial jealousies of the European powers, each desirous to prevent the other from obtaining exclusive foothold on some African shore, or in some Eastern region and to that end lending their support and countenance to some native sovereignty, which, were the sunshine of their favour withdrawn, would prove almost as shadowy as that of Banquo himself. To all of these men, Shah, Sultan, or Khedive, however they may in manifesto or letter assume "the style of gods," it remains a

[*] The Sultan of Zanzibar, for instance, whom circumstance has made so prominent a personage, is in reality but an Arab chief, so unimportant that it requires considerable moral ardour in the cause with which he is indirectly yet closely connected to get up the requisite information about him, whether individual or dynastic. It is difficult to make out wherein he is related, wherein separate, from the Imaun of Muscat, they being, as the negro said of the twin babies, "one of them exactly like the other, *especially Moses, who was more so*;" difficult to learn which of this family it was who murdered his father, and succeeded to him,—a proceeding, Captain Colomb tells us, opposed to Arab views of *etiquette*; impossible to make out whether in a counter-revolution which followed, it was uncle who was dethroned by his nephew, or nephew by his uncle. One thing comes out with sufficient distinctness, and that is that his government, with that of Imaun of Muscat, from which it is derived, can scarcely be called hereditary, nor yet, writes Capt. Colomb, "is it strictly elective, though it rests upon a sort of tribal recognition *which gives it a semi-republican character which tinges all the acts of government.* In some undefined way the Sultan seems to feel that he is elected to office during good behaviour, and is more the servant of his people than their master. The manifest difficulty of putting pressure upon such a potentate is this, that if he should personally consent to adopt a law or custom which is in violent opposition to the will of his people, they will dethrone him, unless prevented by force. Any power, such as England, venturing by threat to obtain concessions eminently distasteful to his people from the nominal ruler at Zanzibar, must be prepared to alter the status of government, and to keep him on his throne no longer by the will of his people, but by force."

Lieut.-Col. Rigby examined on the subject of the Slave-traffic:—(See *Parliamentary* matter of the highest importance to be assured of the goodwill of their "beloved, esteemed, and affectionate friend, Victoria R.," or to receive a letter from the right man in the right place just at the right moment, headed, "Napoleon, by the grace of God and the will of the nation, Emperor of the French, to the glorious Sultan Majeed, son of Seyd Iman of Muscat, greeting." It is doubtful whether any of these rulers, however zealously affected in the cause, *could* do much without strong support from Europe towards suppressing the traffic in slaves, and it is certain that, without our energetic reminders, they *will* not do so. Slavery is a subject upon which the Asiatic does not, and as yet cannot, think with the European, so firmly is it welded and, in Major Millingen's striking expression, "impasted" into Oriental habits and institutions. Of the creed of Islam it may be even said to form an integral part, the Koran making a portion of the recognized reward of true believers to consist in the possession of slaves. An Asiatic as it were naturally looks at the whole subject from a point of view altogether differing from that of the European,—a divergence which I do not believe myself to be exaggerating, when I say that he would not object to being a slave so strongly as would his Western brother, therefore would not certainly see much evil in having one! This subject, however, is one of such wide significance, so connected and inwrought with those deep moral relations and complicated social problems which are becoming daily more interesting as the intelligence of Asia advances, and the sympathies (so long estranged) of Europe quicken, that it cannot even be touched upon in a paper of such necessarily limited scope as this one. I can only indicate this feature of the subject as one among the many high and pressing in their claim upon all who accept the teaching of our great national poet:—

> "*What are things eternal?* Powers depart,
> Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
> And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
> But by the storm of circumstance unshaken,
> And subject neither to decrease nor wane,
> Duty exists."

Report on East African Slave Trade for 1871. Appendix, page 120.) Q. "Can you inform me what efforts are made to suppress this traffic? A. By the Portuguese authorities absolutely nothing. The Sultan of Zanzibar endeavours to check it as much as possible; but his ships are never ready for sea, and I do not think a single individual in his service would do anything to check the shipment of slaves unless urged to do so by representations made by the British Consul. However desirous the Sultan may be to fulfil his treaty engagements, and put a stop to the traffic, he has in reality no power, as no one in his service will carry out any orders he may give on the subject. The public opinion of the Arabs is too strong in favour of it, and almost all the chief people in his dominions are either directly or indirectly concerned in it. I found soon after my arrival, that Prince Abdoor Wahàb, his younger son, and Syud Sulieman bin Hamed, the wealthy governor of the town of Zanzibar, had recently sold 300 slaves to the *Pallas*, a French ship."

On many points connected with the great kingdom of justice and righteousness (a kingdom which is always one, indivisible, and related) we do much when we do but show our colours plainly—a proceeding without which (on the part of the British flag), Captain Colomb tells us, the whole of the Persian Gulf, independently of the disastrous slave traffic, would be a theatre of blood and warfare, from the quarrels of the surrounding tribes, which simply, *by being there*, it seems we do much to hold in check. In Zanzibar alone, it seems that England, represented by the Banyans, or Bombay merchants, stands for three times the value of any European power. This is one commercial aspect. What we are worth under many others, is, as I have said, scarcely appreciable by ourselves, and it may tend to foster better feelings than an ignoble national vanity to know that the first inquiry made of any English functionary or traveller, from the Madagascar employé who expects a similar compliment to be paid to *his* Queen in return, to the rude African chief who asks the question with a warm personal interest, as if he were inquiring after some near relation, is "*How is Queen Victoria?*"

The subject of the suppression of African slavery is connected with so many questions, each of vital interest, into which the limited space at my disposal forbids me now to enter, but to which, with added information, I shall hope to return; its extension is so naturally linked with the peaceful development of Africa's immense material resources, with the awakening of Asia's slumbering moral powers; its cessation would open out so many doors now partially or entirely closed to missionary zeal and commercial enterprise, that I am unable to indicate them as I had hoped to do, even in a brief summary, and must conclude this paper by the expression of a conviction which has been forced upon me by the facts I am so far possessed of. This is, that the whole question seems to have passed in a great degree out of the hands of the philanthropist into that of the statesman, and while we may regret that the old "abolition" flame seems, as regards the East African traffic, to be past rekindling in the general English mind, we cannot wonder that it should be so, when we remember that the Western traffic was brought home to our business and bosoms, and appealed, by its very existence, to the national conscience, upon which it left a definite wound and stain. There it might be truly said, "Sin lieth at the door;" now, we are only indirectly answerable for a gigantic system of evil which we find existing in full activity, and though our power in checking it is really very great, it must be brought to bear from a wider platform than that of the philanthropist, though he in this, as in so many other causes, has been the ever ready pioneer first to break into the dark jungle, foremost to traverse the dismal swamp, too often paying with his own fortunes and his own life, with what his generous zeal wins for the general advance of humanity. The present is a world-appealing cause, connected on all sides with subjects of the deepest national importance.* It calls upon the great Christian and civilized powers and rulers to lay aside paltry jealousies and small national interests, and to show that they are united upon a cause so one with that of justice, order, righteousness upon earth. The connivance of the Portuguese in the traffic, even of their Government employés in Africa, seems a fact clearly established on all sides; so also the cruelty with which in the hands of this nation it seems peculiarly marked. Brigadier W. M. Coghlan (see *Parliamentary Report* for 1871) writes of this as being "atrocious," and says "the late increase of the traffic among them is fast destroying the last faint traces of civilization left in their once populous settlements along the Eastern Coast of Africa." The same gentleman adds, "But if the suppression of slavery in the Portuguese settlements is an object most desirable in itself, its importance is enhanced in view of any attempt on our part to abolish the traffic in the adjoining African territories dependent on Zanzibar. The fact of a neighbouring Christian people being *known to be extensively engaged* in the trade is at once a precedent and an apology to the slave-dealing Mahometans." Let Portugal, our ancient and faithful ally, be roused to energy in wiping out this dark blot on her national escutcheon, and taught that in doing so she will be at any rate so much nearer that once proud place among European nations, from which she has long so sadly and strangely lapsed. Neither Spain nor France can be acquitted of complicity in the traffic. In

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* Among these we may number one brought forward as a question in most books on the subject of East African traffic, and not I think, so far, answered fully:—What becomes of the enormous number of slaves yearly drawn from Africa, and how does Asia contrive to absorb them, as, unlike America, it has no immense out-door labour fields calling for innumerable hands, and in countries like China and India, their own teeming populations, patient, easily paid and fed, would seem to render the introduction of foreign slaves unnecessary? Major Millingen, in an admirable tract, "Slavery in Turkey," is of opinion that the slave-trading countries of the East are Turkey, the Regency of Tunis, Morocco, and Persia; and, in saying that among Mussulmans the use of slaves is universal, bases it on reasons "inherent in the religious and social condition of Mohammedanism." M. Berlioz inclines to believe that Egypt absorbs a vast number of slaves, and alludes to the probability of many of these being enlisted with a view to some future warlike enterprise, towards which, in the opinion of many competent to judge, Mohammedanism in the more zealous and fanatical portion of its adherents is even now strengthening itself, and combining its powers.

Meanwhile, it remains a deeply regrettable fact that England should have *by treaty* allowed the Sultan of Zanzibar to buy and sell slaves *within his own dominions* for domestic and agricultural purposes, and thus countenanced a *legalized* slave trade, on which an enormous illegal export traffic has been engrafted, and through which the difficulties of our cruisers, in dealing with Arab defaulters, have been enhanced and complicated to a degree that has often rendered their best efforts useless.

1858, Colonel Rigby reported that a French ship, the *Pallas*, had succeeded in carrying off 600 slaves from Zanzibar. A few years later a Spanish ship, the *Estrella*, from Havannah, anchored off Zanzibar, *completely equipped as a slaver*, with provisions, irons, chains, tin plates, &c. "At this time," writes Brigadier Coghlan, "independent of the strenuous exertions of Colonel Rigby (Her Britannic Majesty's then consul at Zanzibar), *there are absolutely no restrictions whatever on the infamous traffic*;" and he goes on to state how strongly desirable it is, in reference to any further efforts made towards its suppression by us, "to secure the co-operation of France and of the United States of America. Situated as the ruler of Zanzibar is, he is scrupulously anxious to be on the best terms with foreign powers generally, *and when the views of the latter are not in unison*, the want of accord begets a vacillating line of conduct on his part injurious to his own character as an independent sovereign, and prejudicial to all improvement among his people. More especially is unanimity desirable where the object is to suppress an institution which though justly reprobated by all Christian powers, is regarded by the Arabs as a national privilege, and the chief source of their wealth and prosperity on the East Coast of Africa." Sir Bartle Frere has lately made a noble speech (See *Homeward Mail* for May 17, 1873,) at a conversazione held at the house of the Hon. Mr. Munguldas Nathooboy, to a number of the chief native gentlemen of Western India, upon whom he has impressed the moral importance of the position held by their countrymen in Africa. After pointing out to them that from various causes, nearly the whole trade on the East coast (once the exclusive property of the Portuguese) has passed, during the last half century, into the hands of Indian merchants, he adds :—

> "I found that concurrent with this growth of Indian interests on the African coast, this slave trade grew up which was the immediate object of my mission—a slave trade which is now so extensively carried on that thirty or more thousand of human beings are, I believe, exported every year from Africa.
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> "I do not wish you to suppose that these two things were connected in the way of cause and effect, because I must say of Indian merchants that as to direct connection with the slave trade, I have found very little to their prejudice, and indeed all the great merchants are free from connection with the slave trade, although by the possession of capital, which might be exchanged for human beings, they may have had an indirect connection. That was the state of things as we found it, and upon the subject of the slave trade I need not say more than what you know already.
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> "You are aware of the feeling on the subject in England, and I believe in India generally, that this trade must be stopped. I have no doubt it will be stopped very speedily, because things at both ends of Africa have changed greatly of late. All the civilized countries in the world who used

to be customers for slaves have now given the practice up. In another three years there will be a legal end put by Government to the slave trade in the Portuguese colonies where that trade used to be general. Then the Government of Madagascar is favourable, and I may say that this struck me as one of the most favourable symptoms of improvement in that country. The Government of Madagascar is composed entirely of natives, and yet they have set their faces against slavery, and declared that it shall not exist in their country. At one of the ports in Madagascar we found an Arab nacoda in prison for a year for carrying on the slave trade. The King of the Johannas told us that his island should not be a place for harbouring slaves, and that all people brought to his territories as slaves should be set free. On the Arabian coast I found there was the same disposition with reference to slaves who might be brought to those lands that are under the political rule of Colonel Pelly. All the people in these places told us they would set their faces against slavery. Therefore I have no doubt that slavery upon its present scale will cease shortly.

"At the same time there will remain for many years to come a desire on the part of certain people to make money by trafficking in human flesh, and the attempt to do so will be made in spite of all we may do to prevent it. It is in this respect that I think the gentlemen at present here, who are connected, either as caste-fellows or as countrymen, with the merchants of East Africa, or at all events those who hold the purse-strings, may do a deal of good work to assist the English Government. If you inform your minds upon this subject, and read what is now on record in print regarding the slave trade, and set your faces against the traffic in the way that you would deal with any other great evil that comes before you, or with any general impediment to civilization, you will act directly upon your countrymen who are carrying on this trade. You might be able to create a public opinion on the subject which would greatly assist the public opinion of England. I believe that in a few years you could make it a disgrace for anybody calling himself a Hindoo or a Mahometan merchant to be even suspected of having anything to do with this trade.

"I wish that those among you who have leisure and power to lead the opinion of your countrymen would come forward to assist that civilization which England is bent upon introducing in Africa. The work will have its material as well as its moral reward. The east coast of Africa is really magnificent. It is quite as fine naturally as your own Malabar coast, abounding in good harbours and facilities for trade beyond anything I have ever seen. There is now direct communication by steamer from Aden, and I hope there will soon be the same from Bombay and Arabia, so that it will no longer be so difficult to communicate with these people that they must wait for about seven months before they can communicate with Europe. I foresee the time that there will be greater communication between this country and the east coast of Africa, and I look upon it as a certainty that you will be able, in one way or another, directly or indirectly, to do a great deal in making Africa as free from the curse of slavery as India now is."

Sir Bartle Frere's sentiments appear to have met with warm recognition from those to whom they were addressed; indeed, there is reason to believe that on this subject the sympathies of the cultivated mind in India are very strong, and in the right direction. "Light has come into the world," and the mind of man, whether European or Asiatic, is reaching a stage too advanced to permit him to be influenced by (so-called) arguments which would seek to persuade him that slavery, simply in itself, is, or can be otherwise than a gigantic curse or evil." Whatever may be decided, whether by friend or foe as to the physical and mental status of the poor African, the strong ass, too long crouching, like Issachar of old, beneath a double burden, so freely laid upon his shoulders by both West and East, it may surely be now decreed that he has borne it long enough. Two facts are abundantly proved concerning him—his durability, and (to a certain given extent) his improvability. How far this last may extend we are not yet aware, but what we already know of his capability for civilization and for Christianization warrants us in deciding, that as a certain humane judge was once of opinion that the worst possible use we can put a man to is to hang him, so is the worst possible use to which we can put the African, to kidnap, torture, and enslave him. And with regard to every branch of our great human family, we may perhaps learn to think with Mr. Toodle, who, when interrogated by the Great Dombey as to the number of his olive branches, responds to the comment of that magnate,

"Why it's as much as you can afford to keep them."

"I couldn't hardly afford but one thing in the world less, Sir."

"What is that?"

"*To lose any of them*, Sir."

DORA GREENWELL.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY

XIII.—DISCIPLINE.

IN the foregoing eight chapters we have contemplated, under their several heads, those "Difficulties of the Social Science" which the chapter bearing that title indicated in a general way. After thus warning the student against the errors he is liable to fall into, partly because of the nature of the phenomena themselves and the conditions they are presented under, and partly because of his own nature as observer of them, which by both its original and its acquired characters causes twists of perception and judgment; it now remains to say something about the needful preliminary studies. I do not refer to studies furnishing the requisite data; but I refer to studies giving the requisite discipline. Right thinking in any matter depends very much on the *habit* of thought; and the habit of thought, partly natural, depends in part on the artificial influences to which the mind has been subjected.

As certainly as each person has peculiarities of bodily action that distinguish him from his fellows, so certainly has he peculiarities of mental action that give a character to his conceptions. There are tricks of thought as well as tricks of muscular movement. There are acquired mental aptitudes for seeing things under particular aspects, as there are acquired bodily aptitudes for going through evolutions after particular ways. And there are intellectual perversities produced by certain modes of treating the mind, as there are incurable awkwardnesses due to certain physical activities daily repeated.

A truth ever to be remembered, is that each kind of mental discipline, besides its direct effects on the faculties brought into play, has its indirect effects on the faculties left out of play; and when special benefit is gained by extreme special discipline, there is inevitably more or less general mischief entailed on the rest of the mind by the consequent want of discipline. That antagonism between body and brain which we see in those who, pushing brain-activity to an extreme, enfeeble their bodies, and those who, pushing bodily activity to an extreme, make their brains inert, is an antagonism which holds between the parts of the body itself and the parts of the brain itself. The greater bulk and strength of the right arm resulting from its greater use, and the greater aptitude of the right hand, are instances in point; and that the relative incapacity of the left hand, involved by cultivating the capacity of the right hand, would become still more marked were the right hand to undertake all manipulation, is obvious. The like holds among the mental faculties. The fundamental antagonism between feeling and cognition, running down through all actions of the mind, from the conflicts between emotion and reason to the conflicts between sensation and perception, is the largest illustration. We meet with a kindred antagonism, among the actions of the intellect itself, between perceiving and reasoning. Men who have marked aptitudes for accumulating observations are rarely men given to generalizing; while men given to generalizing are commonly men who, mostly using the observations of others, observe for themselves less from love of particular facts than from desire to put such facts to use. We may even trace the antagonism within a narrower range, between general reasoning and special reasoning. One prone to far-reaching speculations rarely pursues to much purpose those investigations by which particular truths are reached; while the scientific specialist ordinarily has but little tendency to occupy himself with wide views.

No more is needed to make it clear that habits of thought result from particular kinds of mental activity; and that each man's habits of thought influence his judgment on any question brought before him. It will be obvious, too, that in proportion as the question is involved and many-sided, the habit of thought must be a more important factor in determining the conclusion arrived at. Where the subject-matter is very simple, as a geometrical truth or a mechanical action, and has therefore not many different aspects, perversions of view consequent on intellectual attitude are comparatively few; but where the subject-matter is complex and heterogeneous, and admits of being mentally seen in countless different ways, the intellectual attitude affects very greatly the form of the conception.

A fit habit of thought, then, is all-important in the study of Sociology; and a fit habit of thought can be acquired only by study of the Sciences at large. For Sociology is a science in which the phenomena of all other sciences are included. It presents those necessities of relation with which the Abstract Sciences deal; it presents those connexions of cause and effect which the Abstract-Concrete Sciences familiarize the student with; and it presents that concurrence of many causes and production of contingent results, which the Concrete Sciences show us, but which we are shown especially by the organic sciences. Hence, to acquire the habit of thought conducive to right thinking in Sociology, the mind must be familiarized with the fundamental ideas which each class of sciences brings into view; and must not be possessed by those of any one class, or any two classes, of sciences.

That this may be better seen, let me briefly indicate the indispensable discipline which each class of sciences gives to the intellect; and also the wrong intellectual habits produced if that class of sciences is studied exclusively.

Entire absence of training in the Abstract Sciences, leaves the mind without due sense of *necessity of relation.* Watch the mental movements of the wholly-ignorant, before whom not even the exact and certain results of Arithmetic have been frequently brought, and it will be seen that there exists nothing like irresistible conviction that from given data there is an inevitable inference. That which to you has the aspect of a necessity, seems to them not free from doubt. Even men whose educations have made numerical processes and results tolerably familiar, will show in a case where the implication is logical only, that they have not absolute confidence in the dependence of conclusion on premisses.

Unshakeable beliefs in necessities of relation, are to be gained only by studying the Abstract Sciences, Logic and Mathematics. Dealing with necessities of relation of the simplest class, Logic is of some service to this end; though often of less service than it might be, for the reason that the symbols it uses are not translated into thought, and the connexions stated not really represented. Only when, for a logical implication expressed in the abstract, there is substituted an example so far concrete that the inter-dependencies can be contemplated, is there an exercise of the mental power by which logical necessity is grasped. Of the discipline given by Mathematics, also, it is to be remarked that the habit of dealing with the necessities of numerical relation, though in a degree useful for cultivating the consciousness of necessity, is not in a high degree useful; because, in the immense majority of cases, the mind, occupied with the symbols used, and not passing beyond them to the groups of units they stand for, does not really figure to itself the relations expressed—does not really discern their necessities; and has not therefore the conception of necessity perpetually repeated. It is the more special division of Mathematics, dealing with Space-relations, which above all other studies yields necessary ideas; and so makes strong and definite the consciousness of necessity in general. A geometrical demonstration time after time presents premisses and conclusion in such wise that the relation alleged is seen in thought—cannot be passed over by mere symbolization. Each step exhibits some connexion of positions or quantities as one that could not be otherwise; and hence the habit of taking such steps makes the consciousness of such connexions familiar and vivid.

But while mathematical discipline, and especially discipline in Geometry, is extremely useful, if not indispensable, as a means of preparing the mind to recognize throughout Nature the absoluteness of uniformities; it is, if exclusively or too-habitually pursued, apt to produce perversions of general thought. Inevitably it generates a special bent of mind; and inevitably this special bent affects all the intellectual actions—causes a tendency to look in a mathematical way at questions beyond the range of Mathematics. The mathematician is ever dealing with phenomena of which the elements are relatively few and definite. His most involved problem is immeasurably less involved than are the problems of the Concrete Sciences. But he cannot help bringing with him his mathematical habits of thought; and in dealing with questions which the Concrete Sciences present, he recognizes some few only of the factors, tacitly ascribes to these a definiteness which they have not, and proceeds after the mathematical manner to draw positive conclusions from these data, as though they were specific and adequate.

Hence the truth, so often illustrated, that mathematicians are bad reasoners on contingent matters. To previous illustrations may be added the recent one yielded by M. Michel Chasles, who proved himself incapable as a judge of evidence in the matter of the Newton-Pascal forgeries. Another was supplied by the late Professor De Morgan, who, bringing his mental eye to bear with microscopic power on some small part of a question, ignored its main features.

By cultivation of the Abstract-Concrete Sciences, there is produced a further habit of thought, not otherwise produced, which is essential to right thinking in general, and by implication to right thinking in Sociology. Familiarity with the various orders of physical and chemical phenomena, gives distinctness and strength to the consciousness of *cause and effect*.

Experiences of things around do, indeed, yield conceptions of special forces and of force in general. The uncultured get from these experiences, degrees of faith in causation such that where they see some striking effect they usually assume an adequate cause, and where a cause of given amount is manifest, a proportionate effect is looked for. Especially is this so where the actions are simple mechanical actions. Still, these impressions which daily life furnishes, if unaided by those derived from physical science, leave the ordinary mind with but vague conceptions of causal relations. It needs but to remember the readiness with which people accept the alleged facts of the Spiritualists, many of which imply a direct negation of the mechanical axiom that action and reaction are equal and opposite, to see how much the ordinary thoughts of causation lack quantitativeness—lack the idea of proportion between amount of force expended and amount of change wrought. Very generally, too, the ordinary thoughts of causation are not even qualitatively valid: the most absurd notions as to what cause will produce what effect are frequently disclosed. Take, for instance, the popular belief that a goat kept in a stable will preserve the health of the horses; and note how this belief, accepted on the authority of grooms and coachmen, is repeated by their educated employers—as I lately heard it repeated by an American general, and agreed in by two retired English officials. Clearly, the readiness to admit, on such evidence, that such a cause can produce such an effect, implies a consciousness of causation which, even qualitatively considered, is of the crudest kind. And such a consciousness is, indeed, everywhere betrayed by the superstitions prevalent more or less among all classes.

Hence we must infer that the uncompared and unanalyzed observations men make in the course of their dealings with things around, do not suffice to give them wholly-rational ideas of the process of things. It requires that physical actions shall be critically examined, the factors and results measured, and different cases contrasted, before there can be reached clear ideas of necessary causal dependence. And thus to investigate physical actions is the business of the Abstract-Concrete Sciences. Every experiment which the physicist or the chemist makes, brings afresh before his consciousness the truth, given countless times in his previous experiences, that from certain antecedents of particular kinds there will inevitably follow a particular kind of consequent; and that from certain amounts of the antecedents, the amount of the consequent will be inevitably so much. The habit of thought generated by these hourly-repeated experiences, always the same, always exact, is one which makes it impossible to think of any effect as arising without a cause, or any cause as expended without an effect; and one which makes it impossible to think of an effect out of proportion to its cause, or a cause out of proportion to its effect.

While, however, study of the Abstract-Concrete Sciences, carried on experimentally, gives clearness and strength to the consciousness of causation, taken alone it is inadequate as a discipline; and when pursued exclusively, generates a habit of thought which betrays into erroneous conclusions when higher orders of phenomena are dealt with. The process of physical inquiry is essentially analytical; and the daily pursuit of this process generates two tendencies—the tendency to contemplate separately the factors of phenomena, which it is the aim of inquiry to disentangle and identify and measure, and the tendency to rest in the results of such inquiry as though they were the final results to be sought. The chemist, by saturating, neutralizing, decomposing, precipitating, and at last separating, is enabled to measure what quantity of this element had been held in combination by a given quantity of that; and when, by some alternative course of analysis, he has verified the result, his inquiry in so far is concluded: as are kindred inquiries respecting the other affinities of the element, when they are qualitatively and quantitatively determined in like ways. His habit is to get rid of, or neglect as much as possible, the concomitant disturbing factors, and to ascertain the nature and amount of some one and then of some other; and his end is reached when accounts have been given of all the factors individually considered. So is it, too, with the physicist. Say the problem is the propagation of sound through air, and the interpretation of its velocity—say, that the velocity as calculated by Newton is found less by one-sixth than observation gives; and that Laplace sets himself to explain the anomaly. He recognizes the evolution of heat by the compression which each sound-wave produces in the air; finds the extra velocity consequent on this; adds this to the velocity previously calculated; finds the result answer to the observed fact; and then, having analyzed the phenomenon into its components and measured them, considers his task concluded. So throughout: the habit is that of identifying, parting, and estimating factors; and stopping after having done this completely.

This habit, carried into the interpretation of things at large, affects it somewhat as the mathematical habit affects it. It tends towards the formation of unduly-simple and unduly-definite conceptions; and it encourages the natural propensity to stop short with proximate results. The daily practice of dealing with single factors of phenomena, and with factors complicated by but few others, and with factors ideally separated from their combinations, inevitably gives to the thoughts about surrounding things an analytic rather than a synthetic character. It promotes the contemplation of simple causes apart from the entangled *plexus* of co-operating causes which all the higher natural phenomena show us; and begets a tendency to suppose that when the results of such simple causes have been exactly determined, nothing remains to be sought.

Physical science, then, though indispensable as a means of developing the consciousness of causation in its simple definite forms, and thus preparing the mind for dealing with complex causation, is not sufficient of itself to make complex causation truly comprehensible. In illustration of its inadequacy, I might name a distinguished mathematician and physicist whose achievements place him in the first rank, but who, nevertheless, when entering on questions of concrete science, where the data are no longer few and exact, has repeatedly shown defective judgment. Choosing premisses which, to say the least, were gratuitous and in some cases improbable, he has proceeded by exact methods to draw definite conclusions; and has then enunciated those conclusions as though they had a certainty proportionate to the exactness of his methods.

The kind of discipline which affords the needful corrective, is the discipline which the Concrete Sciences give. Study of the *forms* of phenomena, as in Logic and Mathematics, is needful but by no means sufficient. Study of the *factors* of phenomena, as in Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, is also essential but not enough by itself, or enough even joined with study of the forms. Study of the *products* themselves, in their totalities, is no less necessary. Exclusive attention to forms and factors will not only fail to give right conceptions of products, but will even tend to make the conceptions of products wrong. The analytical habit of mind has to be supplemented by the synthetical habit of mind. Seen in its proper place, analysis has for its chief function to prepare the way for synthesis; and to keep a due mental balance, there must be not only a recognition of the truth that synthesis is the end to which analysis is the means, but there must also be a practice of synthesis along with a practice of analysis.

All the Concrete Sciences familiarize the mind with certain cardinal conceptions which the Abstract and Abstract-Concrete Sciences do not yield—the conceptions of *continuity, complexity,* and *contingency.* The simplest of the Concrete Sciences, Astronomy and Geology, yield the idea of continuity with great distinctness. I do not mean continuity of existence merely; I mean continuity of causation: the unceasing production of effect—the never-ending work of every force. On the mind of the astronomer there is vividly impressed the idea that any one planet which has been by so much swerved out of its course by another planet, or by a combination of others, will through all future time follow a route different from that it would have followed but for the perturbation; and he recognizes its reaction upon the perturbing planet or planets, as similarly having effects which, while ever being complicated and ever slowly diffused, will never be lost during the immeasurable periods to come. So, too, the geologist sees in each change wrought on the Earth's crust, by igneous or aqueous action, a new factor that goes on perpetually modifying all subsequent changes. An upheaved portion of sea-bottom alters the courses of ocean-currents, modifies the climates of adjacent lands, affects their rainfalls and prevailing winds, their denudations and the deposits round their coasts, their floras and faunas; and these effects severally become causes that act unceasingly in ever-multiplying ways. Always there is traceable the persistent working of each force, and the progressive complication of the results through succeeding geologic epochs.

These conceptions, not yielded at all by the Abstract and Abstract-Concrete Sciences, and yielded by the inorganic Concrete Sciences in ways which, though unquestionable, do not arrest attention, are yielded in clear and striking ways by the organic Concrete Sciences—the sciences that deal with living things. Every organism, if we choose to read the lessons it gives us, shows continuity of causation and complexity of causation. The ordinary facts of inheritance illustrate continuity of causation—very conspicuously where varieties so distinct as negro and white are united, and where traces of the negro come out generation after generation; and still better among domestic animals, where traits of remote ancestry show the persistent working of causes which date far back. Organic phenomena make us familiar with complexity of causation, both by showing the co-operation of many antecedents to each consequent, and by showing the multiplicity of results which each influence works out. If we observe how a given weight of a given drug produces on no two persons exactly like sets of effects, and produces even on the same person different effects in different constitutional states; we see at once how involved is the combination of factors by which the changes in an organism are brought about, and how extremely contingent, therefore, is each particular change. And we need but watch what happens after an injury, say of the foot, to perceive how, if permanent, it alters the gait, alters the adjustment and bend of the body, alters the movements of the arms, alters the features into some contracted form accompanying pain or inconvenience. Indeed, through the re-adjustments, muscular, nervous, and visceral, which it entails, this local damage acts and re-acts on function and structure throughout the whole body: producing effects which, as they diffuse, complicate incalculably.

While, in multitudinous ways, the Science of Life thrusts on the attention of the student the cardinal notions of continuity, and complexity, and contingency, of causation, it introduces him to a further conception of moment, which the inorganic Concrete Sciences do not furnish—the conception of what we may call *fructifying* causation. For as it is a distinction between living and not-living bodies that the first propagate while the second do not; it is also a distinction between them that certain actions which go on in the first are cumulative, instead of being, as in the second, dissipative. Not only do organisms as wholes reproduce, and so from small beginnings are capable by multiplication of reaching great results; but components of them, normal and morbid, do the like. Thus a minute portion of a virus introduced into an organism, does not work an effect proportionate to its amount, as would an inorganic agent on an inorganic mass; but by appropriating materials from the blood of the organism, and thus immensely increasing, it works effects altogether out of proportion to its amount as originally introduced—effects which may continue with accumulating power throughout the remaining life of the organism. It is so with internally-evolved agencies as well as with externally-invading agencies. A portion of germinal matter, itself microscopic, may convey from a parent some constitutional peculiarity that is infinitesimal in relation even to its minute bulk; and from this there may arise, fifty years afterwards, gout or insanity in the resulting man: after this great lapse of time, slowly increasing actions and products show themselves in large derangements of function and structure. And this is a trait characteristic of organic phenomena. While from the *destructive* changes going on throughout the tissues of living bodies there is a continual production of effects which lose themselves by subdivision, as do the effects of inorganic forces; there arise from those *constructive* changes going on in them, by which living bodies are distinguished from not-living bodies, certain classes of effects which increase as they diffuse—go on augmenting in volume as well as in variety.

Thus as a discipline, study of the Science of Life is essential; partly as familiarizing the mind with the cardinal ideas of continuity, complexity, and contingency, of causation, in clearer and more various ways than do the other Concrete Sciences, and partly as familiarizing the mind with the cardinal idea of fructifying causation, which the other Concrete Sciences do not present at all. Not that, pursued exclusively, the Organic Sciences will yield these conceptions in clear forms: there requires a familiarity with the Abstract-Concrete Sciences to give the requisite grasp of simple causation. Studied by themselves the Organic Sciences tend rather to make the ideas of causation cloudy; for the reason that the entanglement of the factors and the contingency of the results is so great, that definite relations of antecedents and consequents cannot be established: the two are not presented in such connexions as to make the conception of causal action, qualitative and quantitative, sufficiently distinct. There requires, first, the discipline yielded by Physics and Chemistry, to make definite the ideas of forces and actions as necessarily related in their kinds and amounts; and then the study of organic phenomena may be carried on with a clear consciousness that while the processes of causation are so involved as often to be inexplicable, yet there *is* causation, no less necessary and no less exact than causation of simpler kinds.

And now to apply these considerations on mental discipline to our immediate topic. For the effectual study of Sociology there needs a habit of thought generated by the studies of all these sciences; since, as already said, social phenomena involve phenomena of every order.

That there are necessities of relation such as those with which the Abstract Sciences deal, cannot be denied when it is seen that societies present facts of number and quantity. That the actions of men in society, in all their movements and productive processes, must conform to the laws of the physical forces, is also indisputable. And that everything thought and felt and done in the course of social life, is thought and felt and done in harmony with the laws of individual life, is also a truth—almost a truism, indeed; though one of which few seem conscious.

Culture of the sciences in general, then, is needful; and above all culture of the Science of Life. This is more especially requisite, however, because the conceptions of continuity, complexity, and contingency, of causation, as well as the conception of fructifying causation, are conceptions common to it and to the Science of Society. It affords a specially-fit discipline, for the reason that it alone among the sciences produces familiarity with these cardinal ideas—presents the data for them in forms easily grasped, and so prepares the mind for recognizing the data for them in the Social Science, where they are less easily grasped, though no less constantly presented.

The supreme importance of this last kind of culture, however, is not to be adequately shown by this brief statement. For besides generating habits of thought appropriate to the study of the Social Science, it furnishes the mind with special conceptions which serve as keys to the Social Science. The Science of Life yields to the Science of Society, certain great generalizations without which there can be no Science of Society at all. Let us go on to observe the relations of the two.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE POETRY OF VICTOR HUGO.*

THE genius of Victor Hugo is wide and violent like a sea, and one hesitates upon the brink before venturing to plunge. But a timid approach—to dabble with the feet, and duck the head, is to remain unacquainted with this poet. A certain self-abandonment is called for, and for a time the surrender of one's safe and deliberate footing. When you are fairly borne away by some moving mound of water, when you are tossed and buffeted and bewildered, when the foam flies over your head, when you glide from dark hollow to shining hillock of the sea, when your ears are filled with the sound and your eyes with the splendour and terror of ocean, then you begin to be aware of the sensation which Victor Hugo communicates. But this is not the whole. Presently your bewilderment increases. This flood, is it a flood of water or a torrent of light?—for objects and forces are changing their aspect and direction. Have you plunged downward, or soared up? Are you in ether or on the earth? Have you been somehow drawn into the immense envelopment of a planet's belt or swift meteor? Where are the edges and limit of this environing brightness and gloom? Yet all the while a sense of security remains, and of the near presence of our green, substantial earth; for songs of birds reach us, and the chiming of the carillons of old cities, and the cries of children at play. We drop from Saturn with his moons and rings, and find ourselves by the fireside, or stooping over a cradle. Such is the first large and adequate sensation, unresolved by analysis.

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* Victor Hugo's dramatic poetry is not considered in this article.

But when one has rescued one's imagination from the obsession of Victor Hugo's genius, how is one compelled to regard the writer and his work? This vast and vague luminosity, with its sound and splendour, its gloom and terror, has it any inward unity? has it any determined course? This cometary apparition, which throws out such stupendous jets, where lies its nucleus? and is its orbit ascertainable? What is Victor Hugo? And the answer is—He is the imagination of France in the century of trouble which followed her great Revolution—an imagination powerful, ambitious, disordered—a light of the world, though a light as wild as that of volcanic flames blown upon by storm; and he is also the better heart of France, tender and fierce, framed for manifold joy and sorrow, rich in domestic feeling and rich in patriotism, heroic yet not without a self-consciousness of heroism, that eager, self-betraying, intemperate heart, which alternates between a defiant wilfulness and the tyranny of an idea or a passion. The history of this imagination and of this heart is the history of Victor Hugo.

Intellect, which in the highest poets co-operates with the affections and the imagination, in Victor Hugo is deficient. With him it is not ever energy of thought which demands a passionate expression in art. Of a progressive process of thinking he seems incapable. Such emotional logic as Mr. Browning brings vigorously into play, securing for the feelings as he advances each position which has been gained, is unknown to Victor Hugo. He is the seer, the dreamer, the prophet; not the athletic thinker or the patient inquirer for truth. The eternal problems, which loom darkly before the mind of man, are to be captured, he thinks, if at all, by prompt assault. For the needs of faith he finds it more important to reinforce the will than to illuminate the intellect; he is one of the violent who take the kingdom of God by force. "Naked I will advance even to the terrible tabernacle of the unknown, even to the threshold of the shadow and the void, wide gulfs which the livid pack of black lightnings guard; even to the visionary gates of the sacred heaven; and if you bellow, thunders! I will roar."*

The passion of spiritual doubt has given a tremulous or a stern intensity to much of nineteenth-century poetry, and has uttered itself as a cry, as a moan, as a wild demand for pleasure, and also as a denial of personal joy, and a strict cleaving of the heart to the high, sad strength of duty. Many of Victor Hugo's verses are concerned with this passion of spiritual doubt. But it is rather the oscillation, the refluence and welter of the great social and moral wave flung forward by the wind of revolution which finds expression through his poetry, than the trials of the individual soul. Moods of distress and dejection beset him; but he recovers himself. His transit from doubt to certitude is made instantaneously, and through no intervening region of probabilities. His will asserts itself, or some magic phrase of the heart is uttered, or he yields gladly to the violence of some external power, and the sceptic is transformed into the prophet. There is no moment at which Victor Hugo cannot exclaim some miraculous word—"Light," or "Progress," or "Humanity," or "God,"—and dissipate the swarm of his shadowy assailants. Happy prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair, he bears in his bosom the key of enfranchisement! Perhaps the poet of Romanticism was even not without a certain æsthetic satisfaction in presence of the skulls which lay grinning in the giant's courtyard. Real trial of the intellect, the sad, careful conduct of the understanding through the loss of early faith to the mature convictions or surmises of manhood—of this, as far as can be discovered from his writings, Victor Hugo knows simply nothing. He has never experienced the grasp of objective fact compelling and controlling the intellect. St. Teresa ascertained that though devils disappeared upon the sign of the cross being made, they returned again; but they were effectually banished by a sufficient dashing of holy water. Victor Hugo repels his spectres of the mind with no less success; only the holy water is not priestly, but democratic or pantheistic.

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* Les Contemplations. "Ibo."

Victor Hugo's method of truth-discovery, as far as he can be said to discover truth for himself, is the method of simple apprehension, the method of gaze, of intuition; and the point of gaze is determined by an act of choice, or by some transient but for the time predominant mood of feeling. If a new emotional need arise, the point of view changes. Should we happen to be influenced by identical motives we go along with him; otherwise, we stay where we were. He seems never to stand in the presence of an intellectual antagonist, while to suspect the operations of his own mind would appear to him treason against his genius. Consequently he convinces only those who are already of his party. While we possess the same faiths with Victor Hugo, he reinforces and enriches those faiths with his own splendid vitality. As soon as we differ from him his voice becomes inarticulate for us. He may fulminate against us; reason with us he will not and cannot.

In reality Victor Hugo's intellectual course has been determined for him by the movements of society. All his thinking has been done on his behalf by the *Zeit-geist*. For private store of belief he possesses a few wise and great axioms which he applies in the exigencies of life, and which have sufficed to give his career an ideal and heroic character. But when in occasional and unhappy moments he tries on his own account to go beyond these axioms, and to be the constructor of a theory or the framer of a creed, his imagination, working in a sphere governed by laws with not one of which that imagination is conversant, produces only monstrous mythologies, abortions of religion, a huge and grotesque palace of Unreason, a nightmare of the brain. Had Victor Hugo been born in the early Christian period, it is probable that he would have united a passionate communism with the gigantic conceptions of a Gnostic heresiarch. It pleases the poet to regard his works as if each were a fragment of one great system of thought, and in little prefaces which remind one of Napoleon's addresses to his army, to prelude somewhat pompously the victory about to be achieved in the world of speculation. But if the truth must be told, though Victor Hugo is ardently attached to certain ideas supplied to him by the nineteenth-century *Zeit-geist*, as far as his private thinking is concerned with him a fancy serves for a thought and an antithesis for an argument. Truth is an affair of literary style. The name of God is indeed precious for purposes of faith; but it is hardly less precious because it enriches the music of a period or adds colour to a verse.

In the region of conscience and the moral will, Victor Hugo is essentially sound and sane; although of course the absence of large intellectual power is also the absence of a seat of moral sensibility; and the wave of moral feeling loses that volume and resonance which the contribution of the intellect confers. He reminds one of that other heroic nature, essentially sane through his apparent aberrations, the Italian soldier whose lyrical life has been a song of Italy and of freedom. Victor Hugo and Garibaldi are not responsible for the error, if it be one, of having been born into a world in which moral problems are complicated by the phenomena of time and space. The sun of Justice and the moon of Charity rise and set in their eternal heavens, and are for signs and for seasons and for days and for years. They are loyal to the idea; for them there is no expediency possible, except the infinite expediency of devotion to the idea. But precisely for this reason, precisely because Victor Hugo is in the moral sphere an idealist, all that he contributes for our use is an elementary impulse, and beyond this nothing to the illuminating or edification of the conscience. His ethics are too simple, appropriate for a warfare between angels of light and of darkness, but neither rich enough nor delicate enough for the life of man with man. The "kind calm years, exacting their accompt of pain," have not yielded to him any great body of moral experience. At the age of twenty an ideal of justice and an ideal of charity shone before him as the guiding beacons of his course; and they shine before him no less brightly now. That is much. But the art of navigation does not consist wholly in a forward-gazing attitude, with eye fixed upon the lights which beam across the waves. There are trade winds from eternity; but beside these trade winds there are shifting flaws of time; and it is the meeting of these cross and counter blasts which tries our skill and seamanship. He who would inform his moral will, while he would purify and strengthen it, he who would learn something not about justice and charity merely, but about men and women and the difficult conduct of the higher life, may well close his Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo's art contributes little to the formation of the wise adult conscience; but it would be an error to suppose that Victor Hugo has been insufficient for the guidance of his own conscience either as an artist or as a man. If he loses all the ethical *nuances* of the individual life and of history, the broad facts of right and wrong impress him upon the whole in an authentic manner. He recognizes the potential angel or devil in each man, if he does not very clearly perceive the man himself, the creature of accidents and phenomena. And the consequence is that Victor Hugo fights upon the right side in nearly every instance, though it is true that in some he does his own side injury by his manner of fighting. He sees the extremes vividly (though not without distorting refractions from his own personality), and misses what lies between. Hence the deficiency in his art of subtlety, of mystery, of the complexity of life. Napoleon the Little of the *Châtiments* is a lay-figure serviceable for the purposes of a passionate rhetoric; he is a bandit, a nocturnal robber, an assassin, a hyena, a poor stage-player, a Nero, a Cartouche; he is everything except Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a human being with mingled strength and weaknesses, mingled virtue and vice. It is so much easier to paint a demon than a man! The pity is that the criminal is not really arrested by such art as Victor Hugo's. Napoleon the Little could afford to smile at Victor Hugo the Great. A veritable portrait of the human creature, with his timidity and his audacity, his faith in ideas, and his waiting upon events, his showy official splendours and his personal attachment to simple and homely things, the blood upon his hands, which had no itching for blood, and the mask upon his face which concealed what? profound purposes or utter purposelessness?—a portrait of this man by a great artist would have sufficed to put the imperial criminal under an arrest for all time. The Napoleon of Victor Hugo's poems is a monster, "a very shallow monster," "a very weak monster," "a most perfidious and drunken monster." And at the other extreme, the extreme of heroism, self-devotion, exaltation of human virtue, Victor Hugo's method of portraiture equally fails. Very painfully in this direction the pseudomoral-sublime shows itself. A sudden splendour of impulsive gallantry,—the gay singing of a Gavroche, the "Me voilà!" of the boy who returned to plant himself against the sad wall facing the muzzles of the Versailles shooting party,—these are rendered with perfect justness and beauty. Victor Hugo is the Corneille of impulsive gallantry. But what shall we say of the laboured beauty of a Gilliat's suicide? In the poet's hands deliberate heroism assumes an air which even to his countryman can hardly appear other than theatrical. He seems inexperienced in the calm, unostentatious conduct of the will through periods of trial; he has not discovered how simple and severe a thing it is to do right with silent strength. Nearly every collection of his poems is prefaced with a page of prose, the purport of which is, "Observe how beautiful, how interesting, an attitude my soul assumes in the following volume." Victor Hugo's moral idealism has not enriched or sobered itself through concrete human experience. Were he to attempt a "Divine Comedy," there could be no series of descending circles in his "Inferno;" all horrors would amass themselves in one wide gulf of tyrants, and traitors, and hypocrites, and time-servers. His Paradise would shape itself into no Rose of the blessed, with its ever intenser and more radiant petals of joy, folded in more closely upon the light of God: all holy Innocents, all holy Martyrs, all holy Virgins, all poets and prophets, would taste one supreme and indivisible bliss. And as to Purgatory—that sacred mount between earth and lunar heaven made beautiful and piteous with mourning and desire—Victor Hugo's cosmogony does not include such a region of compromise.

Yet a certain moderation of temper must also be noted as characteristic of Victor Hugo. The ex-Legitimist did not become suddenly and violently a hater of kings; he remained for a certain period a conciliator among conflicting parties; the democratic poet grew tender to think of the white head of the exiled Bourbon monarch. And recently alike to Communists and to the French nation his counsel has been in favour of mutual forbearance, and against the barbarous system of reprisals. Nor will he blame either party overmuch. For the crimes of the one party the Past is responsible,—a Past of repression, of ignorance, of chaotic misery and crime. For those of the other let us condemn not the victors in that unequal struggle, but the blind frenzy of victory. This moderation is a temper of the heart rather than of the intellect. It is the outcome of the large charity of the man, of his pity for human frailty, his fellow-feeling with human sorrow. If his perception of individual character is ordinarily not very exact, some compensation for this lies in his abundant sympathy with that common manhood and womanhood, which is more precious than personal idiosyncracies and points of distinction. As long as there exist babyhood and old age, fatherhood and motherhood, toil by day and sleep by night, as long as there are lovers in the woods, and labourers in the fields, and mourners by the side of graves, so long will Victor Hugo hold man and woman dear. And holding man and woman dear by virtue of their common humanity, his heart instructs him in a certain "sweet reasonableness," and his hatred, his scorn, his desire for vengeance, concentrate themselves upon those exceptional beings, who by their crimes against men and nations, by their apostacy or their treason, have seemed to him to forfeit their title to the privileges of manhood. Victor Hugo lives on the one hand in the presence of his ideals, the objects of his wonder and his worship—Justice, Charity, Beauty, Liberty, Progress, Humanity. Towards these he rises on passionate wings in "the devout ecstacy, the soaring flight." If these are wronged or profaned while he, their worshipper, their priest, stands by—then mourning and indignation and vengeance, then excommunicating rites and fierce anathema. But, on the other hand, over against these august abstractions are the gracious, abiding realities which rule the heart of man, age after age, with beneficent despotism—children, who for Victor Hugo are something between the angel and the linnet,—the father who has toiled for us, the mother who has served and loved, the husband and the wife, and once again children, the children who lie unforgotten in their graves. And these two groups of powers, the strong ideals and the tender human forms, illuminate and glorify one another. Justice and Charity and Freedom are the deities who, ruling over a nation, bring peace and security and joy to every cottage hearth; therefore they are the more divine. And no less through their presence the child, the mother, become in a higher kind beautiful and sacred. Over that woman with the baby at her breast the eternal Mother of all is bending—the nourisher whose breasts sustain the world: on that man resisting some trivial cruelty, righting some ordinary wrong gazes approvingly the strong angelic Justiciary whom watchers have seen wiping a blood-stained sword among the clouds on the evening of a day when a tyrant's head has fallen.

The development which it is possible to trace in the mind of Victor Hugo has been no mechanical process of construction, but growth of a vital kind. Viewed from the side of the moral will his character has little history; his conscience consolidates itself, the original fibres grow firmer, more massive, and more resilient, but there is no putting forth of latent powers, no modification of organs or functions under the influence of varying circumstances and an altered moral climate. His intellectual history has been controlled by the *Zeit-geist* of this democratic nineteenth century. He has stood at gaze in the midst of the spectacle of nature, all vital and changing, in presence of human society, alive and changing also, in presence of God, the ever-changing God, who expands and contracts from age to age and from year to year, who approaches and recedes, rises and descends like the shining clouds upon a mountain side. And gradually, as he looks abroad, man and nature and God, which had seemed to stand apart, flow into one another, coalesce, and form one stupendous, natural-supernatural whole. He looks abroad, and the space around him widens; the horizon changes. In place of the gilded ceilings of Versailles he beholds unfathomable abysses of azure; the priest and altar expand, winds of heaven sweep away the heavy fumes of incense, and it is God himself who stands before the eyes of the nations elevating the host; the little skipping figures of princes and courtiers vanish, and there comes up higher and higher a broad tide—the People—with its voice of threatening and of promise, engulfing the petty eminences of the land where royal palace and ducal castle stood; the stars which had been so long steadfast in the heavens set; the ancient day and night are rolled away; a solemn dawn begins; the sun rises with unimaginable splendour and unimaginable sound; the cry of Liberty is shouted from margin to margin of the hills. Standing at gaze in the midst, with no purposes or plans for his future, Victor Hugo simply allows the great spectacle to operate upon his whole being, and to produce there whatever modifications it is fitted to produce. New forces play through him and pass out of him. If his eyes brighten, that is because the sun has filled them with his splendour. If his court costume happen to be blown away, it is the north wind and the south who have been the thieves. If wings expand, and quiver upon his shoulders, and he soars, it is the Dawn who has required her singer. If he be a traitor to his early faith, his accomplices and abettors are the Heavens and the Earth :—

" You say 'Where goest thou?' I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot be amiss : before me lies
Dawn and the day ; the night behind me ; that
Suffices me ; I break the bounds ; I *see*,
And nothing more ; *believe*, and nothing less ;
My future is not one of my concerns."*

But while the poet seemed to be passive, he was unconsciously co-operating with the agencies which surrounded him. In precisely such a medium lay the conditions which favoured the full development of the poet's imagination, and flattered his ambition. In a great monarchical period if Victor Hugo had not perished as a foiled revolutionary, he would perhaps have perished as a mere liver on the brilliant surface of life, satiating his senses with the pomp and colour and pageantry of the courts of kings. To have perfected a literary style might have been the sum of his achievement. His true self could hardly have come into existence. In presence of the great political and social movement of the post-Revolution period, he dilates, he energizes freely, and is joyous. This tide which rises cannot terrify him, for he it is who can render its inarticulate threats and aspirations into human speech. If the dawn descend to illuminate him, he too is able to rise and become one of the splendours of the dawn.

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* Les Contemplations. "Écrit en 1846."

Ideas as they arrive elaborated through creeds, and theologies, and systems of philosophy enter into no vital relation with the mind of Victor Hugo. Ideas as he sees them in action, a portion of the marvellous spectacle of life, become at once for him sources of imaginative excitement, and as such in the highest degree important. But besides the large impersonal influences which have been among the causes contributing to the growth of the poet's mind, there have been numerous trains of private joys and sorrows, which have brought to his imagination and to his heart sustenance and stimulus. The urge of life has been strenuous with him, and always on the increase. Shock after shock of delight and of pain have fallen upon him, and with each impact a wave of heat has diffused itself, until at length the whole nature of the man has become one glowing, fiery mass. Love, and while yet in boyhood marriage with the woman he had loved as a child, a struggle with poverty, victorious leadership in a brilliant aggressive movement in art, a splendid fame in early manhood, political celebrity added to literary celebrity, the rapture of generous deeds, contact with the most quickening contemporary minds, the birth of children, the drowned body of his daughter and of him whom she loved, exile, calumny, solitude, the fidelity of friends, the presence of the tumultuous seas which divided him from his country and from the often-visited grave; recently those twelve epic months of the Year Terrible, Paris in her girdle of fire, and the pale flower-like baby on his knee, the sudden loss of a son who was a comrade, the popular vote, the insult of the Assembly, the hootings and peltings of the Brussels mob, the brilliant revival of his dramatic writings in Republican Paris,—and in the beginning, the middle, and the end, the delights of the woods and of the streets,—these in rapid summary recall only a portion of the gladness and sadness which have gone to make up this life—a life that has just reached and passed the limit assigned to men.

The career of Victor Hugo naturally divides itself into three periods—first, that in which the poet was still unaware of his true self, or seeking that true self failed to find it; secondly, that presided over by the Hugoish conception of beauty; thirdly, that dominated by the Hugoish conception of the sublime. *Les Orientales* marks the limit of the first period; the transition from the second to the third, which begins to indicate itself in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, is accomplished in *Les Contemplations*. The third period is not closed; at the present moment we have the promise from Victor Hugo of five important works in verse and prose. Possibly, any hypothesis as to the orbit he describes is still premature.

In a divided household the boy Victor naturally inclined towards the side of his mother, and from her he inherited the monarchical tradition. From Châteaubriand he learned to recognize the literary advantages offered by neo-Catholicism, and under his influence the Voltairean royalism of Victor Hugo's earlier years was transformed into the Christian royalism which was to do service for the writer of odes under the Restoration. The boy, ambitious of literary distinction, and furnished with literary instincts and aptitudes, but as yet unprovided with subjects for song from his own experience, must look about in the world to find subjects. He needs something to declaim against, and something to celebrate. The Revolution satisfies one of these requirements, and the monarchy the other. The vantage-ground of a creed is now gained; the dominant conception of his poetry declares itself to him; he is to be the singer of the restored Christian monarchy. If history would only supply themes, he is now prepared to take them up and execute brilliant variations upon them. And history is disposed to assist him. What more fortunate subject can there be for a neo-Catholic royalist ode than the birth of a Christian duke, unless it be the baptism of a Christian duke, or the consecration of a Christian king? Happy age when dukes are born and baptized, and when a philosophic poet of the age of twenty resolves to "solemnize some of the principal memorials of our epoch which may serve as lessons to future societies."* Happy age when atheist and regicide hide their heads, when the flood of Revolution has subsided, and the bow appears in the clouds! Highly favoured nation upon whom the presence of a Bourbon confers prosperity and peace, with all the Christian graces, and all the theological virtues:—

"Oh, que la Royauté, peuples, est douce et belle!"

In these odes the king is the terrestrial God; and God is the *grand monarque* who rules in the skies. If not the very same, he is a descendant not far removed from the aged and amiable God, something between a Pope and an Emperor, of the mediæval period, seated upon a throne, with a bird above his head, and his Son by his side, a courtly archangel on his right hand, and on the left a prophet, listening to harps, while Madame the Mother of God stands by hand on breast. He is the God who was careful to punish the men of the Convention, and pulled down Napoleon from his high place; the God who chose Charles X. as the man after His own heart. If to disbelieve in this author of nature and moral governor of the universe be atheism, Victor Hugo is at present an atheist.*

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* Preface to the Odes, 1822.

But the political and religious significance of these early poems was in truth a secondary affair. To reform the rhythm of French verse, to enrich its rhymes, to give mobility to the cesura, to carry the sense beyond the couplet, to substitute definite and picturesque words in place of the *fadeurs* of classical mythology and vague poetical periphrasis—these were matters awakening keener interest than the restoration of a dynasty or the vindicating of a creed. To denounce the Revolution was well; but how much higher and more divine to bring together in brilliant consonance two unexpected words! Gustave Planche, reviewing at a later period this literary movement, and pronouncing in his magisterial way that the movement was primarily one of style, not of thought, recalls as a trivial circumstance, which however serves to characterize the time, that the ultimate word, the supreme term of literary art, was—"*la ciselure.*" The glow of Royalist fervour was somewhat of a painted fire; the new literary sensations were accompanied by thrills of pleasure which were genuine and intense.

Before 1828, Victor Hugo's royalist fervour had certainly lost some of its efficiency for the purposes of literature. The drama of "Cromwell" had been published in the previous year; and the poet was in open revolt against the great monarchical period of French art—the age of Racine. Either the births and baptisms of dukes occurred less frequently than heretofore, or Victor Hugo was less eager to celebrate them. But if his early faith was falling piece by piece, no new faith as yet came to replace the old, unless it were the artist's faith of "art for art." Accordingly, Victor Hugo in the forefront of his next lyrical volume—*Les Orientales*—proclaims in a high tone the independence of the poet from the trammels of belief. Let no one question him about the subjects of his singing,—if the manner be faultless, that is all which can be required of him. He will not now "endeavour to be useful," he will not attempt "to solemnize some of the principal memorials of our epoch which may serve as lessons to future societies." Farewell to the safe anchorage of neo-Catholicism. "Let the poet go where he pleases, and do what he pleases: such is the law. Let him believe in one God, or in many; in Pluto or in Satan, . . . or in nothing; . . . let him go north or south, west or east; let him be ancient or modern . . . He is free." What appropriateness was there in these *Orientales* in the midst of the grave preoccupations of the public mind? To what does the Orient rhyme? What consonance has it with anything? The author replies that "he does not know; the fancy took him; and took him in a ridiculous fashion enough, when, last summer, he was going to see a sunset." There was another sunset which Victor Hugo witnessed before long—the setting in a stormy sky of the ancient monarchy of France. Then, too, he thought of the East, and began that greater series of *Orientales*, those songs of the sunrise of the Republic, which still vibrate in the air. These last came not through caprice, but of necessity, and the only freedom which the poet has since claimed has been the freedom of service to his ideas and of fidelity to his creed.

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* See "L'Année Terrible." "A l'évêque qui m'appelle Athée."

The poems, *Les Orientales*, correspond with the announcements of the preface. They are miracles of colour and of sound. They shine and sparkle, and gleam like fiery opals, sapphires, and rubies. They startle the French muse, accustomed to the classic lyre or pastoral pipe, with the sound of sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music. Our eyes and ears are filled with vivid sensation. Does it greatly matter that they remain remote from our imaginative reason, our understanding heart, our conscience? The desires we possess for splendour and harmony are gratified: why should we demand anything further? Victor Hugo, still unprovided with sufficient subjects from his personal experience, and finding the monarchical pageant grow somewhat tarnished, had turned to Greece and Spain. With Spain the recollections of his boyhood connected him. Greece was a fashion of the period. The struggle with the Turkish power had surrounded the names of places and persons with associations which were effective with the popular imagination. Lord Byron had put his misanthropic hero into eastern costumes. The properties—jerreed, tophaike, ataghan, caftan, the jewel of Giamschid, the throne of Eblis—took the taste of the period. The plash of the sack which contains a guilty wife in the still waters of the Bosphorus—the bearded heads attached to the Seraglio walls, and left as food for crows—these were thrilling sensations offered by eastern poetry. "Conscience," "imaginative reason," "understanding heart," what metaphysical jargon is this? Pedantry! we need colour and harmony; we demand a nervous excitation. And in truth Victor Hugo had advanced a step, for he had lost a faith, and gained a style.

The more ambitious efforts of the years immediately following the publication of *Les Orientales* were in the direction of the theatre, and to the same period belongs the novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, in which the mediævalism of the writer is no longer political or religious, if it ever were such, but is purely æsthetical, supplying him with the rich and picturesque background before which his figures move. It was a fortunate circumstance for his lyrical poetry that it ceased to be the chief instrument of his ambition. Any deliberate attempt to surpass *Les Orientales* would have overleaped itself, and fallen on the other side. No pyrotechnic art could send up fiery parachutes or showers of golden rain higher than the last. But if instead of the fantastic blossoms of the pyrotechnist he were to bring together true flowers of the meadows, and leaves of the forest trees, the nosegay might have a grace and sweetness of its own. *Les Feuilles d'Automne* was published in the month of November, 1831, and Victor Hugo notes as curious the contrast between the tranquillity of his verses and the feverish agitation of the minds of men. "The author feels in abandoning this useless book to the popular wave, which bears away so many better things, a little of the melancholy pleasure one experiences in flinging a flower into a torrent and watching what becomes of it."

There is an autumn in early manhood out of which a longer summer, or a spring of more rapturous joy, may be born. One period of life has been accomplished; better things may come, but there must be an abandonment of the old; a certain radiance fades away; it is a season of recollection; our eye has kept watch over the mortality of man; we know the "soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering." It was at this period that Wordsworth wrote his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." It was at this period that Victor Hugo wrote *Les Feuilles d'Automne*. No other volume of his poetry is marked by the same grave and tender self-possession; there is sadness in it, but not the ecstasy of grief; there is joy, but a wise and tempered joy. The calm of *Les Rayons et les Ombres* may be more profound; it is at all events a different calm—that of one who has the parting with youth well over, who has gone forward with confidence, and discovered the laws of the new order of existence and found them to be good. In *Les Rayons et les Ombres* the horizon is wider and the sky more blue; nature knows the great secret, and smiles. There is something pathetic in the calm of the earlier volume; something pathetic even in the shouts and laughter of the children which ring through it, though they ring clear and sweet as the bells upon the mules of Castille and Aragon.

Victor Hugo, who heretofore had for the most part been looking eagerly abroad for ambitious motives for song, now in *Les Feuilles d'Automne* very quietly folded the wing, dropped down, and found himself. Memories of his childhood, his mother's love and solicitude for her frail infant, the house at Blois where his father came to rest after the wars, the love-letters of thirteen years ago, his daughter at her evening prayer, the beauty of many sunsets, the voice of the sea heard from high headlands, the festival of the starry heaven above, and, below, the human watcher, a "vain shadow, obscure and taciturn," yet seeming for a moment "the mysterious king of this nocturnal pomp,"—these and such as these are the themes over which the poet lingers with a grave sadness and joy. The feeling for external nature throughout is fervent, but large and pure. The poet stands in the presence of nature, and receives her precious influences; he is not yet enveloped by her myriad forces and made one with them; neither does he yet stand at odds with her, the human will contending in titanic struggle with the ἀνάγκη of natural law. God in these poems is a beneficent Father.

But now, again, Victor Hugo looked abroad. In *Les Orientales* he had treated subjects remote from his personal history. *Les Feuilles d'Automne* was a record of private joys and sorrows. In *Les Chants du Crépuscule* the personal and impersonal have met in living union; the individual appears, but his individuality is important less for its own sake than because it reflects the common spiritual characteristics of the period. The faith of France in her restored monarchy, her monarchy by divine right, had waned, and finally become extinct; and with the faith of France, that also of her chief poet. Many things had been preparing his spirit to accept the democratic movement of modern society. The literary war in which he had been engaged was a war of independence; it cultivated the temper of revolt, disdain of authority, self-confidence, and a forward gaze into the future. None but a literary Danton could have dared in French alexandrines to name by its proper name *le cochon*. The noblesse of the poetical vocabulary had been rudely dealt with by Victor Hugo; and a rough swarm of words, which in a lexicon would have been branded with the obelus, now forced their way into the luxurious tenements of aristocratic noun-substantive and adjective. Victor Hugo had said to verse, "Be free;" to the words of the dictionary, "Be republican, fraternise, for you are equal." And in the enfranchisement of speech, was not thought enfranchised also? The poet had eloquently vindicated the rights of the grotesque in art. My Lady Beauty was no more needful to the world than her humourous clown; Quasimodo's face looked forth from the cathedral door, and vindicated all despised and insulted things. It was inevitable that the literary revolution should coalesce with the political revolution. Moreover, the monarchy had discredited itself,—it had been the agent of disorder; and the People had made itself beautiful by the valour and the virtue of the days of July.

Yet when the first acclamations which greeted a constitutional king had died away, there came a season of hesitation and surmise; a season of distrust. The dawn had seemed to open before men's eyes;

and now again it was twilight—twilight of religious doubt, twilight of political disquietude. *Les Chants du Crépuscule* corresponds to this moment of welter and relapse in the wave of thought. Incertitude within, a vaporous dimness without—such is the stuff out of which this poetry has shaped itself; and the poet himself, hearing "Yes," and "No," cried by conflicting voices, is neither one of those who deny nor one of those who affirm. He is one of those who hope. The mysterious light upon the edge of the horizon, like the distant fire of a forge at night, is it the promise of the dawn, or the last brightness of receding day? Is the voice of Ocean a voice of joy or of fear? What is this murmur which rises from the heart of man?—a song, or else a cry?

Notwithstanding the doubtful accent of *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, this volume leaves little uncertainty as to the direction in which the poet is tending. He is one of those who hope; and with Victor Hugo to hope is already half to believe. His former royalist Catholic convictions were not savagely demolished; they remained as a sacred and poetic ruin, appealing, as ruins do, to the sense in us of pathos and pity; but they exercised no authority over the will or the masculine part of the imagination. In *Les Chants du Crépuscule* we can discern this imagination venturing itself into the presence of the popular life and movement, and arrested and aroused by the new and marvellous objects which became visible. An exiled king is deserving of a respectful and sympathising gaze; but see, the billowy inundation of the people, the irresistible advance! and listen, the rumours, the terror, the joy, the mystery of the wind and of these waves that roll before it; the stormy murmur of the people around each great idea! Here is space, and strength, and splendour for the imagination to delight in, more satisfying to it than the livery of courtiers and the ceremonial of state days. And upon the other hand—(for what could Victor Hugo's imagination effect without a contrast?)—observe the gloomy faces of the enemies of liberty and of the people: not kings (for kings were not all tyrants in 1835), but the pernicious counsellors of kings, fulfilled with perjury and boldness, "unhappy, who believed in their dark error that one morning they could take the freedom of the world like a bird in a snare." The material of much future prophecy, triumphant and indignant, lies already in existence here.

But Victor Hugo was not going to allow his poetry to become the instrument of party politics. He must not allow the harmony of his nature to be violated. He must maintain his soul above the tumult; unmoved himself, he must be austere and indulgent to others. He must belong to all parties by their generous, and to no party by its vicious side. His grave respect for the people must be united with scorn for mobs and mob-leaders. He must live with external nature as well as with man. He may safely point out errors in little human codes if he contemplate by day and by night the text of the divine and eternal codes. And holding himself thus above all that is merely local and transitory, his poetry must be the portrait—profoundly faithful—of himself, such a portrait of his own personality being perhaps the largest and most universal work which a thinker can give to the world.*

Such was the spirit in which *Les Voix Intérieures* and *Les Rayons et les Ombres* were written. It was a time of high resolves, and of successful conduct of his moral nature. And what gives joy and what restores faith like successful conduct of the moral nature? We cannot trace each step of the progress from *Les Chants du Crépuscule* to *Les Rayons et les Ombres,* but we can see that the progress was accomplished. The twilight had dissipated itself, and it was the dawn indeed which came, and not the darkness. Human love seemed to grow a more substantial and a diviner thing. Besides the light of their own beauty there was an "auxiliar light," illuminating the faces of the flowers. Some counter-charm of space and hollow sky had been found:

> "Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
> It seems that I am happy, that to me
> A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
> A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

Nature, which had been a tender mother, now becomes a strong and beautiful bride, with embracing arms, who has need of her eager lover, the poet. God, who had been a beneficent father, is now something more than can be expressed by any human relation: He is joy, and law, and light. God and nature and man have approached and play through one another. What a moment ago was divine grace, is now light, and as it touches the heart it again changes into love, and once more is transformed from love to faith and hope. There is an endless interchange of services between all forces and objects spiritual and material. Nothing in the world is single. Small is great, and great is small. Below the odour of a rose-bud lies an abyss—the whole mysterious bosom of the earth,—and above it in the beauty of a woman's bending face, and the soul behind that face, rises an unfathomable heaven. The calm of *Les Rayons et les Ombres,* if it is profound, is also passionate. This is that "high mountain apart," the mountain of transfiguration. They who ascend there say, "It is good for us to be here," not knowing what they say: presently they come down from the mountain, with human help for those who are afflicted and diseased,—help which to some seems supernatural, and which assuredly those who have remained below are not always able to afford.

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* Prefaces of "Les Voix Intérieures" and of "Les Rayons et les Ombres."

In the autumn of 1843, Léopoldine, daughter of Victor Hugo, and Charles Vacquerie, who had been her husband during some few spring and summer months, were drowned. After the Coup d'État of December 2, the poet became an exile from France. In 1853 was published in Brussels the volume entitled *Les Châtiments.* In 1856 (twelve years had elapsed since his daughter's death) appeared the two volumes of *Les Contemplations.*

Joy had been Victor Hugo's preparation for his great sorrow. Had a blow so sudden and dreadful fallen before his soul had been tempered and purified by joy, the soul might have been crushed into formless apathy, or shattered into fragments. But because joy and love and faith had maintained his nature in a state of high efficiency, because every part of it was now vital and sensitive, he was fitted to endure the blow. Extreme anguish can be accepted as a bitter gift if it comes from the hands of Life; martyrdom is unendurable only by one who is already half deceased, and little sensitive to pain. *Les Contemplations* is the lyrical record of twenty-five years. More than any other of Victor Hugo's collections of poetry it holds, as in a rocky chalice, the gathered waters of his life. "The author has allowed the book to form itself, so to speak, within him. Life, filtering drop by drop through events and sufferings, has deposited it in his heart." These deep waters have slowly amassed themselves in the soul's secret places. *Les Contemplations* completes the series of personal memorials which had preceded it by one more comprehensive than all the rest. Here nothing is absent—reminiscences of school-boy years, youth, the loves and fancies, the gaiety and the illusions of youth, the literary warfare of early manhood, and the pains and delights of poetical creation, friendship, sorrow, the innocent mirth of children, the tumult of life, the intense silence of the grave, the streams, the fields, the flowers, the tumbling of desolate seas, the songs of birds, solitude, the devout aspiration, doubt and the horror of doubt, the eager assault of the problems Whence? and Whither? and Wherefore? and the baffled vision and arrested foot there upon "the brink of the infinite." Into this book the sunlight and clear azure have gone; the storm and the mists. But when these, its tributaries, demand each the book as of right belonging to itself, when the forest claims it, and the blossoming meadow-land, and the star, and the great winds, and the heaven, and the tempestuous sea, and the nests of birds—the poet refuses all of these; he gives it to the tomb. An exiled man, he cannot lay a flower upon his children's grave; he can only send to them his soul.

The first three books contain poems of many moods of joy. The fourth book includes the poems which recall all his daughter's sweetness and pretty ways in childhood—poems of a lovely purity and sadness. The father waits in his study for the morning visit of his child; she enters with her "Bonjour, mon petit père," takes his pen, opens his books, sits upon his bed, disturbs his papers, and is gone like a flying bird. Then his work begins more joyously, and on some page scribbled with her childish arabesques, or crumpled by her little hands, come the sweetest verses of his song. How the winter evenings passed with grammar and history lessons, and the four children at his knee, while their mother sat near and some friends were chatting by the hearth! And those summer walks of the father thirty years of age, and the daughter, ten, coming home by moonlight, when the moths were brushing the window panes. And the sight of the two fair children's heads stooping over the Bible, the elder explaining, and the younger listening, while their hands wandered from page to page over Moses, and Solomon, and Cyrus, and Moloch, and Leviathan, and Jesus. And she is dead; and now to set over against all these, there is the walk begun at dawn, by forest, by mountain; the man silent, with eyes which see no outward thing, solitary, unknown, with bent back and crossed hands, and the day seeming to him like the night; and then when the evening gold is in the sky unseen, and the distant sails are descending towards Harfleur, the arrival, and a bunch of green holly and blossoming heath to lay upon the tomb.

Once more as the poems close Victor Hugo attains to peace. But it is not the peace of *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, the calm of the high table-lands of joy, the calm of a halt in clear air and under a wide and luminous sky. It is rather the peace of swiftest motion, the sleep of an orb spinning onward through space. For now the stress of life has become very urgent. Joy and sorrow are each intenser than before, and are scarcely tolerable. The atom of the human will, while still retaining consciousness and individuality, is enveloped by forces material and spiritual, and whirled onward with them in unfaltering career towards their goal. Odours, songs, the blossoms of flowers, the chariots of the suns, the generations of men, the religions and philosophies of races, the tears of a father over his dead child, winters and summers, the snows, and clouds, and rain, and among all these the individual soul, hasten forward with incredible speed and with an equal repose to that of the whirlpool's edge towards some divine issue. If the gloom is great, so is the splendour. We, poor mortals, gazing Godward are blind; yet we who are blind are dazzled as we gaze. The poems of later date in these volumes bear tokens of strain: the stress of life has become too intense, and the art of the poet, it may be, suffers in consequence. Shakspeare was able, after enduring the visions of Lear upon the heath, and

Othello by the bedside, to retire to a little English country town, and enjoy the quiet dignity of a country gentleman. Not all great artists are so framed. In Beethoven in his later period the passion of sound became overmastering, and almost an agony of delight. With Turner in his later period, the splendour of sunlight almost annihilated his faculty of vision. Blake's songs of Innocence and of Experience became mysterious prophecies of good and evil, of servitude and freedom, of heaven and hell. With Victor Hugo the joy and the sorrow of the world have been too exceedingly strong, and his art has had to endure a strain.

Les Châtiments, published some years earlier than *Les Contemplations*, belongs by its subject to a later period of Victor Hugo's life. His private sorrow was for a time submerged by the flood of indignation let loose against the public malefactor. In the last poem of an earlier collection Victor Hugo had spoken of three great voices which were audible within him, and which summoned him to the poet's task. One was the voice of threatening, of protest and malediction against baseness and crime; the voice of the muse who visited Jeremiah and Amos: the second was all gentleness and pity, and pleading on behalf of the ignorance and errors of men: the third was the voice of the absolute, the Most-High, of Pan, of Vishnu, who is affected neither by love nor hatred, to whom death is no less acceptable than life, who includes what seems to us crime as contentedly as what we call virtue. Now, for a season, Victor Hugo listened eagerly to what the first of these three voices had to say. It was the hour for art to rise and show that it is no dainty adornment of life, but an armed guardian of the land. "The rhetoricians coldly say, 'The poet is an angel; he soars, ignoring Fould, Magnan, Morny, Maupas; he gazes with ecstacy up the serene night.' No! so long as you are accomplices of these hideous crimes, which step by step I track, so long as you spread your veils over these brigands, blue heavens, and suns and stars, I will not look upon you." *Les Châtiments* is the roaring of an enraged lion. One could wish that the poet kept his indignation somewhat more under control. He is not Apollo shooting the faultless and shining shafts against Python, but a *Jupiter tonans*, a little robustious, and whirling superabundant thunderbolts with equal violence in every direction. It is now the chief criminal, the Man of December, now it is the jackals who form his body-guard, now the prostitute priest, now the bribed soldier, now the *bon bourgeois*, devotee of the god *Boutique*, and on each and all descend the thunderbolts, with a rattling hail of stinging epithets, and with fire that runs and leaps. This eruption, which is meant to overwhelm the gewgaw Empire, goes on fulgurantly, resoundingly and not without scoriæ and smoke. Victor Hugo's faith in the people and in the future remains unshaken. "Progress," "Liberty," "Humanity," remain more than ever magic watchwords. The volum which opens with "Nox"—the blackness of that night of violence an treason—closes with "Lux," the dreadful shining of the coming da of Freedom. "Doubt not; let us believe, let us wait. God know how to break the teeth of Neros, as the panther's teeth. Let us have faith, be calm, and go onward." Let us not slay this man; let us keep him alive—"Oh, a superb chastisement! Oh! if one day he might pass along the highway naked, bowed down, trembling, as the grass trembles to the wind, under the execration of the whole human race." . . . "People, stand aside! this man is marked with the sign. Let Cain pass; he belongs to God."

And now Victor Hugo's gaze travelled from his own period backward over the universal history of man. Was this triumph of evil for a season, with tyranny and corruption and luxury in the high places, and fidelity, and truth, and virtue, and loyalty to great ideas cast out, fading on remote and poisonous shores, or languishing in dungeons,—was this a new thing in the world's history? The exile in the solitude of his rocky island, and encircled by the moaning seas, loses the tender and graceful aspect of things. As he looks backward through all time, what does he perceive? Always the weak oppressed by the strong, the child cast out of his heritage by violent men, the innocent entrapped by the crafty, the light-hearted girl led blindfold to her doom, old age insulted and thrust away by youth, the fratricide, the parricide, the venal priest on one side of the throne, and the harlot queening it on the other, the tables full of vomit and filthiness, the righteous sold for silver, the wicked bending their bow to cast down the poor and needy. While he gazes, the two passions which had filled *Les Châtiments* from the beginning to the end, the passions of Hatred and of Hope, condense and materialize themselves, and take upon them two forms—the one, that of the tyrant, the proud wrong-doer; the other, that of the Justiciary, the irresistible avenger of wrong.* *La Légende des Siècles* is the imaginative record of the crimes and the overthrow of tyrants. If no collection of Victor Hugo's poetry formed itself so quietly and truly, gathering drop by drop, as *Les Contemplations*, there is none which is so much the product of resolution and determined energy as this, *La Légend des Siècles*, which next followed. These poems are not lyrical out flowings of sorrow and of joy. The poet, with the design of shapin a great whole out of many parts, chooses from a wide field the subje of each brief epic; having chosen his subject, he attacks it with t utmost vigour and audacity, determined to bring it into comple subjection to his imagination. Breaking into a new and untri province of art now when his sixtieth year was not distant, Vict

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* M. Emile Montégut has already somewhere called attention to the parts th two figures play in *La Légende des Siècles.*

Hugo never displayed more ambition or greater strength. The alexandrine in his hands becomes capable of any and every achievement; its even stepping is heard only when the poet chooses; now it is a winged thing and flies; now it advances with the threatening tread of Mozart's *Commandatore.*

Occasional episodes, joyous or graciously tender, there are in *La Légende des Siècles.* The rapture of creation when the life of the first man-child was assured, the sleep of Boaz, Jesus in the house of Martha and Mary, the calm death of the eastern prophet, the gallantry of the little page Aymerillot who took Narbonne, the Infanta with the rose in her tiny hand, the fisherman who welcomes the two orphan children, and will toil for them as for his own—these relieve the gloom. But the prominent figures (and sometimes they assume Titanic size) are those of the great criminals and the great avengers —Cain, pursued by the eye of God, Canute, the seven evil uncles of the little King of Galicia, Joss the great and Zeno the little, but equal in the instincts of the tiger, Ratbert and his court of titled robbers and wanton women, Philip the Second, the Spanish inquisitors and baptizers of mountains—where shall we look for moral support against the cruelty and the treachery and the effrontery of these? Only in the persons of the avengers,—Roland whirling Durandal in the narrow gorge, Eviradnus standing over the body of the sleeping countess, or shooting the corpses of the two defeated wretches down their hideous *oubliette*—only in these and in the future when all dark shadows of crime and of sorrow shall have passed for ever away.

It is to be noted of *La Légende des Siècles* that the aspect of nature as an antagonist of the will of man, or as Victor Hugo would grandiosely express it as "one form of the triple ἀνάγκη," that aspect presented with such force and infinite detail in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and in the earlier chapters of *L'Homme qui Rit*, appears distinctly in some of these brief epic records of human struggle and human victory or defeat.

La Légende des Siècles and the volume which next followed become each more striking by the contrast they present. Victor Hugo has somewhere told us how one day he went to see the lion of Waterloo; the solitary and motionless figure stood dark against the sky, and the poet stepped up the little hillock and stood within its shadow. Suddenly he heard a song; it was the voice of a robin who had built her nest in the great mouth of the lion. *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* viewed in relation with *La Légende des Siècles* resembles this nest in the lion's mouth. The volume was indeed a piquant surprise to those who had watched the poet's career through its later period, and who took the trouble to surmise about his forthcoming works. After the tragic legends came these slight caprices. The songs (while their tone and colour are very different from those of

Victor Hugo's youth) are a return to youth by the subjects of many of them, and by the circumstance that once again, as in the *Odes* and *Les Orientales*, style becomes a matter of more importance than the idea. These later feats of style are the more marvellous through their very slightness and curious delicacy. Pegasus, who has been soaring, descends and performs to a miracle the most exquisite circus accomplishments. Language, metre, and meaning seem recklessly to approach the brink of irretrievable confusion; yet the artist never practised greater strictness, or attained greater precision, because here more than elsewhere these were indispensable. All styles meet in mirthful reunion. Virgil walks side by side with Villon; Lalage and Jeanneton pour the wine; King David is seen behind the trees staring at Diana, and Actæon from the housetop at Bathsheba; the spider spins his web to catch the flying rhymes from Minerva's indignant nose to the bald head of St. Paul. Yet all the while an ideal of beauty floats over this *Kermesse;* the goddesses do not lose their heavenly splendour; the sky bends overhead; the verse, while it sips its coffee, retains the fragrance of the dew. As to idea—the idea of such songs as these is that they shall have no idea. Enough of the mystery of life and death, the ascending scale of beings, the searching in darkness, the judicial pursuit of evil! Enough of visions on the mountain heights, of mysterious sadness by the sea! Let us live, and adjourn all these; adjourn this measureless task, adjourn Satan, and Medusa, and say to the Sphinx, "Go by, I am gossiping with the rose." Friend, this interlude displeases you. What is to be done? The woods are golden. Up goes the notice-board, "Out for a holiday." I want to laugh a little in the fields. What! must I question the corn-cockle about eternity? Must I show a brow of night to the lily and the butterfly? Must I terrify the elm and the lime, the reeds and rushes, by hanging huge problems over the nests of little birds? Should I not be a hundred leagues from good sense if I were to go explaining to the wagtails the Latin of the *Dies Iræ?* Such is the mirthful spirit of the book; not mirth in the "happy, prompt, instinctive way of youth;" but the wilfulness prepense of one who seeks relief from thought and passion. The apparent recrudescence of sensuality in some of these songs is not an affair of the senses at all, but of the fancy: or if the eye is inquisitive and eager, it is because the vague bewildering consciousness of youthful pleasure is absent.

Such songs as these could be no more than an interlude in the literary life of Victor Hugo. But the transition becomes tragic when we pass from *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* to *L'Année terrible.* The holiday in the woods is indeed over, and all laughter and sportive ways. The fields are trampled by the steady battalions of the invaders. The streets have a grave and anxious air. Paris, the heroic city, the city of liberty, the capital of the world, where Danton thundered, and Molière shone, and Voltaire jested, Paris is enduring her agony. But the Empire has fallen. The imperial bandit "passes along the highway naked, bowed down, trembling, as the grass trembles to the wind, under the execration of the whole human race." And Victor Hugo stands in republican France.

L'Année terrible is a record for the imagination, complete in every important particular, of the history of Paris, from August, 1870, to July, 1871; and with the life of Paris, the personal life of the poet is intertwined inseparably, and for ever. Great joy, the joy of an exile restored to his people, the joy of a patriot who has witnessed the overthrow of a corrupt and enervating despotism, and who is proud of the heroic attitude of the besieged city—such joy is mingled with the great sorrow of his country's defeat and dismemberment. He is sustained by his confidence in the future, and in the ultimate victory of the democratic ideas which form his faith; though once or twice this confidence seems for a moment shaken by the rude assault of facts. The extravagance of his love and devotion to France, the extravagance of his scorn and hatred of the invader, must be pardoned, if they need pardon—and passed by. When will a poet arise who shall unite the most accurate perception of facts as they really are—exaggerating nothing, diminishing nothing—with the most ardent passion; who shall be judicial and yet the greatest of lovers? He indeed will make such passion as that of Victor Hugo look pale. Yet the wisdom and charity and moderation of many poems of *L'Année terrible* must not be overlooked: nor the freedom of the poet from party spirit. He is a Frenchman throughout; not a man of the Commune, nor a man of Versailles. The most precious poems of the book are those which keep close to fact rather than concern themselves with ideas. The sunset seen from the ramparts, the floating bodies of the Prussians borne onward by the Seine, caressed and kissed and still swayed on by the eddying water, the bomb which fell near the old man's feet while he sat where had been the convent of the Feuillantines, and where he had walked under the trees in Aprils long ago, holding his mother's hand, the petroleuse dragged like a chained beast through the scorching streets of Paris, the gallant boy who came to confront death beside his friends,—memories of these it is which haunt us when we have closed the book. Of these—and of the little limbs, and transparent fingers and baby smile and murmur like the murmur of bees, and the face changed from rosy health to a pathetic paleness, of the one-year-old grandchild, too soon to become an orphan.

Victor Hugo is in his seventy-second year. His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. EDWARD DOWDEN.

OLD CONTINENTS.

FOR many years the stratified formations in general were described in manuals of geology as of marine origin, with the exception perhaps of part of the Coal-measures, and more unequivocally of the Purbeck and Wealden beds, and the freshwater strata of parts of the Eocene and Miocene series. Even now the Old Red Sandstone, as distinct from the marine Devonian rocks, is only occasionally and hesitatingly allowed to have a freshwater origin, in spite of the statement made by Mr. Godwin-Austen long ago, that it was deposited in lakes.

My present object is to prove that, in the British Islands, all the great formations of a red colour, and which are partly of Palæozoic, and partly of Mesozoic or Secondary age, were deposited in large inland lakes, fresh or salt, and if this can be established, then there was a long continental epoch in this part of the world comparable to, and as important in a physical point of view as any of the great continents of the present day.

The Upper Silurian rocks of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire and South Wales, are succeeded immediately by the Old Red Sandstone series, and there is no unconformity between them.

The teeming life of the Upper Silurian seas in what is now Wale and the adjoining counties, continued in full force right up to th narrow belt of passage-beds which marks the change from Siluria brown muddy sands into lower Old Red Sandstone. In these transi tion beds on the contrary, genera, species, and often individuals are few in number and sometimes dwarfed in size, the marine life rapidly dwindles away, and in the very uppermost Silurian beds land-plants appear, consisting of small pieces of undetermined twigs and the spore-cases of Lycopodiaceæ (*Pachytheca spherica*). Above this horizon the strata become red.

The poverty in number and the frequent small size of the shells in the passage-beds, indicate a change of conditions in the nature of the waters in which they lived; and the plants alluded to clearly point to the close neighbourhood of a land, of which we have no direct signs, in the vast development of a purely marine fauna in lower portions of the Ludlow strata. In the Ludlow bone-beds the fish-remains, *Onchus* and *Sphagodus*, and the large numbers of marine Crustacea, almost entirely trilobitic in the Ludlow rocks, indicate a set of conditions very unlike those that prevailed when the passage-beds and the lower strata of the true Old Red Sandstone were deposited, in both of which new fish appear, trilobites are altogether absent, and are more or less replaced by Crustacea of the genera *Pterygotus* and *Eurypterus*, one of which, *Eurypterus Symondsii*, has only been found in the lower Old Red Sandstone. Neither are there any mollusca in the Old Red Sandstone, excepting where that formation passes at the top into the Carboniferous rocks. All these circumstances indicate changes of conditions which were, I believe, of a geographical kind, and connected with the appearance in the area of fresh water.

The circumstances which marked the passage of the uppermost Silurian rocks into Old Red Sandstone seem to me to have been the following:—First, a shallowing of the sea, followed by a gradual alteration in the physical geography of the district, so that the area became changed into a series of mingled fresh and brackish lagoons, which finally, by continued terrestrial changes, were converted into a great freshwater lake, or, if we take the whole of Britain and areas now sea-covered beyond, into a series of lakes. The occurrence of a few genera or even species of fish and Crustacea common to the salt, brackish, or fresh waters, does not prove that the passage-beds and those still higher are truly marine. At the present day animals commonly supposed to be essentially marine, are occasionally found inhabiting fresh water. In the inland fresh lakes of Newfoundland, seals, which never visit the sea, are common and breed freely. The same is the case in Lake Baikal, 1280 feet above the sea-level, in Central Asia; and though these facts bear but slightly on my present subject, seals being air-breathing Mammalia, yet in the broad mouth of the Amazon, far above the tidal influx of sea-water, marine mollusca and other kinds of life are found, and in some of the lakes in Sweden there are marine Crustacea. This may be easily accounte for in the same way that I now attempt to account for analogous peculiarities in the Old Red Sandstone. These Swedish lakes were submerged during the Glacial period, and remained as deep basins while the land was emerging, and after its final emergence, the salt waters of the lakes freshened so slowly, that some of the creatures inhabiting them had time by degrees to adjust themselves to new and abnormal conditions.

In further illustration of the subject let us suppose a set of circumstances such as the following:—By long-continued upheaval of the mouth of the Baltic (a process now going on), its waters, already brackish in the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, would eventually become fresh, and true lacustrine strata over that area would succeed and blend into the marine and brackish water beds of earlier date. Something of this kind I conceive to have marked the transition from the Upper Silurian beds into the Old Red Sandstone. Again: —If by changes in the physical geography of the area, of a continental kind, a portion of the Silurian sea got isolated from the main ocean, more or less like the Caspian and the Black Sea, then the ordinary marine conditions of the "passage-beds," accompanied by some of the life of the period, might be maintained for what, in common language, seems to us a long time. There is geological proof that the Black Sea was once united to the Caspian, the two forming one great brackish lake. Since they were disunited and the Bosphorus opened, the Black Sea has, it may be inferred, been steadily freshening; and it is easy to conceive that by the re-closing of the Bosphorus (a comparatively small geographical change), it might in the course of time again be converted into a fresh lake. At present a great body of salt water is constantly being poured out through the Bosphorus and its place taken by the fresh waters of the Danube and other rivers, while owing to the uncongenial quality of the freshening sea some of the Black Sea shells are strangely distorted, as was shown by Edward Forbes.

Or if we take the Caspian alone as an example, there we have a brackish inland sea which was once joined to the ocean, as proved by its molluscan fauna. Changes in physical geography have taken place of such a kind that the Caspian is now separated from the ocean, while its waters, gradually growing salter by evaporation, are still inhabited by a poor and dwarfed marine molluscan fauna. If by increase of rainfall the Caspian became freshened, evaporation not being equal to the supply of water poured in by rivers, it would by and by, after reaching the point of overflow, be converted into a great freshwater lake larger in extent than the whole area of Great Britain. Under these circumstances, in the Caspian area we should have a passage more or less gradual from marine to freshwater conditions, such as I conceive to have marked the advent of the Old Red Sandstone.

The total absence of marine shells, and the nature of the fossil fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, also help to prove its freshwater origin, for we find the nearest living analogues of the fishes in the Polypterus of the rivers of Africa, the Ceratodus of Australia, and in less degree in the Lepidosteus of North America. In the upper beds of the formation there is distinct proof of fresh water, in shells of the genus Anodonta mingled with ferns and other land-plants.

One other sign of the *inland* character of these waters remains to be mentioned—I mean the red colour of their strata. As a general rule all the great ocean formations, such as the Silurian, Carboniferous Limestone and Jurassic series, are grey, blue, brown, yellow, or of some such colour. The marls and sandstones of the Old Red series are red because each grain of sand or mud is encrusted with a thin pellicle of peroxide of iron. When this colouring matter is discharged the rock becomes white, and the iron that induces the strong red colour in the New Red Marl which much resembles that of the Old Red series, is found to be under two per cent. of the whole. I cannot conceive how peroxide of iron could have been deposited from solution in a wide and deep sea by any possible process, but if carbonate of iron were carried in solution into lakes, it might have been deposited as a peroxide through the oxidizing action of the air and the escape of the carbonic acid that held it in solution. It is well known that ferruginous mud and ores of iron are deposited in the lakes of Sweden at the present day. These are periodically dredged for economic purposes by the proprietors till the layer is exhausted, and after a sufficient interval they renew their dredging operations and new deposits are found. With a difference the case is somewhat analogous to the deposition of peroxide of iron that took place in the Old Red Sandstone waters. It is obvious that common pink mud might have been formed from the mechanical waste of red granite, gneiss, or other red rocks in which pink felspars are found, but such felspars are tinted all through with the colouring matter, and such a tint is very different from the deep red colour that was produced by the encasing of each individual grain of sediment with a thin pellicle of peroxide of iron.

The proof that the Old Red Sandstone was deposited in inland lakes, is strengthened by a similar case in well-known ancient inland sheets of water, as shown by the red marls of the Miocene lakes of Central France.

It is known that in Ireland and in Scotland the Old Red Sandstone consists of two divisions, upper and lower, the upper division lying quite unconformably on the lower. In South Wales there are symptoms of the same kind of unconformity, for the upper beds of the Old Red Sandstone gradually overlap the lower strata. But on consideration, this last circumstance does not appear to present any real difficulty with regard to the physical conditions of the period. If the great hollow in which the Dead Sea lies were gradually to get filled with fresh water and silted up, 1300 feet of strata might be added above the level of the present surface of the water, without taking into account the depth of the sea and the deposits that have already been formed; and the upper strata all round would overlap the lower, apparently much as the Old Red Sandstone strata do in Wales and the adjoining counties. If the Caspian and other parts of the Asiatic area of inland drainage got filled with water, the same general results would follow.

Neither does the decided unconformity between the Upper and Lower Old Red Sandstones both in Ireland and in Scotland present any insuperable difficulty as to the freshwater origin of the strata. It indicates only great disturbance and denudation, and a long lapse of geological time unrepresented by strata between the disturbance and denudation of the older beds and the deposition of the newer. Here also we have a parallel case in times comparatively recent, for the freshwater Miocene strata of Switzerland and the adjacent countries have been exceedingly disturbed, heaved up into mountains, and subjected to great denudation, while at a much later geological date—that of to-day—we have all the large freshwater lakes that diversify the country north of the Alps in the same general area.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the well-known continental aspect of a large part of the Carboniferous strata which succeed the Old Red Sandstone, especially of the Coal-measures, which in the north of England and in Scotland are not confined to the upper parts of the series, but reach down among strata which elsewhere are only represented by the marine beds of the Carboniferous Limestone. The soils (underclays), forests, and peat-mosses of the period, now beds of coal; the sun-cracks, rain-pittings, bones, and foot-prints of Labyrinthodont Amphibia on mud now hardened into shale; the estuarine and freshwater shells—all point to vast marshes and great deltoid deposits, formed in a country which underwent many changes in its physical geography, and yet retained its identity throughout.

I will now discuss the conditions under which the British Permian strata were deposited. These rocks in their general characters very much resemble the Rothliegende, Kupferschiefer or Marl-slate, and Zechstein of the Thuringerwald and other parts of Germany, with this difference, that where the English Magnesian Limestone (Zechstein) is in force between Tynemouth and Nottingham, there are no red sandstones, marls, and conglomerates (Rothliegende), between the limestone and the Coal-measures, and in all the other parts of Britain where the red sandstones, &c., occur, there is only in two instances a little magnesian limestone lying, not at the top, but in the midst of, or interstratified with, the sandy and marly series.

The Permian marls, sandstones, conglomerates, and subangular breccias of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, North Wales, the Vale of Eden, and the South of Scotland, are all red, and in fact I nowhere recollect any important grey, yellow, or brown shales and sandstones among them. It is, however, foreign to my present purpose to discuss minor stratigraphical details, or any questions connected with English and Continental equivalent geological horizons of Permian age, nor is it necessary to do more than allude to the disturbances and denudations which preceded the unconformable deposition of our Permian strata, on all or any of the Palæozoic formations of earlier date. It is enough if I am able to show good reason for my belief that *all* of our Permian strata were deposited, not in the sea, but in the inland waters of lakes, which were probably mostly salt, but may possibly sometimes have been fresh or brackish.

As with the red strata of the Old Red Sandstone, so I consider that the red colouring-matter of the Permian sandstones and marls, is due to the precipitation of peroxide of iron in a lake or lakes, in the manner already stated, and the nearly total absence of sea-shells in by far the largest part of the areas occupied by the strata coloured red, strongly points to this conclusion. There is other evidence bearing upon the question. The British plants of Permian age were mostly of genera common in the Coal-measures, though of different species. Among them there are *Calamites* and *Lepidodendron*, *Walchia*, *Chondrites*, *Ullmania*, *Cardiocarpon*, *Alethopteris*, *Sphenopteris*, *Neuropteris*, and many fragments of undetermined coniferous wood. This, however, forms no perfectly conclusive proof of the lacustrine origin of the strata, though it is not unlikely that land-plants, drifted by rivers, should have been water-logged and buried in the sediments of lakes.

The evidence derived from Reptilian remains, more strongly points in the same direction. First we have the Labyrinthodont Amphibian, *Dasyceps Bucklandi*, from the Permian sandstones near Kenilworth; next the footprints mentioned by Professor Harkness in the red sandstones of the Vale of Eden; and again, the numerous footprints in the sandstones of Corncockle Moor, in Dumfriesshire, long ago described by Sir William Jardine. All of these prints indicate that the Amphibia were accustomed to walk on damp surfaces of sand or mud open to the air, and the impressions left by their feet were afterwards dried in the sun, before the waters flooded anew, overspread them with layers of sediment, in a manner that now annually takes place during the variations of the seasons on the broad flats of the Great Salt Lake of Utah and in other salt lakes. The occurrence of pseudomorphs of crystals of salt in the Permian beds of the Vale of Eden also helps to this conclusion, together with ripple-marks, sun-cracks, and rain-pittings impressed on the beds. Crystals of common salt were not likely to have been deposited in an open sea, for to form such crystals, concentration of chloride of sodium by evaporation is necessary. Deposits of gypsum, common in the Permian marls, could also only have been formed in inland waters by concentration, or on occasional surfaces of mud exposed to the sun and air, for no reasonable explanation can be offered of a process by means of which sulphate of lime can be deposited amid common mechanical sediments at the bottom of an open sea.

The question now arises how to account for the formation of the bands of magnesian limestone, sparingly intermingled with the red marls and sandstones of Lancashire and the Vale of Eden, and of that more important limestone district in the eastern half of the North of England, forming a long escarpment between Tynemouth and Nottingham. In these we have a true but restricted marine fauna, intermingled, however, with the relics of Amphibian and terrestrial life.

Let us broadly compare the marine life of the preceding epoch, that of the Carboniferous Limestone series, with the fossils of the Magnesian Limestone. The marine fauna of the Carboniferous Limestone of Britain contains about 1500 species, most of which are mollusca (869), corals (124), echinodermata, crustacea (149), and fish (203). The Permian fauna feebly resembles that of the Carboniferous epoch, but instead of the vast assemblage of many kinds of life found in the latter, the Magnesian Limestone of England only holds nine genera and 21 species of Brachiopoda, 16 genera and 31 species of Lamellibranchiata, 11 genera and 26 species of Gasteropoda, one Pteropod (*Theca*), and one Cephalopod (*Nautilus*). The whole comprises only 38 genera and 80 species, and all of these are dwarfed in size when compared with their Carboniferous congeners, when such there are.

I cannot easily account for this poverty of numbers and dwarfing of the forms, except on the hypothesis that the waters in which they lived were uncongenial to a true ocean fauna; and in this respect the general assemblage may be compared to the still more restricted marine faunas of the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Aral, or rather to that, a little more numerous and partly fossil, of the great Aralo-Caspian area of inland drainage, at a time when these inland brackish lakes formed part of a much larger body of water. Some of the fish of the Marl-slate have strong generic affinities with those of Carboniferous age, a number of which undoubtedly penetrated into the shallow estuarine lakes and salt lagoons of that period. Associated with the Permian mollusca we find the Labyrinthodont Amphibian, *Lepidotosaurus Duffii,* together with *Proterosaurus Speneri* and *P. Huxleyi,* both of which were true Lacertilian land reptiles.

Besides the poverty of species and the small size of the Mollusca of the true Magnesian Limestone, the chemical composition of these strata seems to afford strong hints that they were formed in an inland salt lake, the sediments of which were partly deposited through the effect of solar evaporation. Broadly stated, the rock may be said to consist of a mixture of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia in proportions more or less equal, mingled with a little silicious sand mechanically deposited. The solid dolomite still contains "about one-fifth per cent. of salts soluble in water, consisting of chlorides of sodium, magnesium, potassium and calcium, and sulphate of lime. These must have been produced at the same time as the dolomite, and caught in some of the solution then present, which is thus indicated to have been of a briny character" (Sorby). But instead of such deposits having been formed in open sea water, I submit that this evidence, joined to the facts previously stated, leads me to believe that our Permian dolomite was formed in an inland salt lake, in which carbonates of lime and magnesia might have been deposited simultaneously. This deposition was chiefly the result of concentration of solutions caused by evaporation, the presence of carbonate of lime in the rock being partly due to organic agency, or the life and death of the molluscs that inhabit the waters. I cannot understand how deposits of carbonate of magnesia could have taken place in an open sea, where necessarily lime and magnesia only exist in solution in very small quantities in a vast bulk of water. In the open sea, indeed, the formation of all beds of limestone is produced simply by the secretion of carbonate of lime effected by molluscs, corals, and other organic agents, and I know of no animal that uses carbonate of magnesia to make its bones.

The very lithological character of some of the strata helps to lead to the same conclusion, for when weathered, they are seen to consist of a number of thin layers curiously bent and convoluted, and approximately fitting into each other, like sheets of paper crumpled together, conveying the impression that they are somewhat tufaceous in character, or almost stalagmitic, if it be possible to suppose such deposits being formed under water. The curious concretionary and radiating structures common in the limestone are probably also connected with the chemical deposition of the sediments.

The same kind of arguments apply to the magnesian limestones of Lancashire and the Vale of Eden, and the miserable marine fauna in some of these beds also indicates inland *unhealthy waters*, while the deposits of bedded gypsum so common in the marls of the series show that the latter could not have been deposited in the sea.

Taking all these circumstances into account, the poverty of the marine fauna, the terrestrial lizards, the Amphibia, and the land-plants, I cannot resist the conclusion that the Permian rocks of England were deposited in a lake or in a series of great inland continental lakes, brackish or salt, and if this be true it will equally apply to some other regions of Europe.

The strata that succeed the Permian formations in the geological scale, are those included in the word Trias, on the Continent of Europe. These consist of three subdivisions: first and lowest, the Bunter sandstone; second, the Muschelkalk; and third, the Keuper marl, or *Marnes irisées.* The Bunter sandstone on the Continent consists chiefly of red sandstones, with interstratified beds of red marl and thin bands of limestone, sometimes magnesian. These form the *Grès bigarré* of France. In these strata near Strasburg about thirty species of land-plants are known, chiefly ferns, Calamites, Cycads, and Coniferæ, and with them remains of fish are found and Labyrinthodont Amphibia. In the same series there occur Lamellibranchiate marine mollusca of the genera Trigonia, Mya, Mytilus, and Posidonia, so few in number that they suggest the idea, not of the sea, but of an inland salt lake, especially when taken in connexion with the Labyrinthodont Amphibia and the terrestrial plants.

The Muschelkalk, next in the series, is essentially marine. A partial submergence took place, and a large and varied fauna of Mesozoic type occupied the area previously covered by the lake deposits of the Bunter sandstone.

Above this comes the Keuper series, with Gypsum and dolomite, land-plants, fish, and Labyrinthodont remains, and a few genera and species of marine shells, again suggesting the idea of a set of conditions very different from those that prevailed when the Muschelkalk was formed.

These strata, as a whole, are the geological equivalents of the New Red Sandstone and Marl of England, with this difference—that the Muschelkalk is entirely absent in our country, and we only possess the New Red Sandstone (Bunter) and the New Red Marl (Keuper).

The kind of arguments already applied to part of the Permian strata, may with equal force be used in relation to the New Red Sandstone and Marl of England. I have for long held that our New Red Sandstone was deposited in an inland lake, probably salt, and that our New Red Marl was certainly formed in a salt lake. Pseudomorphous crystals of salt are common throughout the whole formation, which, besides, contains two great beds of rock salt, each 80 or 100 feet thick, which could only have been deposited in a lake that had no outflow, and from which all the water poured into it by the rivers of the country was entirely got rid of by evaporation induced by solar heat. It has been proved by analyses that all spring and river waters contain chloride of sodium and other salts in solution, and in such a lake, by constant evaporation, salts must in time have become so concentrated that the water could hold no more in solution. This state of evaporation is now going on in the comparatively rainless areas of the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and in numerous lakes in Central Asia, though it is by no means asserted that in all of these positive deposition of salt has begun to take place. At length saline deposits began to be formed, which in the case of the New Red Marl consisted chiefly of common salt. This is impossible in an ordinary ocean, for the salt in solution cannot there be sufficiently concentrated to permit of deposition.

Gypsum and other salts contained in the red marl may also have been formed in like manner, and as in the Permian and Old Red formations, I consider that the peroxide of iron which stains both salt and marl may have been carried into the lakes in solution as carbonate of iron, to be afterwards deposited as a peroxide.

The remains of plants found in the British Keuper beds also speak of a surrounding land, while the Crocodile (*Stagonolepis*), the Dinosauria (land reptiles), Lizards (one of them a true land lizard, *Telerpeton*), and six supposed species of Labyrinthodont Amphibia, all tell the same tale of Land. Rain-prints and sun-cracks are not wanting to help in the argument, and while the fishes yield no conclusive proof, the well-known bivalve crustacean *Estheria minuta* might have lived in any kind of area occupied by salt water, while the small Marsupial Mammal *Microlestes antiquus* speaks conclusively of land.

Taken as a whole, it seems to me that the nearest conception we can form of part of the old continent in which the Permian and New Red strata were deposited, is that it physically resembled the great area of inland drainage of Central Asia, in which, from the Caspian 3000 miles to the eastward, almost all the lakes are salt in a region comparatively rainless, and in which the area occupied by inland salt or brackish waters was formerly much more extensive than at present.

And now let me endeavour to sum up the whole of the argument. If, as I believe, the Old Red Sandstone was deposited in a lake or lakes; if the Coal-measures, as witnessed by the great river beds, estuarine shoals, and wide-spread terrestrial vegetation, show proof of a continental origin; if the Permian strata were formed in inland salt or brackish waters, and if the New Red beds had a similar origin—then from the close of the Uppermost Silurian formation down to the influx of the Rhœtic sea, which brought the Keuper Marl period to an end, there existed over the north of Europe, and in other lands besides, a great continent throughout all that time, one main feature of which was the abundance of Reptilian and Amphibian life. This old continent was probably comparable in extent to any of the largest continents of the present day, and perhaps comparable in the length of its duration to all the time represented by all the Mesozoic strata from the close of the Triassic epoch down to the latest strata of the Chalk, and it may be even comprehending the additional time occupied in the formation of the Tertiary strata. But this latter part of the subject I propose to work out before long.

One other point remains. I have elsewhere attempted to prove, and the opinion is gaining ground in England, that this long continental epoch embraces at least two glacial episodes, as witnessed first by the boulder-beds of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland and the north of England, and secondly by the occurrence of similar deposits containing far-borne erratic blocks and ice-scratched stones, in a portion of that part of the Permian strata that is usually considered to represent the German Rothliegende. Should this be finally admitted it may, on astronomical grounds, some day help us in the positive measurement of geological time.

Finally, let me rapidly pass in review what I think we know of later terrestrial, as opposed to marine epochs, in the British and neighbouring areas of Europe. A wide-spread partial submergence brought the old continent to an end, and during the Liassic and Oolitic epoch (Jurassic) the Highlands of Scotland and other mountain regions in the British Islands formed, with some other European Palæozoic rocks, groups of islands, round which, in warm seas, the Jurassic strata were deposited. These relics of an older continent, by deposition of newer strata and subsequent gradual upheaval, began to grow in extent, and at length formed the great continental area through which the mighty rivers flowed that deposited the strata of the Purbeck and Wealden series of England and the continent of Europe.

A larger submergence at length closed this broad local terrestrial epoch, and in those areas now occupied by Northern Europe (and much more besides), the sea, during the deposition of great part of the Chalk, attained a width and depth so great, that probably only the tops of our British Palæozoic mountains stood above its level.

By subsequent elevation of the land, the fluvio-marine Eocene strata of Western Europe were formed, including in the term fluvio-marine the whole English series, embracing the London Clay, which as shown by its plant remains was deposited at, or not far from, the mouth of a great river, which in size, and in the manner of the occurrence of some of these plants, may be compared to the Ganges. With this latter continent there came in from some land, unknown as yet, a great and new terrestrial mammalian fauna wonderfully different from that which preceded it in Mesozoic times, and from that day to this the greater part of Europe has been essentially a continent, and in a large sense all its terrestrial faunas have been of modern type.

One shadowy continent still remains unnamed, far older than the oldest of those previously spoken of. What and where was the land from which the thick and wide deposits that form the Silurian strata of Europe were derived? For all sedimentary strata, however thick and extended in area, represent the degradation of an equal amount of older rocks wherewith to form them. Probably, like the American Laurentian rocks, that old land lay in the north, but whether or not, of this at all events I have more than a suspicion, that the red, so-called Cambrian, beds at the base of the Lower Silurian series indicate the last relics of the fresh waters of that lost continent, sparingly interstratified with grey marine beds, in which a few trilobites and other sea forms have been found. Going back in time beyond this, all reasoning or detailed geological history becomes vague in the extreme. The faunas of the Cambrian, and especially of the Lower Silurian rocks, from their abundance and variety show that they are far removed from the beginning of life. Looking to the vanishing point in the past and the unknown future, well might Hutton declare that in all that the known rocks tell us "we find no vestige of a beginning—no trace of an end."

A. C. Ramsay.

MONTROSE.

IN a recent drama on John Hampden, the hero speaks thus of Charles I.:—

> "O that he were a tyrant bold as bad!
> His subtle vice is so like princeliest virtue,
> That princely hearts will shed their blood for him."

This *ex post facto* prophecy applies with special force to Falkland in England, and in Scotland to Montrose. "The noblest of all the Cavaliers," Montrose has been called; "an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier." In the crowd of striking figures that occupy the stage of the Revolution, there is no one so romantically brilliant as Montrose; no one so picturesquely relieved against other figures that move amid the sad and stormful grandeurs of the time. Those contrasted types of character which have been so well marked in Scottish history as to arrest the attention of Europe,—the cold, cautious, forecasting type, the impetuous and perfervid type,—were never so finely opposed as in the persons of the deep-thoughted, melancholy Argyle, and the impulsive and intrepid Montrose.

James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, in one of his father's castles, near the town of that name. The Grahams were among the most ancient and honourable families of Scotland. Tradition talks of a Graham scaling, in the cause of old Caledonia, the Roman wall between Forth and Clyde, and with clearer accents of a Graham who was the trustiest and best-beloved of the friends of Wallace,—

"Mente manuque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,"—

who sleeps, beneath a stone bearing this inscription, in the old Church of Falkirk, near the field on which he fell. History, taking up the tale from tradition, informs us that one ancestor of Montrose died, sword in hand, at Flodden, and another at Pinkie. His grandfather was High Treasurer to James I.; then Chancellor; finally Viceroy of Scotland. His father was President of Council, and in 1604 and 1606 carried the Great Seal as one of the foremost nobles of Scotland in the Parliaments held at Perth, when the nobility rode in state. This Lord, who in his youth was hot and headstrong, had subsided, long before the birth of his son James, into a quiet country gentleman, vigilantly managing his estates. He was possessed of great baronies in the counties of Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Forfar, and had exact ideas as to the number of oxen to his ploughs, of puncheons of wine in his cellars, of sacks of corn in his granaries. He was an inveterate smoker, perpetually investing in tobacco and tobacco-pipes, a circumstance which has attracted notice from the sensitive dislike with which his son shrank from the slightest smell of tobacco.

Lord James, as from his infancy he was called, was the only son in a family of six. Margaret, the eldest of his sisters, was married to Lord Napier of Merchiston, son of the discoverer of logarithms; and the brother-in-law, a man of parts and character, exerted a great influence on Montrose in his youth. Two of his sisters appear to have been younger than himself. He must have been a beautiful boy. The pride of his father, the pet of his mother and elder sisters, the heir to an exalted title and broad lands, he was likely to feel himself from childhood an important personage, and to have any seeds of ostentation, vanity, and wilfulness which might be sown in his nature somewhat perilously fostered.

His boyhood was favourable in an eminent degree to the generous and chivalrous virtues. We can fancy him scampering on his pony over the wide green spaces of the old Scottish landscape, when roads were still few, and the way from one of his father's castles to another would be by the drove-roads, or across the sward and the heather. Travelling, even of ladies and children, was then almost universally performed on horseback. Lord James had two ponies expressly his own, and we hear of his fencing-swords and his bow. At Glasgow, whither he proceeded to study at twelve years of age, under the charge of a tutor named William

Forrett, he continued to ride, fence, and practise archery. He was attended by a valet and two young pages of his own feudal following, Willy and Mungo Graham. He had a suit of green camlet, with embroidered cloak, and his two pages were dressed in red. He and Forrett rode out together, Lord James on a white horse. Among his books was the History of Geoffrey de Bouillon, and one of his favourite volumes was Raleigh's History of the World. The establishment was supplied with "manchets," the white bread of the period, and oatcake and herrings were important items in the commissariat. These particulars, gleaned by Mr. Mark Napier from memoranda made by Forrett, enable us to realize with vividness the life of the boy Montrose in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the Clyde was still a silvery river glancing by the quiet town that clustered round the old Cathedral of Glasgow.

From Glasgow we trace him to St. Andrews, where he matriculated in the University a few months before his father's death. He was fourteen when the shrewd and experienced Earl, whose predominance might have kept him beneficially in the shade, and exercised an influence to chasten and concentrate his faculties, was laid in the family vault. From this time Montrose appears to have been very much lord of himself. His was a mind of that order which peculiarly required, to develop its utmost strength, all that wise men mean by discipline. To develop its utmost strength; not necessarily to develop its utmost beauty and natural grace and splendour. There was no malice, or guile, or cross-grained self-will, or obstinate badness of any kind, in young Montrose. He accepted, with open-hearted welcome, the influence of Forrett, of Napier, of every worthy friend or teacher, winning and retaining through life their ardent affection. The poetry, the romance, of his nature bloomed out in frank luxuriance. But the gravity and earnest strength, the patient thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and habit of comprehensive intellectual vision, which are indispensable to men who not only play a brilliant part in great revolutions, but regulate and mould them, were never his; and we cannot be sure that, under the authority of a sagacious affectionate and determined father, he might not have attained them. There is no sign that, at college, he engaged seriously in study. He became probably a fluent Latinist, which no man with any pretensions to education could then fail to be; he was fond of Cæsar, whose Commentaries he is said to have carried with him in his campaigns; and he loved all books of chivalrous adventure; but we hear of no study that imposed self-denial, or required severe application. He was a distinguished golf-player and archer. There being now no heir, in the direct line, to the earldom and estates, he was counselled by his friends to marry early, and when only seventeen led to the altar

Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk. He was already the father of two boys when, on attaining his majority, he started on his Continental travels in 1633.

For three years he remained abroad, in France and Italy. He made himself, say his panegyrists, "perfect in the academies;" learned "as much mathematics as is required for a soldier" (rather less probably than Count Moltke might prescribe); conversed with celebrities, political and erudite; and devoted himself by preference to the study of great men. Doubtless these were years of eager observation, of eager and rapid acquisition. He seems to have already impressed a wide circle with the idea of his superiority, and he was prone to accept the highest estimate which his flatterers formed of him.

Returning from the Continent in 1636, he presented himself at Court. Charles received him coldly, and he was hurt. There is no need to believe with Mr. Napier that the Marquis of Hamilton elaborately plotted to prevent his acquiring influence with the King. Clarendon's remark respecting Charles, that he "did not love strangers nor very confident men," accounts for what happened. A dash of ostentation and self-confidence was conspicuously present in Montrose; and, as his sister Catherine was known to be at this time lurking in London in an adulterous connection with her brother-in-law, it may have occurred to the King that it would be not unbecoming in the young gentleman to carry less sail.

In Scotland he found himself a person of consequence. He was in the front rank of the nobility, his estates were large, his connection extensive; and there was a general persuasion that he was capable of great things. It was of high importance to secure such a man to the popular cause, and Montrose was not indisposed to throw himself into the movement. The scheme of Thorough, in its two branches of enslavement in Church and State, had been applied to the Scottish Parliament and to the Scottish Church. Mr. Brodie, whose valuable work on our Constitutional History has been, perhaps, too much thrown into the shade by Hallam, points out the grasping arbitrariness with which, in his visit to Scotland in 1633, Charles laid his hand upon the civil as well as the religious liberties of Scotland. On returning from his travels in 1636, Montrose became convinced that both were in danger, and with all that was best in the intelligence and most fervent in the religion of Scotland, he prepared for their defence. Against Thorough the National Covenant of 1638 was Scotland's protest. It corresponds, in its essential meaning, though not in time, to the impeachment of Strafford by the Commons of England. In each instance the respective nations may be pronounced unanimous. Clarendon acted with Hampden and Pym against Strafford; Montrose put his name to the National Covenant as well as Argyle, and sat upon the same Table, or, as we should now say, managing committee, of Covenanting Nobles with Lothian and Rothes. Baillie says that the Covenanters found it difficult to "guide" him; but this arose, in the earlier stages of the business, not because his Covenanting zeal was in defect, but because he would do things in a high-handed, and what appeared to them an imprudently open way. The Tables, for example, had looked after the Presbyterial elections to the Glasgow Assembly of 1638 with a particularity savouring rather of paternal government on the modern Imperial type than of a government extemporized for the purpose of vindicating, as one chief thing, the freedom of Presbyteries in Scotland. This fact turned up inopportunely in the Assembly itself, through the awkwardness of a clerk, who blurted out the name of the man whom one of the Presbyteries had been instructed by the Edinburgh Tables to return. The Rev. David Dickson endeavoured to explain, hinting that the name in question had been sent down to the Presbytery through negligence. Montrose would not countenance even so much of pious guile. He started to his feet, put aside canny David's explanation, and declared that the Tables would stand to every jot of what they had written. He had no secretiveness in his nature, and could do nothing by halves. He was at this time a resolute and even an enthusiastic Covenanter.

Partly, perhaps, with a view to humouring and leading him, partly, also, because they knew that he was at heart true to the cause, the Covenanters named him Generalissimo of the army which proceeded to Aberdeen in the beginning of 1639, to check the Marquis of Huntley, who was in arms in the royal interest, and to chastise the anti-Covenanting town. He was accompanied by General Alexander Leslie, nominally his Adjutant, really his instructor. Montrose took his first practical lessons in war with the aptitude of genius born for the field. The Aberdonians and the Gordons felt the weight of his hand, and the Royalists in the north-east of Scotland were effectually quelled; but even while enforcing the Covenant at the sword-point, he proclaimed that his zeal for the religious liberties of Scotland was not more honest than his allegiance to his Sovereign; and there sprung up and gradually strengthened in him the idea that Argyle and his party were pressing matters too far, that enough had been conceded by Charles, and that the day was drawing near when it would be necessary to make a stand for the Monarchy.

In point of fact, sincere as was the Covenanting zeal of Montrose, it was never so fervent as in some of the Covenanters. He was a religious man, but his religion was a very different thing from that of Cromwell, Vane, or Argyle. With them religion was an impassioned energy of spiritual enthusiasm; with him it was the devout and reverent loyalty with which a noble nature regards the Sovereign of the universe. If the main current of tendency in those years was religious,—if the main factor in world-history was religious earnestness,—the circumstance that Montrose was not a supremely religious man, would account for his having played a glittering rather than a great part in the Revolution. Cardinal de Retz's compliment gives the reason why it was impossible for him to be a Scottish Cromwell. Cardinal de Retz pronounced him "the solitary being who ever realized to his mind the image of those heroes whom the world sees only in the biographies of Plutarch." A Plutarchian hero was out of date in the age of the Puritans. Montrose aspired to emulate the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander. Cromwell sought the Lord in the Psalms of David. Add to this that, in comparison with Argyle and the best heads in the party, Montrose was deficient in judgment, in experience, in thorough apprehension of the organic facts of the revolution. His lack of judgment is demonstrated by his entire misconception of the views of Argyle and Hamilton. He took up the notion that these men aimed at sovereignty. This, as the sequel proved, was an hallucination. When Charles I. was struck down and not yet beheaded, Hamilton did not attempt to set the Scottish crown on his own head, but lost his life in an effort to replace it and that of England on the head of Charles. When Charles I. was dead, Argyle did not seize the throne of Scotland, which would have been a hopeful enough enterprize, but staked all on a hopeless attempt to regain for Charles II. the throne of Charles I. The motives of Argyle's conduct, at the period when his path diverged from that of Montrose, are sufficiently clear. Well acquainted with the character of the king, with the policy and projects of Laud and Strafford, with the wrongs of the English Puritans and their estimate of the danger threatening the liberties of the nation, he knew that it would be puerile simplicity to accept the professions of Charles as an adequate guarantee of what Scotland required and demanded. Montrose, ardent in his devotion to his country as Argyle, had never conferred with Hampden, never imbibed from the English Puritans their invincible distrust of Charles.

There was much also in the character of Montrose to predispose him to that lofty but somewhat vague idealization of authority, that enthusiasm for the representative of a long line of kings, that reverence for the established order of things, and that partly aristocratic, partly feminine shrinking from the coarser and cruder associations of democracy, which constitute the poetry of modern Toryism. Mr. Mark Napier has printed an essay by Montrose, brief but of singular interest, in which his conception of kingly authority and popular freedom, and of the relation between the two, is set forth with as much lucidity as is common in writings of that generation, and with a certain stateliness and pomp of expression which, taken along with the touches of poetry occurring in Montrose's verse, prove that, in altered circumstances, he might have been a remarkable writer. The value or valuelessness of the piece in respect of political philosophy may be gauged by the fact that Montrose has not grasped the central idea of politics in modern times, to wit, representation. The truth that sovereignty resides in the people, and that kingship is a delegation from the people, which was then beginning to make itself felt as a power in world-history, and was firmly apprehended by Hampden, Cromwell, Pym, and Vane, has no place in Montrose's essay. The notion of royal authority as something distinct, balanced against national right or freedom,—a notion which has bewildered political fanciers, down to the days of Mr. Disraeli—is what he fundamentally goes upon. "The king's prerogative," he says, "and the subject's privilege are so far from incompatibility, that the one can never stand unless supported by the other. For the sovereign being strong, and in full possession of his lawful power and prerogative, is able to protect his subjects from oppression, and maintain their liberties entire; otherwise not. On the other side, a people, enjoying freely their just liberties and privileges maintaineth the prince's honour and prerogative out of the great affection they carry towards him; which is the greatest strength against foreign invasion, or intestine insurrection, that a prince can possibly be possessed with." He speaks of "the oppression and tyranny of subjects, the most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world." He is prepared to go lengths in submission to the "prince" which show that he never kindled into sympathy with the high, proud and free spirit of the English Puritans, never got beyond the figment of indefeasible right in an anointed king. Subjects, he declares, "in wisdom and duty are obliged to tolerate the vices of the prince as they do storms and tempests, and other natural evils which are compensated with better times succeeding." Here were the germs of a Royalism as enthusiastic as could be found among the young lords and swashbucklers who were now beginning to cluster round Charles at Whitehall.

With Montrose, in his political speculations or dreams, were associated Napier of Merchiston, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall. These had "occasion to meet often" in Merchiston Hall, the residence of Napier, near Edinburgh, a turreted keep or castle, with bartizan atop, on which, in the feudal times, the sentinel made his rounds, and which, in the less martial days that now were, afforded on summer evenings a pleasant lounge.

There Montrose and his friends, secure from intrusion, could talk politics, theoretical and practical, casting a glance at intervals over the loveliest landscape, the green-blue Pentlands on the left, the soft undulating swell of Corstorphine hill on the right, while the setting sun flooded with amber glow the valley that lay between. At the foot of the tower, now fronted with a white dwelling-house, but which then stood bare and gaunt, were the meadows which logarithmic Napier, as fond of experimental farming as of algebra, had nursed into sap and luxuriance. Algebra and cow-feeding are not generally considered promotive of speculative romance, but the inventor of logarithms gave play to his imagination in the study of prophecy, and was an intrepid theorist on Antichrist and Armageddon. Lord Napier, Montrose's friend and brother-in law, was the son of this many-sided genius, and seems to have inherited his vein of imaginative enthusiasm rather than his sagacious intelligence of algebraic figures and agricultural facts. In Lord Napier's society Montrose found himself steadily growing in that romantic loyalty which is rooted in the affections rather than in the intellect, and in opposition to the Covenanting chiefs. He was working himself out of the main current of his country's history, and getting into a track of his own.

We can imagine the effect which a personal interview with Charles, at the period when he made his first important concessions to his Scottish subjects, would have upon Montrose. They met at Berwick in July, 1639, when the King, finding it impracticable to reduce the Scots by force of arms, patched up an agreement with the Covenanters, and might well seem, to one predisposed to trust him, to have yielded all that his countrymen could reasonably expect. The "melancholy Vandyke air," the pathetic dignity which seldom forsook Charles in private, the studied delicacy of consideration and praise with which he well knew how to act upon a young man not without his touch of egotism and of vanity, won the heart of Montrose. The latter did not come to a breach with the Covenanters, but henceforward he vehemently exerted himself to oppose by constitutional methods the party which suspected Charles. He placed himself in frank antagonism to Argyle in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh early in 1640. His belief was that the King meant well and that the objects of the Covenant had been secured. He was now in constant correspondence with Charles, but his letters contained nothing to imply that he had ceased to be a Covenanter. Nay, he made bold to give his royal correspondent advice which is surprising for its courageous honesty. "Practise, sir, the temperate government; it fitteth the humour and disposition of Scotland best; it gladdeth the hearts of your subjects; strongest is that power which is based on the happiness of the subject."

The position of Montrose was rapidly becoming painful, rapidly becoming untenable. Restlessness, agitation, petulant loquacity were the external signs of a conflict with which his mind was torn. Anxiously and ardently loyal, he could not enter with enthusiasm into the views of those who promoted the second Scottish levy against Charles, or take any delight in the advance into England. It was undeniable, however, that the Covenanters had many causes of offence, and as they professed, in the new appeal to arms, to fight not against the King but his evil counsellors, he did not come to an open rupture with the Scottish leaders. He commanded 2500 men in Alexander Leslie's army, and dashed gallantly into the Tweed when the lot fell upon him to be the first to cross the river. But before marching for England, he had joined with nineteen other Scottish noblemen in an engagement to check the disloyal predominance of Argyle and Hamilton, and his correspondence with the King was not suspended on account of his being, to all appearance, in arms against his Majesty. We shall not, I think, do injustice to Montrose if we believe that, though he probably was half-unconscious of the fact, he was at this time irritated by finding himself restricted to a secondary part in Scotch affairs. At the Council Board he was eclipsed by Argyle; in the field he was eclipsed by Leslie. He would have been ashamed to own to himself such a feeling; but it was one element in his unrest; for he was impatient, masterful, proud, and had more confidence in himself than he had yet communicated to other people. Mr. Mark Napier says that he told Colonel Cochrane at Newcastle that he thought of following the wars abroad, and complained of being "a man envied," whom "all means were used to cross." His capacity of obedience was not so great as it has generally been in great commanders. Splendidly generous to all who "were, or were willing to be, inferior to him," he was not, Clarendon hints, equally happy in his dealings with "superiors and equals."

On the other hand, it were shallow to impute to him conscious treachery. He declared that he had a right to correspond with his sovereign, devoted allegiance to whom was professed by every Covenanter arrayed against him. Montrose had no reserve; wore his heart on his sleeve; talked to every one who would listen to him against Argyle. Even Mr. Napier, who is as mad as a March hare in admiration for his hero, admits that at this time he conducted himself like a "simpleton." His fury against Argyle hurried him at length into an extremity of indiscretion. Mr. John Stewart of Ladywell brought him a story about Argyle having spoken of a deposition of the King, and of his (Argyle's) seizing the dictatorship. It is absurd to suppose that Argyle said anything like this; it is inconceivable that he should have said it to Mr. Stewart;

but Montrose gave ear to the tale and went about spreading it. Argyle denied on oath the charge made by Stewart, and the latter was condemned and executed for the crime of leasing-making, that is, of telling lies calculated to provoke disagreement between the King and his subjects. At the same time when he was discreditably mixing himself up in the Ladywell business, Montrose was detected in a correspondence with Charles of a more suspicious nature than had previously been made public. Along with his friends Napier, Stirling of Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall, he was arrested, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle on a charge of plotting. This was in June, 1641.

The short visit of the King to Edinburgh in August, 1641, has extraordinary interest for one who studies the character of Charles I., and a considerable interest for one who studies the less puzzling character of Montrose. Charles could never give his heart wholly either to supremely able men or to men of perfect moral uprightness and temperate wisdom. Neither the giant strength of Wentworth, nor the constitutional moderation of Hyde, was quite to his mind. He liked young, showy, extravagantly promising men, whose boyish ecstacies of loyalty fanned his lurking self-worship. In Digby he found one such man, in Montrose another; and it was to bring to maturity schemes based upon the support of the Digby party in England, and the Montrose party in Scotland, that he proceeded to Edinburgh in 1641. He told Hyde that he would "undertake for the Church," if nothing serious were effected against it before he went to Scotland. The English Root and Branch party, aiming as they did at the abolition of Episcopacy, had thoroughly alarmed him. He was brought into a state of mind in which it was easy for him to throw into provisional abeyance his projects for the ecclesiastical organization of Scotland, and to make any sacrifices which might be necessary to secure the support of the Scots to his English policy. Between Montrose and him therefore there was common ground. True to the Covenant, Montrose could require and obtain for Scotland the religious and civil privileges which the Covenanters demanded. If Charles, on the other hand, overthrew Argyle and Hamilton, and placed the administration of Scotland and the Scotch army under Montrose, he might return to London with the certainty not only that his English policy would meet with no interruption from the North, but that in case of emergency it would be supported by a body of troops from Scotland. Montrose's imprudence, landing him in Edinburgh Castle, increased the difficulty of carrying out this plan, but did not render it hopeless. Clarendon says that "by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber," Montrose "came privately to the King" and conferred with him on the plan. Mr. Brodie and Professor

Masson hold that Montrose could not have conferred personally with Charles because he was in prison. But Clarendon's statement implies knowledge by the writer that Montrose was in prison. The interview was private, and Mr. William Murray was the instrument who managed the probably not very difficult bribings and whisperings which were necessary to bring it about. If Montrose had been at large he would have been in daily attendance upon the King, and Clarendon's evident intention, in making any mention of William Murray and of privacy, is to give pointedness to the statement that, in spite of his confinement, Montrose made his way to Charles. There is no likelihood, however, that Montrose advised the King to put Argyle and Hamilton to death. If he did, the wickedness of the counsel would be somewhat palliated by the consideration that he might look upon Argyle and Hamilton as the murderers of Stewart of Ladywell; but the arrest of these noblemen and the overturn of their administration were sufficient for Montrose's scheme; and it is hardly conceivable that he would have advised a step which must have convulsed Scotland with horror and indignation. The scheme, whatever may have been its details, failed utterly. Charles and Montrose were not the men to conduct a plot against Argyle. The King was as usual the victim of his own cunning. Hamilton and Argyle received information of what was on foot, and left Edinburgh declaring their lives in danger. Charles was profuse in disavowals, and though the popular chiefs both in Scotland and England disbelieved him, the shrewd and cautious Argyle was willing to make matters easy for reconcilement. Montrose and his friends were released from prison. Argyle was created a marquis. Charles conceded all the demands of the Scots and returned to London.

Montrose affirmed in his latest hours that he had been true to the Covenant. Nothing which we have seen is inconsistent with this position. There is every reason to believe that he viewed with satisfaction the concessions made by the King to the Covenanters, although he was doubtless mortified to find that the administration of affairs in Scotland must continue in the hands of his rivals. His loyalty had been deepening in fervour, and he would henceforth feel that impassioned devotion was the sentiment wherewith he and all Scotsmen ought to regard the king.

He was accordingly prepared to encounter with impassioned resistance the proposal of Vane in 1643, that Scotland should take part with the English Parliament, and send an army to oppose the king. He had signed the National Covenant of Scotland: he never signed, he infinitely detested, the Solemn League and Covenant. The descendant of Scotland's ancient kings had given the Scots all they asked;

he was now struggling sword in hand with his English subjects; and impelled by his every instinct of justice, loyalty, and gratitude, Montrose declared that, if his countrymen fought against Charles, he would fight against his countrymen. "The Covenant," he said, in a solemn hour, "I took; I own it, and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them; I never intended to advance their interest: but when the king had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the king, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the uttermost." All the logic of Scottish Royalism is in these words; and, for one who believed that Charles was honest, the argument was complete and invulnerable.

When Alexander Leslie and his Scots entered England to assist the Parliament in January, 1644, Montrose was in the Royal camp at Oxford, eagerly offering his services. How different might have been the sequel if Charles had placed Montrose in a position whence he might have made his way to the chief command in England! In the beginning of 1644, the spirit of the English cavaliers was unbroken, the military resources of Charles were great. What from first to last was wanting to the king was one consummately able military man, and who shall say what the result might have been if the military genius, which burned itself away in the Highlands of Scotland, had found its work in marshalling, and bringing into the field, and directing in battle the immense fighting power available for the cause of Charles in England? Montrose, however, was not yet known, and his immediate promotion to high command would have given offence to the English cavaliers. Some troops were placed at his disposal, and in March, 1644, he commenced operations in the North of England. He took Morpeth Castle, displaying in the exploit, courage, promptitude, and energy, but effected nothing of importance. He does not appear to have mastered the conditions of the situation in the south, or to have perceived where the vital part of the business was being transacted. Had he done so, he would surely have made his way to Marston Moor, as Cromwell did; and might, in the hour of battle, have supplemented with effect "Newcastle's heartless head and Rupert's headless heel." He was not present on that memorable field, and evinced his ignorance of the pass to which it had brought the king's affairs by asking Prince Rupert to give him a thousand horse in order that he might cut his way with them into Scotland. Rupert showed his sense of the inopportuneness of this request by calling to his own standard the men whom Montrose commanded, and leaving him to make his way to Scotland as he might.

He had ample parchment powers from the king, but absolutely nothing else. Prince Maurice was nominally invested with the chief command in Scotland, and Montrose had been named his Lieutenant-General. It was necessary for him to enter Scotland disguised as a groom, in attendance on his two friends, Sir William Rollo and Colonel Sibbald. In their journey across the Scottish lowlands, a soldier who had fought under Montrose recognized him, but the honest fellow kept the secret. He passed through Perth and Angus, not daring to turn aside even into his own mansion to look at his countess and children, and drew bridle finally at Tullibelton, a remote and secluded locality between Perth and Dunkeld. It was now the 22nd of August, 1644.

He lurked for a little time in profound concealment, haunting the hills at night, and stealing into a small cottage at daybreak, and despatched his two friends to ascertain what glimpse of hope there might be for the Royal cause in Scotland. They returned with gloomy looks and dismal words. The Covenanting Committee of Estates, dominated by Argyle, was everywhere triumphant. Huntley had retired from the conflict, and had betaken himself to the remote fastnesses of Strathnaver in Caithness. One night, when Montrose had taken up his quarters in Methven wood, he observed a Highlander carrying the well-known rallying sign of the clans, a fiery cross. Venturing to accost the clansman, he learns that he is an emissary of Alexander MacDonald or Colkitto, a Scot by birth who had served under the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, and had landed with some 1200 or 1600 men on the coast of Argyleshire. The messenger, besides carrying the fiery cross, had been instructed by Colkitto to make his way to Montrose, who was believed to be at Carlisle, and to deliver to him a letter. Montrose lost no time in sending the Highlander back with commands to Colkitto to meet him at the castle of Blair among the braes of Athol. Colkitto had established himself in the castle of Blair, when Montrose, who had walked twenty miles across the hills with a single attendant, was seen coming through the heather.

Something in his look told the brave Irish and Highlanders that this was the man they sought. Montrose was now thirty-two, the vigour of perfect manhood blending in his face and person with the last and noblest beauty of youth. The Highland dress displayed to advantage his exquisitely formed limbs and lithe and sinewy frame. His chestnut hair, his proud forehead and piercing grey eye, his aquiline nose, his ruddy and white complexion, his expression of perfect intrepidity and joyful hope, revealed to the quick Celtic apprehension the supreme chieftain and warrior. The lone hills of Athol rang with the fierce acclamations of the clans. The Stewarts and Robertsons, though well affected to the king, had hesitated about joining Colkitto, but they at once placed themselves under the orders of the Royal Lieutenant. They were in number about 800, and 300 of Huntley's men, whose spirit was less easily broken than that of their chief, came in from Badenoch. Lord Kilpont, Sir John Drummond, and Montrose's own nephew, the Master of Maderty, joined with their retainers. Montrose saw himself at the head of a tight little army of, say, 3000 men, and with that solemn ostentation which characterized him and by which he knew how to act upon the fervid fancy of the Highlanders, he unfurled the royal standard. The Highlanders and Irish lacked almost everything but valour. The Irish had "rusty battered matchlocks," and one round of ammunition. There was no artillery, no cavalry. Many of the Highlanders had not even swords. Pikes, clubs, bows and arrows, figured in their miscellaneous armament, and a considerable number had no weapons at all. Montrose led them instantly to battle.

The Scottish army, horse and foot, was at this time in England, and the force which could be collected on the spur of the moment to meet the impending attack consisted of farm servants, apprentices, burghers zealous for the Covenant but unaccustomed to arms, with a few gentlemen to form a troop or two of cavalry. These wanted only drill to become valuable soldiers, but drill was indispensable, and, with Montrose and Colkitto at hand, impracticable. Lord Elcho, who was in command of the Covenanters, drew out on the heaths of Tippermuir and Cultmalindy, near Perth. His men were twice as numerous as those of Montrose. They had six or eight cannon in front. Soon after dawn on the 1st of September, 1644, the royal army appeared. Montrose arranged his troops in one line three deep, the Irish in the centre. He called the attention of those who had no weapons to the large flints which lay about on the moor, capable of being applied with eminent effect by Highland arms to Covenanting heads. At about seven in the morning he gave the word to charge, and the little army sprang forward. The Irish, having fired their one volley, clubbed muskets and fell on. The Highlanders uttering yells of exultation and fury, dashed into the incoherent masses which knew barely enough of soldiership to stand in rank. An hour had scarce passed before cannon, colours, baggage had been taken, and the army of the Covenant was a wild mob hurrying towards Perth. In the brief clash of actual conflict only a score or two had fallen, but many hundreds were slain in the flight. The loss on the side of Montrose was insignificant, and the victorious army took possession of Perth.

With the indefinable power of one suited by nature for command, Montrose had inspired his army with confidence the moment he had placed himself at its head. He had apprehended with nicest precision the character of the force at his disposal and that of the levies under Lord Elcho. He saw that the way to handle the Highlanders was to launch them like a bolt at the enemy, their power lying essentially in the charge. In point of fact the Highland charge, well delivered, has on all occasions carried everything before it; again and again, even so late as 1745, it broke the bayonet line of disciplined troops; and there can be no doubt that, had Montrose or Dundee been in command, it would have shattered Cumberland's army at Culloden. But while he appreciated the fighting capacities of the Highlanders, and used them in a masterly manner, Montrose did not show himself qualified to cope with the defects of a Highland army. A military genius, calm and comprehensive as well as prompt and intrepid, would have perceived these to be, if incurable, fatal to permanence of success. At the moment which in war is most precious of all, the moment when victory is to be improved, the clansmen habitually left the standard in order to reach their native glens and deposit their booty. If the season happened to be that of harvest, they would go to gather in their patches of corn. The commander saw his lines, steadfast in battle, melt away under the sun of victory. This habit of the Highlanders may have been invincible, and Montrose may have known it to be so; but the fact is not self-evident, and there is no proof that he displayed skill or determination in grappling with the mischief. It would have been the part of a military pedant to attempt to turn the Highlanders at once into regular soldiers, or to destroy the organization of the clans; but a far-sighted commander in Montrose's position would have felt the absolute necessity of imparting to them enough of the character of soldiers, as distinguished from brigands, to make them capable of being depended on in the crisis of a campaign. They were excitable, warm-hearted, imaginative, and Montrose knew how to stir their enthusiasm. Had he appealed to them, when victory first crowned his standard, as the only army in Scotland maintaining the Royal cause; had he called upon them to rise from robbers into soldiers; had he pledged his honour that, when the king got his own again, their services would be rewarded; there is no reason to believe that his efforts would have been fruitless. Even if the necessity to yield to some extent to Highland prepossessions was inexorable, a troop, chosen from the various clans and trusted by all, might have been periodically deputed to carry home the plunder, and at the same time to recruit. Having gained command of Perth at the very commencement of his operations, Montrose might have formed a military chest, which he had subsequent opportunities of replenishing, and he might thus have gradually taken the Highlanders into the king's pay and strengthened his hold upon them. None of these measures seem to have occurred to him. The poetry of war, the romance of the battle and the march, have been known from the days of Homer, but the prose of war is essential to success in the business. Criticism, however, is easy; art is difficult; and it is after all not quite certain that the most cool, and practical of soldiers, a Cæsar, a Frederick, a Napoleon, would have made more of the Highland army than Montrose.

Twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir he was in the north-east of Scotland, marching down the left bank of the Dee to visit Aberdeen. On the 13th of September, he defeated the forces mustered to defend the town. The fighting was more severe than at Tippermuir, but the overthrow of the Covenanters was complete, and the infuriated Irishmen poured into Aberdeen. Montrose, who, with Henderson and other clerical leaders, had at one time done his best to convince the Aberdonians that they ought to take the Covenant and fight the king, and at another had inflicted upon them harsh military chastisement for slowness in following his advice, was bound to exert himself strenuously to protect the town from pillage. Unfortunately, a drummer who had been his herald to the townsmen was shot. An insult, unattended with bloodshed, had been done to his flag before the battle of Tippermuir. Proud of his commission from his sovereign and knowing that it entitled him on any showing to all belligerent rights, he was incensed at these outrages. It is also urged by his apologists that it was beyond his power to restrain the Irish, and that he did what he could to draw them from their prey by pitching his camp, the day after the battle, at Kintore, a village ten miles distant from Aberdeen. It is unquestionable, however, that he made no personal attempt to check the Irish, and that they committed horrible atrocities in what was then one of the most loyal towns in Scotland. No one has imputed deliberate cruelty to Montrose, but he was culpably reckless of blood, and the butchery in the streets of Aberdeen has left a stain upon his name.

Argyle had not been unaware of the landing of Colkitto from Ireland. Thinking it would be easy to crush the little band of Irish, he had hastened to seize their boats, but had subsequently been languid in his operations against them, as if the business were too trivial for serious attention. The battles of Tippermuir and Deeside startled him into activity. He put himself, along with Lord Lothian, at the head of such a body of horse and foot as could be relied upon to defeat Montrose if only he could be brought to an engagement. But though he detested Argyle, both personally and on account of his disaffection to Charles, and though he knew the importance of every blow that could be struck for the Royal cause, Montrose would not fight at a disadvantage. He retreated before Argyle, and struck westward from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. Finding himself headed by a second body of Covenanters posted on the left bank of the Spey, he marched up the valley of that river, penetrated into Badenoch, and wheeling round by Athol marched again down Deeside. Patient Argyle kept on his track, and the Covenanters of Moray were ready to turn him when his columns showed their heads on the banks of Spey. Once, at the castle of Fyvie, he was almost caught napping; but by his presence of mind and fertility of resource, and by the dashing courage of the Irish, he was extricated from the peril. At Fyvie, as formerly on Deeside, he greatly increased the efficiency of his few horse by interspersing foot soldiers in their ranks, and astonishing the opposing cavalry by the discharge of musketry in their faces. Montrose was familiarly acquainted with Cæsar's Commentaries, and is said to have carried the book with him in his campaigns. It is probable that the expedient of mixing cavalry with infantry was suggested both to Gustavus Adolphus and to Montrose by Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. Its adoption by the Swede set Frederick upon using it in his first battle; but it proved at Molwitz to be misapplied and disastrous.

Three times did Montrose lead Argyle up Spey, round by Athol, and down Dee. Thinking at last that his enemy would be glad to rest and that the work of crushing him might be resumed in spring, Argyle drew off his troops, threw up the command, and retired to enjoy a few weeks of repose in his castle of Inverary. Between him and Montrose towered the loftiest hill ranges in Great Britain, and he flattered himself that no one except his devoted retainers of the clan Campbell knew the passes which led through those mountains into his feudal domain. It was now December, and the austere Marquis might reflect with satisfaction that Montrose, who had not dared to meet him in fight, must winter in the hungry wilds of Athol. What could even a puissant Argyle make of an enemy, if he would not turn and fight him? The mood of the great Maccallumore would be one of mild self-adulation, spiced with pleasant contempt for his enemy.

Suddenly, before December's moon had filled her horn, he was startled to learn that Montrose was upon him. "Wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain-paths known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," the Highlanders made their way into Argyleshire and began laying it waste with fire and sword. Argyle stepped into a fishing-boat and escaped. Montrose, dividing his army into three bodies, ravaged the country. Every man capable of bearing arms against king Charles who fell into their hands was put to the sword; the cattle were driven off, the houses burned. Most of the men, it is probable, imitated

a body of troops from the Lowlands, mustered his clansmen,
ken up his quarters in the castle of Inverlochy. Once more
thes freely, for the Lochaber range is between him and his
igable foe.

the glance of genius Montrose perceives his opportunity,
s upon it with the audacity of a commander who had inspired
n with his own dauntless and resolute spirit. Starting at sun-
enters the rugged ravine of the Tarf. "Through gorge and
ountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corry-arrick, now
g into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild
ins of Glenroy to the Spean," wading through snow-drifts,
rivers and hill burns up to their girdle, the Highlanders press
l, "having placed the Lochaber mountains behind them, they
from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon
lear frosty night, the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and
wning towers of Inverlochy." At five o'clock in the winter
g the van of Montrose appeared; at eight the rear had closed
ext morning the Campbells stood gallantly to their arms, their
aving betaken himself to his barge in order to behold the
from a place of safety. In spite of the admitted valour of his
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placed himself at its head. He had apprehended with nicest precision the character of the force at his disposal and that of the levies under Lord Elcho. He saw that the way to handle the Highlanders was to launch them like a bolt at the enemy, their power lying essentially in the charge. In point of fact the Highland charge, well delivered, has on all occasions carried everything before it; again and again, even so late as 1745, it broke the bayonet lines of disciplined troops; and there can be no doubt that, had Montrose or Dundee been in command, it would have shattered Cumberland's army at Culloden. But while he appreciated the fighting capacities of the Highlanders, and used them in a masterly manner, Montrose did not show himself qualified to cope with the defects of a Highland army. A military genius, calm and comprehensive as well as prompt and intrepid, would have perceived these to be, if incurable, fatal to permanence of success. At the moment which in war is most precious of all, the moment when victory is to be improved, the clansmen habitually left the standard in order to reach their native glens and deposit their booty. If the season happened to be that of harvest, they would go to gather in their patches of corn. The commander saw his lines, steadfast in battle, melt away under the sun of victory. This habit of the Highlanders may have been invincible, and Montrose may have known it to be so; but the fact is not self-evident, and there is no proof that he displayed skill or determination in grappling with the mischief. It would have been the part of a military pedant to attempt to turn the Highlanders at once into regular soldiers, or to destroy the organization of the clans; but a far-sighted commander in Montrose's position would have felt the absolute necessity of imparting to them enough of the character of soldiers, as distinguished from brigands, to make them capable of being depended on in the crisis of a campaign. They were excitable, warm-hearted, imaginative, and Montrose knew how to stir their enthusiasm. Had he appealed to them, when victory first crowned his standard, as the only army in Scotland maintaining the Royal cause; had he called upon them to rise from robbers into soldiers; had he pledged his honour that, when the king got his own again, their services would be rewarded; there is no reason to believe that his efforts would have been fruitless. Even if the necessity to yield to some extent to Highland prepossessions was inexorable, a troop, chosen from the various clans and trusted by all, might have been periodically deputed to carry home the plunder, and at the same time to recruit. Having gained command of Perth at the very commencement of his operations, Montrose might have formed a military chest, which he had subsequent opportunities of replenishing, and he might thus have gradually taken the Highlanders into the king's pay and strengthened his hold upon them. None of these measures seem to have occurred to him. The poetry of war, the romance of the battle and the march, have been known from the days of Homer, but the prose of war is essential to success in the business. Criticism, however, is easy; art is difficult; and it is after all not quite certain that the most cool, and practical of soldiers, a Cæsar, a Frederick, a Napoleon, would have made more of the Highland army than Montrose.

Twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir he was in the north-east of Scotland, marching down the left bank of the Dee to visit Aberdeen. On the 13th of September, he defeated the forces mustered to defend the town. The fighting was more severe than at Tippermuir, but the overthrow of the Covenanters was complete, and the infuriated Irishmen poured into Aberdeen. Montrose, who, with Henderson and other clerical leaders, had at one time done his best to convince the Aberdonians that they ought to take the Covenant and fight the king, and at another had inflicted upon them harsh military chastisement for slowness in following his advice, was bound to exert himself strenuously to protect the town from pillage. Unfortunately, a drummer who had been his herald to the townsmen was shot. An insult, unattended with bloodshed, had been done to his flag before the battle of Tippermuir. Proud of his commission from his sovereign and knowing that it entitled him on any showing to all belligerent rights, he was incensed at these outrages. It is also urged by his apologists that it was beyond his power to restrain the Irish, and that he did what he could to draw them from their prey by pitching his camp, the day after the battle, at Kintore, a village ten miles distant from Aberdeen. It is unquestionable, however, that he made no personal attempt to check the Irish, and that they committed horrible atrocities in what was then one of the most loyal towns in Scotland. No one has imputed deliberate cruelty to Montrose, but he was culpably reckless of blood, and the butchery in the streets of Aberdeen has left a stain upon his name.

Argyle had not been unaware of the landing of Colkitto from Ireland. Thinking it would be easy to crush the little band of Irish, he had hastened to seize their boats, but had subsequently been languid in his operations against them, as if the business were too trivial for serious attention. The battles of Tippermuir and Deeside startled him into activity. He put himself, along with Lord Lothian, at the head of such a body of horse and foot as could be relied upon to defeat Montrose if only he could be brought to an engagement. But though he detested Argyle, both personally and on account of his disaffection to Charles, and though he knew the importance of every blow that could be struck for the Royal cause, Montrose would not fight at a disadvantage. He retreated before Argyle, and struck westward from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. Finding himse headed by a second body of Covenanters posted on the left ban of the Spey, he marched up the valley of that river, penetrated in Badenoch, and wheeling round by Athol marched again down De side. Patient Argyle kept on his track, and the Covenanters Moray were ready to turn him when his columns showed their hea on the banks of Spey. Once, at the castle of Fyvie, he was almo caught napping; but by his presence of mind and fertility of resourc and by the dashing courage of the Irish, he was extricated fro the peril. At Fyvie, as formerly on Deeside, he greatly increas the efficiency of his few horse by interspersing foot soldiers their ranks, and astonishing the opposing cavalry by the discharge musketry in their faces. Montrose was familiarly acquainted wi Cæsar's Commentaries, and is said to have carried the book with hi in his campaigns. It is probable that the expedient of mixing caval with infantry was suggested both to Gustavus Adolphus and Montrose by Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. Its adoption by th Swede set Frederick upon using it in his first battle; but it prove at Molwitz to be misapplied and disastrous.

Three times did Montrose lead Argyle up Spey, round by Atho and down Dee. Thinking at last that his enemy would be glad t rest and that the work of crushing him might be resumed in spring Argyle drew off his troops, threw up the command, and retired t enjoy a few weeks of repose in his castle of Inverary. Betwee him and Montrose towered the loftiest hill ranges in Great Britain and he flattered himself that no one except his devoted retainers o the clan Campbell knew the passes which led through those mountain into his feudal domain. It was now December, and the austere Marquis might reflect with satisfaction that Montrose, who had not dare to meet him in fight, must winter in the hungry wilds of Athol What could even a puissant Argyle make of an enemy, if h would not turn and fight him? The mood of the great Maccallum or would be one of mild self-adulation, spiced with pleasant contem for his enemy.

Suddenly, before December's moon had filled her horn, he w startled to learn that Montrose was upon him. "Wading throug drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain-pat known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," the Hig landers made their way into Argyleshire and began laying it wa with fire and sword. Argyle stepped into a fishing-boat and escap Montrose, dividing his army into three bodies, ravaged the count Every man capable of bearing arms against king Charles who f into their hands was put to the sword; the cattle were driv off, the houses burned. Most of the men, it is probable, imitat their chief, and took to flight as soon as the fires on the horizon announced the advance of Montrose. The work of devastation was continued into the first month of the new year. As January drew to a close, the royal army marched in the direction of Inverness, where Seaforth was gathering force in the interest of the Covenanters. Montrose encamped at Kilcummin at the head of Loch Ness. Meanwhile Argyle has been making preparations. He has drawn a body of troops from the Lowlands, mustered his clansmen, and taken up his quarters in the castle of Inverlochy. Once more he breathes freely, for the Lochaber range is between him and his indefatigable foe.

With the glance of genius Montrose perceives his opportunity, and acts upon it with the audacity of a commander who had inspired his men with his own dauntless and resolute spirit. Starting at sunrise, he enters the rugged ravine of the Tarf. "Through gorge and over mountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corry-arrick, now plunging into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild mountains of Glenroy to the Spean," wading through snow-drifts, fording rivers and hill burns up to their girdle, the Highlanders press on until, "having placed the Lochaber mountains behind them, they beheld from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon of a clear frosty night, the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy." At five o'clock in the winter evening the van of Montrose appeared; at eight the rear had closed up. Next morning the Campbells stood gallantly to their arms, their chief having betaken himself to his barge in order to behold the battle from a place of safety. In spite of the admitted valour of his clan, he was signally defeated. The spell by which he had imposed upon the imagination of the Highlanders was effectually broken, and his power as the head of a formidable body of Highland warriors permanently impaired.

It was natural that Montrose should now experience a sense of almost intoxicating elation. He had rendered brilliant service to the master whom he ardently loved, and he had eclipsed and discredited a rival with whom he had for long years been engaged in internecine conflict, and who had at one time been so much in the ascendant as to be able to exercise towards him a contemptuous leniency. The importance of his victories to the cause of Charles he over-rated. Mr. Napier prints a letter addressed by him to the king after the battle of Inverlochy, in which he urges his Majesty to come to no terms with the Parliament, and speaks confidently of his own ability to do great things, in the ensuing summer, for the royal cause. He had manifestly no accurate knowledge of the posture of affairs in England, and was unable to gauge the importance of those military changes in the Parliament's army which were being introduced under the influence of Cromwell. He can hardly be blamed for supposing that English Royalism could still do something considerable for the king. The dream of his ambition was to lead an army into England, form a junction with the royal forces, and re-establish the monarchy. Had he been at Charles's right hand, absolutely commanding his troops in England as well as in Scotland, the current of our history might have flowed in a different channel; but between him and the Royal camp lay the Scottish army under Alexander Leslie, and he had no force adequate to encounter it. Among Charles's many weaknesses was that of facile hope, and the tone of exultation and promise in which Montrose now wrote may have been one among the fatal influences which induced him to refuse an arrangement either with the Parliament, or with the Scots, or with both, and so lured him to his doom.

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Urry ordered his battle exactly as Montrose intended. His veteran troops he sent to charge on his left, where the Royal standard floating over Montrose's right, marked, as he believed, the station of the general and the key of the position. Colkitto, safe in his enclosures, defied the attack. But the enemy galled him with their reproaches, and the headstrong chief led out his men to fight in the open. Here they soon had the worst of it. Montrose learned that the great strength massed by Urry on the Covenanting left had broken Colkitto, and that the Irish were recoiling in partial confusion. A less resolute commander, or one whose self-possession was less calm, would have sent help to Colkitto, and thus deprived himself of that superiority of force in charging Urry's right, on which he had calculated for victory. Montrose was not disconcerted. He saw that the moment had come for putting his scheme into execution. He called out to Lord Gordon that Colkitto was conquering on the right, and that, unless they made haste, he would carry off the honours of the day. The Gordon gentlemen charged and broke the Covenanting horse. The infantry of Urry's right fought bravely, but the main force of Montrose was opposed to them, and they gave way. He then led his troops, flushed with victory, to support Colkitto. MacDonald, a man of colossal proportions and gigantic strength, had defended his followers as they made good their retreat into the enclosures, engaging the pikemen hand to hand, fixing their pike-heads, three or four at a time, in the tough bull-hide of his target, and cutting them short off at the iron by the whistling sweep of his broadsword. The combined force of Montrose and Colkitto proved irresistible. Urry was defeated with great slaughter. The loss of the Royal army was almost incredibly small. No battle won by Hannibal was more expressly the result of the genius of the commander. The idea of throwing the enemy a bone to worry in one part of the field, while the rest of his force is being annihilated and victory made sure elsewhere, was applied by Marlborough at Blenheim and was the efficient cause of that splendid victory. There is little probability that Marlborough had studied the battle of Auldearn, but the expedients of military genius of the highest order, to wit, the inventive order, are apt to coincide.

This battle was fought in May, 1645. After much marching and counter-marching, Baillie ventured to engage Montrose at Alford, on the river Don in Aberdeenshire. He was defeated, and his army broken to pieces. There was now no force in the north of Scotland that could look Montrose in the face. Argyle, however, and the Edinburgh Convention of Estates, resolved upon a last great effort. They raised a larger army than any of those they had lost, and placed it under Baillie; but Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay were appointed to exercise over him a joint superintendence. They forced him to bring Montrose, who had now descended into the low countries and crossed the Forth, to action. The battle of Kilsyth was fought on the morning of the 15th of August. Seldom or never had the disproportion of strength been greater against Montrose, but none of his victories had been easier, and Baillie's army was utterly destroyed. In the warm summer morning, Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts that the broadsword might have unencumbered play, and that they might not fail in the expected pursuit. Accustomed to conquer, and placing absolute confidence in their leader, the clans vied with each other in the headlong impetuosity of their charge, and drove the Covenanters, horse and foot, before them, in tumultuous flight. Baillie, though smarting with defeat, seems as a soldier to have been struck with the splendid courage and picturesque fierceness of the Highlanders. They came on, full speed, targets aloft, heads and shoulders bent low, in the literal attitude of the tiger when he springs. Montrose lost scarce a dozen men; the Covenanters, whom the swift-footed mountaineers pursued for ten miles, had four or five thousand slain.

All Scotland, except the national fortresses, was now in the hands of Montrose. Neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow made any resistance, and having levied a contribution on Glasgow, he called a Parliament to meet in that town in the name of the King. But his dazzling success rendered only more conspicuous the fatal defects in the system of warfare he was pursuing. He had formed no body of spearmen on whom he could depend to stand the charge of effective horse, and victory was, as at first, the signal for the Highlanders to quit the ranks and return to their hills. The victory of Kilsyth had been fertile in plunder, and the season of harvest was now near; both circumstances tended to thin the following of Montrose. While King Charles was hoping that his irresistible Lieutenant would lead an army across the border to his deliverance, and sending Sir Robert Spottiswood with a new commission and new orders, the Royal army dwindled away, and Montrose found himself at the head of no larger a body of troops than had at first gathered round him in the wilds of Athol. It may, as was formerly said, have been impossible for him to change the habits of the Highlanders, but he ought to have been alive to the extreme peril to which those habits exposed him in the low country. He knew that the Scottish army in England was well supplied with cavalry. A perfectly organized system of intelligence, keeping him informed as to the state of the country within twenty miles of his camp, especially in the direction of England, was to him an absolute condition of existence. He had a sufficient force of cavalry to enable him to organize such a system, and this essential part of the duty of a commander was well understood in that age. Oliver Cromwell, had he been in the place of Montrose, would have known within a few hours everything that took place in the Scottish camp in England. Montrose's first thought, after the battle of Kilsyth, ought to have been, "Argyle and his friends are beaten in Scotland, and infuriated beyond all bounds; their next thought will be to strike a blow from England." How often have great men fallen by oversights which small men would not have committed! "O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by!" says Shakespeare's Wolsey; and even Shakespeare may have known by experience the bitterness of Wolsey's pang.

Montrose crept gradually southward with his diminished army, and in the second week of September was stationed at Selkirk, his cavalry being quartered with himself in the town, while the infantry occupied an elevated plateau called Philiphaugh, on the north. Between Philiphaugh and Selkirk flows the Ettrick; the infantry were on the left bank, the cavalry on the right. This disposition of the Royal forces has been pronounced faulty, but we must recollect that in the first half of September Scottish rivers are generally low, and that, if the Ettrick could be easily forded, a few minutes' trot would bring cavalry lying in Selkirk upon the plain of Philiphaugh. On the night between the 12th and 13th of September, 1645, General David Leslie, next to Montrose the most energetic and capable commander contributed by Scotland to the civil war, having by a swift march from Newcastle along the East Coast and then southward from Edinburgh, reached the vicinity, placed his men, principally horse, and numbering five or six thousand, in and about Melrose. The Royalists were but four miles away, and we realize the intense hatred with which they were regarded in the district when we learn that not a whisper of the presence of Leslie's army reached the Royal camp. Mr. Napier tells us that more than once in the night the scouts came in and reported all safe. Commanding only a few hundred cavalry, and a mere skeleton of his Highland host, Montrose, had he been apprized of Leslie's approach, would doubtless have attempted to escape by one of his extraordinary marches. Had his army been as large as before the battle of Kilsyth, he might, in spite of his surprise, have defeated Leslie; for the Highlanders, nimble as leopards, were formidable to cavalry, and his own inventiveness and dexterity in battle might have wrought one of the miracles which are possible to genius. But with his diminished force he had no chance. Leslie's horsemen, emerging from the white mist of a September morning, crashed in upon both his wings at once. Montrose was immediately in the field and disputed the matter for some time, but his little army was cut to pieces. At the head of about thirty troopers, he made good his retreat to the Highlands.

Before the battle of Kilsyth the Royal cause in England had been hopelessly lost. Royalism, pure and simple, as professed by the English Cavaliers, perished on the field of Naseby. Had Montrose succeeded, after Kilsyth, in penetrating into England, he would have found the fragments of Charles's army too shattered to reunite, and would have encountered a force of English and Scots in the Parliamentary interest numbering at least fifty thousand men. After uselessly protracting hostilities for some time in the Highlands, he was commanded by the King to lay down his arms. He retired in disguise to Norway, and thence proceeded to join Prince Charles who, from various stations on the Continent, was watching the course of events in England.

Until the death of the King, Argyle and his party in Scotland maintained their alliance with the English Puritan leaders. Shortly before that event, Cromwell, having destroyed Hamilton's army, marched to Edinburgh, and was received with "many honours and civilities." The death of the King at last overcame the profound reluctance of Argyle to quarrel with the English Parliament. Negotiations commenced between the Estates of Scotland and Charles II. Montrose, feeling that there could be no real reconciliation between him and Argyle, and conscious of an invincible repugnance to the hollowness of a league between Charles II. and the austerely moral Covenanters, advised the young King to attempt no arrangement with the latter. Charles, perfectly false and perfectly heartless, gave Montrose a commission to land in Scotland in arms, but did not discontinue negotiations with his antagonist. A few hundred German mercenaries, a body of unwarlike fishermen whom he forced to join his standard in Orkney, and a considerable party of Royalist officers, among them his old opponent Colonel Urry, constituted the force with which Montrose made a descent upon Scotland in the spring of 1650. He was suddenly attacked, on the borders of Ross-shire, by Colonel Strahan, a Covenanter of the straitest sect. The Germans surrendered; the Orkney fishermen made little resistance; the Scottish companies of Montrose were overpowered.

Soon after the battle, he was taken and led in triumph to Edinburgh. The Estates of Scotland, avoiding question as to the legality of the expedition in which, under commission of that Charles II. whose title they were then undertaking to vindicate, he had been last engaged, treated him as already condemned to die under sentence of attainder passed against him whilst ravaging the territory of Argyle in 1644.

His bearing in presence of the Parliament was as calmly dauntless as on the battlefield in the moment of victory. He exulted in his loyalty. It had indeed been with him a pure and lofty feeling, and by rare good fortune he never knew Charles I. well enough to be disenchanted. "I never had passion on earth," he wrote to Charles II., "so great as that to do the king your father service." He asserted the faithfulness of his adherence to the National Covenant, and avowed that he had neither taken nor approved of the Solemn League and Covenant. He indignantly denied that he had countenanced acts of military violence. "He had never spilt the blood of a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends—nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle."

His sentence was that he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, his head fixed upon the tolbooth of Edinburgh, his limbs placed over the gates of four Scottish towns. On the night before his execution he wrote with a diamond upon the window of his prison those well-known lines which, in their pathetic dignity, attest, if nothing else, a composure of feeling, a serenity of intellectual consciousness, a perfect self-possession, remarkable in the immediate nearness of a cruel death.

"Let them bestow on every airt* a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since thou knowest where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

The majesty of his demeanour, both while being drawn into Edinburgh on a cart, and as he walked in scarlet cloak trimmed with gold lace to the place of execution, so impressed the multitude, that not a taunt was uttered, and many an eye was wet. All that is told of him when in prison tends to exalt our conception of his character. When the clergy remind him that he has been excommunicated, and urge him to repent in order that the Church may remove her censures, he answers that the thought of his excommunication causes him pain, and that he would gladly have it removed by confessing his sins as a man, but that he has nothing to repent of in his conduct to his king and his country. He can more sharply check the officiousness of the non-professional zealot. Johnston of Warriston finds him, the day before his death, combing out his beautiful locks of hair, and murmurs some suggestion that the hour is too solemn for such work. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day while it is still my own," answers Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list." He is not a Pagan, proud and self-centred; but neither is he quite a Puritan. He rises into a more genial atmosphere, he approaches a higher Christian type, than those of his age. He does not crouch before his Maker; he stands erect; not arrogantly, not in mean terror and abject self-depreciation, but in reverent affection and trust: as a man ought to stand.

PETER BAYNE.

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* Point of the compass.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE STATE.

I VENTURE to assert that the railways of Ireland will be purchased by the State, and I feel no doubt whatever that those of England and Scotland will follow the same destiny. I think it probable that, in this movement, as in others of no less magnitude, Ireland, from her peculiar circumstances, will lead Great Britain, as she did to the adoption of Catholic Emancipation and of Free Trade. It was in obedience to the demands of Ireland that Mr. Gladstone adopted a policy of Religious Equality which, with admirable determination and almost fanatical resolve, has been subscribed by both parties in the State as a primary principle and basis of future legislation; and it was to appease the long existing warfare of landlord and tenant in Ireland that the same great minister introduced a Bill for the establishment of tenant right upon the firmest basis, the enactment of which has been followed by the revolt of the farmers in Scotland, and by the introduction to the English Parliament of Mr. James Howard's Bill for accomplishing the same object.

On the 29th April, in the present year, the House of Commons, on the motion of Lord Claud Hamilton, discussed the purchase of the Irish Railways, and the proposition was negatived by an immense majority. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Conservative ex-Secretary for Ireland, all spoke against the motion, which, upon a division, was defeated by a majority of 132, the 82 members who voted or paired "Ay" being, with the exception of nine, Irish members. Yet it is partly upon this division that I found the assertion with which I started. I have not the slightest doubt from what I have since heard that the Irish members saw more in Mr. Gladstone's speech than I think was intended. It is natural with men of the temperament of the Premier, when placed in similar circumstances, to speak with unreal vehemence, an effort directed to influence their own minds as well as to modify the views of their hearers. I believe Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his speech of April 29, to be favourable to the purchase of the Railways by the State; I believe him to be very much more of this opinion at the present moment, when he is thought to have crushed the expectations of the Irish people, then when he suggested, as I suppose he did suggest, the inquiries of Captain Tyler, or than when he permitted Lord Hartington—who is not such a fool as the *Times* supposes—to make last year a speech which that journal says "encouraged the wildest hopes in Ireland," and which the *Times* attributes to Lord Hartington's want of skill "in the management of phrases committing himself to nothing, because their meaning is lost in a haze of words." Mr. Gladstone is a master of that species of phraseology, yet he did not, Jove-like, throw, as he might easily have done, a cloud over the clear words of the Irish Secretary. But now, in the most precise language, he has discarded the proposal, and far from showing a readiness to deal with the question of purchase, he has made propositions in support of the present system of private ownership. I wish it to be understood that I know nothing directly of the mind of Mr. Gladstone in the matter; but this I know, that throughout his career he has been faithful to the principle that free locomotion is one of the concerns of Government; that in public and in private he has always manifested the closest, deepest interest in all that would promote the freest and most economical circulation within the United Kingdom. As a young legislator he interested himself in passing the Act of 1844, which gave the Government power to purchase Railways under certain circumstances; as a railway shareholder he bade his directors "stick to the democracy," a policy which they have not followed, and I believe that as a minister in the plenitude of power, he thought last year of taking the Irish Railways. It is not improbable that he has only for a time stayed the intention because he is meditating the acquisition of the whole of the Railways of the United Kingdom, because he is advised that the experiment in Ireland would not be highly successful, and that it need not be dissociated from a similar project in Great Britain. And I cannot doubt that Mr. Gladstone is very strongly influenced by the unanimity of the Irish people in this matter. He resists the Home Rule movement in Ireland because he is confident that separation would not be for the benefit of the sister island. But neither he nor any honest man can withstand a unanimous demand from the Irish people referring to a matter of strictly internal concern, not inimical to general laws, and of which they profess themselves willing to bear the financial hazard. Mr. Gladstone cannot have even a shadow of doubt that, if Ireland were ruled by a native Parliament, a Bill for the purchase of the Railways would become law in the first Session of that body, and this being so, his conscience would not exonerate him if he withstood the demand of the Irish people for such a transaction. Such a veto would be even a more gross case of tyranny than any recorded in the past history of Ireland, and would vastly strengthen if it did not wholly justify the " Nationalist " demands of the Home Rule party. We who oppose, or who are passive in regard to Home Rule, must of course satisfy ourselves upon one point: we must be sure that the internal affairs of Ireland do not suffer, but are rather benefited by the Union; and if Irishmen are unanimous upon any measure of strictly local character, if they are moreover prepared to bear its burdens, and if we cannot reasonably allege that its enactment would be prejudicial to the general Government, we are bound to remember that our functions are in strict justice and honour limited merely to considering whether it fulfils these conditions, and whether it is an act which in the best judgment of the Irish people would be undertaken if Great Britain did not practically—just as much as when Poyning's Law was in force—possess a veto upon the Bills of Irish members. I believe that this sense of duty and justice does animate Mr. Gladstone, and I have a strong conviction that the contrast between the speech of the Irish Secretary in 1872 and that of the Prime Minister in 1873, is to be ascribed to the great advance which in that interval the question of the purchase of the Railways by the State has made in England, and to the conviction entertained by the best friends of that measure that it would be inexpedient, and would not tend to promote the purchase in Great Britain, if experiment were made, where it would be least profitable —in Ireland.

We hear a great deal of nonsense talked about the functions of Government, and some people seem to imagine that we are retrograding from an ideal standard. I entertain a quite opposite opinion. I think that, in spite of much ignorance and of much interested opposition, we are arriving at a truer knowledge than has ever yet been possessed of the proper domain of Government. The earliest idea of Government was the infallibility of some wholly personal will, and still the Sultan or the Shah could venture from mere caprice to put a barber or a mule-driver at the head of affairs in their respective

States; then it was held that the State should possess a monopoly of religious truth, a function which has met with successful resistance, and which, though its shadow survives in the institutions of several States, is practically abolished in Europe. It has been held to be a function of Government to secure in a population the distinction of certain classes by privilege, and this seems to be fading away. But it has never been doubted by those minds which are the beacons of progress, and popular experience has only served to strengthen the conviction, that it is a function of Government to assert by the authority of law, the equality, in regard to the rights of citizenship, of the weak with the strong; it has never been doubted that it is the duty of Government to secure for the people the means of intercommunication. When Railways were established it was assumed that they would operate as auxiliaries to the traffic upon the turnpike roads; it was the idea of some that none but "carriage people" would use the new mode of travelling, and that each person would have his own vehicle upon the Railway, it being also adapted to the road. It was never dreamt that Railways would become the highways of the country in the sense which we see accomplished. Suppose that in those days a heavy tax had been placed upon all travellers by high road for distances over 100 miles. We all know that such a tax would not have been possible. But what would it produce at present, and whom would it affect? Who, except some eccentric tourist on wheels, or one of some dozen fanatical believers in the good old days of posting, and a few commercial travellers with a taste for horseflesh, now travels over 100 miles of high road in England? The thing is quite abolished. Practically the only means of communication between the great towns are the Railways; and the Government, from their earliest construction to the very recent enactment of the Railways and Canals Traffic Act, has by a mass of legislation admitted and accepted the function of securing for the people the best facilities for intercommunication upon these iron roads. That this is a proper function of Government cannot be questioned; our internal traffic being virtually limited to the existing Railways, Government is bound to see, as one of the most vital necessities of the State, not only that the best means of intercommunication are afforded, but that these could not be given with greater advantage to the public.

There is no exit from this position. The country between London and Manchester, or between Dublin and Belfast, might as well be infested with brigands, or even occupied by hostile armies, as the Railways remain in the power of those who, through bad management or divided interests, impede or forbid traffic. One half the errors in regard to progress which Governments have made arise from a mistaken estimate of the losses consequent upon bad laws or misgovernment. All good men hate war, but few understand that the waste and ruin of war are inconsiderable in comparison with the waste and the ruin which is perpetrated in times of peace by error and ignorance. How trifling, for example, is the loss of life in battle compared with that which is due to neglect of sanitary laws! If Lord Derby is right, and I firmly believe he is correct in saying that the agricultural produce of the country might be doubled, and if I am right in assuming that our laws and customs relating to the inheritance, the transfer, the settlement, and the entail of land, form the chief material obstacle to this increase, then clearly, from an economic point of view, the ravaging of this country for twelve months by 100,000 Germans would be a preferable evil to the continuance of these laws. If, putting ourselves in the position of Spain, it was *our* Railways which were impeded by attacks of Carlist bands, nobody would question that it was a function of Government to keep the Railways open, and at any cost to the State to attack those who hindered the traffic of the country. And can it be denied that this duty does pertain to the civil power in the State when the obstructions are caused by interests which the civil power could satisfy and remove? The only question would be whether, in the exercise of this authority, there would be any improper invasion of the rights of citizens, and whether its exercise was for the benefit of the community?

Before proceeding to discuss the evils of the present system, it would be well to dismiss one fallacy which is found alike in the arguments of those who favour and those who are adverse to purchase by the State. Mr. Martin, an intelligent advocate of purchase, apparently supposes that it is a "logically true" argument which asserts that if the State takes the Railways it must also "own and manage the cabs and omnibuses" as well as "the harbours and lines of steamers." The Statistical Society seem to have accepted this argument, which, it appears to me, is very incorrect. If the State takes the Railways it is because the Railways exist and can only be worked as a monopoly. There is no analogy whatever between the cabs and omnibuses, the steamers, and the Railways. There can be no absolute monopoly of wheel traffic in the streets; still less can there be a monopoly of service at sea. It by no means follows logically that if the State takes the Railways it should therefore take the cabs and omnibuses. If there were but one track in the sea from Liverpool to New York, then only would the logical sequence be established. But there are as many tracks in the sea as there are ships; there are as many courses in the streets as there are cabs and omnibuses; there is no logical connection whatever between arguments relating to a road which is monopolised and a road which is free not only to all comers but to every description of conveyance. The same error is apparent in the very illogical speech which Mr. Goldsmid made against the proposal put forward by Lord Claud Hamilton. He actually appeared to suppose that the transfer of the Railways was not to be thought of because some of the railway companies possessed hotels, some docks, others steamboats, and so on. Whoever possesses the North-Western Railway has a monopoly of the most direct and indispensable route between the two chief centres of the English population in Middlesex and in Lancashire. Monopolies are invariably, and obviously must be to some extent, controlled by the Government, but the question as to this monopoly is not the least complicated by the fact that the Railway has accessories which form no part of any monopoly. The Government would have no greater difficulty in leasing the Great Western Hotel than they have in regard to receiving the ground-rent of the Reform Club; and with reference to the delivery of goods by cart, or of the conveyance of passengers and goods by sea, while it is likely that these things would be best performed by a service in close connection with the Railways, this is by no means a necessary consequence, and in neither case could there be, as upon the Railway, a monopoly of transit or delivery.

The Railways of this country were formed in disunion, and their formation was burdened by the ignorance and the disgraceful rapacity of the landowning and the governing class which has benefited so enormously by their construction. The Railway history of England would show that Norman barons could defeat a popular right in the first half of the nineteenth century almost as easily as in the twelfth. In no country have I seen personal as opposed to public rights carried with so high a hand as in England. One of the ancient highways of the country passed before the house of a noble Marquis whose deer-park stretched wide and far in the rear of the mansion. A town of ancient date and busy population stood by the wayside nestled under the shadow of the great house. Powerful as ever Norman baron was over the obsequious county, this nobleman obtained permission to cut off the stream of life—to turn the highway before it entered the town, and condemned travellers by that road for all time to make a *détour* of a mile round the outskirts of his park. I remember when in Russia I thought it very cruel that the letter of a Polish soldier addressed to his mother should be detained because it was not addressed in the official Sclavonic language. But I have met with something of the same sort in England. It is not ten years since a noble Postmaster-General, having resolved that it was an impertinence on the part of an eminently respectable population to call their new town by a name which formed a part of his title, decreed that all letters so addressed should be delayed. The same interest worked in the same direction—the overwhelming power of the landed interest has led in this country to an excess of cost in the construction of the Railways which really forms a great part of the difficulty in regard to their purchase. In a former paper contributed to this Review,* I have estimated the excess at £100,000,000, upon the basis of a calculation made by a very eminent authority, the late Mr. Joseph Locke, C.E. A large part of this excessive cost, amounting to about 20 per cent., has been occasioned by the rivalry of competing schemes. If it had not been for this needless cost, partly the result of disunion, railway shareholders would have been at present receiving a very handsome return for their investment. It is quite a moderate estimate which places this wasteful, inequitable, and unnecessary expenditure in the construction of our Railways, at £6000 a mile. Even with such a deduction their cost would be vastly in excess of that of any continental system. Comparison is often made with the Railways of Belgium, and it is assumed that rates which are profitable in that State would, with the same traffic, produce similar results in England. This is, of course, incorrect, for while the average cost per mile of the Belgian lines has been about £14,000, the average expenditure per mile of railway open in the United Kingdom on the 31st December, 1871, was no less than £35,943. The causes of this excessive cost are not solely due to our extravagant methods of conveyance and transfer of land, or to the greater value of the soil, of labour, and materials in England. It must not be forgotten that for the most part the North of Europe is a level plain, while in England the country is very uneven and difficult. Any argument drawn from the Belgian system must be taken for no more than it is worth. If our Railways had been constructed at the same nominal cost as those of Belgium, a net income of £10,500,000 would suffice to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. upon the total capital; but in 1871 a net profit in the United Kingdom of £24,475,512 was not sufficient to pay more than 4·68 per cent. upon our Railway capital then amounting to £552,682,107. This vast sum is the *nominal* cost of the Railways of the United Kingdom. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that any such sum had ever been received by the companies from the shareholders. We have no means of ascertaining with precision what proportion of the stocks and loans which make this gigantic total has been actually paid, but there have been many issues of stock greatly below par, and the cost of construction of many lines has been paid for in stock subsequently put upon the market at rates which, though yielding large profits to contractors, were greatly beneath par value. The issue by the Metropolitan District Railway

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* "Free Trade in Land," by Arthur Arnold. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Nov. 1872.

Company of £1,500,000 of Preference Stock at £68, is an instance of the former, while the history of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway would supply striking examples of the latter. The profits upon this capital are very unequal. The accounts for the year 1872 are not made up, but in 1871—the year of prosperity, unblemished by the rising price of coal and labour, which neutralised the increase in 1872—no interest whatever was paid upon £8,139,701 of Preference Stock, and of the £230,250,152 of Ordinary Stock 31½ millions received no dividends whatever. Of the remaining Ordinary Stock :

4½ millions received dividends of less than 1 per cent.
10½ ,, ,, ,, from 1 to a fraction under 2 per cent.
18 ,, ,, ,, ,, 2 to nearly 3 per cent.
8¼ ,, ,, ,, ,, 3 ,, 4 ,,
26 ,, ,, ,, ,, 4 ,, 5 ,,
30 ,, ,, ,, ,, 5 ,, 6 ,,
9½ ,, ,, ,, ,, 6 ,, 7 ,,
66 ,, ,, ,, ,, 7 ,, 8 ,,
2 ,, ,, ,, ,, 8 ,, 9 ,,
17½ ,, ,, ,, ,, 9 ,, 10 ,,
2 ,, ,, ,, ,, 10 ,, 11 ,,
½ million ,, ,, ,, 11 ,, 12 ,,
3 millions ,, ,, ,, 12 ,, 13 ,,
¼ million ,, ,, of 13 per cent.
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But the profits of Railways are not excessive. The Railways Act which was passed in 1844 provided that the Ordinary Stocks of Railways constructed after the passing of that measure, could be purchased in 1866 and subsequently, at twenty-five years' purchase, the price being arbitrarily fixed only in the case of those lines which should have paid a dividend of 10 per cent. for three years; if they were paying less than that, the price was to be settled by arbitration. At the time of the passing of this Act it seemed that the profits of Railways would in 30 years become enormous. In the paper lately read by Mr. Martin before the Statistical Society he quoted the following list of prices, at which the shares mentioned were selling in the autumn of 1845 :—

	Paid.	Price per Share.
	£	£
Great North of England	100	217
Grand Junction	100	242
Liverpool and Manchester . . .	100	217
London and Birmingham . . .	100	222
London and Croydon	13	25
Manchester and Leeds	76	215
,, Birmingham . . .	40	90
North Union	100	225
Stockton and Darlington . . .	100	275

This was at a time when Railways existed in comparative isolation, before the Railway war broke out in which the waste of treasure was probably equal to that incurred in the Crimean struggle against Russia. But now the age of conflict has passed, and for years a process of consolidation has been going on. Not a single one of the companies quoted above has now a separate existence, and these are only nine among hundreds which are no longer to be found in the lists of the Stock Exchange. The railway history of the past thirty years is, as the late Mr. Graves said, "but one long list of absorptions and amalgamations." Some thirty of the defunct organisms have passed into the mighty system of the London and North-Western Railway; the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway is made up of five or six extinct companies, and upwards of 350 companies have been reduced to twenty-eight. Sated with the spoils of war, the railway men of 1846 had become wealthy proprietors and directors, and the ground being for the most part occupied, they turned their arms against the public instead of against each other. Amalgamation is only part of the policy which has been pursued; the more interesting matter for the public has been the thorough agreement as to rates which the Railways have established for their mutual benefit. But this latter is a subject which we shall pursue at a later stage of the argument. Here we are concerned with amalgamation and the progress it has made and is making towards that practical monopoly which railway managers tell us to fear if it should pass into our own hands. When, in 1871, two of the largest railways in this country ever stood ready to knock at the doors of Parliament with a request to be united, the public took alarm, and forbade the banns, and a *conseil de famille*, in the shape of Lords and Commons, was assembled to consider whether in this union of the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways might not be discerned the dreadful consummation of monopoly. The mileage of the two is almost equal to that of all the railways of Ireland; their united capital is almost thrice that of all the Irish railways; they connect the two great centres of population in England, and with the Caledonian embrace the chief seats of trade in the empire. What is that of which Parliament was fearful? These Railroads are governed by sagacious men; they know that amalgamation will produce great economies. The North-Western was very much afraid of losing the hand of the Lancashire Railway, which the Midland would have been very ready to seize. And why? Because, Acts of Parliament notwithstanding, railway companies have within the admitted limits of their rates power to turn the trade of the country this way and that way at pleasure. Fearful of the spectre of monopoly, the Joint Committee assembled, and what was the panacea offered by the most experienced witnesses? Sir Edward Watkin bade the nation trust to him; he would deliver us from the giant. Let amalgamation go on, but preserve competition; this was the burden of Sir Edward's counsel. And how were we to preserve this? Sir Edward no doubt means, if he gets the opportunity, to show us. He is Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway Company, and he occupies the same position with regard to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company. He probably has a notion that an alliance of the third company with the Midland or the Great Northern would keep the Western Colossus in order. He has himself, perhaps, in the interest of the South-Eastern Railway, been doing battle against monopoly. He knows what monopoly is, by comparing the price of coal consumed by the Manchester and Sheffield Company with that used by the South-Eastern. He has, we believe, been fighting for years to get cheaper coal-rates for his Southern companies, and perhaps he has an idea that with the help of the Bridgewater Canal, competition throughout the North-Western system may be maintained. Competition has been the sheet-anchor of the public; some of them remember when mad competition gave a ticket to Manchester and back for a few shillings; but now they believe they see competition passing away into amalgamation. Their "Committees and Commissioners," says the Report of the Joint Select Committee of 1871, "have for the last thirty years clung to one form of competition after another; but it has nevertheless become more and more evident that competition must fail to do for railways what it does for ordinary trade, and that no means have yet been devised by which competition can be permanently maintained." The melancholy tone of this Report must be very depressing to those who have put their faith in the upholding of competition. In their despair, the Committee, however, recommended the constitution of a Board. Baffled on land they look to the water, and the first duty relegated to this Board is that of preserving "the competition which now exists by sea," where, by the way, monopoly is obviously impossible. Further, this Board is "to give such support as is practicable to competition by canal;" it is to let the public know all about everything; and it is "to enforce the harmonious working and development of the present railway and canal systems, so as to produce from them, in the interests of the public and at the same time of the shareholders, the greatest possible amount of profitable work which they are capable of doing." This was the last utterance of the dying and irresolute Committee, and their Board is now about to be set up. We venture to say that no three men in the country expect less in the way of remedy against the wrong of monopoly, from the action of this tribunal, than the thoroughbred official, the clever railway chairman, and the intelligent lawyer of whom it is composed. What can they do? Their chief business will be to smooth the way of amalgamation, to help the railway companies to depart farther and farther from the old, vain, blundering ideal of companies fighting with each other for the benefit of the public, whose real want is economy of management and cheap rates of transit for their persons and their goods. We will not deny that the Board may be of some use in this matter. There are still in being a number of small companies and some great ones which it is well should pass out of separate existence. Absorption is their best, their natural and inevitable destiny, and perhaps the companies, with the help of Sir F. Peel, Mr. Price, and Mr. Macnamara, will manage this business as well among themselves and with less waste of money than could be done if the State were the purchaser in so many separate cases.

But what is the virtue in competition which makes it the dear hope of Parliament? It is all very well for Sir Edward Watkin to like competion; but why should the public like it? What is the meaning of it to them; what has always been its signification? Waste, of course, and nothing but waste. Are we to rejoice because by virtue of this worn-out idol, two express-trains are started, one from Euston Square, and another from King's Cross, at the same hour, both bound for Manchester, neither taking up but two or three passengers, and neither stopping at more than two or three stations on the road. This is competition, to which, say the Lords and Commons, we have long clung, and which they report is now slipping from our grasp. Are we to feel happy and reassured, to thank Sir Edward Watkin, and be quiet and contented, because, more wasteful still than the express-trains at which we have been looking, there are started every day, at the same hour, from Charing Cross and from Victoria, Continental trains in close agreement as to fares,—the highest at which the two companies think the public will consent to travel,—which rush to Dover; the two trains having no more passengers than could be conveyed in one? This is competition, and its exposition accounts for high fares and low dividends. The Board, influenced, no doubt, by such views as those which Sir Edward Watkin has put forth, will try to realize the old ideal by a masterly combination of Railways; and perhaps competition may yet contrive to prevent the southern Railways from getting coal at a reasonably cheap rate. Is that to the public advantage? Of course not. The Board will doubtless do all that is possible to facilitate intercommunication between the allied systems, though we suspect that the Committee of the Railway Clearing House will be the more authoritative tribunal. But they will not reduce the costly army of watchmen and accountants, which is one of the drawbacks of the much cherished system of competition. No one has written with greater prescience upon the relations of the Railways and the State than Mr. Arthur Williams, and he speaks in graphic language of "the delay, expense, and inconvenience arising from the divided ownership of rolling-stock." One of the elements of competition is "the daily history of each carriage, waggon, tarpaulin, or other covering that passes off its own line on to a strange line." Well may Mr. Williams say, "There is something painfully ludicrous in this imposing array of 300 number-takers and 600 clerks all engaged in posting up the daily and even hourly history of the carriages and vans which appear 700,000 times, and of the tarpaulins, which appear 140,000 times, on foreign lines during the year." What else does this competition, which the Joint Committee was so anxious to preserve, and which in a more dignified, and therefore less dependent and more selfish degree, the new Board is to labour to keep from death—what else does it display? It brings some 2500 directors, most of them dummies, pawns of the chairman or managing director, whose salaries amounting, say to £300,000 a year, are only necessary because of the divided ownership of the Railways. The Secretary of the London and North-Western Railway ought to be as good a judge as any practical man of the value of amalgamation in point of economy, and Mr. C. E. Stewart, who for twenty-five years held that position, estimated that if competition ceased upon the Railways, and if they were all to belong "to one proprietor, whether to a company or to the Crown," the saving which must result would be at least equal to 10 per cent. upon the gross earnings. Mr. Graves, the late Member for Liverpool, who was also a practical man, and who, as I well know, never delivered an opinion in public, except after laborious consideration, was of opinion that a reduction of not less than 25 per cent. from the present amount of the working expenses would be accomplished by the transfer of the Railways to the State. Upon the earnings of 1871, Mr. Stewart's calculation would give us a saving of £4,710,755, and upon the working expenses of the same year Mr. Graves's estimate would yield £5,658,011. But financial economy is not the only sacrifice we make to obtain this chimera of competition. We permit the erection of bars and barriers, compared with which all the turnpikes that ever demanded our sixpences, but not the hours of our day, were as nothing. Lord Claud Hamilton's account of the progress of the Belfast mail which on the down journey stops two hours, and on the up route one hour-and-a-half, is only a sample of the delays which beset the traveller on every cross railroad journey in England where the lines belong to different companies. Is it not plain that competition is itself an evil—a source of waste, and therefore of loss? Monopoly—that is, beneficent monopoly—is what the interests of the public require. But there can be only one beneficent monopoly; self-interest or public interest must rule, and we are not safe in the hands of the companies or of a single company. Competition is only a less evil than private monopoly, but the State should allow neither to rule the roads of the country.

In Athens and in Madrid, I have heard statesmen of Greece and Spain, embarrassed at the approach of an elected King, discuss the question whether he was to rule or to govern. There was a good deal of puzzled and involved argument, much of the sort that one hears now in England as to whether the State should trade or govern in the matter of the Railways. I suppose the State is going to make an attempt at what may be called governing in this new Board of Control. As to what will be the fate of that Board, I entirely agree with the *Quarterly Reviewer*, who predicts "a final triumph for the Railway interests." So far as this Board is concerned, Mr. Price has accepted what I fancy he must know to be a forlorn hope. Let any one who holds a contrary opinion peruse the scornful—not to say rude—letters which another Railway Chairman addressed to the President of the Board of Trade; let him study the speech which Mr. Bancroft, acting-Chairman of the North-Western Railway, at the last half-yearly meeting, fired off at the Bill by which the Board was constituted. If these gentlemen had been licensed victuallers, addressing "Bruce" at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, they could hardly have been more vituperative. Under the Board, amalgamation will progress, the value of railway property will rise, the Companies will become more powerful, and the agitation for a transfer to the State will increase. There is no instance of such a transaction as this purchase would be, but in approaching the arguments of those who oppose the transfer I am struck by their weakness. I cannot find a single point which offers any prolonged resistance. One of two things appears to me certain. Either all the ability of the country is on the side of the transfer, or ability can furnish no weighty reasons to the contrary. Avowing myself an advocate of State control in this matter, I shall endeavour to deal with all the arguments put forward on the other side, and first, I am surprised to find that we are warned against the example of France. In that country the main lines were laid down and partly constructed by the Government, which was subsequently, by the inaction of its lessees, dragged into assisting in the formation of the branch lines. No doubt there was financial error in this, though not to the extent of £100,000,000, which we have seen was the sum expended in excess in this country; but France has very important advantages which we do not enjoy. She has trunk lines, not warped hither and thither as ours are, to avoid the ignorant opposition of this town council or that nobleman, who wish now to have the Railway for a neighbour; and instead of facing, as we do, the prospect of a permanent monopoly, to which we must succumb or with which we must deal, France is looking forward to the reversion of Railway property worth at least £400,000,000. If she wishes to purchase, she has to deal with concessionaires whose leases have in some cases but sixty years to run. What has been done in Belgium is still more interesting. There we have seen among a dense population State control and private ownership working side by side; and, says Mr. Williams, "it is clear from the evidence of M. Fassieux, Director-General of Posts and Railways in Belgium, that even those lines which have been constructed and worked by private companies on concessions for long terms—a very different thing from a mere lease—are not worked or managed so carefully with reference to the convenience of the public as those lines which are owned and worked by the State." "The public," says M. Fassieux, "prefers the management of the State." The State Railways, too,—and this is a very striking fact—"though working at much lower rates than any of the private companies, except one, net a much larger profit than the latter." "This," adds Mr. Williams, "is only a natural consequence of united, central, and responsible management." The question, therefore, as to the possibility of the management of Railways by the State with success and even popularity may be taken as settled. I do not propose to tarry on the objection advanced against the trading character of the operation. I regard the work of the Railways as only a magnified postage system; the carriage of men and women, of boxes and bales, differs only in degree from that of letters and packets; as to the business of the State, it is evidently as lawful to do one as to do the other. There is one form of objection which should not be overlooked. I refer to the general reference which is made to the position of certain opponents as a guarantee of their authority. No one has greater respect than I for the permanent officers—the managers and secretaries—of our railway system. But it is just because they are good managers that they are wholly unfit to decide the main question. These gentlemen are all men—great men—of detail; they may properly and most usefully be called upon to give evidence, and we must take their speeches as such, on the matter, but to adopt a phrase of Mr. Bright's—the first twelve men who pass through Temple Bar are probably more competent to decide the main question. Specialists, particularly while they are still working in their own groove, have always a tendency to see none but their own side of the matter. These officers are specialists, and would make just as good servants of the State as they do of any company. Of this useful body none is more eminent than Mr. Allport, whose recent speech against the purchase of the Railways by the State, affords an opportunity of studying many of these objections in their most practical form. One of the first subjects touched npon by this experienced railway manager was that of accidents, and he did all he could to show that in the year 1871 no fewer than 1042 males and 84 females smashed and burned or otherwise killed themselves in connection with Railways. There appears to be no room in Mr. Allport's calculations for fault on the part of the management. He does, indeed, intimate that the Board of Trade Inspectors may have had a hand in these deaths, but where Mr. Allport unconsciously proves how beneficial would be State control in regard to accidents, is when he speaks of the block and interlocking systems as means of prevention. In one part of his speech, he suggests that such preventive means are bad, because men would naturally " take less care with the block system than they would without it," and in another he says that the Midland Company are spending £60,000 a year upon one of these means for the avoidance of accidents, and £20,000 a year on the other, and he admits that this large expenditure is but a portion of what is requisite to make these systems universal upon the Midland Railway. Was there ever anything so illogical? Does Mr. Allport mean us to understand that he is spending £80,000 a year in deference to an idle whim expressed by officers whom the railway companies are constantly proclaiming have no authority whatever? Of course not. The value of the block and interlocking systems is universally recognized, and they have only been partially established as the direct consequence of the verdicts of the Board of Trade Inspectors, laying time after time the death of passengers at the door of the Board-room, as resulting from neglect to adopt such preventive means. There can be no doubt that the general management of English Railways is very admirable, and if lives are now and then sacrificed to regard for economy in wages and works, no one ought to wonder when they regard the exigencies of shareholders. When Colonel Yolland told the Great Western Railway Company that the safety of the public demanded the expenditure of £100, which they withheld, he indicated what is common enough in railway annals. When in fire and smoke and darkness, passengers were killed in the Clayton Hill Tunnel accident, and Captain Tyler attributed the disaster to its obvious cause—the non-adoption of the telegraphic system, the Brighton Board, with their eyes and their hopes fixed on a surplus, doubted the efficacy of the telegraphic system, as taking responsibility from drivers. No intelligent manager has, I believe, in his own mind any doubt as to the value of the telegraphic system ; what he is disposed to do about it is what Mr. Allport said he was doing—adopt it in part; spend some thousands a year in prevention, and then calculate, as he did, that to do the work thoroughly would cost a very large further sum and that therefore it was well perhaps to go on without it, and to take one's chance of accidents. But who can suppose that the State would be permitted thus to play happy-go-lucky with the lives of the people? Talking to engine-drivers, I have often heard them narrate their "narrow shaves" and "near goes"—risks which would have made the passengers start with horror had they known that such were not unfrequent incidents in the career of a night mail. This is the system of education which Mr. Allport commended as making men take care for themselves. But let a meeting of engine-drivers be called, and ask them what is best for their wives and children and for the passengers; or let them vote by ballot—block system or no block system—and if the companies acted on that result, the Railway Inspectors would have no more need to urge the adoption of these costly but imperatively needed provisions. With the Railways under State control we should not only have the advantage of the general adoption of such preventive measures, but in the absence of competition a frequent cause of accidents would be avoided.

Mr. Allport uses the political objection, though not to the fullest extent. He fears having 300,000 men under Government, and we will present him with the argument that to obtain votes in a division the Secretary of the Treasury might promise the construction of a railway for which there was no proper demand. I confess that neither of these arguments alarms me. The influence of the Government over their employés diminishes as their numbers increase and is practically abolished by the operation of the ballot. Mr. Allport says there are 12,000 employés of the Midland Railway Company resident in Derby. No doubt it was to win the favour of this class that Mr. Bass engaged in paper war, with whom—the Government? No—with the Chairman of the Midland Railway Company, who himself sat *not* for Derby but for Gloucester. Sir Edward Watkin is a great railway potentate. But even before the introduction of the ballot he was often unfortunate in his attempts to win a seat in Parliament, of which he is at present not a member. You do not find, and under the ballot you certainly will not observe, that the large employers of labour command the votes of their "hands." Think of the Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and Midland boroughs—by whom are they represented? Only with rare exceptions by men who are the largest employers of labour in the place they represent. The Railway interest is certainly strong enough in Parliament, but it does not get there by the votes of employés so much as through the activity of those who are but indirectly associated with the undertaking. Was it ever supposed that the thousands of Post-office officials in London have been "influenced" in their votes at an election? In the good old times, when they were few and far between, coercion was, where they had a vote, certainly practised; but that is now a thing of the past.

I hold the opinion that the safety of the State demands in these days the largest proper co-operation in its working, and that the State in the transfer of the Railways would be doing just what Mr. Allport thinks is undoing. He believes he is at present an instrument of what he calls "self-government," to which he attributes England's greatness; I think that by the transfer to the State he would for the first time become an instrument of self-government. Against one evil I feel sure he and his brother managers hold that we are in any case secure; they have no more fear that any Lord Dundreary will be appointed to their places than to the Judicial Bench. They know very well that Railway managers must be made, not born, and that to secure the proper administration of patronage Parliament would only need to be careful that the pay of each class in the service was properly graduated, and that when no special training is requisite the emolument is not unduly attractive. I regard this fear of Government suborning the vote of 300,000 Railway employés as ridiculous. Would Mr. Goschen like to stake his official existence upon a *plébiscite* in the Navy, or Mr. Cardwell in the Army? Both have done well, yet probably any ex-Minister of Marine or War would get a larger vote. It would be suicidal for a minister in the face of a penny and halfpenny press to choose railway porters chiefly with reference to their politics, but were he so foolish, it must be remembered that his appointments are few; the vote which he would need is that of those who owe him nothing, and who for obvious reasons are generally disaffected towards the minister in office. I admit that the evil of State jobbery is far greater than that of company jobbery, yet both are evils, and the former is more easily detected while the other secretly spreads the cancer of corruption. It would be idle to deny that there are cases of bribery in the affairs of the State, but every one at all acquainted with the concerns of Government will support me in asserting that they are few and isolated. On the other side, I am told by those who know, that in public companies it is far otherwise; that the half-a-crown for which a porter crowds other passengers in order that the Eton schoolboy may spread his small limbs and puff his cigar over six first-class seats, is a type of the bribery which, under the name of commission, passes current in higher ranks of the service. The public of course regard this as a matter of purely domestic concern; it is no affair of theirs; but would they be so indifferent if the Railways were their own? Have they not taken to Co-operative Stores partly because they wished to checkmate the system so common among tradesmen of "tipping" their household servants? Were they not greatly excited when an Admiralty clerk was lately arraigned for accepting a bribe of a few pounds? How is it that we never hear of such a case in this Railway business of £600,000,000 capital, which men like Mr. Allport regard as too big for the State to handle? Is any one so silly as to answer that it is because they do not occur? Is it not the truth that they are not exposed because being private concerns they do not interest the public and the press? Is not the tone of public opinion endangered because it is not the interest of every one to hunt out these briberies, which no one suggests extend to the Telegraph Service or to the Post Office? With what implacable zeal public opinion would hunt down a Government telegraph clerk who was detected in a fraudulent use of messages, and how comparatively languid their interest in a defaulting cashier of a Railway Company? What other engine have we of sufficient force against misuse of power? When I was a child Deans and Chapters sold leases of the Church estates right and left, many of the transactions being highly scandalous. To what is the change due in their case? Their successors have still some few powers of this sort; they do not pretend to a fuller knowledge of theology; the improvement is accounted for by the fact that, as Mr. Gladstone said of the Governors of Endowed Charities, "men are not angels and archangels, and they need looking after." We cannot have local government upon Railways because, where fitly managed, Railways are not local; they are coextensive with the limits of the island and cannot be used in sections. For which reason I hold that they fall properly within the domain and function of the general government of the State.

Regarding the money question as one of the simplest, I propose to leave it to the last. The policy of taking the Railways is really a more difficult matter to determine than the payment, and against the policy one of the strongest objections raised by so-called practical men has reference to rates. Experts who are doubtful as to their own position generally hurl stupendous figures at the heads of their opponents when their stock of arguments is exhausted, and Mr. Allport accordingly brought out his 4,000,000 rates on the Midland as a climax. "How was the Government to deal with all that?" This is not a very strong argument, seeing that it only needs competency to suppose that the State is as strong as the Midland Railway Company. The transfer of the Railways, though it may be held to involve changes in the scale of rates which would tend to diminish their number, need not imply any alteration in the booking system. If the State obtained possession of the Railways it might happen that some day uniform rates would be adopted as in regard to postage, but that is no necessary part of the matter, and I shall assume that, speaking generally, the system of booking both for passengers and goods would remain as at present. Yet this view, though it settles Mr. Allport's reference to the matter of rates, by no means exhausts the whole subject. Many men of much experience in regard to Railways see in the probable extinction of differential rates the chief hindrance to the transfer. Let us take in illustration of this alleged difficulty the circumstances of the three ports—Liverpool, Hull, and Hartlepool. The Railway companies now, for their own interest, facilitate a competition, say between Hull and Liverpool in regard to the supply of Manchester, and Hull and Hartlepool in meeting the wants of the London market. They find, we will assume, that it answers their purpose—that it assists the development of traffic to charge the same rates for the conveyance of certain goods from Hull and from Liverpool to Manchester, though the distance to the eastern port is nearly three times that to the great port on the Mersey. They contend that this policy is full of benefit; that, to the great advantage of the people of Manchester and to the port of Hull, it enables the latter to enter into competition with Liverpool which would be impossible if a fixed uniform mileage rate were imposed. Similarly, with reference to London, the metropolis is, they say, relieved from the danger of monopoly at certain ports by the counteracting policy of the Railway companies, which places a shipper or an importer in regard to the supply of the metropolis in an equally good position, whether he makes for Hartlepool or for the far nearer port of Hull. It is contended, and I wholly concur in the contention, that under a system of State management it would be difficult if not impossible to maintain these differential rates arranged on no system whatever. Each in their own interest, the people of the ports would agitate for fixed, intelligible, and systematic rates, and they would not be content with, nor would the Government maintain, the method by which Railway directors now *ménager* the business of the ports with a single eye to the present or ultimate advantage of their lines. They would say that if Government made the same charge from Hull and from Hartlepool to London, that they, the Hull importers, for instance, were unfairly burdened with the cost of carriage for the longer distance from the northern port, and rates of charge wholly free from the present aspect of caprice would have to be settled. And it is undeniable that the adoption of rates more equitable with regard to distance would confer upon the shipper to the nearer port that which would be equal to freedom from an import duty, and that by so much the price of commodities might be raised against the consumers.

This argument is to my mind by far the most powerful objection of a practical character which can be raised against the transfer of the Railways, and I hope those who generally dissent from my conclusions will admit that I have endeavoured to state it with candour and precision. I have never yet met with it in print, and I think it is amply deserving of a full discussion. I conceive it possible that some day passengers and goods may travel by railway as letters and parcels do by post, at one uniform rate—the same whether they be going thirty miles or three hundred. It is obvious that this would settle at once the question of differential rates, and their consequences at the ports. I will venture to say that until this is accomplished we shall never have really "free trade" in England. But for the present we must put such plans out of our thoughts as only embarrassing and hindering the solution of the problem. Yet we must make some advance in this direction, and if the Railways become the property of the State it would be necessary to impose mileage or "zone" rates, steadily diminishing as the distance increased, and we should have to meet the complaints of those who paid short, and therefore more expensive rates, with demonstration that such a policy was a necessity of any general system of intercommunication; we should show them that the senders of letters from one part of London to another, bear for the commonwealth, and for their own occasional advantage, the extra cost of transmitting letters for longer distances, and we should adduce the fact that once the goods are loaded and upon the rail the actual cost per mile of their conveyance very rapidly diminishes with the increase of distance. I think that in this manner the difficulty as to rates might be overcome.

The money question appears to me to involve the strongest argument in favour of the transfer, because the improvement and increase in value of the property appears to be certain and considerable. Within a few years the augmentation in value of Railway Stock may be very moderately estimated at £60,000,000, and we see in comparing the estimates of earlier writers on this subject with the figures which are now brought forth, that had the transfer been effected seven or eight years ago the National Debt might already have been reduced by many millions. For example, Mr. Arthur Williams, in 1869, when North-Western Stock was quoted at 117, assumed that the owner would be perfectly satisfied to accept in exchange a Government annuity of £5 1*s.* 6*d.*, or £145 in cash. Since then we have seen this Stock selling in open market for £160, and we have heard the Chairman, when a dividend had been declared equal to £7 15*s.* 0*d.* for the year, expressing a confident hope that the profits of the undertaking would never fall below that amount.

But it will be said that this prospective increment in value is entirely the property of the shareholders, and that is a proposition from which I shall not dissent. I can, however, only infer their estimate of this increment from the price at which Stock in times of conspicuous absence of pressure is sold in open market, just as, with regard to land, I can only infer its value in like circumstances. If land is required for the commonwealth it is taken by power of Act of Parliament at a liberal estimate of the price which it would fetch if sold by auction. Then, I may be asked, why not take the Land as well as the Railways, and pocket for the State the increment of value in both cases? Undoubtedly such a course may be recommended, but I do not think it is expedient, desirable, or even feasible, because the sub-division of the land, which I hope to see greatly increased, tends rather to diversity than uniformity of value, and while this, which is due to situation and other advantages, is fairly determined in private contract by the eager self-interest of the seller, equity would demand, if the State were the owner, that each parcel, however small, should be let by public competition, a business which I think would elude the checks which public supervision must maintain upon the operations of officers of the State. With regard to the Railways, I do not find on reviewing the list of quotations that there is any lack of regard for the possibilities of improvement. To-day men buy and sell, and for a year or two past they have bought and sold, the Ordinary Stock of the Metropolitan District, and of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, respectively at about 33 and 23 per cent. Yet there is no prospect of a dividend upon the Stock for years to come. Before a farthing of dividend can be received upon the Ordinary Stock of the Metropolitan District Railway, £75,000 a year has to be paid by way of interest upon £1,500,000 of Preference Stock, upon which it is barely possible that 1 per cent. may be paid in respect of the current year; and before the Ordinary Stock of the Chatham and Dover Railway stands £4,694,183 of 4½ per cent. Preference Stock, upon which it is almost certain that for the current year the interest paid will not exceed 2 per cent. Other stocks would show a similar dealing in great expectations, and shareholders—of whom it may not be impertinent to say that I am one in regard to each of the railways I have mentioned—would have no right to complain if the highest market value of their stocks within the last three years were taken as the price at which, with an advantage for compulsory sale, they might be transferred by authority of Parliament. But before we can fix a price in a Government stock at which the transfer might equitably be enforced, we must inquire what are the expectations of income from such Railway investments. And if we turn to the stocks which are most steady in regard to their dividends, and if we look to periods when public opinion has been most settled and most hopeful with regard to the future improvement of the property, we find that 5 per cent. is indicated. This, then, I think, would afford a fair basis for the transfer. Suppose the highest official price of Chatham and Dover Ordinary Stock now quoted at 23 to have been 30 within the last three years, the shareholder might, I think with justice, be compelled to accept £50 in a 3 per cent. Stock, and that in nine cases out of ten he would be a holder at those terms I have no doubt whatever. With regard to the Preference and Debenture Stock and Loans it would seem fair to offer Stock in each case to the value of the income guaranteed. In the case of those Stocks upon which interest is not paid, the earnings of the companies being insufficient, the transfer might be arranged upon the basis of the highest quoted price, as in the case of the Ordinary Stocks, the expected income being that fixed by the Railway company. Thus, in addition to receiving the highest price at which their Shares and Stocks have been quoted in a time of great prosperity, the proprietors would receive by way of compensation for compulsory transfer the improved security of a Government Stock. At this rate the State would give about £266 in 3 per cent. Stock for £100 Ordinary Stock of the London and North-Western Railway, and while the eight millions odd of the Chatham and Dover Ordinary Stock, would stand in this Stock at four millions, the thirty millions odd of the London and North-Western Ordinary Stock would figure at about eighty millions. It would take long to determine precisely the annual charge which at this rate of purchase the State would incur. But we know that the Railways distributed in 1871 about £24,475,512 of profits, and that upon the £230,000,000 of Ordinary Stock, of which thirty-one and a-half millions received no dividend at all, this sum gave an average 5·07 per cent. And without prolonging this already too extended article we may assert this much —that if the transfer were made under the conditions which have been suggested, a certain profit would accrue if only the average of the saving estimated by Mr. Graves and Mr. Stewart as resulting from united management were accomplished; and this is independent of the prospects of the future, of the extending and certain increase in the value of the State monopoly of railway traffic; of the advantage to trade and personal intercourse which must result from the abolition of the barriers which have been erected by Company against Company, and Board against Board. I have left myself no room to speak of the Minister, the Council, and the districts in which I should propose to re-organize the Railways as the property of the State.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

MIXED EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

A remarkable revolution is taking place in general education. The system established before the Reformation, after long resistance, is yielding to the influence of modern criticism. Boys have ceased to be regarded as portions of so much uniform material, intended by Providence to be moulded after one pattern. Tastes and idiosyncrasies are looked upon no longer as evils to be repressed, but rather as legitimate tendencies worthy to be considered and developed. Loading the memory is generally allowed to be a matter of less importance than inducing the pupil to observe and to think for himself. Teaching is ranked as an art only to be undertaken by persons specially trained, except, as it would seem, where a high University degree is still looked upon as a sufficient diploma for tutorial capacity. In short, the labour of the vigorous writers who have striven to substitute natural for artificial and conventional methods of instruction, is now bearing fruit; and such men are entitled to no scanty meed of praise for having so successfully dealt with one part of a most important question.

But a branch of education no less important than the intellectual is the moral, and yet, comparatively speaking, little pains have been given to its investigation. People perplexed by the difficulty of introducing any improvement are apt, like the ostrich covering its eyes to avoid the sight of danger, to ignore all imperfection, and to assume that the conduct and character of the young are in the main eminently satisfactory. Yet, as in the days of Quintilian, and, more recently, in those of Dr. Arnold, so in the present generation the moral tone of public schools not unfrequently falls below that of family life. That girl schools are far from perfection may partly be inferred from the habit of the wealthier classes to educate their daughters at home.

No doubt young people are instructed in morality after a fashion, just as a few years ago their minds were intellectually trained after a fashion. If the catechism is learned by heart, church regularly attended, prayers read out by the master twice a day, the Old and New Testaments carefully studied, and a proper discipline maintained, enough is then assumed to be done. And, under the system pursued, a few of happier temperament find their inner spirit touched and their higher nature vivified.

But with regard to the majority, however, notwithstanding the exertions of the eminent men who at various times have presided over English schools, the moral result leaves much to regret; for, though the golden rule against selfishness is commonly known, boys are not more methodically trained in the application of the rule to a complex state of civilization than they are instructed in the laws of the body and the means of preserving health. Moreover, it is generally admitted that the modes of teaching now practised are rarely successful in exciting among the majority of students either zeal for self-improvement or continuous interest in their work.

For a state of things thus plainly defective, however much opinions may differ as to the extent of the evil, can no remedies be devised? Two, at least, might be attempted. Morality might be more carefully and scientifically taught. It might be based not only on theology but also on nature. The consequences of acts might be more fully explained. An ordinary boy, forbidden to do this or that simply because it would be wrong, feels no counterpoise capable of resisting a strong inclination created within him. Where authority has failed to influence him he might have been saved by his intelligence had it been awakened. At present too little endeavour is made to distinguish between *mala prohibita* and *mala in se.* And the plan adopted often results in inducing boys to put the two *genera* on the same level of importance. Unfortunately this level is apt to be the lower instead of the higher. A youth perceiving that many of the enactments said to be binding on him are arbitrary, is prone to think, when prompted by views of immediate self-interest, that all rules have only an arbitrary foundation.

Again, much more might be done than has yet been attempted in this country, to make children less intolerant of innocent eccentricity, and less indifferent to one another's interests and feelings. The effect of early training is seen in the general condemnation of many vices and crimes. If some of the minor immoralities were added to the list, such, for instance, as heedlessly saying anything to another person's disadvantage, or even forming hasty and uncharitable judgments, might not the social atmosphere, both of school and of later life, be rendered appreciably purer?

But there remains to be applied an influence entirely ignored by the principal educators of this country, yet taking rank amongst the most potent agencies for moulding the human mind and character. The moral power of sex upon sex would seem to be regarded as either useless or dangerous. For all the care of the better known institutions, professing to train and completely equip their pupils for the duties of the future, a man might pass his life, from the cradle to the time of taking his degree as a Master of Arts, without ever seeing the face of a woman or hearing the sound of her voice. Yet everyone would admit that such chance opportunities as youths enjoy of associating with ladies are of the utmost value. Were it not for the short period before going to school, and later, for the holidays, would not boys grow up to be, comparatively speaking, little better than savages? Indeed, it is a matter of common observation that boys without sisters are generally less cultivated and refined than their fellows who in this respect have been more fortunate.

Such reflections naturally suggest the inquiry whether an influence so admirable and efficient, in spite of the limited sphere allowed to it, might not be yet more serviceable if permitted to work on a larger scale. Is the society of woman like those Indian spices which, in order to be beneficial, must be sparingly used? or is it like pure air, which men are glad to have in abundance at all seasons of the year? Why should an atmosphere so healthy at home be thought perilous at school? Why should an agency admitted to be good and even necessary in August and September be counted as worthless, if not mischievous, in October and November? If boys and girls, young men and young women, may dance and sing and generally play and amuse themselves together with advantage, is any special danger to be apprehended if they should also study together? Might not the refining influence of the one sex upon the other be expected to continue, so that the boys aiming at a higher standard of conduct would be less prone to selfishness, bullying, and "rowdyism" of whatever kind, while the girls were less given to frivolity, sentimentalism, and gossip? Might not the fact that each sex demands from the other a loftier standard of action than it is contented with for itself, have an effect in increasing the importance attached by school opinion to study, so that the boys would shrink from showing incompetence or sloth before the girls, or the girls before the boys?

But a custom which can appeal to the history of centuries is not easily shaken; and therefore many people remembering the roughness and coarseness not uncommon amongst boys, may naturally still hesitate to trust their girls amongst them. Nor, indeed, unless under the most skilful management, could the experiment be made without anxiety, with the present generation of public school boys. For these to a great extent have already been spoilt by an antiquated and erroneous principle of education. Separation has injured their docility and the finer tendencies of their nature. If justice is to be done to the mixed system of education, it must be commenced in childhood and continued without break, so that neither sex may ever think that there is anything unusual in the presence of the other. And so associated from infancy, the two sexes may safely remain together even when attending the more advanced courses of study generally pursued at the Universities.

Such a reform would imply a considerable change in the received methods of securing propriety of behaviour on the part of young women. At present mothers generally trust for the security of their daughters to ignorance and a duenna. But ignorance may cease, and duennas may be eluded. A better safeguard, assuredly, is to be found in the development of intelligence and moral force. It is through attention to these that the great freedom of women, now prevalent in newer countries, is found to be not only innocuous but positively beneficial to society.

The considerations already advanced might surely justify philanthropists in trying the effect of educating boys and girls in the same schools. But the plan is not new. For many years it has been carried out with signal success. In Scotland, from the days of Knox till now, boys and girls have attended the same class in parish schools up to the age of fifteen. In some schools in England the system has been found to answer up to the same age. An excellent instance is afforded by the admirable Home and Colonial School in Gray's Inn Road, near King's Cross, where 1000 pupils of both sexes are trained under the most advanced and enlightened methods of instruction. An example no less striking is afforded by the Birkbeck Literary Institution. The classes there, held every evening, are attended by both men and women. The whole number belonging to the institution, whether for the sake of the classes or the library, is about two thousand; and it would be difficult to name a body of students, either more respectable in character, or, considering the tax put upon their energies by daily business, more zealous for self-improvement.

The Telegraph Department has recently manifested its confidence in the principle of associating men and women together in work. The business had been suffering from the supposed necessity of keeping the men employed in it apart from the women. After grave consideration the authorities determined that men and women should work together both by day and night; and the change has been perfectly justified by the result.

So again in Schools of Art the separation of the sexes has not been thought desirable.

But the great field for observation is in America. Mixed Education prevails to a very great extent in the Eastern States; and in the Western States the separate system has almost ceased to exist. Nor is any limit placed upon the age up to which the sexes are permitted to unite in study. At Oberlin College in the State of Ohio, where the pupils number a thousand, half of them women, the ages vary from seventeen to seven-and-twenty; and there the system has been in successful operation for more than five-and-thirty years. The testimony of the Professors is unanimous to the effect that the general tone of the students, not only as to conduct, but also as to industry, is far superior to what is usual in colleges managed on the separate principle. Cases of ungentlemanly behaviour are almost unknown. Indeed punishments, as is generally the case at schools in the Western states, are found to be unnecessary; and attention to study is secured without resorting to the doubtful principle of competition for prizes or rank. There are pass examinations; but no placing in order of merit. The natural interest excited by the subject pursued, supported by a sense of duty and a desire to gain the good opinion of a class not all of one sex, is found to be a sufficient stimulant to the faculties of both men and women. The following is the substance of a conversation with one of the Professors written down by me on the day of its occurrence in 1871:—"The system answers very well with us. The whole of our arrangements have been made from the beginning with a view to it. Under different conditions it might not be so successful. It is the most natural system, and probably would succeed ultimately at the older universities; but I should not like to send my daughters to Harvard if it were tried there. I should consider them as safe here as at the best ladies' school in America. We find that the presence of the girls has a good effect upon the men and that of the men upon the girls. We think that girls if kept away from young men will be dreaming about them, and that it is better that they should see them. Nothing acts as a better antidote for romance than young men and women doing geometry together at eight o'clock every morning. Intimacies sometimes spring up leading to matrimony, but very seldom amongst those in the same class. The men have their meals with the girls and may visit them, but only in the public parlours of the boarding-houses; and they may walk with them in the town, but not out of it unless they have permission; and the two are not allowed to go to or from church together."

After spending some days in visiting the different classes, I became convinced that the words above cited were free from the slightest exaggeration. Whether being instructed by a gentleman or a lady, the attention of the pupils was above criticism. And the women seemed to have no difficulty in holding their own with the other students. In Greek, a very few years ago, the three most advanced scholars were ladies. Yet the minds of the women seemed to remain essentially feminine. In selecting subjects for composition the men inclined to politics and science, the ladies to sentiment and imagination. The excellent demeanour of the students seemed to be by no means confined to the class-room.

No less favourable is the account of Monsieur Hippeaux, who, sent out by the French Government to report upon the system at Oberlin and similar places, and starting with a due share of French prejudice against it, was constrained to bless instead of to curse, to record astonishment and admiration instead of disapproval.

Some other restrictions than those already mentioned are imposed upon the lady undergraduates, such as that they may not go without leave to the post-office or the railway station; and marriage is not allowable to anyone still in *statu pupillari*. But at Michigan University (an admirably conducted institution, with twelve hundred students), both men and women, when not actually at work in the lecture-room, are left entirely to their own discretion.

Michigan is a recent conversion to the new principle. Women have not been admitted there above four years. Many of the authorities were much opposed to what they considered a dangerous innovation, and only yielded with much misgiving under the pressure of Western opinion. They now frankly admit their former error, and assert that the exclusion of lady students would banish a most valuable and improving element. In a place remarkable for its industry the lady students are seldom surpassed (proportionately to their much smaller number) either in excellence of conduct or successful application to their books. I might give my own evidence as to the intelligent interest they appeared to take in an admirable lecture on law given by Judge Campbell of the Supreme Court of Michigan, and to the zeal with which others were working in the chemical laboratory.

Amongst the oldest of the mixed Colleges is Antioch, in Ohio. An experience of from twenty to thirty years has convinced its

Professors that the plan of associating the sexes in education is both safe and satisfactory. The men and women are about equal in number, but the total does not greatly exceed a hundred. The College itself is in every way excellent and attractive; the Unitarian denomination, however, to which most of its Professors belong, though popular in many parts of the Eastern States, is not yet regarded with favour in the West.

I was much struck by the intelligence evinced by the English and German classes. As for that in Political Economy, consisting mainly of ladies, and presided over by Principal Hosmer, its equal for brightness and proficiency could not easily be found in this country.

The Principal gave me the following instance in proof of the healthy public opinion prevailing at Antioch. One of the young men had been guilty of intoxication, and was told by the Principal that some allusion to his conduct would probably be made before the assembled students. "Do with me," replied the culprit, "whatever you like, only pray do not let the ladies know about it."

Having proved the greater, one hardly need dwell upon the less, and therefore mixed schools, where the age of the pupils is usually not above fifteen or sixteen, may be quickly passed over. At the High School of St. Louis, in a class unusually advanced (and likely to continue so while under the tuition of Mr. Thomas Davidson, an eminent graduate of Aberdeen), it was clear to me that the girls were not only as quick, but had as firm a grasp of what they were learning as the boys. And the discipline of the school, Mr. Davidson assured me, is maintained by no severer method than friendly remonstrance where needed, with a periodical report of conduct and progress to the parents. The case is the more remarkable from many of the pupils learning nothing about religion, either at school or at home. These are for the most part the children of German Emigrants, of whom a large portion has ceased to believe in Revelation. Yet the moral conduct of such children, as compared with that of children elsewhere, is found to be excellent.

A notable feature of this school, though one by no means peculiar in the West, is the friendly footing maintained by masters and pupils. In England an artificial barrier, only tolerable through custom, separates the two classes; and in proportion to the care with which the division is made, so the influence of the master is diminished. In America the teacher's relation to his pupils is rather that of a judicious elder brother. He thus has a great advantage over the distant and awful preceptor of an older society in learning their dispositions, in assisting them in difficulty, and in forming their characters.

Joint education is probably facilitated in America by the children usually living at home and attending the school only during a portion of the day; but this condition is by no means essential. At Oberlin about a hundred of the ladies live in one large building called the Ladies' Hall, under the supervision of a lady principal. The others board in the town with different families. At Swarthmore, a large college near Philadelphia, where the ages of the pupils vary from 12 to 19, both the boys and the girls sleep in different parts of the same building. There is probably not a better school in the United States. No one can visit it without being impressed by the admirable tone, manner, and aptitude of both teachers (many of them ladies) and scholars. At meals the boys and girls sit side by side and, as in this and other ways they are much more thrown together than the pupils of a day school, Swarthmore College may be looked upon as affording a crucial test of the system of joint education, and as proving that, if properly conducted, such a system is certain to succeed.

A consideration not to be overlooked in forming an opinion on the value of the preceding statements is that, whilst several conversions to mixed education have taken place in separate establishments, the step once taken has never been retraced. Again, parents educated under the joint system, and therefore fully cognizant of its dangers, freely send their children to mixed schools in preference to those still insisting on separation.

Other advantages of the system not unworthy of being taken into account, are, that the manners of the boys are manifestly much improved by it. Where brothers and sisters attend the same school, the influence of home is not easily forgotten. And on entering the grown-up world, men are better prepared for the part they ought to play; not, on the one hand, ready to look on women as angels rather than human beings, nor, on the other, to despise and keep aloof from their society; but rather to find them very desirable companions in the pursuits and interests of every-day life. The practice, moreover, doubtless contributes to the healthier moral tone which makes it possible to dispense with chaperons whether by day or by night; at the morning call, the lecture-room, and the church, or the dance and the moonlight sleighing.

To many minds a sufficient recommendation of the practice of bringing up girls with boys will appear in the fact that by means of it industry may be secured without reward and good conduct maintained without punishment. But the reason which led the United States into the adoption of this system was the difficulty of providing in any other way for the proper education of women. To create for them duplicate schools and colleges throughout the land, with preceptors co-equal in knowledge and competency, would have been financially impossible. Places for joint education were, therefore, established, while numbers of those originally intended for the male sex only have one after another abandoned their exclusive traditions.

The argument assuredly applies with undiminished strength to this country. The daughters of the wealthier classes may continue to secure in a measure at home the advantages of a first-rate school or college. But under the separate system, the opportunities of the majority must long remain lamentably inadequate. Such an objection will seem unimportant to thinkers fearful that with increasing knowledge feminine attractiveness may disappear. But the time may come when public opinion will concede that women can safely be trusted to develop their natural faculties. The question of how the sexes may be educated together must then rank as one entitled to practical consideration.

DUDLEY CAMPBELL.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1873.

THE year 1873 marks a further step towards the completion of the new home of the Royal Academy. The unseemly boarding and the long tunnel passage have disappeared, and the great porch leading into the inner court is now open to receive the crowds of visitors. We are sorry to have to say that the architectural effect is not imposing. But the throng that enters the building takes no heed of this, and as our concern is rather with the contents than the exterior, we pass at once into the galleries.

Our preliminary inspection of the pictures excites disappointment and regret that this year of external progress in the history of the Academy should not have been made notable also by the excellence of the Exhibition. One would naturally have expected that a special effort would have been made by the members to render the present gathering remarkable for the high quality and importance of the works exhibited. We should have expected every leading artist to be at his best, and every one to be well represented. Instead of this, we find several well-known and honoured names conspicuous by their absence. We miss the exquisite workmanship and fine feeling of Mr. Fred. Walker, whose "Harbour of Refuge" was one of the great pictures of last year. Nor have we any example of the subtle refined colour of Mr. Whistler, nor of the large decorative design of Mr. W. B. Richmond. Death has, alas! stayed the hand of Mr. Mason, whose tender grace and poetic sentiment can never be replaced to us.

Nor does a more careful scrutiny of what we have got tend to heighten our admiration, or to make up for these blanks. Some of our most eminent painters cannot be said to have done justice to their powers or to the expectations of the public. Mr. Millais gives us no landscape such as "Chill October," nor any great studies as "Flowing to the River," and "Flowing to the Sea," nor does he send any imaginative figure-subject such as those which excited universal attention in former years. He has limited himself to portraits, more or less pictorial in treatment—a splendid field for a great painter, and one from which, perhaps, the best laurels of our English school have been gained in former generations. Nor does Mr. G. F. Watts, who is always powerful and grand, appear to us to be equal to himself. Mr. Leighton's great work, a design in monochrome, has, doubtless, prevented him from giving us such a picture as his "Summer Moon;" while Mr. Faed has confined himself to less important subjects than those he usually sends to the Academy. There are, too, some unfortunate failures on the part of painters who, in former years, have delighted us, such as Mr. A. Moore and Mr. G. D. Leslie. Let us hope that this is but a temporary eclipse of their undoubted powers; meantime their failure certainly tends to reduce the æsthetic value of this Exhibition. Some of the older Academicians continue to do their utmost to make the Academy a laughing-stock, and to tempt us to wish that in these days of attacks on Corporations, some Mr. Lowe or Mr. Ayrton would bring in a Bill to pension these R.A.s, on the express condition that they paint or, at least, exhibit no more. The Academy is wealthy, and could well afford to give compensation for such an undeniable gain in the interests of Art, especially as the artistic value of these contributions could not, or should not, be rated very high.

More melancholy, however, than the confirmed and hopeless state of these Academicians, is the rapid deterioration of some of the younger men, such as Mr. Calderon, Mr. Yeames, and others, from whom great things were once expected, and who at one time gave promise of sustaining the honour of the Academy. The fine qualities of the painter of the "Burial of Hampden," have been disappearing year by year, and though we have nothing so deplorably bad as his "Pic-nic Boating Party" of last year, there is sufficient evidence that he is on the way to cast in his lot with Mr. Frith. The same is true of Mr. Yeames in his "Path of Roses." When we see such a picture as this hung on the line, we at once are driven to speculate on the quality of the three thousand pictures that are said to have been rejected this year.

We are far from saying that there is not much honest, good work in the Exhibition, but that it cannot be called a great Exhibition is but too evident. One is tempted to wonder what can be the causes at work to produce this depressing result. It cannot be said that there is no patronage of Art, or that the public takes no interest in the pictures of the year. The crowds that throng our Exhibitions, and the universal talk about the more famous pictures, the loud praise or the strong condemnation (often for most insufficient reasons), all prove conclusively that the public does concern itself with Art matters. Besides this, the eager desire to possess the works of any well-known artist, to get anything that is signed by his name, whether the work is good or bad, shows that the public does not confine itself to mere words of praise. Indeed it may safely be said that there never was a time in the history of Art when so great encouragement was given to the painter to produce works that will find popular favour. The result is consequently what one might expect: an uninstructed but well-meaning public opens its heart and its purse to every form of prettiness. As this sort of thing requires no especial qualities of heart, head, or hand, a low common-place standard soon arises, of work easily produced, and yet sufficiently popular to please the public taste. Indeed, to tell the truth, Art in England seems to have entered on that period of decay which is inseparably connected with lavish expenditure and uneducated taste. There seems to be in Art, as well as in other things, a well-marked career, first of struggling depression, when artists can scarcely make their daily bread by the exercise of their profession; then of a more equal and just state of matters, when the balance is more fairly held between the artist and the Art lover; to be followed, as wealth increases and the love of Art, more or less genuine, becomes a fashion, by a frantic worship of Art as a fetish. This last stage is far the most trying and dangerous, and it requires much self-restraint and self-denial for an artist under such circumstances to keep his garments pure and unspotted, and to determine to hold up for himself a standard far above that which is required by an easily pleased public. When Morland and Wilson had to paint their best for dear life's sake, when Hogarth had to betake himself to engraving as his pictures would not sell, when Constable's finest works, because they could not find purchasers in England, were sold to France at a nominal price, ay even when Turner was painting on in faith, despite the scoffs and sneers of an unbelieving generation, Art was in a healthier state than now when every scrap of these men's work brings fabulous prices, and men infinitely inferior earn their thousands a year. The present unhealthy, because uninformed, worship of Art brings its own penalty, both as regards painters and purchasers: indifference as to Art-qualities to the former, and blindness to defects and shortcomings to the latter.

Let us take for example colour, which is to a painter the very alpha and omega of his art. Drawing and composition he must have in common with all designers; but colour is his special vehicle for conveying his thoughts and feelings. That he must have, or he is not a painter; with a strong and delicate feeling for colour, much will be forgiven him if he fail in other respects, but without this gift he is nothing as a painter. His very name implies that he must be dexterous, refined, and subtle in the use of the medium he has chosen to express his conceptions. He must, in fact, be a colourist, not merely in his choice of harmonious and fine colours, but in his treatment of them, in his knowledge of their influence on each other, and of the mysterious interweaving and fusing together under the action of light and shade.

Now, where shall we find such colour? You will see it in the sweetness of the dawn, and in the gorgeous glow of sunset, or on any field of grass, enriched by the daisy, the buttercup, and the poppy, on which the sun shines, gilding some blades and darkening others, with infinite variety—or you will see it in its splendour in the peacock's tail, shining in its innumerable symphonies of blues, and greens, and golden russets,—or it may be found in the heart of the full-blown rose, where each petal varies in its depth of colour under the influence of light and shade. Indeed, you will find it everywhere in Nature, full of richness more or less subdued, but always softened and refined by the action of light and of neighbouring surfaces from which light is reflected. But besides these examples of strong, dazzling colour, we may cite, as an illustration of our meaning, the low-toned harmonies which we find on any of our native birds, where quiet greys, browns, yellows, and blacks are worked up together in colours that change and flash and play in every different aspect.

These are the lessons that Nature teaches us as to colour. Now, let us see how some of the confessedly good colourists have learned from her. Knowing that with their dull earthen colours they cannot vie with the hues of the rainbow, Nature's palette, nor imitate her changeful play, they have still succeeded in suggesting all this with the limited means at their disposal. They have all shown themselves conscious of the richness of Nature's painting and sensitive of its beauties, and their aim has been to make the painter "Naturæ minister et interpres,"—the creative poet that gives his own expression of her rich beauty. Accordingly in the great roll of painters there are men that stand out pre-eminently as colourists, and in all of them we find the same love of subtle, refined, mysterious colouring. From Van Eyck, the inventor of oil-painting, to John Philip, we observe the same effort to realize the infinite wealth of beauty in the colouring of Nature. If any one will spend an hour or two in our National Gallery and examine carefully the robe of St. Lawrence, by Memling, or the yellow-flowered satin dress of the Doge Loredano by Giovanni Bellini, or the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, or the "St. George and the Dragon" by Tintoretto, or the peacock in the "Judgment of Paris" by Rubens, or the "Philip IV." of Velasquez, he will see at once what we mean, and he will have his eye informed to see and judge of the colour in the Royal Academy. If, on the other hand, before going into the Academy he wishes to see pre-eminently bad colour, let him go to the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, where he will find dull opaque colour made showy and vulgar by mere trickery. These pictures are not only bad in colour, but they are false throughout, being theatrical and exaggerated. They have an appearance of force without its reality, and of masterly, vigorous work without its substance. We are so railed off from the gigantic picture of "Christ leaving the Prætorium," that we shall prefer to take as an example of what we mean in the "Triumph of Christianity," where the crude quality of the colour can be more closely inspected. Instead of the golden light of Heaven surrounding the great Throne on which the Redeemer sits, we have a sky of earthy-yellow ochre, while the gaudy ornaments of the fallen gods are bad and vulgar imitations of Brummagem jewellery, produced by coarsely applied touches of raw colour. If this pagan performance is the "Triumph of Christianity," so much the worse for Christianity. The too solicitous managers of this show would give the public a better reproduction of the genius of Doré as a painter, if instead of line engraving they would employ the detestable art of Oleography, for which Doré's method of painting is well suited. The fulsome praise these pictures have received from the Press, and the crowds that throng in consequence to pay their shilling and see these coarse renderings of sacred subjects, are but another illustration of the blind leading the blind, and confirm our remarks on the present state of Art.

But it is more than time that we had begun to look at the pictures in the Academy. And first we shall take, as in duty bound, the most important colourist of our school, Mr. Millais, whose great powers we have ever recognized, and who has now been exalted by many of his admirers into the position of our modern Sir Joshua, our English Velasquez. So great are the dangers that may befall our school of young painters from these pretensions being allowed, if not absolutely true, that we must point out, if we can, how and where they appear to us unfounded.

Mr. Millais himself has forced on a comparison with Sir Joshua, by putting himself almost into open competition with him. He sees and feels the beauty of quaint mixture of childish, girlish innocence and rich fashionable costume, and he was quite entitled to paint his youthful sitters in this delightful manner. The question is, Has he succeeded? Have we the substance as well as the idea? In No. 29, "Early Days," we have a little girl in mob cap and ribbon, sitting on the ground with arms folded and black net mittens on the hands (to this extent almost a reproduction of Sir Joshua's "Penelope,") holding in her arms a black kitten, which is beautifully painted. But in place of the pulpy solid flesh of Reynolds, we have a thinly painted chalky face, flat and without shadow. No one remembering "The Lady and the Knight," by Mr. Millais, can doubt his ability to paint flesh. What we say is, that in this and other pictures of this year Mr. Millais has not done justice to his powers as a painter of flesh. The hair is fine and free, and the background, the holly berries and the crocuses are all lovely. The dress is covered with a small flowered pattern, which varies in form with the folds of the dress; but the flowers are laid on with three touches of blue, red, and green, without variety of tone or colour, and consequently the dress wants real richness. Again, the bunches of blue ribbon on the cap want that subtle variety of tone which the greatest colourists would have given. There is a bow of blue ribbon on the dress of the "Spanish Lady," by Velasquez (Bethnal Green, No. 321), which is positively lovely in its wealth of blues, passing from the deepest indigo to the most delicate pearly grey. And there is another illustration of the intense beauty of such work when consummately done, in the knot of ribbons in the sandal of the woman in the foreground of the "Sardanapalus" by Delacroix (French Gallery, Bond Street), which in its variety of tone is as lovely as an iris.

For No. 260, "New-laid Eggs," a richly dressed young lady taking eggs out of a hen-house, the *motif* has evidently been found in Sir Joshua's "Lady Pelham Clinton feeding Chickens." But how much more simple and sweet is the treatment of Reynolds! Though we think that the combination of rustic work and ball-room costume has been here carried to extreme limits, yet we accept it as it is, observing only on this point that the young and fair henwife manifests no girlish pleasure in her amusement. Her expression is rather petulant, and this expression is characteristic of most of Mr. Millais' faces this year, and was also to be seen in his "Misses Armstrong" of last year. But to return to our "New-laid Eggs," there is on the face the same absence of delicate modelling and of shadow as in "Early Days." Its hard outline looks as if cut out against the dark wall behind. The young lady wears a Dolly Varden of richly flowered stuff trimmed with red ribbons. But here again, while the painting is vigorous and free, there is a want of genuine richness of colour. It is clever painting so far as it goes, but no part of it gives us thorough pleasure as a study of colour. Large folds of the ribbon-trimming are unbroken and unvaried, and the bow on the dress is produced by few tones without refinement. The background, as in the former picture, is, though slight, exceedingly fine.

In No. 228, "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," we have one of the stately, grand ladies Reynolds loved to paint. But here also it is not so much the likeness to Sir Joshua as the difference that strikes us. Instead of the rich glow of flesh, with the feeling of real life, we find chalkiness and thinness, with a faint glaze of carmine or lake on the cheeks. Let us hope that this delicate colour is now-a-days more stable than that used by Reynolds, otherwise in the course of years this bloom will disappear, leaving a wreck without the redeeming merits of Sir Joshua's solid impasto. Yet taken as it is now, with all its firm fine drawing, if we compare it with the glow of the "Spanish Lady" of Velasquez, or the "Dolores" of John Philip, in both of which the blood seems to course through the veins and the flesh to palpitate with life, the most devoted admirer of Mr. Millais must confess how far he is here inferior to the greatest masters. Then, Mr. Millais's lady is dressed so gorgeously, and with such apparent richness of colour, that the face, which should ever be the centre of attraction, is overpowered and killed. Of the crowds that gaze on this portrait, how few are there that think of the face in comparison with the gorgeous purple-flowered silk Dolly Varden? But here again, while we have immense cleverness in laying on well chosen colours, we have no subtle treatment. The colours are laid on once and for all, and the artist is done with them. There is no mysterious blending or modifying under the changing influence of light or of the form of the body. Even the fine flowing lines that mark out the shape of the dress, masterly as they are in their rapid sweep (see the shape of the dress behind), are left untouched, except to a very limited extent, though passing through curves where the light and shadow should influence them greatly. In many parts of this picture Mr. Millais approaches perfection, as in the gauntlet and gloved hand, where the grey shadows are exquisite, also in the blue ribbon-trimming of the dress, the fan, lace and pocket-handkerchief, and the rich tapestry background, making our regret only stronger that from haste or carelessness he has not bestowed more pains and labour on the unbroken tones, which should have been carried out with the utmost subtlety and refinement. The face is the thinnest and poorest part of all, the threads of the canvas being apparent in many places. This we rarely find in Reynolds, though more frequently in Gainsborough.

In No. 1005, from "Lalla Rookh," we have a similar treatment. The face is in every way better, having a fine dreamy expression and more shadow and modelling of features. Still even here the hard outline is felt in the contour of the jaw, which is sharp and quick against the soft throat. Over a red dress of fine rich colour, the lady wears a black mantle with sleeves, embroidered with coloured braid, laid on with clever, effective, direct touches of simple colour, but without variety of tone. To such an extent is this carried that the mechanical rendering of the pattern makes the dress seem flat instead of lying round the arm and body.

But Mr. Millais shows us in No. 21, "Mrs. Heugh," that he can paint in another manner and challenge other masters. No complaint can here be made as to thinness, for he loads this face to such a degree that the projecting paint seems to throw a shadow and to intensify the wrinkles. But does this face, painted as never was face painted before for weight of pigment, compare with the well-balanced light and shade of Rembrandt's old woman in the National Gallery? Does not the exaggerated mass of colour on the light side of the face call disagreeable attention to the weakness of shadow on the dark side, thus producing an almost distorted look? One is tempted to ask, What is the advantage of this method of painting, which can become only tolerable when we are a very long way off, and which is positively repulsive when we are near it? The face is full of shrewd and kindly character, and there is much fine work about the picture, especially in the white cap, with its ample lappets or strings. But, from any point of view, near or distant, and making all allowance for extreme old age, the hands seem needlessly and painfully distorted.

About the portrait of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, No. 598, it is difficult to say much, because it is hung too high to admit of close inspection of the workmanship. The pose of the figure is good, and the colour is well balanced and pleasing. The hands, especially that lying on the table, are full of character, just the hands of a musician, with long, delicate, sensitive fingers.

Reviewing, then, the works by Mr. Millais as a whole, we think we have made good our assertion that the extreme claims put forward by the too partial admirers of this great artist are untenable.

While it is only of recent years that Mr. Millais has sacrificed his strong native originality to walk in the footsteps of great masters, Mr. G. F. Watts has always seemed to work under their influence, not slavishly, but with perfect command of himself. The spell of Tintoretto, Titian, and Moroni, seems to be upon him, and he has much of their insight into character as well as of their power. His portrait of the Duke of Cleveland (No. 214) is grand and simple, with firm and delicate modelling of feature, and the blue eyes and grey hair are painted with fine feeling. No. 13 and No. 36 (G. Norman, Esq., and W. Spottiswoode, Esq.) seem to us scarcely so fine, the flesh being somewhat dry and leathery in texture, and wanting in cool grey shadows and half tones. No. 915, Miss Mary Prinsep, is a study of greys; the lady is dressed in a long Ulster coat descending to the feet, which seems scarcely well adapted for showing the beauty of female form. The cloudy sky and dull low-toned background all seem to give the impression of "great-coat weather."

Our English painters are not remarkable for their conceptions of religious subjects, but Mr. Watts always gives us something noble in his treatment of them. His "Prodigal Son" (No. 281) is painted in a low sombre key, with dusky green foliage overhanging the repenting son as he lies on the ground, perhaps too contemplatively ruminating on the past and the future. The torn shirt with its fine grey shadows and the purple drapery are finely rendered, while the distant landscape and blue mountains are splendidly suggested. But if any one wishes to see Mr. Watts at his best, he should go to the International Exhibition, and study carefully "The Wife of Pygmalion," where the flesh, especially of the throat and breast, quivers with all the beauty of a newly-found life, and the living woman grows from the shapely marble, fully formed and perfect as Eve from the side of Adam. And to see the strength of Mr. Watts as a colourist, he should look at "Sir Galahad," where the colours glow with a force not unworthy of Giorgione.

By far the most successful rendering of a Scripture subject is to be found in Mr. Armitage's "Christ's Reproof to the Pharisees" (No. 187). Here we have a very fine design, in spite of our Lord's face being unsatisfactory and wanting in dignity. The disciples, especially John, are finely conceived; but the strength of the picture lies in the excellent expression of pride and hatred of the three Pharisees, as with clenched hands and scowling faces they turn their backs on the Reprover. The manner of painting, as is usual with Mr. Armitage, is not refined, and he again shows us that he is more fitted for fresco or other sorts of wall painting.

Mr. Elmore also gives us an ambitious religious subject, "After the Expulsion" (No. 282), but this picture cannot be said to be very successful. It suggests the style of Bougereau, but it wants the power of composition and the masterly drawing of the French painter. The colour, too, is unsatisfactory, being cold and somewhat dirty, and altogether wanting in glow and warmth; nor is there any sweetness in the lines of the composition. A fair-haired Eve, beautiful, but more discontented than sorrowful, carries on her shoulder the infant Abel, who seems oppressed by pain or sleep, while the youthful Cain is killing a snake, and Adam toils behind carrying a heavy log. Eve wears in her hair a passion flower, which, we suppose, is intended to be symbolic, as well as Cain's serpent. Eve is as fair as if the sun had never looked on her, and the whole effect, in spite of the palm trees, does not suggest the glow of the East. It is rather disappointing to find the same face and troubled expression made use of in Mr. Elmore's other large picture, "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary finding the Crusader's Cross in her husband's purse" (No. 505), a tame and uninteresting work.

From Mr. Elmore to Messrs. Cope, Dobson, Herbert, and Thorburn, our other expositors of sacred art, the descent is as rapid as Mr. Prinsep's avalanche of "Gadarene Swine." With reference to this latter work, in spite of the name, we are inclined to look on it rather as a bad joke than as a serious effort to represent the scene. It looks as if Mr. Prinsep had put in the torrent of black pigs as an after-thought, to redeem and give a name to a poor landscape, the rocks and sky being extremely weak. The notion might pass as an amusement at a sketching club, but is quite undeserving of serious consideration. In defiance of the law of gravitation, some of the pigs have miraculously checked themselves on the edge of the cliff, and are evidently lifting up their voices for a final squeak before taking the fatal "header." But the other religious pictures by the painters we have named cannot be charged with any boldness of conception, either for good or evil. They are tame, conventional, and weak beyond description, and, as we can say no good about them, it is better to pass them by. Their presence on the walls of the Royal Academy is a reproach to our school, and can be explained only by the privileges of their order.

Of purely imaginative work, the product of the "ingenium" which the Royal Academy puts prominently forward as part of its motto, there are but few examples, and these are not successes. In former years we have admired the decorative grace and beauty of Mr. A. Moore, but here we confess to disappointment. "Follow my Leader" (No. 146) gives us an attempted harmony of green, blue, red, and brown, in a low key and of neutral tones. Six fair-haired young women and a boy, in gauze dresses, play round three sycamores, the tender spring leafage of which is well felt. The folds of the drapery want refinement, and belong to the later and inferior era of classic art. There is no real grace in the motion of the figures as they glide round the trees, nor any unity of interest in the game they are playing. Such a work as this requires, even for an ordinary measure of success, perfect figure-drawing, and here Mr. Moore, contrary to our expectation, fails. The boy is in an awkward position, and, as one leg is shorter than the other, he limps after the damsels, truly "haud passibus æquis." The colour, too, looks opaque and wanting in the beauty of Mr. Moore's former work, while the flowers and leafage of the foreground are mechanical in their treatment.

The same faults pervade Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Fountain" (No. 72), a large picture divided into three compartments, for no other reason that we can see than to hide the want of unity of interest which is apparent in the arrangement. Nor have these English nymphs in Greek costume any individual beauty of expression to redeem these defects. We do not expect modelling of features or effect of light and shade in work like this and Mr. Moore's, which treats the faces and figures in a flat, conventional, semi-classic manner; but we have a right to look for purity of line and delicate drawing. Mr. Leslie, like Mr. Moore, is specially weak in the drawing of the boy piping to one of the maidens. The background is a very uninteresting bank of rhododendron leaves with pink stems, painted in a mechanical style, without spirit or variety. Altogether this venture into classic ground is much inferior to the "Nausicaa" of a previous year; and we hope that Mr. Leslie will return to his eighteenth-century vein, in which he has formerly given us much pleasure. There is no medium between supreme excellence in classic reproductions, such as Hamon's, and bad mediocrity or failure, for this reason, that the standards by which we have to measure them are high; and also because, compared with paintings of ordinary life around us, there is so little to interest our affections or to make up for technical shortcomings. It is here that M. Alma Tadema compels our admiration, though he fails to win our sympathy. His workmanship is so consummate, that we linger over his pictures as over a Greek gem, though we are not attracted to his subjects—nay, are rather repelled by them. What human interest can we, living in the nineteenth century, have in painting, or having painted for us, those half-naked sensuous Greeks, lying on couches and drinking their wine out of flat pateræ? To us they suggest men in different stages of a Turkish bath; and no beauty of drawing, or harmony of colour, or wonderful painting of accessories, can quicken us into thorough enjoyment of "The Siesta" (No. 576); "The Dinner" (No. 577); or "The Wine" (No. 578). M. Tadema seems to feel that, for an English audience at least, he must attempt something more if he is to reach the heart; and in No. 1033, "The Death of the First-born," he has given us a picture which is terrible in its power. In dark and sombre tones, befitting the terrors of the tomb, he has represented the agony of the mother, as she has thrown herself over the body of her son lying stiff and ghastly on the knee of the father, whose vacant expression and eyes suffused with tears tell of a grief too overpowering for violent outburst of feeling.

But while the passionate wailing of the human heart must have an interest for all ages, what is the use of seeking for it in the history of a long extinct civilization? Are there not in the life around us, among the people whom we see daily, interests and incidents sufficiently tragic? If, as we believe, "the artist must be the child of his own time," is it not equally true that he is the greatest artist that sees and feels and lays before us the joys and sorrows of those with whom we are linked by the closest ties of a common life? Is modern Society, with all its complex and interwoven relationships, so devoid of poetry, that we must exhume the manners and customs of a race whose very language we have only recently learned to decipher? We do not believe that the time in which we live is so prosaic. Curiously enough, it is one of M. Tadema's own countrymen that has given to the Royal Academy of this year the best proof that the heart can be struck most deeply by incidents in the life of people at our very doors. "The poor ye have always with you," and "the short and simple annals" of their toils and privations, of their simple joys and tragic sorrows (the latter often the result of their labours for our comfort), are a storehouse of subjects for the painter, if he would but see it. But here, again, as in the reproduction of classic art, though for a different reason, there is scarcely a medium between perfect success and commonplace. Simplicity, self-restraint, and a strong determination to avoid everything sentimental, exaggerated, or forced, must be the painter's guiding principles in his choice and treatment of subject. Working in this spirit, he cannot fail to produce a picture that will touch the heart of the spectator, and if he can combine this with high technical qualities, to give us a great work. It is this union of genuine, unaffected pathos with thorough artistic power that makes "The Poor of the Village" (No. 644), by Jozef Israëls, so striking and impressive. The materials are simple enough. A fishing lugger has just been beached on the coast of Holland and the fishermen are making it fast by anchor, when a band of the poor, chiefly women and a blind man, approach to beg for a small share of the good fishing. A woman holds up a basket into which some fish are being put, while a boy picks up some that have fallen on the beach. An old woman, bowed by age and toil, leans heavily on her staff; another carries her sleeping baby at her breast; a blind man, led by a little girl, raises his sightless eyes, as if to see;—these are the prominent figures in the sad picture. Hard labours and poverty have left their cruel marks on the faces and figures of these poor people, now unable to earn their own bread. Into the deep pathos of such a condition the painter has entered so completely, that we are carried with him into the very scene, and share the painful feelings that oppress him. This "turpis egestas" would weigh us down too much, but for the feeling of hope, freedom from care, and playfulness which the artist brings into his picture by the children that bring up the rear of the sad procession. The girl *with* the laughing infant on her back, the sturdy young fisher boy, the little girl with her hands behind her drawing a toy-cart, are the elements that soften the tragic severity of the scene and make the lot of these people seem not utterly unendurable. Yet there is no parading of poverty, nor is there any painful sense of degradation. The figures stand out against the grey sky and the sea broken by surf, in simple, dignified attitudes, depressed by hard fate but by no sense of shame. As is always the case in pictures by Israëls, the landscape partakes of the character of the subject. The tone of the painting is low, carried, perhaps, to extreme, as the effect would in no way have been lessened had the keynote of the picture been pitched somewhat higher and the modelling of the features been carried further. The painting is vigorous and robust to a degree, and every touch tells; so that the work, which appears crude and rough when examined closely, resolves itself into the true likeness to nature, when viewed at the proper distance. And though the colour is set in a low key, yet it is really rich as well as harmonious. The blueish dresses are a fine study of intricate, subtle, broken colour, while the side of the lugger is full of varied shades of grey, in which the waving blue ornament, so common in these vessels and always of fine colour, tells with much sweetness.

There is hanging near Mr. Israëls' picture another which it is very useful to compare with "The Poor of the Village" in its points of similarity and of difference. "After the toil of the day," No. 657, by Mr. H. Herkomer, is another illustration of the wonderful power which the most homely scenes exercise over us, if the story is told simply and well. The uneventful life of a Tyrolese village is the theme of Mr. Herkomer's poem, when the sun is setting and the day's work is done, and the people come out to sit and gossip on the stone benches in the long straggling street, with its quaint, dark pine balconies. A beautiful girl in the foreground plies her distaff in a half dreamy way, while women talk together over a baby on a cushion in the street, and a traveller seeks for lodging, and the geese are driven home, and a sweep tramps along from his day's work. The apple trees glow in the yellow light of the sun setting behind the mountains, and the river, yellow-green from the reflected light of the luminous sky, flows lazily through the meadows. Observe the exquisite drawing of all the figures and the wonderful expression of the faces. Note especially the men sitting smoking and speaking on the bench in front of the house, one sleeping, another speaking to an old dotard, a third amusing a child in a little cart, and the girl standing by; how exquisitely the proper expression is given to each. If Mr.

Walker has no picture in the Academy, he may be proud to see such a work by a disciple of his school, of whose strong and weak points this picture is a splendid example. Beautiful in drawing and fine in colour, though of the somewhat hot tone which the Walker-Pinwell band affects, it is yet untrue from its want of shadow. The diffused yellow light is strong, yet these geese cast no shadow, the road is smooth and clean, without rut or marking, and the faces want roundness and modelling. Israëls, with his rapid vigorous touches, draws much on the imagination of the spectator. Herkomer's elaboration requires from him only complete enjoyment of the treat set before him. But different as are the roads by which the two artists travel, the goal is the same, as must always be the case in true art. As Carlyle says, "the Ideal has always to grow in the Real," and here Israëls and Herkomer meet on common ground, and both are Idealists in the best sense.*

"La Bénédiction de la Mer," No. 981, by A. Legros, is one of those splendid subjects for the painter which are to be found in the religious life of the common people of France, and which Jules Breton has turned to so good account in his Bénédiction des Blés. The religious ceremony and the simple manners of the peasant and fisher people, to whom these solemnities are still a living influence, afford a fine field for the painter that enters into the subject with unaffected feeling. This M. Legros fully comprehends, and he has given us a sympathetic rendering of the scene. Like a true poet, he makes the important element of the religious ceremony manifest itself in the faces and figures of the fisher women, who in their Sunday costume take part in the service. He has no feeling for beauty, or even comeliness, but uncompromisingly gives us the hard rugged features of these toilers by the sea. Their faces are flat and hard in outline, like Holbein's, and the full light on them seems to have too little influence on the black and somewhat heavy dresses, especially if we consider the bright blue sky. This is more remarkable as the

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* Though Mr. Fred. Walker has no picture in this year's Academy (to which we confine this paper), yet we cannot omit noticing his beautiful little water-colour drawing "The Village" in the Old Water-Colour Gallery. The subject is exceedingly simple. An old four-arched brick bridge crosses a stream, from which some geese are coming up the near bank. A woman with a child in her arms speaks to a man sitting on a rail at the end of the bridge, while a donkey-cart crosses the other way. Beyond are gardens and houses and a road stretching past a ruin behind some trees. In colour, drawing, and quality of work, this picture comes near perfection. The brick-work of the old bridge, with the plants growing on the buttresses, is as fine as anything De Hooghe or Van der Heiden ever painted, and the crisp touch is as firm as the finest Meissonier sketches, with less artifice. The warm colours of the bridge are beautifully balanced by the cool blue-green of the horse-chesnut tree overhanging the pool in which the delicate sky is mirrored.

French painters of this school are extremely careful as to the tonalité of their work. The woman with the baby, and her neighbour looking down at it, are very finely conceived, though we cannot say so much for the sturdy dame with the umbrella in the foreground. Beyond the group is to be seen the procession of the priests with banners and elevated crucifix, and we can almost hear the nasal sound, blessing the sea and all that is therein.

Mr. F. Holl always chooses pathetic subjects, and paints them in a dark sombre key to carry out this sentiment. His "Leaving home," No. 611, has not the originality of some of his former pictures, and is perhaps carried to an extreme; but some of the heads are fine, especially the old man's, which is full of character.

Mr. P. R. Morris, in his "Goodbye, God bless you," No. 636, feels strongly and sweetly the pathos of an everyday scene—the parting of a mother from her daughter who is leaving her country home to seek her fortune in the world. The last "Goodbye" has been long protracted, and the waggoner looks round impatiently for his charge. The landscape is specially fine, recalling the background of "The Gleaners," by Jules Breton, both in manner and tone. The figures are also in some degree after his manner of painting, but want his feeling for beauty of line.

Kindred in spirit with Israëls and Herkomer, is Mr. J. C. Hook, whose bright sunny pictures bring daylight and sea breezes into the very room. He is one of the few English landscape painters that combine human sentiment with landscape effects, and make us intimately acquainted with the people of the place. Without attempting to penetrate into their inner life, as Israëls does, he brings us into direct contact with his fisher folk in their daily labours, but he does this with such simplicity and truth that we feel that they are our friends for the time being, and we know not whether to look at the figures or the landscape; they fit in so that we take the picture as a whole, and this too, even when his figures seem scarcely to harmonize perfectly in tone with the landscape, and in spite of the somewhat hot and forced colour of the faces. His painting is robust, yet delicate, and his colours brilliant, yet tender. Our special favourite this year is "The Fishing Haven," No. 20, where a girl in the foreground, with a child at her feet, cuts up mussels for baiting the lines. The colours are rich and harmonious; note specially the beautiful broken blue of the petticoat, and the delicate play of light and shade, as well as the refined drawing, of the feet. The child's head and dress are not so fine, and the bowl on the ground might easily have been made better by a more subtle blending of red and yellow with the cold blue. The fishers' houses, the rocks behind them and sea are beautifully rendered, and the sense of sunlight is delightful.

"The Song and Accompaniment," No. 35, is a charming idea, and one seems to hear the measured sound of the primitive accompaniment beaten on a tin flagon with a spoon, for the amusement of the child. The painting of this flagon is exquisite; the light falls on it in such a way that it becomes as precious as silver, sparkling with a true sense of refined subtle work. The line of surf breaking on the submerged reef is very fine, as are also the sea-gulls on the wing.

In No. 227, "Fishing by proxy," Mr. Hook leaves the sea coast for an inland river, and introduces us to a style of fishing which we associate rather with the ingenuity of the Chinese than with our English notions of sport. The idea of fishing by means of cormorants trained to disgorge their prey is not consonant with "the gentle art" of old Isaak, and it requires all the treatment of Hook to reconcile us to it. The landscape, as usual, is very fine, and the feeling of motion in the pool, broken by the uprising of the black cormorants and luminous with the reflected sky, is admirably rendered. The effect of the picture is somewhat marred by the undue prominence given to the owner of the cormorants, who is forcing one of the birds to disgorge on the bank a beautifully painted trout.

In No. 254, "The Bonxie, Shetland," we have again another charming example of Mr. Hook's power in painting sea and rocks. The beautiful colour of the sea in the deep cove of the rocks should be especially looked at. A little more vigour might have been given to the action of the boy, as he stands ready to receive the attack of the great bird, nor does the "Bonxie" seem to have that power of motion or of dash which we should expect from the threatened conflict.

But, speaking of conflicts, it is time that we called attention to the terrific "Fight between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantley," No. 541, by Mr. Poynter, a companion picture to the "Perseus and Andromeda" of last year. Now, we humbly submit that it is too much to give us two such pictures in successive years. Even had they been first rate, one would have liked a little more variety: a repetition of the same idea, with merely a change of circumstance and of name, makes rather too heavy a demand on us. And this feeling of more than satiety is not lessened as we examine the picture. The work is painty and the treatment stagey, reminding us of Astley's, but rather to the disadvantage of the picture, as the dragon of our early days used to belch out smoke and make small clouds of sawdust by the spirited lashing of his tail. But Mr. Poynter's dragon is too tame for this sort of thing; he is altogether tco respectable, like the Devil of some poets. We see too much of him, nor is he the "monstrum horrendum informe"—*the shapeless*—that leaves to the imagination the power of vaguely realizing the dread monster. How differently does Turner represent the Python, of which we see but folds here and there, amid blood and smoke, and falling rocks and crashing trees. With him all is mysterious and terrible. Mr. Poynter's Dragon, it is true, breaks some trees, but when we see that these branches are no thicker than the broken spear, we feel that there is not much to be alarmed about. Everything is as calm and clear as if the Dragon had got his *coup de grâce* some hours ago. More, in full armour, with a face like mahogany, stands on the broken wing and is about to deal the Dragon a terrific back-hander with his sword, while the maiden, with vacant face, sits tied to a tree, whose convolutions are as wild as those of the dragon's tail. Though the subject is imaginary, there is no need to have unreal rocks or impossible trees; these at least might have been borrowed from nature. The lady's dress is crudely painted, without variety or refinement, and one cannot help comparing it with Tintoretto's magnificent robes in his "St. George and the Dragon," of the National Gallery.

It is pleasant, after this false turmoil, to turn to "The Industrial Arts of Peace," No. 1270, by Mr. Leighton, which, being a design in monochrome and hung high, is apt to be passed over, unless one seeks it out to rest with pleasure on its refined drawing and design. This is the sort of work that tries the resources of a school as to learning and composition, and we doubt if we have in England any designer, except Mr. Watts and Mr. Armitage, capable of producing work like this. The composition is harmonious and well balanced. In the centre we have female figures, engaged with textile fabrics and jewellery, in front of a classic semicircular colonnade; on one side are vases and figures indicating the Ceramic arts, while on the other Commerce is represented by bales being carried into boats. Above, towering to the sky, is the Acropolis, crowning the composition. Mr. Leighton has but one small oil picture in this exhibition, "Weaving the Wreath," No. 261, which has much delicacy and refinement of expression and design.

Mr. V. Prinsep does not appear to great advantage this year. Besides his "Gadarene swine," we have "Lady Teazle," No. 37, oily and chalky in face. The dress is intended to be rich and strong, but want of texture and of variety in tone prevents success in this respect. In "Devonshire House," No. 896, we have two young ladies ascending a staircase. The attitudes are graceful, but for portraits we should like more feeling of rest.

Of the English school of historical *genre* there is not much to be said—at least, nothing that is new. From Mr. Ward we have "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," No. 207, which is painty, weak, and unimpressive, because it is theatrical and wanting in character. Mrs. Ward gives us, in 361, "Chatterton" preparing his ancient parchments with yellow ochre and other dyes, of which the less we say the better. Mr. S. A. Hart favours us with "A Conference between Manasseh Ben Israel and Oliver Cromwell," No. 322, which requires half a page of the catalogue to do justice to its details, and about which much might be written to show its utter weakness and absurdity. Many indignities have been heaped on the head of Cromwell, but that it should come to this! Were he to look up in these degenerate days and see this last, we think it is likely that he would say of something else besides the mace lying on the table, "Take away that bauble."

From Sir John Gilbert we have two spirited works,—"The First Prince of Wales," No. 593, and "Naseby," No. 643,—full of strong colour and vigorous drawing, as is usual with him, though he appears to much more advantage in his own element of water-colour. This is true also of Mr. A. C. Gow (No. 495), and specially of Mr. Birket Foster, whose oil colours are muddy and opaque.

But the horrors of war can be brought home to us much more effectively than by the charging and slashing of "Naseby." One battle is, pictorially, like another, and it is scarcely possible to get up much real interest where there is so little individuality. If, however, the painter can lay hold on some incident connected with the life and human nature of the soldier, he is sure to awaken a deep sympathy. It is for this reason that Protais excites a strong emotion where Vernet and Yvon fail, because he gives us scenes from camp and campaign life, and it is the individual man, not the mass, that is our study. We have an excellent illustration of this higher treatment of soldier life in Mr. L. J. Pott's "On the March from Moscow," No. 337, which is full of character and pathos. The sun is setting in a black wintry sky and the ground is covered with deep snow, in which lie half-buried some of the trappings and débris of the Great Army, while French soldiers in sad disorder march manfully onwards. The leader carries on his shoulder a little drummer, who clings bravely to his drum, but his wan face and weary look show too clearly that he will soon part with it for ever. A soldier has fallen, and he, too, looks as if he were to be left behind, to be covered by the soft snow. Some shield their faces from the biting blast, but all tell of agonies borne uncomplainingly, and with true soldier courage and fortitude. This picture is hung so high that one cannot see whether the workmanship is equal to the completeness of the conception; but the painting looks vigorous and robust.

Mr. Pettie gives us in "The Flag of Truce," No. 401, another example of this dramatic rendering. He has chosen the exciting moment when the burgomaster, herald, and soldier issue from the gate of the old town on their humiliating errand, while the famishing crowd of women wishes them an eager "God speed." There is much intensity and restrained force in the action of the principal figures, as well as individuality of character. The dejected burgomaster wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, the nervous blue-eyed enthusiast carrying the flag of truce, the soldier casting a look of scorn on the tumultuous crowd clamouring for peace on any terms, are all admirably rendered, as are also the thin, worn-faced women with infants in their arms eager for relief. The surging crowd in the narrow street behind the portcullis is excellently given. The painting of the principal heads is worthy of the school of Rembrandt, and the touch firm and delicate. Note especially the grey grizzly moustache and beard of the burgomaster, as well as his ruff and chain with badge of office. The red cloak of the soldier would be richer and finer in colour were it more broken up by folds. But this is but a trifling drawback to what is certainly the greatest picture that Mr. Pettie has yet produced. The "Sanctuary," No. 5, has not the same quiet intensity; it is more forced in its action. Still, the contrast between the almost despairing attitude of the fair-haired damsel and the placid calm of the nuns, makes an excellent point, though the story does not appeal to us with the same vivid interest as the "Flag of Truce."

Mr. Calderon in his "Victory!" No. 215, has also chosen for his principal picture an incident in warfare. The subject is good: the ladies of the castle looking down from the battlements on the defeat of the enemies of their house. But the whole thing is false. The interest they show is not that deep-felt emotion arising out of the issues of life and death, of victory or defeat; but rather the vapid sense of pleasure they would manifest if looking down from a grand stand at the finish of a race. As the whole picture depends on this expression being absolutely right, weakness or failure here is fatal. Then, how flat and shadowless are those faces projected against the clear sky (except that of the leathery dowager), and how painty and unlike flesh! Note the poor workmanship of the jewels and roses on the heads of the ladies, the treatment of which is tame and mechanical, without glitter or sparkle, or sense of colour. If this is true of Mr. Calderon's most important picture, what shall we say of his "Good Night," No. 44, which is done to death with vulgar finish, without refinement of colour or texture? Take for example the painting of the bracelet and gold ornaments, the black velvet and the red rose, all crude and dull. Still worse is Mr. Calderon's "Take, O take those lips away," No. 126, a trashy subject, painted in a manner to correspond with the silly sentimentality of the scene. Observe the drawing of the ear of the leathery-faced man, and the conventional painting of the flowers and foliage. "The Moonlight Serenade," No. 181, is a shade better, or rather not so bad; but the subject is threadbare. Whether Mr. Calderon intended us to think of the comic element in the situation, we know not; but one is inclined to laugh at the mildly infuriated husband who, with drawn sword, pursues his rival in a very unimpassioned sort of way. Mr. Calderon once knew better than to be satisfied with work like this; is it hopeless to wish for a return to his better self?

Mr. Faed has sent us this year no contribution worthy of his reputation. In former years his pictures have taken so prominent a place from their power to interest and move us, that an Exhibition without such a picture wants one of its most popular attractions. Still, in his "Lowland Lassie," No. 222, we have much of his old feeling for colour, with good drawing and insight into Scotch character. The girl carries the basket of vegetables very gracefully on her head, and her hands and feet are beautifully drawn. The yellow-flowered shawl on the young child is very fine in colour. The background is somewhat sketchy and wanting in force.

Mr. Topham's "Pompeii Destroyed," No. 550, is another example of weak historical painting; weak from the absence of all unity of feeling as well as from its cold, stony, bad colour. While the overwhelming disaster has terrified most of the crowd into violent alarm, and one stout lady into fits, a young woman in a tent continues to dress her back hair, regardless of consequences, and a boy in the foreground to tickle the nose of a dog with a straw. Nor does Mr. Herbert, jun., succeed better with his "Deus justus et misericors," No. 575, which is wilder in colour than the drop-scene of a third-rate theatre. Mr. Herdman's "Conventicle Preacher," No. 1109, is hung so high that it is impossible to see it; as is also Mr. Lockhart's "Muerte del Matador," No. 1015. The painting of the dress of the Matador looks rich and fine, and the monk stooping over the dying man is vigorous. But the picture seems too large for the subject, and the woman and the doctors appear somewhat tame. Mr. K. Halswelle gives us several Spanish subjects, which to the popular eye pass as "in the manner of Philip;" but if we compare his want of texture and harmony, his bad flesh and atrocious drawing (see the woman's leg in No. 1085, "Il Madonnajo") with Philip's work at the International Exhibition, we shall see at once that this resemblance is only superficial.

"La Levée de Monseigneur," by Mr. Calthrop, No. 346, is rather a piece of clever painting of a sumptuous bed-room of the old French style than an attempt at historical *genre*. It is the bed-curtains that attract our attention rather than his little Highness, who plays with some toy cannons, while the obsequious nobles and cardinal busy themselves about him. The workmanship is not the finest of its sort, and the faces in the foreground do not harmonize with the tone of the interior.

Mr. Frith favours us with none of his larger works this year; but his smaller pictures give sufficient taste of his quality. His work is of the clean, pretty, commonplace order, a little of which goes a long way and we have no wish for more. His principal works this year depict the manners of English fashionable life, and may, perhaps, therefore be popular with a good many people. In "English Archers—Nineteenth Century," No. 99, we have some young ladies dressed in the height of fashion, without expression and as hard as stone, engaged in archery. Tamer work could scarcely be imagined; time is wasted in analysing it. But it must not be supposed that these young ladies are always drawing the bow, for we find that the fair archer, after laying aside her hat, and putting on a red sash in place of the mauve one, next appears in "The Winning Hazard," No. 221, and, curiously enough, places herself with her cue in exactly the same attitude as when pointing the arrow at the target in the morning. It is most unfortunate that the two pictures are not hung nearer each other, that the public might see better this wonderful coincidence. Mr. Frith seems to have thought this figure and attitude so fine that it deserved to be repeated. We are sorry we cannot agree with him. We have also from the same painter, two flower girls, one from Boulogne, No. 271, and one from London, No. 276, cold, smooth, and hard as painted tin, with leathery flesh and flowers painted tamely and feebly.

When a painter proposes to make the painting of flowers an important part of a picture, as Mr. Frith has done in his flower girls, and Mr. Yeames in his "Path of Roses," No. 517, he should make sure that he feels something of the infinite beauty of flowers, and strive to realize in some faint degree their varied tones and rich bloom. Instead of roses strewed thickly before the bride and bridegroom issuing from the church porch, Mr. Yeames gives us copious spots of bright raw colour. And yet we need not be surprised at this treatment of the flowers, when we look at the painting of the flesh. The man that can give us such wretched work is not likely to be sensitive to the beauty of flowers. Or take the other textures. Look at the painting of the dress of the man playing the flageolet, or of the boy with the violin. It is like the even up-and-down brushwork of a house-painter, who, by the way, seems also to have done the graining of the woodwork of the porch. Bad in these essential points, the picture is weak throughout, as may be seen in the sham architecture, the trunks and leafage of the trees, the drawing of the dog, and the colour of the flags. It is sad to be compelled to write thus of Mr. Yeames, whose work used formerly to be interesting. Traces of his old better style are to be found in "The Morning Rehearsal," No. 240, where a man playing the violin is teaching a poodle to dance. The expression of the man's face is good, and the play of the reflected light on the fiddle is excellent; the dog is also a clever bit of painting.

It is pleasant to escape from this weak sentimentality into the healthy humour and Art of Mr. G. A. Storey, who in his "Scandal," No. 158, and his "Love in a Maze," No. 387, strives, and not without success, to imitate the aërial perspectives and sunlight of De Hooghe. "Scandal" is, unfortunately, a feature of every age, and it is perhaps more harmless to represent the actors in this scene in the dresses of other times. Mr. Storey is Dutch in everything,—his interior with a great Vandervelde sea-piece on the walls and his trimly-cut garden maze. His colour is rich and strong, as in the well-painted tablecloth in "Scandal," while his landscape in "The Maze," is really beautiful, especially in the tree-drawing and distance. His "Mistress Dorothy," No. 893, is full of archness and character, though somewhat black and smooth in colour.

Mr. Hodgson is another of our painters that apprehend a comic situation and paint it without extravagance, though sometimes we wonder if it is worth the labour. His "Jack Ashore," No. 329, represents an English tar who, pipe in mouth, finds himself in a courtyard where a number of Turks and he express mutual wonder in looking at each other, as if they were beings from different planets. We can almost hear the quiet remarks of the swarthy-faced Moors as they look with varying expression at the equally surprised Jack.

Mr. Marks also manages to extract humour out of very simple materials. In his "What is it?" No. 195, we have some figures looking over a bridge in an old Flemish town, and speculating on something going on below. The backs of these mildly curious people are turned towards us, except a pretty girl looking half round. His "Ornithologist," No. 380, is a repetition of the idea of a former picture. There is much character in the faces of the old gentleman, half-crazed with his hobby, and of his servant, impressed into the post of assistant naturalist. The stuffed birds are well painted.

But some of our painters of amusing situations, of whom Mr. Erskine Nicol is the most prominent representative, destroy the bloom of the joke by their exaggerated force. The point of the story is thrust on us with too much insistence, and its racy flavour is lost. Thus, in Mr. Nicol's "Steady, Johnnie—Steady," No. 323, the expressions both of man and boy are overdone, and as they are not pleasant nor pleasantly painted, we weary of them and of their hard china faces. The sense of poverty is also overforced by the ostentatiously painted rags, which Mr. Nicol combs out to make them still more squalid. These ragged clothes, though Scotch or Irish, do duty in covering his Italian peasants in "Pro Bono Publico," No. 186, and in "Past Work," No. 624, which have all the faults without the redeeming humour of his native scenes.

Mr. F. D. Hardy also spoils the sentiment of his pictures by a too bold and literal rendering of the facts. In his "Making Home Snug," No. 426, where an old woman is preparing to hammer a piece of flannel into a chink of the door, he is so anxious to make us aware of the fact that a cold blast is coming in, that he makes the flame of the candle burn as if it were under a blow-pipe. The treatment is too prosaic; nothing is left to the imagination. This is the more to be deplored as the workmanship is often excellent, as in the reflected light in the old woman's face, and in the red window screen lighted from behind, in the painful subject of "Looking for Father," No. 164. It is instructive to compare the work of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Clark, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Webster, with the quiet simplicity and softness of Nos. 174 and 182, by M. Frère, which, though not equal to the Frères of fifteen years ago, are yet charming in their unconscious ease and suggestiveness.

As an illustration of a story told with simplicity and point, we refer to No. 903, "The Laird of Dumbiedykes in Deans' Cottage," by Mr. H. Cameron, which is full of character and expression. The laird, with pipe in hand, seems lost in surprise, while Jeannie Deans, comely and purpose-like, is busily engaged in roping a well-worn hair-trunk. The colour and tone of this little picture are especially fine, as are also the drawing of the figures and the delicate modelling of the faces.

But there are French artists that paint with a neat cleanness outdoing even the most literal of our own school. M. Tissot requires nothing from the spectator except a solution of the problems put before him. A certain number of figures is given us, and we have to determine their relationships, actual and possible. How many readings may be given of "The Last Evening," (108) and "The Captain's Daughter" (121)? Now, it seems to us that this is leaving too much to our imagination. A picture should not tell us everything at once; but it need not therefore be an enigma. But whatever be the exact meaning of these paintings, they must strike every one as wonderful in subtle delicacy of expression. Still we cannot accept them as truthful representations of nature. Shadow and depth are wanting, especially in "The Last Evening," where the face of the young lady is thin and flat. For the same reason these ghastly white poles and spars should surely have been enriched by grey. They all want "the beauty of dirt," the soft colouring of Time; but this is evidently objectionable to M. Tissot, who cleans the decks of his vessels more thoroughly than ever was quarter-deck scoured. His "Too Early," No. 914, is extremely clever in character and texture, though the ball-room is full of sunshine instead of artificial light; but surely never was good work wasted on a more trivial subject.

One turns with a sense of relief from this over-elaboration of detail to the facile workmanship of Mr. Orchardson, who runs to the other extreme of looseness and carelessness of finish. Mr. Orchardson provokes while he delights us. The quality of his work is so lovely when he chooses, that we feel that he seldom does justice to his powers. He carries to excess the principle of the subordination of accessories, and therefore leaves often a painful sense of incompleteness. We understand that an unfortunate accident happened to his most important picture, and consequently we have only his smaller works to judge him by. But so far as it goes, if we take the face of the lady in "The Protector," No. 194, or of "Cinderella," in No. 354, where in these galleries shall we find more exquisite quality of work? Or take the great "Protector;" could anything be better than the painting of this dog—or of the sunflowers, delicate yet broad? A painter's feeling for colour may be seen in very small things, and that Mr. Orchardson has the colour-faculty strong may be seen in his subtle and refined treatment of the earthenware in "Cinderella." But why does he tantalize us by his sketchiness and spottiness, and thus do injustice to his powers? His insight into dog-character and painting in "Oscar and Bran," No. 208, should make our professed animal-painters look to their laurels.

We have unfortunately but too little of the masterly ease of Sir E. Landseer, whose horse and dogs in Nos. 255 and 266 exhibit the old power that comes from suggestiveness rather than from detail, every touch being applied with the conscious facility of the great painter for a definite purpose. Some of our younger men show good progress as animal painters. Mr. H. Hardy, in his "Lions and Lioness," No. 129, exhibits a strong feeling for animal life. The Lioness is admirably painted, with intense feline expression, but the Lions, though fine, scarcely suggest the terrible struggle in which they seem engaged. Mr. H. W. B. Davis has chosen the more peaceful and pleasing scene "Summer Afternoon," No. 453, where the great oxen (yellow-white and brown) seek for relief from the sultry heat in the cool lily-covered pool. The solid painting of these cattle and the slumberous air are worthy of all praise, while every point has been noted to heighten the effect intended to be produced, even to the flies and midges about the heads of the patient brutes. In the case of Mr. B. Rivière, we feel too much that his pictures have been constructed to show his powers of animal painting. His "Argus," No. 464, depends for its interest mainly on the dog, and even here we feel that Mr. Rivière has been trammelled by the Homeric conditions of Argus lying on the dunghill and expiring at the sight of his old master. Sir Walter Scott would, we think, have indicated the discovery by the dog's sense of smell, and he would have represented the dog as stealing up unobservedly to sniff at the wandering beggar. We cannot accept the representation of Ulysses as a fitting one for the man of many wiles. It may be observed that the attitude of the Ulysses is but a variation of the "Daniel" of last year. But if the dog is the main feature in the "Argus," how much more is it the only one in No. 986, where a stagey picture is produced of a girl lashed to a mast rolling about in a stormy sea, with a white bull terrier in her breast? The girl, smooth and dry, sleeps placidly on the waves of a drier sea, while the dog, lean and hungry, barks furiously at nothing. Of Mr. T. S. Cooper, we have nothing to say except that his cattle are as like china as ever,—hard, and without texture. How such pictures can find favour with a cattle-loving race such as the English, passes our comprehension. Nor does his strong imitation of the warm sunshine of Cuyp please us better. There is also in Mr. Ansdell's pictures a similar false likeness to sheep and goats. Such work can give pleasure to no human being that has looked with interest on the rich varied colours and textures of these animals. Those painters should take a look at the calves of Mr. H. H. Emmerson, No. 145, or at the donkeys and geese of Mr. M. Fisher's beautiful picture, "The Intrusion," No. 34, where the animals are painted with much spirit and cleverness, and the landscape is charming in its quiet harmonies. The broken water, and the trees coming into leaf and standing out against a tender grey sky, are worthy of careful study.

We have left ourselves little room to write of Mr. Boughton's "The Heir," No. 1062, quiet and fine in its tone, showing strong foreign influence; of Mr. Macnab's "Girls' School at the Confessional, Seville," No. 285, reminding us of Bonnat in its character and strength; of "The Despatch from Trebizond," No. 977, by Mr. H. Wallis, No. 675; or of the beautiful colour of Mr. J. W. Inchbold's "Green Horses of St. Mark's," No. 141, all of which deserve careful examination. We must pass on to the portraits. Unfortunately we have already referred to the most striking of these in the luminous portraits of Mr. Millais, and the subdued power of Mr. Watts. Among the numerous portraits still left for our examination there are only a few that merit much praise. Foremost among these are the portraits of Mr. Ouless, who confirms the promise of last year in his vigorous and varied style. Always robust and manly in his work, he has a happy faculty of being able to seize on the character of his sitter, whether he imitates the breadth of Rembrandt, as in No. 76, or follows the style of Mr. Watts, as in No. 93, or strikes out a novel arrangement for himself, as in No. 115. If to these qualities he would add more delicacy and refinement of work, he would take a very prominent place among our portrait painters.

If Mr. Ouless confines himself to the portraits of gentlemen, it is the ladies of Mr. Archer that call specially for our notice. His "Three Sisters," No. 159, is very pleasing in arrangement and refined in modelling, recalling the natural grace of Gainsborough though it wants his richness of colour, especially in the background, which tends to blackness. The transparent muslin and yellow silk scarfs are admirably painted. It is a pity that the general effect should be marred by the bad drawing of the child's legs. The other portraits by Mr. Archer have the same strong and weak points, being full of lady-like character but inclining to chalkiness and flatness. They appear, however, to great advantage beside the conventional weakness of Mr. Sant, whose work is slipshod and vulgarly coarse, with an attempt towards freedom and boldness which ends in failure.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Wells grievously disappoints us this year. There is a hasty looseness and bad colour in his flesh-painting, bad drawing of hands, as in No. 303, "The Antiquarian," and a want of dignity in his treatment, that show that he has not kept before his eye a high standard of work. These defects find their most flagrant example in No. 113, Sir Sills John Gibbons, the late Lord Mayor, which is fussy and vulgar—a picture of clothes, robes, sword, and long black boots, with a face wooden and unimportant.

For some reason or other we seldom have portraits of Royal personages that are not poor examples of the painter's art, and the present Exhibition presents no exception to this common rule. Mr. Olrik, in No. 413, gives us a hard stony rendering of a beautiful face; and H.R.H. Prince Arthur (No. 951) does not fare better in the hands of Mr. Tweedie. Nor are our celebrities fortunate in the painters that are to hand them down to posterity. We know how Mrs. Siddons appears to us in all her grandeur as painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Will our grandchildren have a corresponding idea of the power of our great tragedienne, Miss Faucit, whom Mr. Lehmann, in No. 394, has condemned to a perpetual simper? The whole treatment is conventional and academic, cold, smooth, and hard.

Mr. Richmond has settled down into a mannerism from which nothing can disturb him, and we expect nothing from him now but the everlasting stippling that robs the flesh of every particle of resemblance to nature. His best work this year is, "The Marquis of Salisbury," No. 290, where all but the most important part—the head and face—is fine. Still, in spite of the cold chalkiness which is out of keeping with the rest of the picture, he has given dignity and power to the intellectual head, and has just missed making it a really fine picture.

The characteristics of Sir Francis Grant, Mr. Macnee, Mr. Weigall, and others are well known. After them the remaining mass of portraits has nothing new or striking, and we cannot wonder that the great majority of spectators pass them by with the remark, "Only a portrait." But let not portrait painters flatter themselves with self-satisfied disdain into the belief that this is merely a sign of the unpopularity of their art. The same spectators, if transported into the Winter Exhibition of the Old Masters, and placed before a Velasquez, or a Sir Joshua, would enjoy and admire the portrait of a man whose very name is unknown. The difference lies just in this, that in the one case the art is consummate and overpowering, in the other case there is simply no art at all. The portrait painter may rest assured that when he produces anything that is really fine in colour, modelling, and expression, he will receive as much appreciation as any of his brethren.

If there was any branch of art of which England used justly to boast as specially her own, it was landscape. To say nothing of Turner, in former days we could point with pride to Cox, Constable, Bonnington, and many others, and our pretensions were more than allowed by our artistic neighbours the French, whose landscape school of the past and present generations was moulded and formed by the influence of these men. Burger, the well-known French critic, admits that Troyon, Rousseau, Daubigny, and other regenerators of French landscape art, are the children of English art-parents. But we have forgotten the lessons of our fathers, and English admirers of this phase of art have to look to France for the more recent illustration of the principles and practice of our earlier English school. As a rule, simplicity, breadth, and unity of effect have departed from us, and instead of imagination and grandeur of idea we have marvellous industry and tame mediocrity of conception. Our landscape painters may hold up the mirror to nature, but we rarely see traces of thought or feeling in their treatment. A painted photograph is not the highest ideal in landscape art; we want to see how the artist has been affected by the scene, what influence it has had on his mind, and what it suggests to him. We look for his impression, not for a literal rendering of facts. As old David Cox wrote of his own water-colour drawings, "*They are the work of the mind*, which I consider very far above the portraits of the places." It is from the want of this personality of the painter that the ordinary English school, of which Mr. B. W. Leader is a typical example, appears so prosaic and heartless. There is no trace of sentiment or of poetry in these pictures, nor any attempt to grasp the comprehensiveness of nature. Mr. Leader does make an effort to get away from this hard mechanical treatment in his "Mountain Solitude," No. 379, but not with success. His handling here is somewhat freer and bolder, but it is vague and pretentious. His precipices are feeble and wanting in solidity, while the mountain gloom which he has attempted to render by crude masses of deep blue paint is stagey and false.

Of landscape influenced by the strong individuality of the painter, the most important example is Mr. Poole's "A Lion in the Path," No. 28,—a grand and impressive work. The masses of light and shade are finely distributed, and the rich harmonies of yellow, brown and blue remind one of Poussin or Tintoretto. The action of the man is vigorous as he advances boldly yet with alarm on the lion, which, however, looks very tame and harmless. Mr. Poole would have done well to invoke the aid of Mr. Hardy in drawing his lion, which by its weakness certainly detracts from a nobly conceived landscape.

The veteran Mr. Linnell becomes yearly stronger in colour. In his "Coming Storm," No. 78, we think that this hot marly colour is carried to an excess injurious to the effect he has aimed at producing. One would have liked a quieter sense of the coming storm, and less of the highly charged colour which Mr. Linnell has made peculiarly his own.

Mr. W. Linnell follows in his father's footsteps, and has given us in No. 447, "Over the Heath," a grand landscape of rolling clouds and heather-covered hills, though the picture might have been painted in a lower key with advantage. There is throughout a fine feeling of space and the winding road over the hill-side is admirably represented.

Mr. P. Graham has boldly grappled with a difficult effect in No. 64, "Wind," which, though smooth and uniform in texture, is a vigorous rendering of the subject. The tempest-tossed trees in the gully and the peaty foaming torrent are painted with spirit and are full of motion. There seems some exaggeration in the dark purply cloud, and the heather is too positive in colour for the light that is in the picture. Mr. Graham is not so successful in his "Restless Sea," No. 665; and his "Highland Croft," No. 980, wants interest, though the calves are well painted.

Mr. C. E. Johnson, in his "First Snow" No. 659, and his "Autumn

Flood," No. 979, and Mr. MacWhirter in his "Fisherman's Haven," No. 669, give us more than the scene. They give us the impression of the scene on the artist, and convey to us ideas connected with the landscapes, a much more difficult task. Mr. MacWhirter's picture would be improved by a more simple foreground, but he has succeeded in putting much feeling into his picture.

There is beautiful colour in "A Mountain Stream, Glen Derry, Aberdeenshire," No. 599, by Mr. J. W. Oakes. The landscape does not strike us as very like the character of the Deeside mountains and there is too much feeling of the studio in it. It is, however, impressive in spite of this, and is very near being a really fine picture.

The President of the Scottish Academy, Sir George Harvey, sends a bright and fresh "Morning on Loch Awe; Ben Cruachan in the distance," No. 1052, full of light and atmosphere. The outlying spur of the mountain on the other side of the ferry is painted with that fine feeling for Nature which Sir George puts into all his landscapes, and with a quality of workmanship, in the painter's sense of *quality*, that is exceedingly rare. No one understands better how to represent the rich soft green of half Highland half Lowland scenery. In his "Curlers," No. 200, the wintry landscape with its leafless trees against the setting sun should also be carefully looked at.

Mr. A. W. Hunt attempts with considerable success the rendering of the mid-day sunshine on tree-clad mountains, and gives a dreamy sense of brilliant daylight. There is a delicacy about his conception of this effect very different from the commonplace but affected work of Mr. Vicat Cole, who is inexpressible except on gigantic canvasses, full of emptiness and pretence. Mr. Goodall's large landscape, "Subsiding of the Nile," No. 292, has an Eastern look about it and may be all right, but it wants real interest and is too panoramic. It is tame and poor, compared with the Eastern landscapes of M. Huguet.

The motion of the sea must ever be full of difficulty to the painter, and many are the ways by which the impression of this restless heaving has been rendered. Some painters, like Mr. H. Moore, Mr. Sampson, and Mr. Wyllie, represent it with a wonderful directness, and if their work is not of the highest refinement as to subtlety, it is because they think they can produce the momentary effect more completely by rapid vigorous painting. Mr. Colin Hunter, who has made a great stride this year, carries this principle further and seems to have caught the spirit of the motion by a more subtle synthetic method. Certain it is that in no sea-pieces of this year has "the countless smile" of the ocean been more suggestively represented than by Mr. Hunter. By some intuitive process he seems to ave divined the secret of its motion, and we can almost hear the ipple of the waves beating on the boats of his "Trawlers waiting for Darkness," No. 386. The quivering light on the water broken by he fresh breeze, and the wonderful play of colour of the clear bright ky reflected in the varying mirror, are admirably suggested, while the effect is heightened by the dark but luminous water under the boat. The fishermen are cleverly put in, but we should like to see the flesh-painting carried further. While Mr. Hunter's touch seems admirably adapted for the representation of the moving sea, we do not think it suits the solid land, where we want more firmness and precision, nor do we like to see so clearly the method by which the work is produced. Of Mr. Hunter's other two pictures, "The Three Fishers," No. 526, and "After a Gale," No. 1082, we should like to say a good deal, but our space is more than exhausted. They well deserve careful study.

If Mr. Hunter paints his seas suggestively and from the generalizations of a mind well stored with observations, Mr. Brett adopts a different method and gives brilliant records of these observations themselves. Mr. Hunter is synthetic while Mr. Brett is analytic, and both are right to follow the bent of their natures. To a wonderful faculty of noting facts Mr. Brett adds long-trained skill in painting them with extreme accuracy. Take his "Morning among the Granite Boulders," No. 681, and observe the painting of these boulders. At first sight they appear to be photographic reproductions, but if you look closely at these crystals of felspar imbedded in the rocks, you will see that they are painted with ease and mastery, in quite a different manner from the serpentine steeple rock of Mr. E. W. Cooke (No. 419), which is geologically right when examined closely, but weak and feeble when looked at from a moderate distance. In Mr. Brett's case the imitation may perhaps be carried too far, but it is a right sort of suggestive imitation. The same is true of his painting of the sand with its waving surface broken by footmarks, and of the blue purple mussels and green seaware on the rocks. We seem to be looking at the very spot. But what we miss is the human impression, the feeling of the scene having passed through the artist's mind and heart. Mr. Brett's is an attempt to resolve Nature into her elements, to trace her living presence by a too subtle analysis, a process which is apt to leave out the informing spirit. If Mr. Brett with his stores of knowledge would now paint constructively and poetically pictures bearing the stamp of his own eling for nature, we might expect very great things. Corot began y painting with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, and we have now the dvantage of his careful study in the delicious dreams of his later e; so we may perhaps yet see a corresponding development of

Mr. Brett's powers. With reference to the sea, it appears to us that Mr. Brett's attention has been drawn chiefly to the form of the waves, to the neglect of their essential quality of liquidity, which is suggested only by an oily condition of surface. Mr. Hook never misses this most important element; his pictures smell of the wet salt sea.

We have also fresh and interesting sea-pieces by Mr. C. P. Knight (No. 107), and by Mr. Naish (No. 539), but our space is exhausted, and we must bring these remarks to a close, passing over many pictures which we should like to notice, such as Mr. H. Goodall's "Capri Girls Winnowing," No. 372, and the two studies, "On the Mer de Glace," No. 46 and No. 52, by Sir R. Collier, of whom, though he dislikes critics, we will say that he shows a rare and refined sense for colour.

We must end, as we began, by saying that as careful a survey as we have been able to give to this Exhibition confirms us in the opinion that while there is much sound work in it, there are not many pictures that will outlive the talk of the season or have an enduring place in the history of our school. The public taste may not demand a high standard, but painters, like poets, can form and guide an audience for themselves. With the glowing colours at their command, they have it in their power to transmute their pictures not merely into gold, but, if they will it, into most precious jewels.

JOHN FORBES WHITE.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF JOHN STUART MILL'S WRITINGS.

IT is not easy to say how the news of a great man's death ought to affect the mass of those who are naturally unable to form an independent opinion of the sources and nature of his acknowledged influence. In Italy the death of an eminent and popular writer like Manzoni is mentioned in the Chamber of Deputies as a national calamity. The mayor and corporation of every intelligent little town in the peninsula telegraph assurances of their veneration and sympathy to the family of the deceased, and he is interred with honours such as are reserved in England for men who have won battles, married a queen, or usurped a throne. No doubt there is a fitness in such expressions of feeling when we have no reason to doubt their sincerity; it is natural to seek to give some formal utterance to the gratitude which must have been accumulating in the minds of thousands to whom the life just ended has been a continuous benefit. Yet we can scarcely regret the absence of such utterances in England on the death of Mr. Mill, when we consider how entirely unworthy they would seem as an acknowledgment of the work that he has done, and how inadequate as an expression of the feeling which his death calls forth in those who know what that work has been. It would be hasty to conclude that a just estimate of his character and genius is limited to the circle, large as that was, of his private friends and fellow-workers, because comparatively few others have as yet attempted to express the regard in which his memory must be held by all who have shared, however slightly, in the intellectual life of the last forty years. Respect has more to do with such silence than indifference, and it is only lest one should be mistaken for the other, that we venture on an attempt to show not only that Mr. Mill's influence on the ordinary thought of the day is still undiminished, but also that it would indeed be a national calamity for that influence to become either weakened, warped, or forgotten.

There is, it may be admitted, a degree of fashion in thought; a tendency from time to time to discard old opinions merely because they are not new, to ignore them because they seem self-evident, and generally to undervalue the discoverers of truth that every one can understand. People get tired of hearing an old story repeated, and weariness often changes into disgust if they are expected to listen to it with perennial enthusiasm. Still, as the course of nature is, on the whole, fixed, the truth which was at first greeted with enthusiasm does not cease to be true, or therefore valuable, by becoming even tediously familiar; and to fall back upon exploded error, merely for the sake of variety, is a cumbrous way of reviving the strength of passionate conviction with which new truths are held, while besides the prospect of refutation by the logic of facts, the relapse itself is seldom attended with enthusiasm, being rather the work of lassitude and indifference. Progress would be impossible if opinion were condemned to oscillate between barren extremes of truism and paradox. But if positive knowledge is continuous and homogeneous, and its possession merely a question of degree, novelty may always be secured without the sacrifice of conclusions already reached. So far from being worthless and obsolete, they have their most important functions still to discharge; once thoroughly accepted, they have ceased to be conclusions, and are the axiomatic premisses from which reasoning may start in search of further truths; and it is not till these newer truths are themselves in a fair way to become trite, that the first discovery may be left to the indifferent chronicling of history, which is not likely to undermine its own foundations. Mr. Mill's works, partly from their natural clearness, partly from their appropriateness to the intellectual demands of the day, are already so familiar that they have been threatened with promotion to the shelf of classic commonplace; but we should ask, before accepting this fate for them, whether his followers or his opponents have quite exhausted the problems he raised, either by carrying his method to its last legitimate consequences, or by disproving his particular conclusions seriatim. Till this has been done, indifference to his writings can only be accounted for by the unreasoning fickleness to which the principle—not yet become a commonplace and nowhere better illustrated than by himself—affords the best antidote, that the only security against the periodical rediscovery of error lies in recognizing (as he did) the substantial continuity of all right thinking, so that to abandon a legitimate inference is constructively to abandon all the grounds upon which it rested. And as few thinkers are equal to the task of reconstructing the whole edifice of knowledge from its foundations, a reaction is almost always inconsistent, though not incompatible with a spasmodic, intermittent sort of progress. As Mr. Mill observed on his Logic,—"The improvement in the *results* of thinking has seldom extended to the *processes;*" and results of unimpeachable validity are liable to be neglected or thrown aside, unless the processes by which they were reached inspire reasonable confidence.

Mr. Mill's influence has been much greater on the manner or processes of contemporary thought than on its substance and results, and if his estimate of the comparative importance of the two elements is correct, the fact will not injure his reputation with posterity. The *rationale* of progress,—intellectual, social, and political—and its one indispensable condition were, for the first time, explained disinterestedly, and dissevered from the absolute advocacy of any one stage in the progress, and even from a metaphysical devotion to the universal condition. He did as much as any writer of the century to originate, and more to popularize the conception that a theory might be true and yet not final,—not final, and yet of the greatest value and importance. The dispassionate tone of his writings, and his general abstinence from epithets, were the natural consequences of this way of looking at controversies still subsisting. It did not occur to him to praise the past, since we wish to change the present which it has made, nor yet to condemn, since it had also made our desire for a better future. He recognized the existence both of natural tendencies and of ends that are right and desirable, and since the two never reach the momentary point of coincidence, he took for granted that what we think right and desirable, is not what has been natural, but what is going to be so. As a statement of the results of critical philosophy the formula is clear, though it may not yet be popular, but its chief significance is, that it commits a school famous for pedantic precision and the deification of experience, to the most abstract form of the doctrine of evolution.

He was singularly successful in developing a tradition which he was singularly fortunate in receiving when and as he did. The common-sense philosophy, the English school to which Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, and Bentham belonged, seemed nearly to have done its work, when common-sense had given up the attempt to follow Hume, or to understand Berkeley, and Adam Smith began instead to apply its methods to the merely concrete phenomena of society. To gather together the loose threads of liberal criticism, to give a systematic statement of the methods by which Godwin, James Mill, and the Utilitarians of that generation had arrived at their hard, clear, plausible, and narrow doctrine, was a task to which he seemed called by birth and education. It was partly because he was so well fitted to do this, that he was able to do much more. A glance at the contrast between his position and Comte's will show how great, upon their common principles, his advantage was. Mill's "Logic" has an authentic pedigree of three centuries to say the least, and it was natural that he should acknowledge so respectable an ancestry; but we have to think of Comte, since he disowned the teaching of Saint Simon, and certainly did not learn his great doctrines from De Maistre, as a soldier of fortune, who, having carved out greatness for himself, does not choose to stand any longer alone in the world, and may fix on whatever noble family he pleases, to claim alliance with in a mythical past. The fact that Comte owed nothing personally to the Protestant, critical or sceptical philosophy of the 17th and 18th centuries, made it difficult for him, much as he valued the continuity of the intellectual life of the race, to avoid making a breach in that continuity by coming forward himself as the founder and prophet of an entirely new order. The *Cours de Philosophie Positive* is written for those whose education has already been carried up to a certain point by the history of humanity, and it has no argument available for the conversion of a theologian who should decline to learn astronomy. Mill, on the other hand, had been himself convinced, by arguments of the kind most intelligible to ordinary unphilosophical Englishmen, of the truth of opinions very foreign to ordinary habits of thought, either in England or elsewhere, and those arguments still remained in force for the benefit of those who found his conclusions startling or unintelligible. Many of them are expressly restated in his works, only with their natural logical dependence substituted for the historical order of their adoption. There is no possibility of profitable issue to a controversy, unless the opposite sides are able to understand each other, and there can be little doubt that the extent and permanence of his influence was much increased by this pre-established harmony of mind between himself and those who were to be his disciples. The cautious rationalism which was the established, almost the orthodox philosophy of his countrymen, was so far conservative that it led those who were already well off, to demand good reasons for any change that was likely to be for the worse to themselves; but it served as a *point d'appui* for his action upon the discordant survivals of traditional and customary error. The protest in his essay on Coleridge against exulting in the follies or crimes of an adversary, marked a memorable advance in political morality no less than in political wisdom. The idea that it was less important to prove that an opponent had been wrong than to convince him of what was right, was a novelty in controversy, and robbed it of half its venom. He taught minorities to be tolerant, and tried to teach majorities that unity was worth securing by compromise; while the absolute impartiality of his reasoning gave those to whom abstract reasoning on practical matters was new, a most salutary faith in the power of reason. It can scarcely be doubted that his treatment of the Principles of Political Economy had a direct effect upon the opinion of the operative classes in England, over and above any influence exercised by the principles themselves. Arguments that were intended to convince the employers of labour that the standard of reason and morality was the same for poor and rich, accomplished, if possible, a still more useful work in persuading many intelligent working men to cease to think of themselves as naturally divided from the general body of society, and as possessing, in consequence, a separate code of morality of their own. The disinterested readiness to admit that a question has two sides, which is so rare everywhere, and at least as common in the artizan as in the middle class, must have been learnt by the former from Mr. Mill. Whenever the importance of keeping up the distinctions of classes is insisted upon now, the good of the community is introduced as motive for the measure, and as the same end is appealed to in support of every radical reform, difference of opinion on such subjects seems only to affect the choice of means. Far less subversive thinkers have often excited more passionate opposition, because, as became an inductive logician, instead of trying to impart his doctrine as a whole, he always led his pupils step by step along the course he had followed himself, from the known, or what they took for it, to the unknown, in the name of reason and experience, the only guides they were predisposed to trust. And he was thus enabled to keep up his influence over many who were quite incapable of following him to the metaphysical grounds of his own belief in the reliability of reason and experience, or of appreciating his deductions from that principle.

Much of the present moderation of opinion on an increasing number of vexed questions is due to the effect of his writings upon professedly conservative thinkers and orthodox theologians. The altered tone of public feeling on such questions as strikes, trades unions, popular education, class interests in general, and perhaps we might add republicanism—in France—is due not so much to his direct advocacy of particular conclusions, in which other writers may have been as active and influential, but to the latent principles of judgment to which he gave form and voice. He showed society of how many philosophical truths it was already unconsciously convinced, and as his own system of thought was chiefly remarkable for the consistency and coherence of all its parts, those who had agreed with him involuntarily on one point, found it difficult afterwards to break away from his guidance. The moderation of his method secured a hearing for what were thought extreme opinions, even from his opponents; while a certain section of his professed followers were persuaded to tolerate his moderation, for the sake of the conclusions which it did not prevent him from accepting. Those who differed from him were most affected by the positive, those who agreed with him by the negative side of his teaching, and it was not altogether accidental that each party gathered from him what they needed most; the Conservatives truths of wholesome practical application, and the Liberals, if not an infallible test of truth, at least a critical safeguard for their previous acquisitions. His intellectual influence was strongest in proportion upon his adversaries, his moral influence on his close adherents, and as it belonged to his completeness as a thinker, in his own line, to connect the results with the processes of speculation, the substance of his opinions with the way in which they were held, his work was more than anything conciliatory. All his writings had the same tendency; they reached the same point and produced the same general impression without variation in the means employed, and his position was that of a mediator between those who found in them a stimulus, and those on whom they acted as a check. Strictly speaking he did not originate any important tendency, but he interpreted and organized those that he found co-existing, and if of late years they have continued to advance abreast, or nearly so, it is largely due to the equable influence of his temper and principles. We are apt to forget (except when Dr. Strauss and Mr. Stephen remind us) that it is possible to think freely on many points without being willing to dispense with the sanction of authority on all. In England it is rare for a radical politician to be an intolerant theologian, rare for broad views on religious questions to be associated with a leaning towards absolutism in politics, and rare for men of science to indulge in religious mysticism; but this is only because all parties are agreed upon one or two simple critical principles, which they have acquired the habit of applying indifferently to all subjects. The political cynicism of many German free-thinkers, and the sentimental mysticism of most French socialists, are only more abnormal than English conservatism, because the latter was once consistent, and the former do not, happily, promise become so. In England such variegated principles are confined to those who have never entirely accepted, or who have forgotten the grounds upon which the great master of philosophical radicalism rested his political creed. Liberal measures for making the majority happy, or the minority good, against their will, continue to be proposed from time to time by politicians who conceive themselves to have got beyond "Mill on Liberty," but until it is shown that the doctrines of that familiar text-book have some more serious fault than that of being too obviously true to be allowed to cumber an unintelligent memory, Mr. Mill's admirers will continue to believe that his principles rightly understood are still our best guarantee against mental backsliding, and our best hope of permanent social amelioration.

The general recognition of his prominent position amongst the most influential of his contemporaries is an example of the sense in which it is true that the course of history is ruled by ideas, and that the epoch-making thinkers are those who succeed in formulating opinions already determined by the circumstances of the age. Of course passion and interest, not reason, are the common motives of human action, but different individuals moved by the same desires are much more likely to thwart each other than to co-operate, so that the total movement of society can scarcely be inferred from the relative frequency or force of the various passions characteristic of a period. In their particular concrete application, they neutralize each other, whereas a general idea, being really the same to all who share it, naturally exercises an uniform influence on the joint action. To say that the present age, for instance, is that of industrialism, or of competition, does not really tell us much about it, for only experience can show what results the actual conditions of industry and the number of real forces capable of entering into competition are likely to produce. But to say that it is an age of liberty, or licence—the name is immaterial—is both true and fruitful, because it is a general statement of the only idea which can at present be said to regulate the development of social action and scientific belief. The "Liberty" which, in one shape or another, was the ruling principle and end of Mr. Mill's teaching, is not, of course, to be conceived in the narrow political sense which the word has borne in history. Liberalism with him ceased to be a mere negation: it was at once a serious philosophic doctrine and the rational statement of an empirical law, which together afford, to borrow Comte's account of the fundamental problem of social reorganization, "une doctrine politique assez rationellement conçue pour que dans l'ensemble de son développement actif elle puisse toujours être pleinement conséquente à ses propres principes." Most systems of thought, bodies of law, and political constitutions perish at last, because a provision for their own gradual abrogation is not included in the original scheme of their conception. The only system that can last as long as thought, law, and human society, is one that begins by acknowledging no eternal truths, and is content with the merely historical identity of the subject of continuous change. The idea of political liberty, the right of the people, or a majority of the people, to govern themselves as they please, though they may not please to govern themselves always in the same, or ever in the best possible way, had nearly reached its full development before Mr. Mill; what he did was to connect this idea with a theory of social morality resting on the same foundations as the critical philosophy, by which he had been led to reject all systems professing to possess absolute truth and certainty.

It may be doubted whether, without Comte's influence, he would have arrived at the conception of a constructive social force other than self-interest, acting on individuals or communities, but this addition is of importance rather for the moral and practical value of his work than for its scientific merit or philosophic character. He borrowed, with ample acknowledgments, the theory of a *consensus* existing among the different parts of the social organism; but the many other secondary points in which he agreed with Comte had been reached independently by the two, and it is no reflection upon the stupendous original genius of Comte to say that his English contemporary had a clearer appreciation of the logical genesis of their doctrine, as well as an incomparably greater talent for exact and conciliatory exposition. Mr. Mill was too consistent to assert the abstract right of liberty, and as a Utilitarian he denied the right even of a majority to curtail the freedom of individuals, on the ground that it was inexpedient the undoubted power should be exercised; but he was not at first provided with a better reason, why it is expedient to respect the liberties of all, than the negative and sterile one of his predecessors, that even if a man has no abstract right to do as he pleases, no one else has an abstract right to cause him to do otherwise. Nothing could be made of this principle until it was seen what men, on the whole, would please to do when they had left off interfering with each other's pleasure, except in self-defence. The British Constitution was supposed to be the result of this experiment, and the philosophy of government by the equilibrium of conflicting interests seemed a most admirable discovery of practical reason. It was certainly something to find that society did not fall to pieces the instant it was left without the guidance of a supernatural or other established authority; but it was too happy a coincidence to be realized in fact, that adverse interests should habitually work together for the common good, or that the collision of two or three unreasoning and immoral tendencies should produce any positive good result beyond that of neutralizing each other's mischievous action. If the interests were really adverse, there was no hope of a permanent or radical cure for the various ills from which the social body suffered, and the only marvel was that it should continue to exist at all in their despite. If, on the contrary, community of interest was the rule, there was no reason why the consolatory fact should not be discovered by a shorter road. Mr. Mill speaks in another context of the "rough process" of a combat between half truths, as a clumsy and illogical expedient for the attainment of complete knowledge; and he had too much faith in the capacity of the human reason to suppose that the perpetual "oscillation between tendencies and maxims that annul each other," which Comte had condemned in one of his earliest works, was the necessary, much less the ideal, condition of political society. Malthus's great work had served him as an introduction to the mode, to which he ever afterwards adhered, of looking at the facts of human life as the orderly and calculable effects of variable but ascertainable causes, in other words, as both regular and modifiable. He showed, even while reasoning only from experience, that the facts of experience were not more immutable than the "eternal truths" of reason; and though he considered the existence of even unfounded opinions as in itself a fact to be taken account of, he always assumed that opinion could be instructed on the given point under discussion.

But while believing in the possibility of "subjective unity' amongst men, in the combination of the maximum of energy with the minimum of waste, or "a state in which all the energies converge, and *converge freely*, towards a common end"—the good of humanity—he never ceased to hold with his immediate predecessors that the moment the convergence ceased to be free, any machinery for prolonging its objective existence was entirely mischievous, a hindrance rather than a help to all possible social progress. Government by force, whether physical or moral, he held to be faulty as a process, however excellent its immediate results might promise to be; for coercion was known often to end in reaction, never in conviction, and if in conformity, then in the most deplorable spectacle, of a truth held as error, and believed with superstitious faith. Comte, perhaps, felt more clearly the need of a superior authority, a last court of appeal in the scientific organization of society, but he did less to show where it must be found, or rather why it cannot be found except in the natural laws revealed by experience. Mr. Mill had no conception of a state of things so absolutely desirable in itself as to make the choice of means for its attainment matter of indifference; things were only desirable because they were desired, and he held that experience had already abundantly proved that the sum of human desires was most easily gratified when external constraints were fewest. Accordingly, the reorganization of society appears in his works as an impending natural necessity, not as something arbitrary or authoritative, as a result, not a means, of the voluntary association in intention, the spontaneous, intellectual *consensus*, which he agreed with Comte in regarding as the crowning achievement of human effort and reason. Thus he passed from the negative liberal doctrine, that no political power has a divine right to rule, to all the social corollaries of a positive faith in humanity. We use the word without any reference to what is called Positivism, and his applications of the principle were in many cases such as Comte would have entirely repudiated; but it is difficult to characterize more exactly in a single phrase the spring of his conviction that human thought, human feeling, human powers of action, are not naturally self-destructive; that the objects aimed at by all are to be obtained by their exercise, and in no other way; that human energy is the master-force of the world, the natural conditions of its exercise its only law, itself its only standard, and the waste of energy deplorable and grievous whenever human nature is divided against itself; when artificial boundaries are set up only to be circumvented, barriers erected only to be cast down, coeval tendencies neutralized instead of combined, and natural progress made the slave of a theory which itself can be nothing if not natural. Mr. Mill's theory, as we have seen, was eminently natural in its origin; in working it was an engine of harmony, since he believed that every real and vital intellectual tendency or moral appetite had as good a right to exist as his own favourite beliefs, and was not less certainly grounded on some principle of human nature, some perception of actual truth: it was at the same time infinitely elastic, and no amount of "active development" could make it inconsistent with its fundamental principle, the recognition of development as a natural law, not interfering with the provisional acceptance of the stage already reached, nor detracting from the importance of a transition to the one next in view. Tolerance, except in matters of religious faith, had been regarded by earlier liberals rather as humane or expedient than as intrinsically reasonable; he showed it to be so on the double ground that while the best intentioned and most enlightened persecutors are not infallible, and may try to stifle a truth, error does not need judicial decisions for its extermination, since, if left to itself, it is sure sooner or later to die a natural death. The world is supposed to be the same, whatever the state of our knowledge concerning it, and as there is no fatality impelling men towards misconception of its nature, not even their errors can be without a foundation or a starting point in fact. Imperfect generalization or incomplete statements of real experience correct and supplement themselves by fresh experience, unless the accumulation of knowledge is retarded by conscientious dislike of particular discoveries or metaphysical scruples about the possibility of knowledge in general.

On this last point, Mr. Mill scarcely advanced beyond the negative position that experience was, if not a trustworthy guide, at least our only one. Why this is so, and why, rationally speaking, it must be so, was as clear to himself as any Liberal Democratic doctrine; but he hardly succeeded in impressing the minds of his contemporaries as strongly with the merely speculative side of his convictions as with their political and social applications. The "System of Logic," while in one way the most influential of his writings, or at least the one that has had most influence on the thought of subsequent thinkers, has yet done very little to modify or add to the doctrines of any school of philosophy already in being, while it has certainly not founded, and was not intended to found, a school of its own. It led people to reconsider—perhaps to re-arrange—their own opinions, but it did not offer, and was scarcely intended to offer, a body of doctrine sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of those to whom a philosophy of existence, a general theory of man, nature, and the possibility of a *tertium quid*, is a mental and almost a moral necessity. This seems to be the reason why it has never inspired even those who entirely accept its views with the passionate enthusiasm of attachment that has often been felt for an abstruse metaphysical scheme. It is a superficial criticism to say that Mr. Mill's philosophy was superficial, but it was colourless and stationary; in about the same degree, and from the same causes, that the Liberalism of the eighteenth century was both. Its attitude was still defensive and negative: he was on his guard against various dominant forms of what he held to be error, but he had neither leisure, nor materials, nor, perhaps, the rare initiative genius, needed to construct a new synthetic scheme of the knowable. His originality was wont to display itself, as Professor Cairnes has pointed out, "not by setting aside principles established by his predecessors, but by introducing a new premiss into the argument."* In the most backward and most difficult of the sciences—the science of thought—he had no such contribution at hand, and could only clear the ground for his successors, by restating the most pressing questions so intelligibly as to show what premisses would have to be supplied before they could be satisfactorily answered. But the contrast between the active cogency of his criticism and the neutral tone of his positive philosophic faith may have had something to do with the fact, that his writings have decidedly not helped to revive the languid interest felt of late in merely abstract speculations. He did not profess to furnish his followers with a complete philosophy; but what he gave them served as a substitute for philosophy, and so discouraged the search for anything more. He did much to cultivate the temper of candid questioning, which is most favourable to the acceptance of sound philosophy, but the impatience of unsound and the distrust of hasty thinking, which were the only mental feelings that his influence tended to develop into a passion, were really unfavourable to mental enterprise of a certain sort; the contented attempt to do without a philosophy derived no direct sanction from his writings, but the habit of acquiring separate parcels of knowledge not traceable to a common source, or standing in any ascertained relation to each other, was not directly condemned in them either, and pending a sound theory to connect the whole, would, in fact, seem unavoidable. His principles of criticism and method of inquiry have a value that can scarcely be overrated, and it is probably a misfortune for the cause of truth that enthusiasm is more commonly felt for conclusions than for methods, so that his influence as a thinker is not reinforced and intensfied by his popularity as leader of a school of thought.

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* Mr. Thornton's amendment of the wage-fund theory might almost be claimed as an illustration of this: it is really a parallel to Mill's correction of Ricardo's conception of the tendency of wages to a minimum. Mr. Mill showed that the demands of the labourer might be raised by the effect of education on custom and opinion. Mr. Thornton showed that the demands of the capitalist might be reduced by the same influence. But it is not impossible that the wage-fund was practically a fixed amount, and fixed by the good pleasure of the capitalist, before Mr. Mill had made political economy the most humane of sciences; and if so, the change of opinion on the subject was a new premiss, mainly introduced by himself.

As a critic in philosophy, his strength and his weakness were very closely connected together. Because he was incapable of thinking confusedly himself, he was not a good interpreter of confused thought. In his controversial writings, he was never content simply to think an opinion wrong; he wished to understand, before refuting it; and as his standard of intelligibility was apt to be much stricter than his author's, he suggested missing links of reasoning and implied assumptions, which enabled him, indeed, to find a meaning for everything, but sometimes a meaning too obviously absurd to have been held by any reasonable, not to say any eminent writer. Criticism of this sort has its use, and perhaps more than a kind which is thought more profound, especially by its objects, and consists in indicating the fragments of believable statement that can be found in the system discussed, without any attempt to verify their connection. A really true and adequate criticism of a great metaphysician would practically amount to a substitute for his doctrine; and Mr. Mill was not prepared to supersede in that way the philosophy of the Absolute. His criticism of Comte, whom he both understood and in the main agreed with, would have amounted, in connection with his other works, to a complete version of his own philosophic belief, but for the circumstance that his differences with Comte were in part, at least, upon matters of fact, necessitating an appeal to scientific experience. This was especially the case in the discussion of the importance and functions of psychology, or the science, whether it be ultimately classed by itself or as a part of biology, which is concerned with the natural history of thought. Comte has scarcely terms of ridicule strong enough for the followers of Locke, who expect to discover truth by taking the portrait of their own mind engaged in the search for it. The attempt could only lead consistently, as it actually did, to the extreme of idealism; for, as M. Littré argues, in defence of Comte, the study of man will never give a conception of the universe; but the laws according to which man receives that conception are so given, and since Mr. Mill never claimed more than this for psychology, the criticism is not to the purpose, so far as he is concerned. It is possible that he exaggerated the positive worth of the conclusions of the school with which he was, in every way, so nearly connected, though he was justly grateful to its teaching for having prepared the way for a more scientific study of mental problems. With the exception of Hartley, the Descartes of the physiology of thought, the English psychologists from Locke to the elder Mill did not make much more progress in the details of their science than Bacon in his physical investigations; like him they were anxious to give a scientific explanation of their facts, but like him they had not facts enough to suggest the kind of explanation requisite and possible. Since then Mr. Mill has given a theory of explanation that leaves nothing to be desired, and the leading psychologists of the day are well aware what physiological data are wanted to complete or verify their theories, though they may not be able to obtain them at once; while a conception of the universe which fails to include its—to us—most interesting property, of serving as matter of knowledge, is felt to be imperfect; the rather that our knowledge is itself one of the facts of the universe. There is, it is true, a slight shade of difference between considering knowledge as one amongst many natural phenomena, and considering the phenomena, knowledge included, as known to us. But Mr. Mill, though he adhered substantially to the subjective point of view, adopted it at the stage when it had discerned the futility of everything but positive objective experience. Analytic criticism of the ordinary processes of thought had caused the distinction of subject and object to be recognized as a logical necessity, and he held the same criticism to be fatal to the assumption of any third power or principle acting as a standard or rule of certainty. Knowledge might be, and probably was, conditioned by real existence, but by real existence as manifested in experience, and, except on this point, the test of truth, and the theory of cause, his idealism is scarcely distinguishable in its results from the system of any sober scientific realist. He usually spoke of knowledge as founded on experience, but he would have accepted Kant's amendment, that knowledge *is* experience; that, for instance, our belief in the uniformity of nature is not so much inferred from experience, as actually given by it, by objective facts impressing themselves upon us, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it. Mr. Mill's chief concern was that in the transition from one point of view to the other, none of the critical results already attained should be lost. The laws of thought according to him had no higher authority than what belonged to them as the most general forms of experience, and it is not easy to see what higher authority could be wished for, when it is reckoned amongst the data of experience that the order of thought is conditioned by the order of sensible realities. It may readily be admitted that hereditary habit confirms the tendency to think as experience has made us, but it is safer to assert these propositions of knowledge in general than to hazard the statement that any one particular belief has been habitual long enough to become necessary, or its contrary inconceivable; any real belief is natural, whether it may turn out to be necessary or no; but nothing can be said of it with the highest degree of certainty, except that, if it is true, and continues to be true, it will last as long as human knowledge.

Thus Mr. Mill's speculative and practical conclusions are only different forms of the same doctrine: the intellect is to be left free, because it is impossible to determine the limits of possible knowledge *à priori*, as the conduct is to be left free, because it is impossible to lay down an absolute rule of action in the same way. There has not been so consistent a scheme since theocracies went out of fashion, and though consistency is not an infallible test of truth, a thinker at once so consistent and so comprehensive cannot but be ranked high amongst philosophers. Still something is wanted to make the principle as fruitful as it is safe: that real powers and impulses are best left to develop freely, may be true; but when that has been settled, it is a more interesting question what powers and impulses have a real existence, which, again, cannot be ascertained *à priori*. The corporate life of states and societies took its character, according to him, from the personal appetites of individuals, controlled by their social feelings and directed by reason; and the attempt to restrict the action of these forces by opinion was suicidal, because, though opinions are amongst the facts of nature, they are only the shadows of reality and tend to darken active counsels. To complete the parallel, his idealism must be considered, not as complete in itself, in which case it would, perhaps, seem dry and empty, but as giving a rational and coherent foundation for the superstructure of positive science. His philosophy was based as Comte frequently repeats true science must be, "upon the precious primitive inspirations of vulgar good sense" systematically developed; and when the followers of the latter begin to take as much pains to expound his admirable philosophy as his astonishing religion, they will probably find it convenient to adopt, at least provisionally, as much of Mr. Mill's criticism as is needed to protect the results of experimental science from being supplemented by ontological assumptions or obscured by transcendental interpretations. Comte gives an extremely rational account of the limits of the knowable in fact, but not of the limits of intelligible possibility, and so seems to admit the necessary existence of a certain number of unanswerable questions; but as long as science recognizes unanswerable questions, metaphysics and theology will continue to offer answers in its stead. It would really seem, from his works hitherto published, that Mr. Mill was incapable of wishing for, what he denied to be possible, any other explanation of a fact than its scientific history. The assertion that the negative of a proposition was inconceivable moved him slightly, unless the proposition itself was clearly conceivable, and even then he required that every step in the explanatory sequence should be intelligible as well. His difference with Comte on the question of causation arose from the fact that he did not believe in a metaphysical *nexus* between a cause and its effect, but recognizing certain sequences as invariable, was content to use ordinary language (which had done the same) in describing them. Comte did believe, or at least did not confidently deny, the possibility of the *nexus*, and giving the name of law to the sequences, inconsistently maintained that there might be causes, though they could never be known. The admission has been made use of to show that the Positive Philosophy is not incompatible with the hypothesis of a First Cause, so that it is strange that M. Littré should have made an insular weakness for theism answerable for Mr. Mill's more guarded phrase: "If the universe had a beginning, its beginning by the very conditions of the case was supernatural; the laws of nature cannot account for their own origin." "Supernatural" here can only mean entirely out of relation to the human experience summed up in positive philosophy; and it is more courteous, and perhaps more philosophical, to say that an unintelligible proposition *may* be true, than to try to prove the negative of it. We do not know to what extent Mr. Mill thought it possible that the religious sentiment might survive, supposing the antecedents, physical and intellectual, of every ruling emotion to become positively known; but it is clear that he did not believe experience could testify to the existence of anything transcending experience. When we have traced a train of thought to its last gasp, there may remain a sense of mystery—in the thinker's mind; but according to his canons of evidence, inference was from the known to the knowable; from the study of our own ignorance we can learn nothing but its extent. These, it may be said, are but the commonplaces of sceptical criticism, but the importance of their restatement by Mr. Mill in a closer order and with wider applications than formerly, is to be measured more by their practical opportuneness than their novelty or originality. Addressed to obsolete or expiring phases of belief they would show a want of sympathy, and be at best, superfluous; but if they represent the results of mental experience, gathered and formulated by a minority of progressive thinkers during the course of about four centuries, it would be sanguine to suppose that human intelligence in one sudden stride has left behind it all the tendencies which first called them forth. Great as are the changes accomplished and still in progress, we can hardly think them so complete that right reasoning will be henceforth instinctive; and as the matter of knowledge is felt every day to be more inexhaustible, unless there is an agreement amongst those engaged in its cultivation, to follow consciously the same methods and satisfy the same tests, a criticism which may not be progressive will be able to find vulnerable points in the scientific harness of such physicists as have not made encyclopædic learning a substitute for philosophy.

As a matter of course, the great champion of free action and free thought did not propose to lay a yoke upon the emotions of mankind. It was impossible to show cause why the reason or the will should dictate to the affections rather than the affections to them, even if such dictation were possible, which is questionable. Mr. Mill accordingly adopted the only theory of morality which seemed to him entitled, by an equal natural origin, to rank with the laws of thought as an ultimate generalization. The principle of utility had at least the advantage of not seeming to possess a metaphysical sanctity likely to petrify its temporary provisions into unalterable decrees. He himself was not in the habit of thinking anything moral that was not also useful, so experience could not show him the insufficiency of the theory; and yet the instinct of consistency led him gradually to explain it away, by first extending the definition of pleasure or happiness to include whatever may be an object of desire, and then admitting some objects of desire (as occasionally virtue) to be distinctly not pleasurable. He scarcely claimed more for Utilitarianism than to be the only hypothesis which gave a rational explanation of facts which are admitted on all hands: it may be, since the emotions are not essentially reasonable, that a less rational explanation would be equally plausible, and that the impulse which leads men like Mr. Mill to spend their lives in promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number is an irreducible property of human nature in its finest developments. Comte, it is noticeable, declines to give any reason why his theory of sociology should be adopted and acted on, observing: "La liaison n'échappe qu'aux sophistes," which probably means that the connection is real, not logical; and it does not appear to be impossible that the rules of personal morality should be explained by the tendency of the will to adapt itself to the external circumstances and necessities of human life, in the same way that the body politic is supposed by both authors gradually to evolve for itself a course of possible and progressive action. In each case, the fact of a common nature is needed, to explain the identity of precepts possessing only a subjective sanction, and the habits of sociability, which are not wanting even among the most savage races of man, both explain and are explained by the growth of purely disinterested affections. Mr. Mill's general principles are, in fact, compatible with any theory of the historical or psychological origin of the moral sentiment, which supposes the sentiment to be subject to no laws except those of human nature, and is prepared accordingly to leave its action uncontrolled within its own proper sphere; the question, what are the limits of that sphere being, however, referred to the decision of reason (as capable of reflection) not sentiment.

It is superfluous to comment on the constant agreement between Mr. Mill's public life and the views he advocated. Nearly the first of the many prejudices which he helped to undermine was the belief that all theories were "visionary" and unpractical; comparatively few people would now venture to question that a sound theory is the best rule of action, but he himself went a degree further than this, and carried his confidence in the results of candid speculation to the point of being willing to act upon his own convictions. Perhaps the best, though by no means the only example of this generous courage, is to be found in his work on the "Subjection of Women." In the opinion of many of his usual followers, his reputation suffered from its publication, and it was certainly a sacrifice for a man of his eminence to write upon such a subject at all. He was aware of this, and he must also have been aware that the subject was by its nature one upon which it was impossible to write well, from a literary point of view; but as none of his works had been dictated by literary ambition, no merely literary vanity could dissuade him from advocating what he felt to be just and expedient. The first pages of the essay show that he felt the difficulty of his position; he knew that it was absurd to argue in proof of facts, and hopeless to argue in disproof of prejudices; but the less room there was for reason in the controversy, the more influence might be hoped for authority, and he gave the weight of his authority without reserve or hesitation. The problem which he had to discuss was determined for him, and it was not one upon which it was possible for a logical and honest writer to compose a remarkable book; as a rhetorical exercise something might perhaps have been made of it, but Mr. Mill's powers were put to a base service when he was expected to deduce the proper relations of English husbands and wives in the nineteenth century from the essential nature of Woman in all ages, races, and climes. That he did not decline the task seems to us a proof of generosity that cannot be too warmly acknowledged. The opinion that was whimsical in Plato and Quixotic in Mill may be held without much eccentricity by those who come after both. Meanwhile, there is no ingratitude in admitting that the "Subjection of Women," while his most amiable, is his least valuable work; what was written for one half of the human species, about the other half, is naturally inferior in interest and importance to what is written for and about the whole; as will be felt by anyone who takes the trouble to imagine the "System of Logic," or the "Principles of Political Economy," restricted to the enunciation of truths exclusively applicable to the male sex. But the widest generalizations are the most trustworthy, and in one or two instances the artificial narrowing of his horizon, or perhaps merely an over-generous desire to be just, seems to have made him a shade less impartial and philosophical than usual. It may be doubted whether any durable social arrangement ever rested, as he supposes the "Subjection of Women" to have done, exclusively on the basis of physical force. No doubt the muscular inferiority of women led indirectly to their being employed as domestic slaves, and so, again indirectly, amongst progressive races, to the more rapid intellectual and political development of the domestic chieftains, put at once in possession of two such valuable educational engines as power and leisure. But no unfair inferences as to the moral or mental capacities of the sexes can have been drawn so long as their inequality was merely physical, for the simple reason that the existence of such capacities was unthought of, while as soon as the mental inequality, which we have seen to admit of natural explanation, became a reality, it would tend to perpetuate itself, and might do so without actual injustice. Superiority of any kind cannot but make itself felt so long as it exists, and it is as absurd to claim for a class as for an individual the abstract right to faculties which they do not possess.[*] Mr. Mill, as if bad reasoning were contagious, sometimes consents to speak, like his opponents, of the "nature of women" as a fixed and ascertainable quantity; and for an intelligible explanation of the impending emancipation of his clients, we have, after all, to turn to his Logic or to the *Philosophie Positive.* "After the first few terms of the series, the influence exercised over each generation by the generation which preceded it, becomes (as is well observed by M. Comte) more and more preponderant over all other influences; until at length what we now are and do, is in a very small degree the result of the universal circumstances of the human race, or even of our own circumstances acting through the original qualities of our species, but mainly of the qualities produced in us by the whole previous history of humanity."[†] It is evident that the common subjection to so powerful an influence as this would tend to efface much more profound differences than have ever been supposed to exist between the mental organization of men and women. The "original qualities" of a species or a sex, are something like the archetypal skeleton of the Vertebrates; a type fixed by abstraction and idealization for convenience of mental reference, but not seriously supposed to have a real existence in nature. Practically, human nature is always conceived as that corrected copy of the real men and women of the day, which each generation proposes to itself as a desirable model for imitation.

Perhaps it is a superfluous refinement to distinguish between the purpose and the tendency of Mr. Mill's contribution to practical and speculative philosophy as a whole; but the effects of his influence are so widely diffused that it is difficult to recognise them and estimate their collective importance without some theory of their nature. In what has been said, perhaps more weight has been given to a possible development or application of his teaching than to its substance. He believed the good of mankind, that is, what men on reflection think good, to be the aim, motive, and sufficient reason of thought and conduct, but by popularizing the conception of good, less as a property of things or a disposition of minds, than as an evanescent relation of harmony or agreement between the two, he decidedly weakened the force of the utilitarian sanction. A relation which exists only in opinion may acquire all the reality of which it is capable in two ways: by changes in the things perceived, and by changes in the disposition of the perceiving mind; and though does not seem to have been Mr. Mill's intention to recommend the latter and more stoical expedient, his statement of the necessity o progress, which is not necessarily, though as he thought actually, in the direction of improvement, suggests the doubt whether happiness is not always a kind of afterthought, the wise acquiescence of intelligent beings in as many as possible of the unalterable conditions of their life, or the self-adaptation of sentient organisms to the surrounding medium. Of course the consequence of this view is to subordinate, as Comte insisted on doing, the study of man to that of the external world, because if happiness lies in the acceptance of the facts of nature, the first step towards its attainment will be to know what facts are natural, and thus knowledge takes the place of happiness as the immediate object of pursuit, and becomes, so far as any human possession can, a satisfying end of desire. Something of this feeling is apparent in the fine conclusion of his inaugural address at St. Andrew's University, where he praises as the best fruit of Academic study, "the deeper and more varied interest you will feel in life. . . . All merely personal objects grow less valuable as we advance in life: this not only endures but increases."

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[*] Comte points out the fallacy of supposing "que les besoins peuvent toujours créer les facultés, au lieu de se borner à en exciter le développement quand l'organisation primitive l'a rendu possible, et lorsqu'en même temps les obstacles extérieurs ne sont pas trop considérables. D'ailleurs," he adds, "d'où pourraient réellement provenir les besoins, s'il n'existait point de tendances primordiales?"

[†] System of Logic, vol. ii. 506 (5th edition).

But whatever developments of idealism may hereafter draw inspiration from his writings, their present importance is as embodying the critical conclusions of all the preceding thinkers who can be connected in an ascending line with modern theories of the nature and conditions of exact knowledge. His belief that all sane human opinion has some value prevented his attempting to impede the development of any intellectual tendency that possessed the slightest vitality of its own, but one which declined to accept the tried conclusions of the experience of ages could have no serious hold on his sympathies, and seemed only to be tolerated on the principles of the "Liberty," as a protest against "the tendency of the best belief and practices to degenerate into the mechanical." It may be because Mr. Mill's beliefs were such as it is scarcely possible to hold mechanically, that they are less loudly and universally professed than might almost have been expected. Some disappointment may be felt when we see, now and then, some conscientious scientific investigator, some liberal politician or social reformer losing his way in a mystical or metaphysical quagmire in sheer ignorance that the only passable tracks have been marked and enumerated long ago; but these repetitions of old experiments are not in themselves an evil, only something less than a positive good; their recurrence keeps alive our sense of the importance of Mr. Mill's work, but it does not prove his work to have been incomplete, because, as has often been said, his aim was to teach his followers to think for themselves, not to adopt his thoughts ready-made. And, indeed, except for the improvements which he suggested in the methods or theory of thinking, he might be chiefly remembered for the conservative zeal with which he endeavoured to keep the whole inheritance of earlier liberal thought unimpaired. That the constant perceptions of intelligence constitute knowledge, that the steady inclination of the will makes morality, and that our emotions are not normally and habitually in antagonism to the real order of nature, are conclusions too negative to inspire enthusiasm, unless taken in connection with the sum of the best human convictions as to what is true, what is moral, and what is chiefly desirable.

Admirable as were Mr. Mill's patience and uprightness as a thinker, the rarer virtue displayed in his public life is, we cannot but think, still more valuable as an example. The acceleration in the rate of social progress, which would follow if all careful and conscientious thinkers would have the courage to act out their opinions as he did, is simply incalculable. He had no selfish concern for his own reputation for infallibility, and not considering that a philosopher was dispensed from the duties of a citizen, he took his side on all the questions of the day as confidently and as heartily as if the relativity of truth and the doctrine of necessity were still unheard of. That immoral scepticism, or rather imbecility of judgment, which hesitates to build upon convictions sincerely held because they may after all prove to be erroneous, met with no sanction from him, either in practice or theory. To act in candour and good faith, undismayed by the inevitable prospect of blundering, is as necessary a step towards the discovery of truth, as to reason according to established canons, though the human brain is liable to fallacy and incapable of attaining absolute certitude. And though it may be given to few to succumb as seldom as Mr. Mill to those two accidents of human infirmity, we may at least learn from him not to lose the fruit of what knowledge we have, by an ill-timed reference to such as may be reserved for later generations. He does not need our faint praise, and the perfect harmony of his intellect and character makes an interpreter unnecessary even could a fitting one be found. He laboured to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, and he has added to the number of their purest pleasures the spectacle of a blameless life. He wrote wisely of human liberty and necessary law, and silenced idle fears about a "blind fate," by living as the very clear-sighted agent of the noblest necessity which has ever been recognized in human kind, the necessity of living well.

EDITH SIMCOX.

WHO DISCOVERED THE LOGICAL PRINCIPLE OF A QUANTIFIED PREDICATE?

MY note in reply to Mr. H. Spencer's statement on this subject was, from the necessity of the case, more brief and hurried than I could have wished. Having missed seeing the March number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, it was not until late in the month and quite incidentally (through a postscript in a note from a friend), that I became aware of Mr. Spencer's summary rejection of Sir William Hamilton's well-established claims in connection with the new doctrine of a quantified predicate. On reading Mr. Spencer's note I was struck with its injustice, and felt that something ought to be said at once in reply. Time pressed, however, and I had not Mr. Bentham's Essay at hand. All I could do at the moment, therefore, was to fall back on my old letter to the *Athenæum*. Brief and imperfect as it was, my note has, however, answered the desired end by bringing Professor Jevons into the field with a full statement, I presume, of the grounds on which Mr. Spencer's statement rests. This is, of course, the proper way to deal with such a question. If Sir William Hamilton's position is to be seriously contested, it must be by a careful examination of the evidence, and a full statement of reasons, not by the magisterial rejection in a sentence, or a foot note, of claims that have been publicly recognized, and I may add all but universally allowed, for more than a quarter of a century.

On reading over the old letter to the *Athenæum*, written in my student days, I was not without a misgiving that it might be a one-sided statement of the case, and this feeling was increased by the confident tone of Mr. Jevons' reply. The reply has led me afresh to Mr. Bentham's Essay, and I am glad to find on examining all he has to say on the point that my statements are not only strictly accurate, but that I have rather over than underrated Mr. Bentham's claims in the matter. It will, I think, appear from what follows that Mr. Jevons' attempts to impugn my statements are simply ingenious special pleadings, and that if, as he says, my vindication of Sir William Hamilton is creditable to my skill as an advocate, and my esteem for an eminent teacher and friend, his defence of the extravagant claim he makes on behalf of Mr. Bentham is equally creditable to his skill as a special pleader, and his exclusive devotion to "the present distinguished President of the Linnæan Society." Mr. Jevons regrets that he must incur my censure for the position he has taken up, but I hasten to assure him that he need be under no apprehension on this head. I shall gladly welcome any relevant facts and arguments which Mr. Jevons, or any equally competent student of Logic, may adduce in reference to the point. The more thoroughly such a question is sifted the better, nor can a satisfactory solution be arrived at until the examination of the evidence is exhaustive and complete.

The question is, who first discovered and fruitfully applied the logical principle of a quantified predicate? The main point of the principle is that this quantity being an ultimate constituent of thought must in logical analysis be expressed, and expressed to the whole extent of its variation as an element of formal thinking. It is allowed on all hands that the principle is a novelty, is indeed a discovery of our time. And my first statement in reply to those who were disposed to claim it on behalf of Mr. Bentham was, that so far is he from appreciating the quantification of the predicate in this sense, as a new scientific principle, that he only doubtfully allows it as a novelty or innovation on the existing logic in a single instance. The single instance is that in which the predicate of an affirmative proposition is quantified universally as all x is all y. Even this can hardly be called a novelty, for although not included amongst the technical elements of the science, the form was recognized by most logicians, including Whately, and is not unfrequently illustrated by the statement that in every true definition the predicate is distributed, being exactly equal in extent to the subject. Its fuller recognition is the solitary point in which Mr. Bentham departs from the common doctrine. In all the other cases where he allows marks of quantity to be prefixed to the predicate, he simply follows the prescription of the ordinary text books. And it is instructive to note how hesitating and doubtful is his tone even with regard to this slight deviation from the established practice. Referring to this proposition which heads his list, Mr. Bentham says: "Logicians in general make no mention of the first form, which they consider as useless, and they say that the predicate (or second term of a proposition) is never distributed (that is universal). *I should think*, however, that this assertion can scarcely be logical. Many fallacies arise from the considering terms as synonymous which are not so in reality, and it *may be found* as advantageous to reduce perfect identity to a logical form, as partial identity, or perfect, or partial diversity" (pp. 134, 135). All Mr. Bentham has to say in support of the only form of proposition that deviates from the common doctrine is that he should think it might be found advantageous. And this is the language of a writer who, according to Mr. Jevons, had clearly laid down at the outset] the principle of a quantified predicate, or in other words asserted that the predicate not only may, but must be expressly quantified in every case.

In reply to my first statement, Mr. Jevons says:—"Mr. Bentham distinctly explains the principle of the quantified predicate (p. 131), and makes it the general foundation of his treatment both of propositions and syllogisms." In proof of the assertion that Mr. Bentham distinctly explains the principle of the quantified predicate, we are here referred to p. 131 of his Essay. Mr. Jevons has not quoted the passage in which he finds the principle clearly explained, and I must say I have looked for it in vain. In the first part of the page Mr. Bentham generalizes in his own way three forms of affirmative proposition distinguished by differences of quantity. Two of these are the *A* and I of the common doctrine, while the third is the one already noticed. In the second half of the page Mr. Bentham is explaining how the different quantities of subject and predicate recognized by logicians are usually expressed in common language. In the whole page and context there is no hint of any new principle, and no evidence that the author has discovered one. He is simply endeavouring to express the distinctions of the common logical analysis in the ordinary forms of speech. He says, for example, the particularity of the predicate in an affirmative proposition with a universal subject on which the common doctrine insists, is expressed by the use of the indefinite article, or to adopt Mr. Bentham's language, of "the word A," "*e.g.* Every horse (universal) is *a* quadruped (partial)." With the single exception already noticed, Mr. Bentham deals simply with the four propositions recognized by logicians, the only difference being that the quantity which they assign by rule to the predicate he sometimes expresses in distinct terms. But so little does he realize even this partial quantification as a matter of principle, that on the first occasion of applying the limiting particle *some* to the predicate he says: "The idea is usually conveyed by putting the term in the plural without any prefix, but then partiality is rather implied than expressed; and on *some occasions* for the purpose of logical accuracy, *it may be found necessary* to express as above, the prefix *some*" (p. 132). Here we find Mr. Bentham saying that on some occasions it may be necessary to do what, if Mr. Jevons' statements were correct, he had previously explained must be done on all occasions. The natural conclusion from this, taken in connection with the passage already quoted, would seem to be that the author had never realized quantification as a principle or scientific necessity at all. From a careful reperusal of the whole section referred to by Mr. Jevons, I feel convinced that this is really the case. The author's main object evidently is to simplify and popularize the common doctrine so far as expression is concerned. And he not unnaturally fell upon the plan of fixing marks of quantity to the predicate, as one amongst other expedients for accomplishing this end. But he evidently did not perceive its bearings on the theory of formal reasoning. While the section contains many criticisms on points of detail, and especially on points of expression, Mr. Bentham makes no serious attempt to modify or expand the existing theory either of proposition or syllogism. With the exception already noted, all the examples he gives of propositions and their conversion, as well as of syllogisms, belong to the detail of the existing logic. In other words, while he constantly practises the quantification of the predicate, he never appears to have realized it as a principle, and evidently had no conception of its vital bearing on the more consistent and complete development of the Science.

Mr. Jevons' two next heads may be dealt with together. My second statement was that "Mr. Bentham does not employ the quantity of the predicate to explain the true logical value of propositions, and the true relation of their terms, or apply it with any consistency to simplify the doctrine of their conversion." To this Mr. Jevons replies:—"He *does* employ the principle with success to explain the true logical value of propositions, and although his expression 'conversive syllogism' is not to be defended, he *does* thoroughly apply the quantification of the predicate to simplify the doctrine of conversion of propositions." No evidence is offered in support of the first part of this counter-statement, and it might, therefore, be left unnoticed. But I will add that if Mr. Bentham had realized the true logical value of propositions, he would not have rejected, as he has done, three out of eight afforded by a quantified predicate, and had he fully understood the relation of their terms, he would not have given the reasons assigned for the rejection. Mr. Jevons, it is true, makes an ingenious attempt to shield Mr. Bentham from the more serious results of this unfortunate mistake. But in this attempt I cannot but think the zeal of Mr. Bentham's accomplished advocate has outrun his discretion. Mr. Jevons endeavours to save the toto-partial negative proposition, which Mr. Bentham rejects, as follows :—"As regards the second form of proposition, Mr. Bentham may, perhaps, have been in error, but it is remarkable that, though he proposes to suppress it, he really does not do so, but introduces it again in pp. 134, 141, and 160, in conjunction with the fourth form. I believe, therefore, that Bentham's quantification was substantially as 'thoroughgoing' as that of Hamilton's." But in thus attempting to save the proposition, Mr. Jevons surely forgets that Mr. Bentham not only rejects it, but gives reasons for the rejection, which he repeats emphatically more than once. These reasons would effectually prevent him from consciously employing the proposition, as well as utterly destroy its distinctive value, if he did. They well illustrate, moreover, the confusion of Mr. Bentham's mind as to the relation of the terms in negative propositions. "The second form," says Mr. Bentham, "may be suppressed, as the fourth expresses the same idea in a manner more convenient for the deductive process" (p. 134). Now, in the second form the predicate is particular, while in the fourth it is universal. Yet Mr. Bentham says the two forms express the same idea; in other words, he virtually asserts that universality and particularity are the same. Nor is this a mere slip, as he immediately proceeds to illustrate, or, as he says further on, to prove the identity by an example. "For if all the individuals represented by X be different from *any* portion of those represented by Y, they must be different from *all* of those represented by Y" (p. 134). In other words, if all horses are different from any portion of animals—say cows—they must be different from all animals. Yet in the face of this absurdity, and others connected with it almost equally great, Mr. Jevons asserts that Mr. Bentham employs the principle with success to explain the true logical value of propositions. The absurdity is more fully developed by Mr. Bentham further on in dealing with what he erroneously calls the conversive syllogism. The truth is, Mr. Bentham is in a state of hopeless confusion about negative propositions altogether, and after his emphatic rèjection of the toto-partial negative form, and his reiterated assertion that universal and particular mean the same thing in this class of propositions, Mr. Jevons' attempt to rescue the outcast, though a gallant act of devotion, is at the same time a necessary failure.

To the latter part of my second statement, denying that Mr. Bentham applied the quantity of the predicate with effect to simplify the doctrine of conversion, Mr. Jevons replies, as we have seen, "he *does* thoroughly apply the quantification of the predicate to simplify the doctrine of conversion of propositions." How Mr. Jevons could have allowed himself to make this statement I can hardly understand. It is wholly inaccurate. The passage he quotes does not refer to the doctrine of conversion at all, but simply to the practice of it under one of its species, that of simple conversion. What Mr. Bentham urges is that, in order to avoid mistake in the actual working of the common doctrine, the quantity assigned the predicate by rule, and thus understood, should be expressed. The whole passage is as follows :—"In transposing the terms, care must be taken not to change their signs of extent, and it is in order to avoid this defect that the *extent* should always be distinctly expressed. If left to be understood, it is apt to be mistaken, and thereby to produce erroneous deduction; as, for example, it might appear that 'if cowards are men, men must be cowards;' but if the *understood* sign of extent be *expressed*, this argument stands thus :—

All cowards are *some* men :

therefore

All men are *some* cowards,

which is evidently no syllogism" (p. 150).

Here the propositions dealt with, being those of the ordinary logic, have already predicates with fixed signs of extent, and care must be taken, says Mr. Bentham, not to change these fixed (though usually not expressed) signs of extent in transposing the terms of the proposition. The quantity of the predicate, as used by Mr. Bentham in this relation, is simply a practical expedient for carrying into effect the rule laid down by logicians that, in transposing the terms of a proposition, their respective signs of extent (expressed and understood) must not be changed. And in employing it he contemplates only the transpositions allowed by logicians under the first species of conversion. This, however, leaves the common doctrine, with its complex species and arbitrary restrictions, entirely untouched. Mr. Bentham does not attempt to simplify or supersede that doctrine. On the contrary, after dealing, as we have seen, with the first species of conversion, he goes on to discuss the other two kinds, which, had Mr. Jevons' statement been correct, would have been already abolished. This is a point on which my letter allows too much credit to Mr. Bentham. I had said, referring to propositions, that Mr. Bentham "does not apply the quantity of the predicate *with any consistency* to simplify the doctrine of their conversion." I ought to have said that he does not apply it *at all* for this purpose. This is the actual state of the case.

It is hardly necessary to follow Mr. Jevons in his suggestion as to what Mr. Bentham might have done, had he liked, in the direction of syllogistic novelty. All that Mr. Jevons gives in support of this suggestion is a vague sentence about possible combinations that means little, and leads to nothing. Mr. Bentham himself prudently abstains from giving any examples of forms not sanctioned by the common doctrine. Judging from his treatment of propositions, I must say that this abstinence is extremely politic. After his elementary mistakes in dealing with novelties in the proposition, I should have no hope of his being more successful in attempting novelties in the syllogism. And had the attempt been made, Mr. Bentham's hopeless confusion as to negative propositions would have ensured its failure. Besides, Mr. Bentham's essay furnishes no materials for the new system of syllogisms which Mr. Jevons apparently thinks he might have written out. With a single exception, Mr. Bentham's propositions are the same as those of the ordinary logic, and all that Mr. Bentham has to say about the exceptional proposition is that he should think it might be advantageous. He turns it, however, to no account, and gives no example of its actual use in reasoning. Mr. Bentham's remaining propositions are simply the A, E, I, O, of the common doctrine, and they will, of course, give only the established combinations. These combinations, accordingly, are the only ones to be found in Mr. Bentham's pages.

I must still assert therefore that Sir William Hamilton could not have derived his new doctrine from Mr. Bentham's essay, amongst other reasons, because it is not to be found there. But while, as it seems to me, the attempt to find Sir William Hamilton's developed system even foreshadowed in Mr. Bentham's pages is perfectly hopeless, it certainly is a curious fact that the "Outline" should have been one of the works specially noticed in Sir William's celebrated review. And had he at the time read the parts of the essay in which a quantified predicate is freely used, I should think it likely that they might have helped to stimulate his newer speculations on the general principle. But many reasons induce me to believe that, as Mr. Jevons suggests, Sir William did not go beyond the earlier chapters of Mr. Bentham's essay, and was thus unacquainted with those in which the quantified predicate appears. Some of these reasons are well stated by Mr. Jevons, though he is not always quite accurate in details either of fact or expression.*

In the first place, had Sir William read the eighth and ninth chapters of the Outline, and had they at all arrested his attention, it is incredible they should not have been referred to either at the time or afterwards. For though, as we have seen, he could not have derived the principle of a quantified predicate from these chapters, the mere examples of its use would have been suggestive to a mind interested in the general question. And had he been conscious of deriving anything from Mr. Bentham, Sir William Hamilton was far too honourable and high-minded not to have acknowledged the obligation. Mr. Herbert Spencer's suggestion that Sir William Hamilton coolly took the leading doctrine of his system from Mr. Bentham's essay without a word of acknowledgment is abundantly refuted in the proof that the doctrine is not there. But apart from this the insinuation sufficiently refutes itself. For on this view Sir William Hamilton would have been a fool as well as a knave in directing public attention to a little-known work whose leading doctrine, according to the theory, he was about to appropriate as his own. This suggestion may therefore be dismissed at once.

Mr. Jevons' hypothesis is, I believe, the true one, and I think I may be able, in part from personal recollection, to remove the only difficulty which, in his view, stands in the way of its adoption. "I should certainly," says Mr. Jevons, "have adopted this hypothesis except for the fact that when the presence of the doctrine was pointed out by Mr. Warlow, Hamilton made no such explanation, and indeed, no explanation at all, so far as I know, except a curious note inserted at p. 164 of the second edition of his Discussions." Now, in answer to this, I may point out that Sir William Hamilton did refer to the matter in the pages of the *Athenæum* within a few weeks after Mr. Warlow's letter appeared, and explained why he had not taken any direct part in the discussion. This letter is a reply to one by Mr. Thompson, the present Archbishop of York, on some disputed propositional forms afforded by the quantification of the predicate. At the outset Sir William says, "To some other animadversions on that doctrine which have lately appeared in your columns I deem it unnecessary to say anything, proceeding as they seemed to me on misapprehension, whilst at the same time I am not the party immediately assailed." The reference in the last clause of this sentence is to the circumstance that Mr. Warlow's letter was primarily directed, not against Sir William Hamilton, but against myself, for not having included Mr. Bentham's name in the Historical Appendix to my Essay, dealing with partial anticipations of the new doctrine. The "misapprehension" was that of supposing that the mere use of a quantified predicate involved the perception of the principle and its results, or, in other words, that the affixing marks of quantity to the second term of ordinary propositions was, as Mr. Warlow seemed to think, identical with Sir W. Hamilton's new and perfect development of syllogistic science. Mr. Bentham, in common with many before him, had done the one, but not the other. He had exhibited the overt quantity of the predicate as a detail of completer expression in the recognised proposition forms. But he had not appreciated the general principle or applied it either to simplify the doctrine of propositions, or to augment the valid forms of reasoning. To confound Mr. Bentham's mechanical detail of expression with the scientific application of the new principle to the forms of reasoning, Sir W. Hamilton justly regarded as a misapprehension so complete as hardly to require formal notice at his hands. In this view he was virtually supported by Mr. Bentham himself. Mr. Bentham was evidently well aware that his enumeration and rejection of comparative novelties of propositional form was not for a moment to be compared with Sir W. Hamilton's developed scheme of new but valid forms of reasoning, and that he had really no good ground on which to claim even a share in Sir W. Hamilton's scientific discovery. He accordingly made no such claim for himself, and when it was ignorantly made on his behalf by others he gave it no kind of sanction or support. At least so far as I am aware, Mr. Bentham never made any claim in the matter on his own behalf. He certainly never did so during Sir W. Hamilton's life. The silence is inexplicable on the theory of his over-zealous friends that his rights had been invaded by Sir W. Hamilton. The indifference it displays is incredible had Mr. Bentham really felt himself entitled to the honour publicly given to another. Sir W. Hamilton's claim to having discovered and fruitfully applied the new principle was made and reiterated in the most public and emphatic manner. In consequence of his controversy with Professor De Morgan, indeed, it made more noise, excited more general interest, and became more widely known than is usually the case even with important novelties of abstract science. As Professor De Morgan himself says, "From 1847 to some time after 1856 a large part of the logical world was in a whirl with the *quantification of the predicate*, the greatness of the discovery, the keystone placed on the Aristotelic arch, and so on." During the whole of this time Mr. Bentham never breathed a word of any claim of his own in the matter. When such a claim was incautiously made for him by another it was immediately denied, and reasons given for the denial. Mr. Bentham silently acquiesced in this public refutation of the unfounded claim. His continued silence during these years admits of but one interpretation, that he was conscious of not having discovered the logical principle, or effected the scientific improvements which Sir W. Hamilton claimed as his own, and which, therefore, as an honourable man he could not dispute. In other words, he practically agreed with Sir W. Hamilton that Mr. Warlow's letter was the result of a "misapprehension," or, as I explained in my reply, of a not very unnatural confusion of things altogether distinct.

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* Mr. Jevons says, for example, referring to the historical appendix to my essay, that I prepared, "with the assistance of Hamilton, a history of the principle of quantification, in which the faintest allusions of the schoolmen to the principle were duly inserted." This was not the case, as Mr. Jevons might have learnt from the statements made in the appendix itself, as well as from Sir W. Hamilton's note in the preface. The historical details of the appendix were the result of my own reading and research exclusively. Knowing that Sir W. Hamilton was collecting materials for an extended history of the question, I purposely abstained from seeking information at his hands. So far as I remember, I was not indebted to him for a single reference, while some of the more important instances of partial anticipation, such as those of Isenach and Ambrosius Leo, were wholly unknown to Sir W. Hamilton until I discovered them.

I may add from my remembrance of what took place at the time, one or two facts in further explanation of Sir William Hamilton's position. On the appearance of Mr. Warlow's letter I immediately obtained a copy of Mr. Bentham's Essay from the Advocates' Library, and wrote my reply without any concert with Sir William Hamilton. After it was written and dispatched, I told him what I had done, and he begged me to lend him the copy of Bentham's Essay that he might see if there was anything requiring further special notice from him, as well as be able to compare notes with me. He read the eighth and ninth chapters, and his pencil marks made at the time are still to be detected in the volume which I have obtained from Edinburgh for reference. On reading him a copy of my letter I still remember the phrase in which he indicated his agreement with the main points. He said, "We jump together." And as he had not been directly assailed he thought the reply sufficient. He talked freely about the matter at the time, and I have a strong impression from the conversation that Mr. Bentham's use of the quantified predicate was wholly new to him. I gathered also that there were two main stages in his own relation to the new doctrine, an earlier and a later. In the first he was familiar with the fact, while in the second he reached the principle of a quantified predicate,—in other words he had been for years acquainted with the practice as a curious and sometimes convenient detail of expression before he fully realized the principle as a necessity of thought and perceived the important scientific results of this higher view. The new doctrine belongs of course to this second period, and it dates from about the year 1839. This distinction explains the apparent discrepancies in some of Sir W. Hamilton's statements which have puzzled Mr. Jevons, but into which it is needless at present to enter.

It is more important to note what seems to me clear,—that from not having fully realized this distinction, Mr. Jevons has done less than justice to Sir W. Hamilton, and more than justice to Mr. Bentham. Throughout his paper Mr. Jevons confounds the practice with the principle,—the actual use of a quantified predicate with the recognition of its scientific value and influence as an element of formal thought. From the fact that Mr. Bentham employs predicates with marks of quantity, Mr. Jevons jumps to the conclusion that he understands and appreciates the logical principle of a quantified predicate, which I need hardly repeat is not the case. Throughout his paper Mr. Jevons speaks of the "principle," calls Mr. Bentham the discoverer of this "logical principle," says he "explains the principle," "employs the principle," and the like. But no such language as this is to be found in Mr. Bentham's own writing on the subject. He never refers to any principle, never employs any principle, never explains any principle, for the sufficient reason, as I have pointed out, that he really has no principle to explain. Mr. Jevons all through appears to think that the mere use of a quantified predicate involves the perception of its scientific significance. But the instances given in my Historical Appendix sufficiently refute such a notion. And Sir W. Hamilton's own case proves how possible it is to be familiar with the use of a quantified predicate without appreciating the range and value of the scientific principle. For ten or twelve years before he elaborated his new doctrine, he had been acquainted with the occasional use of a quantified predicate by writers on logic, and as I gathered from his references to the matter, had begun to note such instances long before the date of his article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Had he at the time, therefore, looked into Mr. Bentham's eighth and ninth chapters, the mere use of a quantified predicate would have been no novelty to him, although as I have said, it might have helped to stimulate his speculations on the subject. From the fact that his own higher doctrine was not reached till six or seven years later, and that in its exposition no reference was made to Mr. Bentham, I feel confident, however, that Sir W. Hamilton was ignorant of the use of a quantified predicate in the Outline.

It is noteworthy, in relation to this point, that Sir W. Hamilton had no copy of Mr. Bentham's Essay in his library, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, never possessed one. Nor does Mr. Bentham's name occur amongst the numerous references to logical writers in Sir W. Hamilton's Common-place Book. This strengthens the probability that in including the Essay, after the fashion of the time, amongst the exhaustive list of recent works at the head of his review, Sir W. Hamilton (referring to it, most likely, in the Advocates' Library) had merely dipped into the earlier pages, and read the comments on Whately's definition of logic—the only point on which the Essay is referred to in the article. He would learn from the preface that the leading logical principles of the Outline were founded on those of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, already partially known through his published writings. And as Jeremy Bentham attached little value to formal logic, Sir W. Hamilton being exclusively occupied with this branch of the science, would be hardly likely to go carefully through the treatise in which the nephew undertook to exhibit more fully some of his uncle's views. It was the less necessary to do this as the Outline excited little attention either at the time of its publication or afterwards, and apart from its novelties of expression, had but slender claims to special scientific notice. Mr. Warlow says, he thinks it fell still-born from the press, and, so far as I know, Sir W. Hamilton was the only critic of mark who referred to the work at all within twenty years after its first appearance. I am not much surprised at the comparative neglect which the Outline thus experienced, for, notwithstanding the traces of acuteness and independence of mind occasionally displayed in its scattered criticisms, the author evidently had throughout only a very imperfect grasp of some of the elementary but most important facts and principles of the science.

May 18*th*. THOS. S. BAYNES.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have been referred to an important note on the subject in the *Athenæum* (Dec. 11th, 1869), which curiously enough, having missed at the time, I had not seen till now. From this note it appears that Mr. Bentham had recently written to the *Athenæum*, stating that in his "Outlines" he gave the eight forms of quantification, and that he has been recently informed that Hamilton knew of this work when he wrote. On this singular statement the *Athenæum* pertinently says, "All this we knew to be quite true. Hamilton never pretended to have been either the first or second who imagined the application of all the quantifications to all the forms." Judging from the extract, Mr. Bentham's letter would seem to have been a late and reluctant concession to the importunity of friends who had tried, in spite of himself, to persuade him that he was a discoverer. The letter does not, however, really conflict with the statement that Mr. Bentham never claimed the discovery for himself, for all he seems to claim nobody would ever have thought of denying.

The *Athenæum's* comment on Mr. Bentham's letter is however of great interest and value, being evidently written by the late Professor De Morgan, whose judgment on the question Mr. Jevons will admit is entitled to the highest respect and authority. Professor De Morgan says, "Just nineteen years ago Mr. Bentham's quantification was discussed in our columns; but Mr. Bentham did not appear, and was supposed to have died between 1827 and 1850. Mr. Warlow, of Haverfordwest, appeared in his behalf, and made the claim which he now makes for himself. Mr. Spencer Baynes replied, showing that Mr. Bentham did not understand the meaning of the extended forms. When we found that the claim was silenced, we had the curiosity to look at Mr. Bentham's book, and we kept some extracts. In one of them beyond a doubt it is affirmed that Hamilton's parti-partial negative 'Some X is not some Y,' is the parti-total negative (or O) of the common system 'some X is not any Y.' A person who thus interprets the propositional phrases neither invents nor uses the true system."

"This unfortunate parti-partial nut has broken the teeth of more than one writer. And this is not Mr. Bentham's only misunderstanding. We give merely a summary of opinions which have long lain unopposed. We do not intend to revive the discussion. Mr. Bentham's book is an ingenious speculation, and it and other failures show, that so far from the thorough-going quantification being easy and obvious, its full meaning failed to strike acute minds; some could not discover, some could not admit when discovered."

Professor De Morgan's emphatic rejection of Mr. Bentham's claim, after examining the relevant chapters of his "Outline," is in striking contrast to Mr. Herbert Spencer's easy-going acceptance of it, apparently on little better than mere hearsay evidence. After the facts and arguments I have adduced, coupled with Professor De Morgan's decisive opinion on the main question, I shall consider any further vindication of Sir W. Hamilton needless. As the result of a careful re-examination of the evidence, it appears to me, even more clearly than before, that Mr. Bentham has no just claim to any share in Sir W. Hamilton's important scientific discovery.

T. S. B.

⁂ The discussion of this subject must now close in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. —EDITOR.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

XIV.—PREPARATION IN BIOLOGY.

THE parable of the sower has its application to the progress of Science. Time after time new ideas are sown and do not germinate, or having germinated, die for lack of fit environments, before they are at last sown under such conditions as to take root and flourish. Among other instances of this, one is supplied by the history of the truth here to be dwelt on—the dependence of Sociology on Biology. Even limiting the search to our own society, we may trace back this idea nearly three centuries. In the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, it is enunciated as clearly as the state of knowledge in his age made possible—more clearly, indeed, than was to be expected in an age when science and scientific ways of thinking had advanced so little. Along with the general notion of natural law—along, too, with the admission that human actions, resulting as they do from desires guided by knowledge, also in a sense conform to law; there is a recognition of the fact that the formation of societies is determined by the attributes of individuals, and that the growth of a governmental organization follows from the natures of the men who have associated themselves the better to satisfy their needs. Entangled though this doctrine is with a theological doctrine, through the restraints of which it has to break, it is expressed with considerable clearness: there needs but better definition and further development to make it truly scientific.

Among re-appearances of this thought in subsequent English writers, I will here name only one, which I happen to have observed in *An Essay on the History of Civil Society*, published a century ago by Dr. Adam Ferguson. In it the first part treats "of the General Characteristics of Human Nature." Section I., pointing out the universality of the gregarious tendency, the dependence of this on certain affections and antagonisms, and the influences of memory, foresight, language, and communicativeness, alleges that "these facts must be admitted as the foundation of all our reasoning relative to man." Though the way in which social phenomena arise out of the phenomena of individual human nature, is seen in but a general and vague way, yet it is seen—there is a conception of causal relation.

Before this conception could assume a definite form, it was necessary both that scientific knowledge should become more comprehensive and precise, and that the scientific spirit should be strengthened. To M. Comte, living when these conditions were fulfilled, is due the credit of having set forth with comparative definiteness, the connexion between the Science of Life and the Science of Society. He saw clearly that the facts presented by masses of associated men, are facts of the same order as those presented by groups of gregarious creatures of inferior kinds; and that in the one case, as in the other, the individuals must be studied before the assemblages can be understood. He therefore placed Biology before Sociology in his classification of the sciences. Biological preparation for sociological study, he regarded as needful not only for the reason that the phenomena of corporate life, arising out of the phenomena of individual life, can be rightly co-ordinated only after the phenomena of individual life have been rightly co-ordinated; but also for the reason that the methods of inquiry which Biology uses, are methods to be used by Sociology. In various ways, which it would take too much space here to specify, he exhibits this dependence very satisfactorily. It may, indeed, be contended that certain of his other beliefs prevented him from seeing all the implications of this dependence. When, for instance, he speaks of "the intellectual anarchy which is the main source of our moral anarchy"—when he thus discloses the faith pervading his *Course of Positive Philosophy*, that true theory would bring right practice; it becomes clear that the relation between the attributes of citizens and the phenomena of societies is incorrectly seen by him: the relation is far too deep a one to be changed by mere change of ideas. Again, denying, as he did, the indefinite modifiability of species, he almost ignored one of the cardinal truths which Biology yields to Sociology—a truth without which sociological interpretations must go wrong. Though he admits a certain modifiability of Man, both emotionally and intellectually, yet the dogma of the fixity of species, to which he adhered, kept his conceptions of individual and social change within limits much too specific. Hence arose, among other erroneous pre-conceptions, this serious one, that the different forms of society presented by savage and civilized races all over the globe, are but different stages in the evolution of one form: the truth being, rather, that social types, like types of individual organisms, do not form a series, but are classifiable only in divergent and re-divergent groups. Nor did he arrive at that conception of the Social Science by which alone it becomes fully affiliated upon the simpler sciences—the conception of it as an account of the most complex forms of that continuous redistribution of matter and motion which is going on universally. Only when it is seen that the transformations passed through during the growth, maturity, and decay of a society, conform to the same principles as do the transformations passed through by aggregates of all orders, inorganic and organic—only when it is seen that the process is in all cases similarly determined by forces, and is not scientifically interpreted until it is expressed in terms of those forces;—only then is there reached the conception of Sociology as a science, in the complete meaning of the word.

Nevertheless, we must not overlook the greatness of the step made by M. Comte. His mode of contemplating the facts was truly philosophical. Containing, along with special views not to be admitted, many thoughts that are true as well as large and suggestive, the introductory chapters to his *Sociology* show a breadth and depth of conception beyond any previously reached. Apart from the tenability of his sociological doctrines, his way of conceiving social phenomena was much superior to all previous ways; and among other of its superiorities, was this recognition of the dependence of Sociology on Biology.

Here leaving the history of this idea, let us turn to the idea itself. There are two independent and equally-important ways in which these sciences are connected. In the first place, all social actions being determined by the actions of individuals, and all actions of individuals being vital actions that conform to the laws of life at large, a rational interpretation of social actions implies knowledge of the laws of life. In the second place, a society as a whole, considered apart from its living units, presents phenomena of growth, structure, and function, like those of growth, structure, and function in an individual body; and these last are needful keys to the first. We will begin with this analogical connexion.

Figures of speech, which very often mislead by conveying the notion of complete likeness where only distant analogy exists, occasionally mislead by making an actual correspondence seem a fancy A metaphor, when used to express a real resemblance, raises suspicion of mere imaginary resemblance; and so obscures th perception of intrinsic kinship. It is thus with the phrases "bod politic," "political organization," and others, which tacitly liken society to a living creature: they are assumed to be phrases havin a certain convenience but expressing no fact—tending rather to foste a fiction. And yet metaphors are here more than metaphors in th ordinary sense. They are devices of speech hit upon to suggest truth at first dimly perceived, but which grows clearer the more carefully the evidence is examined. That there is a real analogy betwee an individual organism and a social organism, becomes undeniabl when certain necessities determining structure are seen to gover them in common.

Mutual dependence of parts is that which initiates and guides organization of every kind. So long as, in a mass of living matter, all parts are alike, and all parts similarly live and grow without aid from one another, there is no organization: the undifferentiated aggregate of protoplasm thus characterized, belongs to the lowest grade of living things. Without distinct faculties, and capable of but the feeblest movement, it cannot adjust itself to circumstances, and is at the mercy of environing destructive actions. The changes by which this structureless mass becomes a structured mass, having the characters and powers possessed by what we call an organism, are changes through which its parts lose their original likenesses; and do this while assuming the unlike kinds of activity for which their respective positions towards one another and surrounding things fit them. These differences of function, and consequent differences of structure, at first feebly marked, slight in degree, and few in kind, become, as organization progresses, definite and numerous; and in proportion as they do this the requirements are better met. Now structural traits expressible in the same language, distinguish lower and higher types of societies from one another; and distinguish the earlier stages of each society from the later. Primitive tribes show no established contrasts of parts. At first all men carry on the same kinds of activities, with no dependence on one another, or but occasional dependence. There is not even a settled chieftainship; and only in times of war is there a spontaneous and temporary subordination to those who show themselves the best leaders. From the smal unformed social aggregates thus characterized, the progress is toward social aggregates of increased size, the parts of which acquire unlikenesses that become ever greater, more definite, and more mult tudinous. The units of the society as it evolves, fall into differen orders of activities, determined by differences in their local conditio or their individual powers; and there slowly result permanent social structures, of which the primary ones become decided while they are being complicated by secondary ones, growing in their turns decided, and so on.

Even were this all, the analogy would be suggestive; but it is not all. These two metamorphoses have a cause in common. Beginning with an animal composed of like parts, severally living by and for themselves, on what condition only can there be established a change, such that one part comes to perform one kind of function, and another part another kind? Evidently each part can abandon that original state in which it fulfilled for itself all vital needs, and can assume a state in which it fulfils in excess some single vital need, only if its other vital needs are fulfilled for it by other parts that have meanwhile undertaken other special activities. One portion of a living aggregate cannot devote itself exclusively to the respiratory function, and cease to get nutriment for itself, unless other portions that have become exclusively occupied in absorbing nutriment, give it a due supply. That is to say, there must be exchange of services. Organization in an individual creature is made possible only by dependence of each part on all, and of all on each. Now this is obviously true also of social organization. A member of a primitive society cannot devote himself to an order of activity which satisfies one only of his personal wants, thus ceasing the activities required for satisfying his other personal wants, unless those for whose benefit he carries on his special activity in excess, supply him with the benefits of their special activities. If he makes weapons instead of continuing a hunter, he must be supplied with the produce of the chase on condition that the hunters are supplied with his weapons. If he becomes a cultivator of the soil, no longer defending himself, then he must be defended by those who have become specialized defenders. That is to say, mutual dependence of parts is essential for the commencement and advance of social organization, as it is for the commencement and advance of individual organization.

Even were there no more to be pointed out, it would be clear enough that we are not here dealing with a figurative resemblance, but with a fundamental parallelism in principles of structure. We have but begun to explore the analogy, however. The further we inquire, the closer we find it to be. For what, let us ask, is implied by mutual dependence—by exchange of services? There is implied some mode of communication between mutually-dependent parts. Parts that perform functions for one another's benefit, must have appliances for conveying to one another the products of their respective functions, or for giving to one another the benefits (when these are not material products) which their respective functions achieve.

And obviously, in proportion as the organization becomes high, the appliances for carrying on the intercourse must become involved. This we find to hold in both cases. In the lowest types of individual organisms, the exchange of services between the slightly-differentiated parts is effected in a slow, vague way, by an irregular diffusion of the nutrient matters jointly elaborated, and by an irregular propagation of feeble stimuli, causing a rude co-ordination in the actions of the parts. It is thus, also, with small and simple social aggregates. No definite arrangements for interchanging services exist; but only indefinite ones. Barter of products—food, skins, weapons, or what not—takes place irregularly between individual producers and consumers throughout the whole social body: there is no trading or distributing system, as, in the rudimentary animal, there is no vascular system. So, too, the social organism of low type, like the individual organism of low type, has no appliances for combining the actions of its remoter parts. When co-operation of them against an enemy is called for, there is nothing but the spread of an alarm from man to man throughout the scattered population; just as in an undeveloped kind of animal, there is merely a slow, undirected diffusion of stimulus from one point to all others. In either case, the evolution of a larger, more complex, more active organism, implies an increasingly-efficient set of agencies for conveying from part to part the material products of the respective parts, and an increasingly-efficient set of agencies for making the parts co-operate, so that the times and amounts of their activities may be kept in fit relations. And this, the facts everywhere show us. In the individual organism as it advances to a high structure, no matter of what class, there arises an elaborate system of channels through which the common stock of nutritive matters (here added to by absorption, there changed by secretion, in this place purified by excretion, and in another modified by exchange of gases) is distributed throughout the body for the feeding of the various parts, severally occupied in their special actions; while in the social organism as it advances to a high structure, no matter of what political type, there develops an extensive and complicated trading organization for the distribution of commodities, which, sending its heterogeneous currents through the kingdom by channels that end in retailers' shops, brings within reach of each citizen the necessaries and luxuries that have been produced by others, while he has been producing his commodity or small part of a commodity, or performing some other function or small part of a function, beneficial to the rest. Similarly, development of the individual organism, be its class what it may, is always accompanied by development of a nervous system which renders the combined actions of the parts prompt and duly proportioned, so making possible the adjustments required for meeting the varying contingencies; while, along with development of the social organism, there always goes development of directive centres, general and local, with established arrangements for interchanging information and instigation, serving to adjust the rates and kinds of activities going on in different parts.

Now if there exists this fundamental kinship, there can be no rational apprehension of the truths of Sociology until there has been reached a rational apprehension of the truths of Biology. The services of the two sciences are, indeed, reciprocal. We have but to glance back at its progress, to see that Biology owes the cardinal idea on which we have been dwelling, to Sociology; and that having derived from Sociology this explanation of development, it gives it back to Sociology greatly increased in definiteness, enriched by multitudinous illustrations, and fit for extension in new directions. The luminous conception first enunciated by one whom we may claim as our countryman by blood, though French by birth, M. Milne-Edwards—the conception of "the physiological division of labour," obviously originates from the generalization previously reached in Political Economy. Recognition of the advantages gained by a society when different groups of its members devote themselves to different industries, for which they acquire special aptitudes and surround themselves with special facilities, led to recognition of the advantages which an individual organism gains when parts of it, originally alike and having like activities, divide these activities among them; so that each taking a special kind of activity acquires a special fitness for it. But now note that when carried from Sociology to Biology, this conception was forthwith greatly expanded. Instead of being limited to the functions included in nutrition, it was found applicable to all functions whatever. It turned out that the arrangements of the entire organism, and not of the viscera alone, conform to this fundamental principle—even the differences arising among the limbs, originally alike, were seen to be interpretable by it. And then mark that the idea thus developed into an all-embracing truth in Biology, comes back to Sociology ready to be for it, too, an all-embracing truth. For it now becomes manifest that not to industrial arrangements only does the principle of the division of labour apply, but to social arrangements in general. The progress of organization, from that first step by which there arose a controlling chief, partially distinguished by his actions from those controlled, has been everywhere the same. Be it in the growth of a regulative class more or less marked off from classes regulated—be it in the partings of this regulative class into political, ecclesiastical, etc.—be it in those distinctions of duties within each class which are signified by gradations of rank; we may trace everywhere that fundamental law shown us by industrial organization. And when we have once adequately grasped this truth which Biology borrows from Sociology and returns with vast interest, the aggregate of phenomena which a society at any moment presents, as well as the series of developmental changes through which it has risen to them, become suddenly illuminated, and the *rationale* comparatively clear.

After a recognition of this fundamental kinship there can be no difficulty in seeing how important, as an introduction to the study of social life, is a familiarization with the truths of individual life. For individual life, while showing us this division of labour, this exchange of services, in many and varied ways, shows it in ways easily traced; because the structures and functions are presented in directly-perceivable forms. And only when multitudinous biological examples have stamped on the mind the conception of a growing inter-dependence that goes along with a growing specialization, and have thus induced a habit of thought, will its sociological applications be duly appreciated.

Turn we now from the indirect influence which Biology exerts on Sociology, by supplying it with rational conceptions of social development and organization, to the direct influences it exerts by furnishing an adequate theory of the social unit—Man. For while Biology is mediately connected with Sociology by a certain parallelism between the groups of phenomena they deal with, it is immediately connected with Sociology by having within its limits this creature whose properties originate social evolution. The human being is at once the terminal problem of Biology and the initial factor of Sociology.

If Man were uniform and unchangeable, so that those attributes of him which lead to social phenomena could be learnt and dealt with as constant, it would not much concern the sociologist to make himself master of other biological truths than those cardinal ones above dwelt upon. But since, in common with every other creature, Man is modifiable—since his modifications, like those of every other creature, are ultimately determined by surrounding conditions—and since surrounding conditions are in part constituted by social arrangements; it becomes requisite that the sociologist should acquaint himself with the laws of modification to which organized beings in general conform. Unless he does this he must continually err, both in thought and deed. As thinker, he will fail to understand the unceasing action and reaction of institutions and character, each slowly modifying the other through successive generations. As actor, his furtherance of this or that public policy, being unguided by a true theory of the effects wrought on citizens, will probably be mischievous rather than beneficial; since there are more ways of going wrong than of going right. How needful is enlightenment on this point, will be seen on remembering that scarcely anywhere is attention given to the modifications which a new agency, political or other, will produce in men's natures. Immediate influence on actions is alone contemplated; and the immeasurably more important influence on the bodies and minds of future generations, is wholly ignored.

Yet the biological truths which should check this random political speculation and rash political action, are conspicuous; and might, one would have thought, have been recognized by everyone, even without special preparation in Biology. That faculties and powers of all orders, while they grow by exercise dwindle when not used; and that alterations of nature descend to posterity; are facts continually thrust on men's attention, and more or less admitted by all. Though the evidence of heredity, when looked at in detail, seems obscure, because of the multitudinous differences of parents and of ancestors, which all take their varying shares in each new product; yet, when looked at in the mass, the evidence is overwhelming. Not to dwell on the countless proofs furnished by domesticated animals of many kinds, as modified by breeders, the proofs furnished by the human races themselves are amply sufficient. That each variety of man goes on so reproducing itself that adjacent generations are nearly alike, however appreciable may sometimes be the divergence in a long series of generations, is undeniable. Chinese are recognizable as Chinese in whatever part of the globe we see them; every one assumes a black ancestry for any negro he meets; and no one doubts that the less-marked racial varieties have great degrees of persistence. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that the likenesses which the members of one human stock preserve, generation after generation, where the conditions of life remain constant, give place to unlikenesses that slowly increase in the course of centuries and thousands of years, if the members of that stock, spreading into different habitats, fall under different sets of conditions. If we assume the original unity of the human race, we have no alternative but to admit such divergences consequent on such causes; and even if we do not assume this original unity, we have still, among the races classed by the community of their languages as Aryan, abundant proofs that subjection to different modes of life, produces in course of ages permanent bodily and mental differences: the Hindu and the Englishman, the Greek and the Dutchman, have acquired undeniable contrasts of nature, physical and psychical, which can be ascribed to nothing but the continuous effects of circumstances, material, moral, social, on the activities and therefore on the constitution. So that, as above said, one might have expected that biological training would scarcely be needed to impress men with these cardinal truths, all-important as elements in sociological conclusions.

As it is, however, we see that a deliberate study of Biology cannot be dispensed with. It is requisite that these scattered evidences which but few citizens put together and think about, should be set before them in an orderly way; and that they should recognize in them the universal truths which living things at large exhibit. There requires a multiplicity of illustrations, many in their kinds, often repeated and dwelt upon. Only thus can there be produced an adequately-strong conviction that all organic beings are modifiable, that modifications are inheritable, and that therefore the remote issues of any new influence brought to bear on the members of a community must be serious.

To give a more definite and effective shape to this general inference, let me here comment on certain courses pursued by philanthropists and legislators eager for immediate good results, but pursued without regard of biological truths which, if borne in mind, would make them hesitate if not desist.

Every species of creature goes on multiplying till it reaches the limit at which its mortality from all causes balances its fertility. Diminish its mortality by removing or mitigating any one of these causes, and inevitably its numbers increase until mortality and fertility are again in equilibrium. However many injurious influences are taken away, the same thing holds, for the reason that the remaining injurious influences grow more intense. Either the pressure on the means of subsistence becomes greater; or some enemy of the species, multiplying in proportion to the abundance of its prey, becomes more destructive; or some disease, encouraged by greater proximity, becomes more prevalent. This general truth, everywhere exemplified among inferior races of beings, holds of the human race. True, it is in this case variously traversed and obscured. By emigration, the limits against which population continually presses are partially evaded; by improvements in production, they are continually removed further away; and along with increase of knowledge there comes an avoidance of detrimental agencies. Still, these are but qualifications of an inevitable action and reaction.

Let us here glance at the relation between this general truth and the legislative measures adopted to ward off certain causes of death. Every individual eventually dies from inability to withstand some environing action. It may be a mechanical force that cannot be resisted by the strengths of his bodily structures; it may be a deleterious gas which, absorbed into his blood, so deranges the processes throughout his body as finally to overthrow their balance;

or it may be, and most frequently is, an absorption of his bodily heat by surrounding things that is too great for his enfeebled functions to meet. In all cases, however, it is one, or some, of the many forces to which he is exposed, and in presence of which his vital activities have to be carried on. He may succumb early or late, according to the goodness of his structure and the incidents of his career. But in the natural working of things, those having imperfect structures succumb before they have offspring: leaving those with fitter structures to produce the next generation. And obviously, the working of this process is such that as many will continue to live and to reproduce as can do so under the conditions then existing: if the assemblage of influences becomes more difficult to withstand, a larger number of the feebler disappear early; if the assemblage of influences is made more favourable by the removal of, or mitigation of, some unfavourable influence, there is an increase in the number of the feebler who survive and leave posterity. Hence two proximate results, conspiring to the same ultimate result. First, population increases at a greater rate than it would otherwise have done: so subjecting all persons to certain other destroying agencies in more-intense forms. Second, by intermarriage of the feebler who now survive, with the stronger who would otherwise have alone survived, the general constitution is brought down to the level of strength required to meet these more-favourable conditions. That is to say, there by and by arises a state of things under which a general decrease in the power of withstanding this mitigated destroying cause, and a general increase in the activity of other destroying causes, consequent on greater numbers, bring mortality and fertility into the same relation as before—there is a somewhat larger number of a somewhat weaker race.

There are further ways in which this process necessarily works a like general effect, however far it is carried. For as fast as more and more detrimental agencies are removed or mitigated, and as fast as there goes on an increasing survival and propagation of those having delicately-balanced constitutions, there arise new destructive agencies. Let the average vitality be diminished by more effectually guarding the weak against adverse conditions, and inevitably there come fresh diseases. A general constitution previously able to bear without derangement certain variations in atmospheric conditions and certain degrees of other unfavourable actions, if lowered in tone, will become subject to new kinds of perturbation and new causes of death. In illustration, I need but refer to the many diseases from which civilized races suffer, but which were not known to the uncivilized. Nor is it only by such new causes of death that the rate of mortality, when decreased in one direction increases in another. The very precautions against death are themselves in some measure new causes of death. Every further appliance for meeting an evil, every additional expenditure of effort, every extra tax to meet the cost of supervision, becomes a fresh obstacle to living. For always in a society where population is pressing on the means of subsistence, and where the efforts required to fulfil vital needs are so great that they here and there cause premature death, the powers of producers cannot be further strained by calling on them to support a new class of non-producers, without, in some cases, increasing the wear and tear to a fatal extent. And in proportion as this policy is carried further—in proportion as the enfeeblement of constitution is made greater, the required precautions multiplied, and the cost of maintaining these precautions augmented; it must happen that the increasing physiological expenditure thrown on these enfeebled constitutions, must make them succumb so much the earlier: the mortality evaded in one shape must come round in another.

The clearest conception of the state brought about, will be gained by supposing the society thus produced to consist of old people. Age differs from maturity and youth in being less able to withstand influences that tend to derange the functions, as well as less able to bear the efforts needed to get the food, clothing, and shelter, by which resistance to these influences may be carried on; and where no aid is received from the younger, this decreased strength and increased liability to derangement by incident forces, make the life of age difficult and wearisome. Those who, though young, have weak constitutions, are much in the same position: their liabilities to derangement are similarly multiplied, and where they have to support themselves, they are similarly over-taxed by the effort, relatively great to them and made greater by the maintaining of precautions. A society of enfeebled people, then, must lead a life like that led by a society of people who had outlived the vigour of maturity, and yet had none to help them; and their life must also be like in lacking that overflowing energy which, while it makes labours easy, makes enjoyments keen. In proportion as vigour declines, not only do the causes of pain multiply, while the tax on the energies becomes more trying, but the possibilities of pleasure decrease: many delights demanding, or accompanying, exertion are shut out; and others fail to raise the flagging spirits. So that, to sum up, lowering the average type of constitution to a level of strength *below that which meets without difficulty the ordinary strains and perturbations and dangers*, while it fails eventually to diminish the rate of mortality, makes life more a burden and less a gratification.

I am aware that this reasoning may be met by the criticism that, carried out rigorously, it would negative social ameliorations in general. Some, perhaps, will say that even those measures by which order is maintained, might be opposed for the reason that there results from them a kind of men less capable of self-protection than would otherwise exist. And there will doubtless be suggested the corollary that no influences detrimental to health ought to be removed. I am not concerned to meet such criticisms, for the reason that I do not mean the conclusions above indicated to be taken without qualification. It is obvious enough that up to a certain point the removal of destructive causes leaves a balance of benefit. The simple fact that with a largely-augmented population, longevity is greater now than heretofore, goes far towards showing that up to the time lived through by those who die in our day, there had been a decrease of the causes of mortality in some directions, greater than their increase in other directions. Though a considerable drawback may be suspected—though, on observing how few thoroughly-strong people we meet, and how prevalent are chronic ailments notwithstanding the care taken of health, it may be inferred that bodily life now is lower in quality than it was, though greater in quantity; yet there has probably been gained a surplus of advantage. All I wish to show is, that there are limits to the good gained by such a policy. It is supposed in the Legislature, and by the public at large, that if, by measures taken, a certain number of deaths by disease have been prevented, so much pure benefit has been secured. But it is not so. In any case, there is a set-off from the benefit; and if such measures are greatly multiplied, the deductions may eat up the benefit entirely, and leave an injury in its place. Where such measures ought to stop, is a question that may be left open. Here my purpose is simply to point out the way in which a far-reaching biological truth underlies rational conclusions in Sociology; and also to point out that formidable evils may arise from ignoring it.

Other evils, no less serious, are entailed by legislative actions and by actions of individuals, single and combined, which overlook or disregard a kindred biological truth. Besides an habitual neglect of the fact that the quality of a society is physically lowered by the artificial preservation of its feeblest members, there is an habitual neglect of the fact that the quality of a society is lowered morally and intellectually, by the artificial preservation of those who are least able to take care of themselves.

If anyone denies that children bear likenesses to their progenitors in character and capacity—if he holds that men whose parents and grandparents were habitual criminals, have tendencies as good as those of men whose parents and grandparents were industrious and upright, he may consistently hold that it matters not from what families in a society the successive generations descend. He may think it just as well if the most active, and capable, and prudent, and conscientious people die without issue; while many children are left by the reckless and dishonest. But whoever does not espouse so insane a proposition, must admit that social arrangements which retard the multiplication of the mentally-best, and facilitate the multiplication of the mentally-worst, must be extremely injurious.

For if the unworthy are helped to increase by shielding them from that mortality which their unworthiness would naturally entail, the effect is to produce, generation after generation, a greater unworthiness. From decreased use of self-conserving faculties already deficient, there must result, in posterity, still smaller amounts of self-conserving faculties. The general law which we traced above in its bodily applications, may be traced here in its mental applications. Removal of certain difficulties and dangers which have to be met by intelligence and activity, is followed by a diminished ability to meet difficulties and dangers. Among children born to the more capable who marry with the less capable, thus artificially preserved, there is not simply a lower average power of self-preservation than would else have existed, but the incapacity reaches in some cases a greater extreme. Smaller difficulties and dangers become fatal in proportion as greater ones are warded off. Nor is this the whole mischief. For such members of a population as do not take care of themselves, but are taken care of by the rest, inevitably bring on the rest extra exertion; either in supplying them with the necessaries of life, or in maintaining over them the required supervision, or in both. That is to say, in addition to self-conservation and the conservation of their own offspring, the best, having to undertake the conservation of the worst, and of their offspring, are subject to an overdraw upon their energies. In some cases this stops them from marrying; in other cases it diminishes the numbers of their children; in other cases it causes inadequate feeding of their children; in other cases it brings their children to orphanhood—in every way tending to arrest the increase of the best, to deteriorate their constitutions, and to pull them down towards the level of the worst.

Fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good, is extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing-up of miseries for fut generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles and idl and criminals. To aid the bad in multiplying, is, in effect, the sa as maliciously providing for our descendants a multitude of enemi It may be doubted whether the maudlin philanthropy which, looki only at immediate mitigations, persistently ignores remote results, do not inflict a greater total of misery than the extremest selfishne inflicts. Refusing to consider the remote influences of his incontinen generosity, the thoughtless giver stands but a degree above th drunkard who thinks only of to-day's pleasure and ignores to-morrow's pain, or the spendthrift who seeks immediate delights at the cost of ultimate poverty. In one respect, indeed, he is worse; since, while getting the present pleasure produced in giving pleasure, he leaves the future miseries to be borne by others—escaping them himself. And calling for still stronger reprobation is that scattering of money prompted by misinterpretation of the saying that "charity covers a multitude of sins." For in the many whom this misinterpretation leads to believe that by large donations they can compound for evil deeds, we may trace an element of positive baseness—an effort to get a good place in another world, no matter at what injury to fellow-creatures.

How far the mentally-superior may, with a balance of benefit to society, shield the mentally-inferior from the evil results of their inferiority, is a question too involved to be here discussed at length. Doubtless it is in the order of things that parental affection, the regard of relatives, and the spontaneous sympathy of friends and even of strangers, should mitigate the pains which incapacity has to bear, and the penalties which unfit impulses bring round. Doubtless, in many cases the reactive influence of this sympathetic care which the better take of the worse, is morally beneficial, and in a degree compensates by good in one direction for evil in another. It may be fully admitted that individual altruism, left to itself, will work advantageously—wherever, at least, it does not go to the extent of helping the unworthy to multiply. But an unquestionable mischief is done by agencies which undertake in a wholesale way the preservation of good-for-nothings: putting a stop to that natural process of elimination by which otherwise society continually purifies itself. For not only by such agencies is this conservation of the worst and destruction of the best carried further than it would else be, but there is scarcely any of that compensating advantage which individual altruism implies. A mechanically-working State-apparatus, distributing money drawn from grumbling ratepayers, produces little or no moralizing effect on the capables to make up for multiplication of the incapables. Here, however, it is needless to dwell on the perplexing questions hence arising. My purpose is simply to show that a rational policy must recognize certain general truths of Biology; and to insist that only when study of these general truths, as illustrated throughout the living world, has woven them into the conceptions of things, is there gained an adequately-strong conviction that enormous mischief must result from ignoring them.*

Biological truths and their corollaries, presented under these special forms as bases for sociological conclusions, are introductory to a more general biological truth including them—a general biological truth which underlies all rational legislation. I refer to the truth that every species of organism, including the human, is always adapting itself, both directly and indirectly, to its conditions of existence.

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* Probably most readers will conclude that in this, and in the preceding Section, I am simply carrying out the views of Mr. Darwin in their applications to the human

The actions which have produced every variety of man,—the actions which have established in the Negro and the Hindu constitutions that thrive in climates fatal to Europeans, and in the Fuegian a constitution enabling him to bear without clothing an inclemency almost too great for other races well clothed—the actions which have developed in the Tartar-races nomadic habits that are almost insurmountable, while they have given to North American Indians desires and aptitudes which, fitting them for a hunting life, make a civilized life intolerable—the actions doing this, are also ever at work moulding citizens into correspondence with their circumstances. While the bodily natures of citizens are being fitted to the physical influences and industrial activities of their locality, their mental natures are being fitted to the structure of the society they live in. Though, as we have seen, there is always an approximate fitness of the social unit to its social aggregate, yet the fitness can never be more than approximate, and re-adjustment is always going on. Could a society remain unchanged, something like a permanent equilibrium between the nature of the individual and the nature of the society would presently be reached. But the type of each society is continually being modified by two causes—by growth, and by the actions, warlike or other, of adjacent societies. Increase in the bulk of a society inevitably leads to change of structure; as also does any alteration in the ratio of the predatory to the industrial activities. Hence continual social metamorphosis, involving continual alteration of the conditions under which the citizen lives, produces in him an adaptation of character which, tending towards completeness, is ever made incomplete by further social metamorphosis.

While, however, each society, and each successive phase of each society, presents conditions more or less special, to which the natures of citizens adapt themselves, there are certain general conditions which, in every society, must be fulfilled to a considerable extent before it can hold together, and which must be fulfilled completely before social life can be complete. Each citizen has to carry on his activities in such ways as not to impede other citizens in the carrying-on of their activities more than he is impeded by them. That any citizen may so behave as not to deduct from the aggregate welfare, it is needful that he shall perform such function, or

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race. Under the circumstances, perhaps, I shall be excused for pointing out that the same beliefs, otherwise expressed, are contained in Chapters XXV. and XXVIII. of *Social Statics*, published in December, 1850.

share of function, as is of value equivalent at least to what he consumes; and it is further needful that, both in discharging his function and in pursuing his pleasure, he shall leave others similarly free to discharge their functions and to pursue their pleasures. Obviously a society formed of units who cannot live without mutual hindrance, is one in which the happiness is of smaller amount than it is in a society formed of units who can live without mutual hindrance—numbers and physical conditions being supposed equal. And obviously the sum of happiness in such a society is still less than that in a society of which the units voluntarily aid one another.

Now, under one of its chief aspects, civilization is a process of developing in citizens a nature capable of fulfilling these all-essential conditions; and, neglecting their superfluities, laws and the appliances for enforcing them, are expressions and embodiments of these all-essential conditions. On the one hand, those severe systems of slavery, and serfdom, and punishment for vagabondage, which characterized the less-developed social types, stand for the necessity that the social unit shall be self-supporting. On the other hand, the punishments for murder, assault, theft, etc., and the penalties on breach of contract, stand for the necessity that, in the course of the activities by which he supports himself, the citizen shall neither directly injure other citizens, nor shall injure them indirectly, by taking or intercepting the returns their activities bring. And it needs no detail to show that a fundamental trait in social progress is an increase of industrial energy, leading citizens to support themselves without being coerced in the harsh ways once general; that another fundamental trait is the progressive establishment of such a nature in citizens that, while pursuing their respective ends, they injure and impede one another in smaller degrees; and that a concomitant trait is the growth of governmental restraints which more effectually check the remaining aggressiveness. That is to say, while the course of civilization shows us a clearer recognition and better enforcement of these essential conditions, it also shows us a gradual moulding of humanity into correspondence with them.

Along with the proofs thus furnished that the biological law of adaptation, holding of all other species, holds of the human species, and that the change of nature undergone by the human species since societies began to develop, has been an adaptation of it to the conditions implied by harmonious social life, we receive the lesson, that the one thing needful is a rigorous maintenance of these conditions. While all see that the immediate function of our chief social institutions is the securing of an orderly social life by maintaining these conditions, very few see that their further function, and in one sense more important function, is that of fitting men to fulfil these conditions spontaneously.

The two functions are inseparable. From the biological laws w have been contemplating, it is, on the one hand, an inevitable corollary that if these conditions are maintained, human nature will gradually adapt itself to them; while, on the other hand, it is an inevitable corollary that by no other discipline than subjection to these conditions, can fitness to the social state be produced. Enforce these conditions, and adaptation to them will continue. Relax these conditions, and by so much there will be a cessation of the adaptive changes. Abolish these conditions, and, after the consequent social dissolution, there will commence (unless they are re-established) an adaptation to the conditions then resulting—those of savage life. These are conclusions from which there is no escape, if man is subject to the laws of life in common with living things in general.

It may, indeed, be rightly contended that if those who are but little fitted to the social state are rigorously subjected to these conditions, evil will result: intolerable restraint, if it does not deform or destroy life, will be followed by violent reaction. We are taught by analogy, that greatly-changed conditions from which there is no escape, fail to produce adaptation because they produce death. Men having constitutions fitted for one climate, cannot be fitted to an extremely-different climate by persistently living in it, because they do not survive, generation after generation. Such changes can be brought about only by slow spreadings of the race through intermediate regions having intermediate climates, to which successive generations are accustomed little by little. And doubtless the like holds mentally. The intellectual and emotional natures required for high civilization, are not to be obtained by forcing on the completely-uncivilized, the needful activities and restraints in unqualified forms: gradual decay and death, rather than adaptation, would result. But so long as a society's institutions are indigenous, no danger is to be apprehended from a too-strict maintenance of the conditions to the ideally-best social life; since there can exist neither the required appreciation of them nor the required appliances for enforcing them. Only in those abnormal cases where a race of one type is subject to a race of much-superior type, is this qualification pertinent. In our own case, as in the cases of all societies having populations approximately homogeneous in character, and having institutions evolved by that character, there may rightly be aimed at the greatest rigour possible. The merciful policy, no less than the just policy, is that of insisting that these all-essential requirements of self-support and non-aggression, shall be conformed to——the just policy, because failing to insist is failing to protect the better or more-adapted natures against the worse or less-adapted; the merciful policy, because the pains accompanying the process o adaptation to the social state *must* be gone through, and it is better that they should be gone through once than gone through twice, as they have to be when any relaxation of these conditions permits retrogression.

Thus, that which sundry precepts of the current religion embody—that which ethical systems, intuitive or utilitarian, equally urge, is also that which Biology, generalizing the laws of life at large, dictates. All further requirements are unimportant compared with this primary requirement, that each shall so live as neither to burden others nor to injure others. And all further appliances for influencing the actions and natures of men, are unimportant compared with those serving to maintain and increase the conformity to this primary requirement. But unhappily, legislators and philanthropists, busy with schemes which, instead of aiding adaptation, indirectly hinder it, give little attention to the enforcing and improving of those arrangements by which adaptation is effected.

And here, on behalf of the few who uphold this policy of natural discipline, let me emphatically repudiate the name of *laissez-faire* as applied to it, and emphatically condemn the counter-policy as involving a *laissez-faire* of the most vicious kind. While holding that, when the State leaves each citizen to get what good for himself he can, and to suffer what evil he brings on himself, such a let-alone policy is eventually beneficial; I contend that, when the State leaves him to bear the evils inflicted by other citizens, and can be induced to defend him only at a ruinous cost, such a let-alone policy is both immediately and remotely injurious. When a Legislature takes from the worthy the things they have laboured for, that it may give to the unworthy the things they have not earned—when cause and consequence, joined in the order of Nature, are thus divorced by statesmen; then may properly come the suggestion—"Cease your interference." But when, in any way, direct or indirect, the unworthy deprive the worthy of their dues, or impede them in the quiet pursuit of their ends, then may properly come the demand—"Interfere promptly; and be in fact the protectors which you are in name." Our politicians and philanthropists, impatient with a salutary *laissez-faire*, tolerate and even defend a *laissez-faire* that is in the highest degree mischievous. Without hesitation, this regulative agency we call the Government takes from us some £100,000 a year to pay for Art-teaching and to establish Art-museums; while, in guarding us against robbers and murderers, it makes convictions difficult by demurring to the cost of necessary evidence: even the outlay for a plan, admitted by the taxing-master, being refused by the Treasury! Is not that a disastrous *laissez-faire?* While millions are voted without a murmur for an expedition to rescue a meddling consul from a half-savage king, our Executive resists the spending of a few extra thousands to pay more judges the result being not simply vast arrears and long delays, but immense injustices of other kinds,—costs being run up in cases which lawyers know will never be heard, and which, when brought into court, the over-burdened judges get rid of by appointing junior counsel as referees: an arrangement under which the suitors have not simply to pay over again all their agents, at extra rates, but have also to pay their judges.* Is not that, too, a flagitious *laissez-faire?* Though, in our solicitude for Negroes, we have been spending £50,000 a year to stop the East-African slave-trade, and failing to do it, yet only now are we providing protection for our own sailors against unscrupulous shipowners—only now have sailors, betrayed into bad ships, got something more than the option of risking death by drowning or going to prison for breach of contract! Shall we not call that, also, a *laissez-faire* that is almost wicked in its indifference? At the same time that the imperativeness of teaching all children to write, and to spell, and to parse, and to know where Timbuctoo lies, is being agreed to with acclamation, and vast sums raised that these urgent needs may be met, it is not thought needful that citizens should be enabled to learn the laws they have to obey; and though these laws are so many commands which, on any rational theory, the Government issuing them ought to enforce, yet in a great mass of cases it does nothing when told that they have been broken, but leaves the injured to try and enforce them at their own risk, if they please. Is not that, again, a demoralizing *laissez-faire*—an encouragement to wrong-doing by a half-promise of impunity? Once more, what shall we say of the *laissez-faire* which cries out because the civil administration of justice costs us £800,000 a year—because to protect men's rights we annually spend half as much again as would build an ironclad!—because to prevent fraud and enforce contracts we lay out each year nearly as much as our largest distiller pays in spirit-duty!—what, I ask, shall we say of the *laissez-faire* which thus thinks it an extravagance that one-hundredth part of our national revenue should go in maintaining the vital condition to national well-being? Is not that a *laissez-faire* which we might be tempted to call insane, did not most sane people agree in it? And thus it is throughout. The policy of quiescence is adopted where active interference is all-essential; while time, and energy, and money, are absorbed in interfering with things that should be left to themselves. Those wh condemn the let-alone policy in respect to matters which, to say th least, are not of vital importance, advocate or tolerate the let-alone policy in respect to vitally-important matters. Contemplated from the biological point of view, their course is doubly mischievous. They impede adaptation of human nature to the social state, both by what they do and by what they leave undone.

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* And even then there are often ruinous delays. A barrister tells me that in case in which he was himself the referee they had but six meetings in two years.

Neither the limits of this chapter, nor its purpose, permit exposition of the various other truths which Biology yields as data for Sociology. Enough has been said in proof of that which was to be shown—the need for biological study as a preparation for grasping sociological truths.

The effect to be looked for from it, is that of giving strength and clearness to convictions otherwise feeble and vague. Sundry of the doctrines I have presented under their biological aspects, are doctrines admitted in considerable degrees. Such acquaintance with the laws of life as they have gathered incidentally, lead many to suspect that appliances for preserving the physically-feeble, bring results that are not wholly good. Others there are who occasionally get glimpses of evils caused by fostering the reckless and the stupid. But their suspicions and qualms fail to determine their conduct, because the *inevitableness* of the bad consequences has not been made adequately clear by the study of Biology at large. When countless illustrations have shown them that all strength, all faculty, all fitness, presented by every living thing, has arisen partly by a growth of each power consequent on exercise of it, and partly by the more frequent survival and greater multiplication of the better-endowed individuals, entailing gradual disappearance of the worse-endowed—when it is seen that all perfection, bodily and mental, has been achieved through this process, and that suspension of it must cause cessation of progress, while reversal of it would bring universal decay—when it is seen that the mischiefs entailed by disregard of these truths, though they may be slow, are certain; there comes a conviction that social policy must be conformed to them, and that to ignore them is madness.

Did not experience prepare one to find everywhere a degree of irrationality remarkable in beings who distinguish themselves as rational, one might have assumed that, before devising modes of dealing with citizens in their corporate relations, special attention would be given to the natures of these citizens individually considered, and by implication to the natures of living things at large. Put a carpenter into a blacksmith's shop, and set him to forge, to weld, to harden, to anneal, etc., and he will not need the blacksmith's jeers to show him how foolish is the attempt to make and mend tools before he has learnt the properties of iron. Let the carpenter challenge the blacksmith, who knows little about wood in general and nothing about particular kinds of wood, to do his work, and unless the blacksmith declines to make himself a laughing-stock, he is pretty certain to saw askew, to choke up his plane, and presently to break his tools or cut his fingers. But while everyone sees the folly of supposing that wood or iron can be shaped and fitted, without an apprenticeship during which their ways of behaving are made familiar; no one sees any folly in undertaking to devise institutions, and to shape human nature in this way or that way, without a preliminary study of Man, and of Life in general as explaining Man's life. For simple functions we insist on elaborate special preparations extending through years; while for the most complex function, to be adequately discharged not even by the wisest, we require no preparation!

How absurd are the prevailing conceptions about these matters, we shall see still more clearly on turning to consider that more special discipline which should precede the study of Sociology; namely, the study of Mental Science.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

IN an able American work, "Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," the theory of a close analogy between the growth and decay of nations, and the birth, maturity, and death of the individual men who massed together compose nations, is curiously set forth and followed out: too elaborately perhaps; but the ingenuity of Mr. Draper's argument gives interest to his work, and leads the mind into other contiguous fields of meditation. "A national type," says the historian, "pursues its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, and being represented by Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death respectively."

The same changes would naturally attach to literature and art, which are the expressions of the national imagination, and, indeed, such an analogy is not newly suggested, though it is newly treated by Mr. Draper. The infancy of a nation, or of a nation's literature, its maturity, its death, all these are ordinary metaphorical expressions, and it is therefore in the exactness with which the parallels between the physical and the psychological conditions of a nation and of a man are made to bear upon each other, that the American historian's thesis may be considered as original. To attempt so precise a comparison between the organic advancement of an individual man and of a particular form of literature would be tedious, and perhaps not so profitable as tiresome; but it is not altogether uninstructive to watch the phases of the world's progress in letters under the influence of this dominant idea. The dead languages of dead nations tell their own story; but it is not certain which of the living nations are dying, nor can we say among these whether the national power or the national literature will precede in the order of decay. We can, however, in the very activity, prosperity, and vigorous vitality of an affluent nation, discern forces at work which are likely to destroy the beauty, the delicacy, the artistic completeness of its literature. Are not such agents at large in England now? As a nation our advance is undoubted; we have an increasing population, and in that population the spirit of freedom which means the growth of thought; we have the education of the masses marching onwards at so rapid a pace, that even the agricultural toilers begin to rouse and stir; we have a continual augmentation of the means of swift intercourse with the most remote continents: all these things are the indications and the consequences of a robust national energy and of the social prowess of a people rising into fuller manhood, with no principle of decay save that which, if the analogy between the growth of an individual and a nation be a true one, must be co-existent with every beating pulse of life. Literature may follow the same course, but not the same chronology; and the very moment of highest mercantile prosperity, of most considerable political importance, and of most ardent intellectual progress may be that which is most threatening to the storehouse of the classical student. He may see in the growth of letters, the destruction of literature. He may foretell the sepulture of costliest gems under the weight of coarse material gathered up with money-making speed and paramount only by its bulk. Already our greatest poet has actually, if not nominally, taken up the position of a dead classic; well placed on the bookshelf and allowed to rest there; known to the youth of England through traditional quotations: "To be or not to be," "The course of true love never did run smooth," "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," &c. The origin of which lines will soon cease to be remembered with the works from which they are extracted.

If our great dramatic poet is rarely read for recreation, there are still fewer who read at the present day our distinguished lyrical writers of a past generation. Wordsworth, famous in his own time, as the mark of equal love and hatred, the proud usurper of new domains for poetry, the founder of a school which has had its day of sunshine, is now wrapped in the shades of night. Only some select university scholars still handle his volumes fondly; the once infallible Pope is still less esteemed. Scarce a complete couplet survives even of his satires; nor are Swift, Gray, Goldsmith, or

Campbell much better remembered. Gray's "Elegy" remains a terror to schoolboys set for translation; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is generally known as a name, but that is all. Each succeeding day which adds one novel, and each succeeding week which adds one periodical magazine, to the enormous sum of fugitive literature, is on its way to the complete annihilation of those fine works for which not only their authors, but their students, half a century or even twenty years ago, thoughtfully prophesied an immortality. This is because—

"Des êtres par milliers suivent l'instinct fatal,
Et courent après l'or par le bien et le mal"—

for the rapidity of production means hurried money-making, and when once the pay becomes the first object of the writer, his vocation will cease to be an art and become a trade. Thus, the favourites of to-day which are to thrust away the idols of yesterday, will become, as time goes on, less and less worthy of long life, and the few great works which will still occasionally come out with their own high impulse of genius for their first aim and desire of life, will before long be buried with the earlier classics. This could not be the case if readers were a highly educated class, but the mass of readers, not the chosen few, must supply the means of gain to the mass of publishers; and thus the increase in number of those who know their alphabet, and are, therefore, prepared to pass a judgment upon a writer, must be regarded as a formidable invasion of the privileges of the scholar.

Under a pressure threatening the existence of æsthetic development in our national literature, we turn our eyes to distant shores to see if there be any other country which will hold our poets dear and reverentially cherish their life. The Germans have told us that they maintain the glory of Shakespeare which we neglect—and it is no empty boast on their part; but, however favourable the conditions of their nation may be to the conservation of the treasures of literature, and especially of dramatic literature, it cannot be admitted that a poet is enjoying the fulness of his prerogative when he is wearing the fetters of translation; and only in a land where our own language prevails can our literature be duly recognised. It is then to the United States of America that we turn our attention. It is there that we see works produced which seem blood relations to the best of our own; it is there that our own classics are prized and reverenced as worthy models. In the very subjects of complaint found by some American writers we see grounds for the most reasonable hope. In Mr. Underwood's excellent volume entitled "American Authors," the following passage occurs:—"Our great indebtedness to English scholarship seems likely to continue . . . Literary labour is poorly paid in this country . . . The few men of genius—half-a-dozen in a generation—will write because they must; and they will have their reward. As long as the results of an English scholar's labour can be imported and used without payment, the American scholar can find no market in his own country."

Now, in these remarks we find reason for satisfaction. The American scholar having no profitable market at hand will only write because he is urged by an irresistible impulse; his art will not degenerate into a trade, he will dwell upon a hill apart, and meditate and record his meditations instead of forcing his ideas. The few like him will gather round him; a nucleus of first-rate work will be kept entire, the taste which originates such labour will demand for its gratification a constant supply of the best productions of English authors both of the past and the present time. We may point this observation with one fact—American publishers sell ten times the number of copies of "Philip Van Artevelde" that are sold in England.

Let us consider now the fields of American native literature which have burst into flower and some of those that are yet budding; we must confine ourselves to works of imagination, for even a glance at history, science, and philosophy would be impossible in the narrow limits of a review article.

Literature may be said to have begun in America at the time of its separation from England; till then the puritanical sentiment was the only impulse it had; new settlers had little time for the indulgence of taste and art of any kind, and what compositions did force their way into print were chiefly of the hymn-book character. Stephen Daye was the first man who printed a book in America, and this was the Bay psalm-book, compiled by Eliot—known as the Apostle Eliot—in the year 1640. Daye's printing press was set up in the President's house at Cambridge, in Massachusetts. These psalms are only interesting chronologically, and but for the time and place of their production, they would not be worthy of record. In 1636, Harvard College was founded as a religious seminary, and for some time, indeed during a whole century, it produced no scholars of any great note, but gradually its restricted conditions changed; its sphere of activity widened, the spirit of national independence in the day when America declared its freedom affected it as it affected every other institution, and many of the most distinguished of American writers were educated under its auspices. Its influence has been considerable upon the world of letters, but not exclusive; many other institutions of a similar kind flourish in the United States.

In imaginative literature, next in order of development to rhyme founded on theology, which only by an act of courtesy can be allowed to belong to the region of poetry, follows narrative in the shape of fiction; and such narrative will assuredly in the infancy of a literature shape itself upon some old national type: that is, it will be distinctly imitative; not springing into ardent manhood all at once, as the newly-created Adam of Michael Angelo, but following rather the scientific theory of Mr. Darwin, and showing its pristine powers in the preceding stage of the ape.

Some novels of this quality, by one Brockden Brown, a native of Philadelphia and an imitator of Godwin, excited a good deal of attention in America in the last century. He is hardly known at all in England. American critics tells us that he transcended his model in the power of revolting his readers; an exhibition of force which should be sparingly used in works of art.

The beauty of American literature had its first blossoming in the productions of Washington Irving and Bryant, both of them founded on classical models of the English type, and reflecting not the spirit of their own new national vigour but the established taste of the old kingdom. They are both more distinguished by grace than force; not that either of them is feeble, for true grace cannot exist without a certain amount of power; it must be regarded as one of its modes of expression; an indication of it, taking a special form of beauty; a delicate shaping of thought, not demanding an impulse of great energy, but still requiring some innate strength for its existence. The finished perfection of Washington Irving's style was beyond the originality, and still more beyond the intensity of his conception. There have been few writers more popular. He announced the dawn of a new day, and he rose like the skylark with the rising sun. He was the harbinger of his country's literature. He was not a poet, but his prose was full of melodious cadence and gentle utterance. His perceptions were vivid and tender. He had a fine spirit of humanity, with no national prejudice and hardly any national characteristic.

Irving was a fertile writer. "Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch-book," "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and the "Life of Columbus," are the works by which he is best known in England, but his "Life of Washington" is prized as much as any of his productions in America; and besides this he was the author of a life of Oliver Goldsmith, and of some other pleasant biographies and books of travel. His humour recalls to the reader's mind the genial pleasantry of Goldsmith, but it bears more the impress of books and less of nature; it is more elaborate and less spontaneous. In his meditative essays, Washington Irving's poetical mind engages the affection if it does not stimulate the intellect of the reader. He has not the original stimulus which excites passionate admiration, but the interest which he awakens is of a lasting kind.

Irving was the first popular prose writer, Bryant was the first popular poet, of the New World. He was born at Cummington, in Massachusetts, in the year 1794. His father was a man of considerable attainments, and educated him with care; he was for two years at William's College, and he practised for a short time at the bar before he finally adopted literature as a profession. He was then something besides a student, and a man writes and thinks none the worse for that. Bryant's poetry is free from spasm, contortion, or gloom. It has nothing false in it. Its versification is melodious and sufficiently varied, it offends no old established laws. In reading Bryant we feel that Bryant has read Wordsworth; that he is a disciple of the school which had for its foundation a continual communing with nature, and in which the skies, the stars, the winds, the floods, and the fields were paramount; in which man derives the sole significance of his existence from his interpretation of the objects surrounding him. In this poetry, passion is subordinate to meditation, and meditation is stirred by the contemplation of the world outside. There can be no doubt that Wordsworth exercised a considerable influence over the mind of Bryant, but it would not be true to call him an imitator. His thought took its impulse from the school of English poets designated as the Lake School, but its shaping was not theirs: his composition was more finished and was finer than Wordsworth's; it was more symmetrical, and indeed there is hardly a fault to be found in it unless perfection itself be a fault. There is, perhaps, in some of Bryant's pieces a monotony of excellence, but he does not fall into the grave error of lengthiness as Wordsworth did, nor into that of exaggerated simplicity. On the other hand he is wanting in the passion which stirs with Wordsworth, whether in the woodland scene, by the river side, by the plunging cataract, or the ruined abbey. Wordsworth in his raptures as a contemplator of nature, embraces with a yearning sympathy all humanity; his tenderness is deepest for the worker in field and wood, his sympathy is stronger for the shepherd than the king, but his desire for the improvement of the human race is everywhere apparent, and even when his volumes of poetry cease to be read, the influence of their pleadings for the suffering classes will prevail.

Bryant's field is more restricted; his meditations are less fervent; they are generally pervaded by a tender melancholy, gentle and soothing, without any rousing action. It is difficult to understand how it has happened that some distinguished critics have compared his "Thanatopsis" to Milton's outpourings of creative thought. In what passages of Bryant's work do they find the vast harmonies, or the great procession of imagery, which that magnificent old Puritan brings forth?

Milton's thought, freed even by the loss of outward vision, soared and touched the illimitable. The boundaries of Bryant's imagination are discernible, and "Thanatopsis," more than most other of his poems, suggests a recollection of Wordsworth. Might not any one conversant with the most remarkable works of the lake poet, "The Prelude," "The Excursion," or the "Ode to Immortality," imagine himself still meditating his pages in reading the opening lines of Bryant's poem ?—

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion in her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language : for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness and a smile,
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware."

The poem rises into a higher eloquence as it proceeds, but its utterances are unlike Milton's ; instead of the long sounding period, the rolling thunder, the imperious majesty, there is the divine sorrow of a contemplation deep and quiet. Selection is always difficult, and perhaps more so from a short than from a long poem, but among many beautiful lines in "Thanatopsis," perhaps these are the most striking :

> " . . . . The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the oaks
> Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
> The venerable woods—rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
> Are but the solemn decorations all
> Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
> The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
> Are shining on the sad abodes of death
> Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
> Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
> Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there."

* * * * * * *

et the reader pause upon that line which describes the dreariness f a far stretching colourless sea, and it will make an indelible npression upon him so that he will never again look out over the d wide waters without the sound in his mind of Bryant's rhythmical ords,

> "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

* * * * * *

It is in glimpses of nature that Bryant's fancy wakes most brightly; he can with his delicate observation, set in sweet words, present a flower, a ray of sunshine, a rustling leaf, or a bird's flight, with all their perfume, colour, and vitality investing them. At such moments the echo of another voice in his tones disappears; nature herself is for ever original, and a perfect image of her must share the freshness of her life.

Upon the poets Pierpoint, Drake, Dana, and Halleck, we have not space to dwell; they do not occupy a prominent place in imaginative writing; but we turn with pleasure to the animating scenes of prose and fiction which Fenimore Cooper constructed for the delight of all who love adventure, movement, and unfettered life, who care to listen to the rousing storm, to force a path through the dark mysteries of wild forests, to roam by the side of the painted Indian over silent prairies, to recognise nature in her primitive aspects, unrestricted:—uncomfortable, perhaps, if the actual were to take the place of the fanciful, but full of attraction for those who like to give themselves up to the contemplation of the distant and intangible. Cooper described with the picturesque touch of the novelist things that he knew. He was two years in the navy, he was conversant with the sea in all her moods, and with the lives of those whose life depended on them; he passed a portion of his youth also on the border of the wilderness, and became familiar with the ways of the wild Indian. When he first published in the shape of a romance the record of his experiences, he created an extraordinary sensation in his own country, which soon extended both to England and France. He was the favourite novelist of Balzac, who generally carried a volume of his romances about with him, and who, on one occasion, finding himself short of money to pay for an exorbitant number of patties which he had devoured, made up the overplus to the pastrycook by presenting her on the spot with a novel of Cooper's, the sole thing he had left in his pocket. Cooper was the first novelist of the United States whose genius gained universal admiration. He was born in 1789, and died in 1851. His works are as well-known in England as in America, and though not read with the same eagerness as at the time of their publication, they are certainly not forgotten yet. "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover," "The Pioneers," "The Spy," and "The Last of the Mohicans," are still familiar names among us; they have in them the life derived from an original observation of nature.

Catherine Sedgwick and Lydia Maria Child were novelists of subordinate power, but not without the merit of some picturesque fancy, and American imagination was not now to slumber any more; it was waked into full energy by the genius of Emerson, a name dear to all who know how to prize the richest gifts of the human intellect, and the highest instincts of the human heart. Emerson, forcible in creative thought and in mode of expression, linked philosophy and poetry together with bonds such as they had never known before. The union under his control is a perfect one, in which no change can be desired. His expressions in poetry are unconventional; he takes the word which fits his thought, not caring whether it has or has not been used by any preceding poet. He liberated American poetry from the thraldom of old models; he vivified American philosophy with poetic ideality. He is original and he is true. We approach his writings with that sense of animation which a fine semblance of life inspires in contrast with weak imitation of antique classics: those who have recently found themselves in the sculpture room of Burlington House, facing Dalou's French peasant, and surrounded by attempts to reproduce old Greek forms of grace, will understand the strong impression which a perfect veracity in art makes upon the mind. This simple childlike mother nursing her infant, has the very breath of existence in her; it is felt in the countenance which gazes down upon the little tender thing whom she is nourishing; in her protecting upholding arm; in the characteristic dimple just above her elbow; in the folds of the homely dress she wears; in the baby's clutching action; in every portion of this model of unaffected nature. The artist has not sought to exhibit force in shapes of ugliness; his departure from the classical idea is only a different beauty—the beauty of such truth as he has seen in his own country by the wayside, opposed to that which he might vainly strive to imagine through the relics surviving of bygone ages and a glory that is past. There is the same charming truthfulness in Emerson's pictures of life. We may take as an example of his fine perception and peculiar power of expression, his little poem called "The Humble Bee":

"Burly, dozing, humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

"Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air."

Voyager of night and noon,
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,
All without is martyrdom."

In these two stanzas there is much described with that accuracy which gives a faithful image to the reader, and more is suggested. It is the function of poetry to render the image of things seen, adding to them ideas, not definitely told. The poet who deals only in exact delineation soon tires the attention; the imagination must be roused to a perception of its own potentialities in order to enjoy the record of the poet's sensations. Without the quality of suggestiveness a man may be a good verse-writer, a sound thinker, or a clever satirist, but he cannot be a great poet. What a perspective of beauty those first ten lines of Emerson's open out! How blithely we follow that bee singing in his wanderings with a sense of the distant and the vast! What bright colours float about us as we voyage through the light and noon led by the sweet hum of that happy Epicurean!

And still more brightly, still more melodiously the next two verses carry us on:—

"When the south wind in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance;
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets;
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

"Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone;
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and birdlike pleasure."

* * * * *

How deliciously in these two stanzas we feel the south wind sti !
How many thoughts rise up with that romance which tints the hum
countenance, with those subtle heats which turn the sods to viole
and with that mellow breezy bass which displaces the green silen

of quiet nature! In this green silence how much is at once understood; in the breezy bass what a pretty hint is conveyed of the bee's gipsy Bohemian life; and how poetically the sense of movement is enforced upon us by the force of contrast in that dreamy vision of repose conveyed in the "Syrian peace, immortal leisure!" The longer this poetry is dwelt upon the more it will unfold: whatever we discern at first in it, there is always something more to be discovered. Emerson is better known to the English nation by his essays than by his poems; yet they should be read together, for the same mind is in both, showing its quality of strength most in prose and of beauty in verse. It is difficult to resist the temptation to make some extracts from the essays, so vigorous in thought and so exquisite in their wording, but they do not properly belong to the class of imaginative works which are under discussion here; and even if they did, a selection of special passages would be almost an impossibility, when the coherence of the whole is so evidently important. The essay on Love is perhaps the most remarkable for its imaginative charm, co-existing with penetrating thought. Writing on a subject which might be supposed to be already exhausted by much thinking, much writing, and much singing, Emerson has made it new; and cutting fresh paths and diving into unseen depths, he seems a bold pioneer conquering a remote country rather than a traveller in beaten ways. There are other of his essays more profound, there is none more alluring. Emerson, known to be an admirer of Carlyle, has by such as have not read him been quoted as an imitator. This is an error so immediately detected by even a superficial reading of his works that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. Emerson, whether as a poet or a philosopher, is essentially original. He has the motive power which comes from within, from a volcanic fire of his own, not the reflection of any other man's heat. Seeking always the true, and rendering it in the most exact expressions he can find, his style appears simple; but his thought is complex and built up in compact structure. His habit of concentration is an essential attribute of his vital energy which demands no doubt a considerable amount of mental vigour in the student who honestly seeks to master all his meaning. A creative genius induces new animation in all his surroundings, and he is happy when this appears not in imitative efforts, but in an up-springing intelligence in other directions.

Emerson was not adopted as a model; on the contrary he was inadequately recognized when he first appeared by the many; but a great spirit rouses its kindred, and after his advent American writers ceased to cling to the skirts of the mother-country and moved freely. The infancy of American literature was past.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most brilliant among the men who have stamped our English prose with the ideal beauty of a poetic imagination, was cotemporary in birth with Emerson, but he is gone before: he has left us; we deplore him as a dear friend parted, for his place was in the heart of his reader—in the heart's core. He dealt with the profoundest emotions. He analyzed them with the most subtle investigation; he traced with complete skill the analogies between the seen and the unseen; he pierced mystery, he dived into the soul of man, his plunge was deep as Balzac's. French literature has exercised a wide influence over that of most other nations, and of all French writers Balzac has made the strongest impression. He brought to the examination of the human mind an exact anatomical knowledge, he took a bleeding human heart in his hands and unflinchingly dissected it; not a palpitation, not the faintest vibration of a nerve escaped him—he scraped away the integuments and laid the whole suffering system bare with his cruel knife. Such a process belongs more to the province of surgery than of art: and it is rather a sense of power and an admiration of extraordinary skill that we experience in reading Balzac's works than any sympathetic emotion or exaltation of passion such as should accompany the noblest efforts of the imaginative faculty.

But a new power revealed; human instincts strongly dealt with; an extraordinary ingenuity shown in the manner of their exhibition,—these were qualities to rouse attention and to turn thought into unaccustomed channels. In such channels many work now who are not aware of the master-hand which opened them out, who can truly say that they have not read a syllable of Balzac's writing. The influence of an original thinker is long before it dies out; perhaps never completely dies. In Hawthorne's works there is something felt of Balzac's sway;—but Hawthorne is neither an imitator nor a disciple; and with him a similar skill in anatomical scrutiny is differently used. There is nothing of the gross and little of the physical in Hawthorne: his descriptions, except where they treat of external nature, are psychological and spiritual in the highest degree. He analyzes the human mind, surrounding it with strange, mysterious circumstances. He loves the remote, the romantic, the marvellous, the impossible: he blends with it so much elaborate and perfect detail that it seems real: we are taken up from our own atmosphere into his; there is no incoherence to startle us; and whether the subject of the romance be the human descendant of a faun who inherits his ears and his mental attributes, or a philosopher who passes his life in concocting the drink of immortality, we are never allowed for a moment to doubt the truth of their existence. Hawthorne's mind, fervent and brooding, often drew its inspirations from slight, hardly tangible hints of sorrow which appeared sometimes in the paragraph of a newspaper, or in a friend's letter, or in some passing word caught by chance.

The origin of the "Scarlet Letter" occurred in a passage of a daily journal, which an ordinary reader might have passed unnoticed, but which, suggesting to Hawthorne more than it told, caused him long pause and pondering, and gave rise finally in his fermenting thought to one of the most remarkable works of imagination that has ever appeared. It is very well known among us in England—perhaps the best known of the author's romances. It is the most persistently painful of them all. The plot works itself out among a small group of characters whose relations to each other are the most disagreeable that can well be conceived: a disgraced wife—her seducer—her husband—her illegitimate child, all living near together in the same settlement of New England, where puritanic manners, puritanic society, puritanic coldness, cruelty, and hypocrisy combine to bear down upon a woman's fault. The incidents and emotions arising from this terrible position are conceived and narrated with a power peculiar to Hawthorne. His touch is fine as it is strong; and through the horrors of the theme there pierces still a spiritual light, the reflection of the author's soul. There is also a local and historic interest in the life of the pilgrim settlers; and the traits of character, and bits of dialogue among casual crowds and mobs, gaolers, officers, ministers, relieve by their dramatic power the subjective tendencies of the work. Hawthorne's habit of introspection is the result of his essentially poetical imagination.

The Poet broods over one thought and unfolds the changing forms, the altering aspects, the fever, the exhaustion, the never-ending phases of an overwhelming passion. The Dramatist deals with the actions, thoughts, and speech of all manner of men, with their various motives and movements. The dramatist, however, may exhibit a passion that is lyrical in its character by concentrating his power upon one principal figure, and dealing with the soul of that personage with an exclusive partiality. This is the case in Shakespeare's Hamlet. On the other hand, the most brooding and one-sided imagination, if it be powerful in the highest sense, must be provided with the dramatic element. This is the case with Hawthorne: his outside world is exhibited with a striking dramatic truth. He has an equal force in describing animate and inanimate nature. The arm-chair is real as the old woman who sits in it. No detail is too minute to escape his observation. Those who have read his wonderful romance called "Transformation" will call to mind how the actual and the marvellous, not to say the impossible, are here blended together with a vivid semblance of truth: how the

Roman piazza, the artist's studio, the ordinary forms of Italian daily life are brought into harmony with the strangest, the most abnormal conditions of human passion and criminality; and how over all the utmost purity of a human soul prevails, having its home in a woman's form, shedding alike over æsthetic enjoyment and bitter suffering a divine radiance. Any one who does not remember these things on the mention of the word "Transformation," should instantly procure the volume and read in it till to forget becomes impossible.

The "House with the Seven Gables," inferior in constructive skill to the "Scarlet Letter," and much narrower in its range than "Transformation," yet contains some of Hawthorne's most beautiful ideas and most remarkable descriptive paragraphs; for instance, when the poor old gentlewoman, Hephzibah Pyncheon, reduced to keeping a small shop, first opens business, how clearly the reader is made to see every corner of her wretched warehouse, and to recognize the existence of every one of her wretched sensations. Here is the description:

> "Nervously—in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say—she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares on the shelves and at the shop-window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, ladylike old figure, there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a great anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand: a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp . . . . Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk: it has ceased to be an elephant and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hephzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position; as her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her: for here—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader it is our own fault not that of the theme—here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility." . . . . .

Let us pass from this exquisite grotesqueness to the perfect beauty of Phœbe's portrait:

> "Nothing more beautiful—nothing prettier at least—was ever made than Phœbe, and therefore, to this man—whose whole poor and impalpable enjoyment of existence heretofore and until both his heart and fancy died within him had been a dream—whose images of woman had more and more lost their substance, and been frozen like the pictures of secluded artists into the chillest ideality—to him this little figure of the cheeriest household life was just what he required to bring him back into the breathing world. Persons who have wandered and been expelled out of the common track of things, even were it for a better system, desire nothing so much as to be led back. They shiver in their loneliness, be it on a mountain top or in a

dungeon. Now Phœbe's presence made a home about her—that very sphere which the outcast, the prisoner, the potentate, the wretch beneath mankind, the wretch aside from it, or the wretch above it, instinctively pines after—a home! She was real! Holding her hand you felt something: a tender something: a substance and a warm one; and so long as you should feel its grasp, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature. The world was no longer a delusion. By looking a little further in this direction we might suggest an explanation of an often suggested mystery. Why are poets so apt to choose their mates not for any similarity of poetic endowment, but for qualities which might make the happiness of the rudest handicraftsman as well as that of the ideal craftsman of the spirit? Because probably at its highest elevation the poet needs no human intercourse; but he finds it dreary to descend and be a stranger" . . . . . .

In this beautiful passage the charm of Phœbe is indicated by the description of the sensations she excites without any attempt at positive delineation of her features. This is by far the surest way of conveying an impression of loveliness to the reader: the grotesque, the awkward, the deformed, the hideous, may be exactly described —beauty evades hard handling.

Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Blithedale Romance," and "Our Old Home," are universally known, and the two first mentioned are universally admired. But to the "Old Home" England has not done justice. It contains some of the most delicious descriptions of our rural scenery ever written, and of all who have visited Shakespeare's birth-place, Hawthorne is the recorder who has brought the old house with its surroundings into the fullest life. Through fields and woods, by the river-side, he strolled, his poet's soul stealing fragrance from every wild-flower that grew in his path. Through stately halls he moved with a deep historic interest—to every picturesque doorway, to every noble architecture, to every glowing picture, he brought that knowledge, that feeling, that richly-stored fancy which not only enabled him to appreciate what he saw, but to communicate his appreciation to others. This volume therefore should be cherished as a treasure-house by English readers; but unluckily the author dropped a few ill-advised words about the obesity of English women as they advanced in years, and this bitter ingredient poisoned the cup of sweets. The book is generally rejected by English society, for English women are not without their privileges. The remarks which rankled in the British mind made little sensation in America, while the images rendered of relics of the past in old castles and old towns, of the charms of the present in shadowy glades, wild heaths, and green meadows, excited a new deep interest, and set many longing to see the old country.

Hawthorne's posthumous work, "Septimius," has in it the essence of all his other writings. It is a psychological study of the finest kind. There is hardly any change of scene in it, there is not much variety of character; Septimius, with his whole soul given up to the pursuit of one object, the drink of immortality, remains rooted to one spot, seeking for ever to decipher a strange mystic manuscript which is supposed to contain the great secret. In his garden is buried the body of a young English officer whom he has slain in fight, the time of action being that of the great American war with England. Flowers grow on the sod which covers the young Englishman; one rises up of extraordinary glow and brilliancy, of wonderful texture, of startling crimson beauty, which exhibits all the conditions of the plant indicated by the manuscript as the needful ingredient for the draught of eternal life. A pale girl who wanders up and down by this grave, having some mysterious relationship to the dead officer, and an old wizard aunt, are the sole companions of Septimius, and the dreary monotony is only interrupted by occasional glimpses of a healthy village-maiden named Rose. The book depends for its interest upon the alternations of feeling accompanying the passionate quest of Septimius, and upon his gradual alienation from human sympathy as he becomes more and more absorbed in that remote hope which, if fulfilled, would separate him from the daily interests of mankind. The force of Hawthorne's imagination is shown in this, that the feeling never lessens with which the reader follows Septimius, that the spell of wild magic operating on the characters of the book never ceases to work on those who enter upon its pages, and that over the dismal and grotesque ideas called up, a sense of spiritual beauty dominates; a communion of the soul with the distant, the invisible, the impalpable. Those who sympathize with the peculiar genius of Hawthorne, and long to go further into the fine intricacies of his mind, should procure his American, English, and Italian "Note-books," and there they will be able to watch the sowing of the seed which grew into the flower. Here is an idea which unfolded itself in "Septimius." The suggestion occurs in his American Note-book:—

> "A girl's lover to be slain and buried in her flower garden, and the earth levelled over him. That particular spot, which she happens to plant with some peculiar variety of flowers, produces them of admirable splendour, beauty, and perfume, and she delights with an indescribable impulse to wear them in her bosom and scent her chamber with them. Thus the classic fantasy would be realized of dead people transformed to flowers."

It is strange how constantly Hawthorne's mind riveted itself upon death and all its accompaniments. The grave, the winding-sheet, the corruption of the body; he gazed into these things with an irresistible fascination, till at last he asked the question that he could not answer—Was there, under any conditions, a possibility of a human being evading the law of human decay? The physical process of death was at once alluring and appalling to him. He was fastened to it by the horror it inspired; a state of mind which, in a highly-strung nervous system and poetical temperament, it is easy to conceive. He shielded himself from his gloomy impression by evoking the aid of spiritualism; an environment of mystic supernatural agencies served to cast into shadow that which he saw so keenly and shuddered to see.

Hawthorne was born in 1804 and died in 1864. He was a fellow-student of Longfellow at Bowdoin College, and now it is time to speak of this comrade of his who, in another direction, has attained a distinction as widely recognized. With an imagination less fervid than Hawthorne's, Longfellow had sympathies more largely diffused, and his ideas clothed themselves in melodious verse; his sentiment is tender and pure; he is emotional, but seldom in the highest degree passionate. He deals with feelings universally understood, which he expresses in sweet cadences, and therefore his shorter pieces are admirably suited to an union with music. His songs are general favourites in English society. There are few to whom "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Day is Done," "The Bridge," "Excelsior," are not familiar strains. The story of "Evangeline," in spite of its heavy hexameters, is also popular; "Hiawatha," less universal in its attractions, holds a dearer place in the affections of those who are able to prize it. It is a tale of savage life; its scenery is among dark forests and mighty rivers. Its motive or plot is the effort of the chief of the Ojibways, Hiawatha, to elevate the condition of his tribe: a superstitious reverence attaches to him, and being a reformer, he is regarded as a demi-god. His character is noble, and in all his adventures the sympathy of the reader follows him. There is great life and variety of incident mingled with a fine spiritual essence throughout the poem, and the poet's passion is intense in the passage where Hiawatha's affliction overwhelms him upon the death of his wife. The "Voices of the Night," the "Poems on Slavery," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Golden Legend," the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are well known among Longfellow's many poetical pieces; and in prose, his charming German romance of "Hyperion," has been read with general appreciation. His attributes as a poet and as a writer of imaginative prose are such as win for him a large amount of general affection and of feminine worship; few American authors have taken firmer root in our soil.

Among the essentially national poets of America, John Greenleaf Whittier ought to be mentioned. He is original, and his pictures of life are striking. His little poem of "Maude Müller" has in it so much of pathetic suggestion and vivid painting, that it is a favourite with public readers, and has been made popular by recitation; but the author has written works of higher significance. His eloquence has been strongly exerted for the redress of great wrongs. His "Home Ballads," his "Songs of Labour," and his "Voices of Freedom," have many admirers in America; and when the literature of the United States diffuses itself more in our country they will be appreciated here; but at present there is as little of American as of French poetry current in London society. There is a prevalent belief among us that Americans are all money-makers, and an association between the production of poetry and the acquisition of wealth is rejected as an impossible idea. It is true that the poets are not the money-makers of America, and it is also true that the habit of monetary speculation must induce excitements vivid and positive, which cannot co-exist with that high order of passionate ideality which is essential to æsthetic development. But though the eager bent of the mind towards the sole acquisition of riches is prone to wither the noblest intellectual faculties, it is not to be supposed that the practical work of a professional life necessarily interferes with literary achievements. It may, if not too absorbing in itself, promote their excellence by guarding the mind from that exaggerated idiosyncrasy which is too often the fate of secluded genius.

Nathaniel Hawthorne himself held a place in the Custom-house at Boston, and was for a time consul at Liverpool; and Wendell Holmes, the brilliant novelist and essayist, has a considerable reputation as a physiologist. His works are familiar to all the reading classes of England. Few novels are more often asked for at the circulating library or the railway bookstall than that of "Elsie Venner," and the charming essays in the form of scene and dialogue contained in "The Autocrat," "The Professor," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," are esteemed among us as treasures of thought. Through much subtle philosophy, which they set forth in the garb of familiar things, there runs a mixed current of practical and imaginative power which gives a peculiar character to all these works. The author is a man of the world, a penetrating observer, a humourist, and a poet with strong human sympathies in every direction, with a natural tenderness of heart, restrained by his robust vital energy from that sorrow, deep or bitter, which possesses minds more exclusively poetical. Wendell Holmes is that rare existence—a cheerful poet. His occasional deviations into sadness, serve to enhance his more frequent geniality, and he leaves his reader the happier for his company, with no worse grief than the pleasant pang of parting; pleasant as an indication of the gratification already experienced, which is not recalled without a hope of renewal. Among the many charming poetical pieces introduced into the prose works of Wendell Holmes, there are few more graceful than that called "The Voiceless," which occurs in the course of some remarkably clever dialogue on music and poetry in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":—

"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber;
But o'er their silent sisters' breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

"Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross but not the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

"O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses:
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as Earth, as sweet as Heaven!"

The first two stanzas of this little poem are perfect in the beauty of their sentiment and the sweetness of their melody. The last has a blemish in it which may be indicated as characteristic of the author. It is to be found in these two lines,—

"Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses."

The conceit of Death pouring out his wine from Misery's crushing presses, strains the ingenuity and turns aside the feeling of the reader. The glow of sentiment is impeded by investigation of the analogy, and when it is all worked out between reader and writer, it is not worth the pursuit; the images it calls up are out of harmony with the theme of the poem, and fall below it. Vats and wine-presses, with a figure of Death perched on the top of them, are incongruous and grotesque. This passage may be accepted as typical of the one fault which occasionally disfigures the poetical conceptions of Wendell Holmes. On the other hand, his knowledge of science is often brought to bear admirably upon his imaginative and humorous pictures, adding force to their structural beauty. This power is felt in both his novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel." They are works of a high order of intellectual conception, to which no justice can be done by extracts. They abound in fertility of invention and in characters original and consistent; and they are lifted out of the commonplace of the work-a-day world by spiritual aspirations, by curious gleams of poetical fancy, and by the power of showing forth the workings of secret inward passion associated with the influences of outward nature. "Elsie Venner" is the best ordered story of the two, but in both works the interest is of a more enduring kind than that which consists merely in the intricacy of an ingenious plot. Wendell Holmes's last work, "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," misses none of the attributes of its predecessors, and many more treasures may be hoped for from his fertile mind. He graduated at Harvard College, which has before been mentioned here as sending forth many distinguished writers.

The men who are made prophets out of their own country are frequently those whose inspirations blaze with false fire: among such must be counted Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Baltimore in 1811, and died in a fit of drunken misery in the year 1849. He had a remarkable power of language, and a vivid impulse. His stories are singular in their constructive power; and in the conduct of a difficult plot, or the management of a long chain of circumstantial evidence, he has few rivals. His intellect is vigorous, his grasp is strong, and no man knows better how to shape his ideas; but these are not of a high character, and the popular element, the capacity which seizes the fancy of the grosser numbers by the effect which a surprise produces, is conspicuous in his writings. "The Raven" is the poem by which he is best known in England, and it has acquired so much celebrity for its author that it is not uncommon to hear in reply to such a question as, "Are there any poets in America?" "Poets! oh, yes; there is Edgar Poe, you know, who wrote 'The Raven.'" America would be barren both in quality and quantity if that were all, or if that were the chief of her poetical productions. The poem of "The Raven" may be described as the remorseful shriek of a troubled conscience; it projects strange phantasms, it is a startling representation of a special form of delirium in a diseased mind, and its peculiarities of rhyme and rhythm force it upon the attention. The passion which inspires it is one which is easily understood. It has more of spasm than of true vitality; but it is not altogether devoid of beauty. Its tricks of manner recommend it to vulgar tastes, and having enjoyed an immense immediate popularity, it is likely to be rated much lower a few years hence than it is now. Already it has sunk below the first estimate formed of it.

There is a poet little known among us, who is the author of a translation of Virgil and of some singularly beautiful original pieces. This is Christopher Pearse Cranch. He is a landscape painter by profession; he is a poet by inspiration. Every line of his writing shows a deep intimacy with nature, with her beauties and her mysteries, and a kindly sympathy with humanity. He ought to be quoted largely; but American poets crowd upon us, and justice, or anything resembling justice, to them all is impossible at present. Cranch's "Morning" and "Night" may be mentioned as gems of thought, feeling, and expression; but here he must be left with much regret, and other claims must be attended to.

Among novelists few have made a wider reputation than Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is a reputation well deserved. At the present moment it has fallen below its proper level, owing to the reaction which almost invariably succeeds to an extraordinary excitement. The highest mark of popularity was reached by her first well-known work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was in the year 1851 that this remarkable novel was published. It was written with a noble passion; it was a high-minded woman's protest against slavery. In her creative imagination, the evils of one of the worst forms of oppression that ever existed for the degradation of a great nation, shaped themselves into a story of which the central figure was a fine old negro called familiarly Uncle Tom. He is a true individual character, as grand in his way as the Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo. All his accessories are described with admirable skill: the sorrow of the narrative is relieved by traits of exquisite humour; the Whites are not painted too black, and some of the feminine characters are full of tenderness. As a work of art it has only one fault. This is the constant prominence of the purpose of the book; a great purpose, which had a great result, but which is destructive to the artistic harmony of parts, to the just proportion necessary to a perfect structure of the imagination. "Uncle Tom" was read in its day not merely with avidity but with fury. It was translated into every known language. It was the cause of anti-slavery movements everywhere. Society was all astir. The ladies of England were stimulated to open demonstrations. This book seemed to occupy all space for the time. It has dwindled now, not into actual death, but into the stillness which follows a tempest, and it may be laid down as a principle in art, that no novel will hold a permanently high place in literature if a special passion in its author is evident. The novelist should have no direct action of his own mind to affect that of his characters; he should be impassible, so as to have them completely at his command; his own presence should never intrude: the same thing is true of the dramatic poet. The lyrical poet may indulge freely in his personal sensibilities; the essence of his beauty may be a long sigh or a bitter moan; it is his privilege to deal with himself till he brings a sympathizing world to worship at his feet and echo his complaint.

Mrs. Stowe's second anti-slavery work, called "Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," forces its motive less upon the attention than "Uncle Tom," and is a more artistic work; but it is in "The Minister's Wooing," where there is no paramount moral theory, that her genius as a novelist is perfectly developed. This is a beautiful story charmingly told. The characters are various and true; the scenery is admirably painted; and so long as first-rate works of fiction continue to be read this book will be cherished.

Those who have read the works of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," "Hedged In," and "The Silent Partner" (and her readers are innumerable), will not need to be told that a special purpose is the nucleus of each of her narratives, and that throughout them all her intention is present and undisguised; to such a point, indeed, that they should be viewed rather as tracts on a large scale than as stories to be considered as works of art. Yet the writer has the power of language, the conception of passion, and the skill in description, which may make her a great novelist, if she does not prefer the line she has hitherto adopted of eloquent exhortation in the shape of fiction.

One of the most original and picturesque novels ever written, is hardly known at all in our country. It is called "Margaret." Its author is Sylvester Judd; he was a native of Massachusetts and a Unitarian minister. His mind was stirred by earnest religious convictions and by a universal humanity; his story rather moves him than he his story, and he is remarkable for his dramatic power. The scene is laid in New England at the beginning of this century; and the manners of the people, their dialogue, their ignorant religionism, their drunken excesses, are so represented as to seem absolutely true; while as a background to these curious conditions of human life, there is a wonderful affluence of nature as seen in great forests, dreary wastes, remote villages, with an atmosphere of storm and sunshine, and flowery golden beauty, the whole rambling scenery and sometimes rambling interests of the story being harmonized and centralized by the essence of all beauty, which becomes definite and animated in the principal character.

Margaret unites the highest spiritual and the finest physical attributes of a woman. She is almost perfect, and yet she is possible. Those who seek in a novel the skilful development of plot, must not turn over the pages of Mr. Judd's "Margaret;" but those who like to dwell upon the diversities of human character, the impulses of human hearts, and the vicissitudes of human life apart from the conventions of civilized society, will find delight in the study of every chapter. The wide field of observation which this novel embraces, its meditative episodes, and its general indifference to established form recall to the reader Goethe's romance of Wilhelm Meister; but there is no sign of direct imitation in it—it stands alone.

Mrs. Whitney's clever novels of "The Gayworthys," "Hitherto," "Margaret Faithful," deserve notice; but they are well known to the British public, and have been frequently criticised, and much read, while some writers with higher inspirations are not yet appreciated among us.

Possibly not many English readers are acquainted with the charming works of Colonel Higginson. His volume of Atlantic Essays and his "Army Life with a Black Regiment," being works of philosophical thought and historical narrative, are unfortunately excluded from consideration here; but his romance called "Malbone" is not unworthy of their author. It is a story in one volume; a form which the best of the French writers frequently adopt, but which English publishers are wont to reject as unprofitable. As a trade speculation the one-volume novel may possibly be unsuccessful, but it is certainly favourable to the conditions of art. The author condenses instead of expanding his idea, and gains strength. He is able to concentrate his interest, and he is not driven to seek extraneous matter merely for the sake of bulk. George Sand, Octave Feuillet, Madame Reybaud, Jules Sandeau, Charles de Bernard, and Balzac, have issued some of their finest productions each contained in one volume, telling their stories simply, poetically, without trivial additions and undesirable episodes to increase the weight of paper in the market. Colonel Higginson's romance of "Malbone" is original; it is striking in its traits of national character and poetical in its descriptions of local scenery. It is essentially American; such affinities as it holds with any foreign school are rather French than English: not only the form of publication but the perfect finish of the style and the analytical tendencies of the author bring it into some sort of relationship with the fine subtleties and passionate imagination of French fiction. "Malbone" is distinguished by a singular power of penetration and by delicate discrimination of character. Knitting together the intricacies of incident and passion, by her continual presence, by her constant commentary, a lady known to everybody as "Aunt Jane," full of humorous peculiarities, is hardly at any moment absent from the scene, and when absent seems still present by the impression she has made. Opposed to this humorous element there is a high-minded girl, called Hope, who, without too much sublimity, shows forth the best qualities of womanhood, and who, without any unfeminine forwardness, is marked by a frank independence which may be considered a national characteristic. It is rarely found in English or French girls associated with perfect modesty and good breeding. The beauty of language, so remarkable in the author of "Malbone," tempts the critic to make extracts, but it is better to abstain. The story is told in a short space, and carefully constructed, so that to sever any of its parts would be to do it

Colonel Higginson is one of those writers whose imagination has been stimulated by active service and varied experience of life. He was pastor of the Free Church in Worcester before he adopted the military profession; he entered the army before the great war between the North and South took place. He was a friend to the suffering negroes. He was the successful leader of the first coloured regiment in the war, and he had reason to be proud of the obedience and bravery of his men. In an engagement on the Edisto River he was wounded and disabled from service.

The union of literary distinction and soldierly enterprise is attractive, but we must not dwell any longer upon Colonel Higginson: the rigid laws of space oblige us to pass over with a bare word some poets with whom we would gladly linger. There is Helen Hunt, the author of a volume of poems called "Verses by H. H.," remarkable for their subtlety of thought and grace of expression; there is Thomas William Parsons, the accomplished translator of Dante, who has also written some excellent original pieces; and there is Julia Ward Howe, clever in many of her productions, and inspired when she wrote her battle "Hymn of the Republic" with that impulse of worship and patriotism which kindles an answering fire in other souls; it was shouted with rapture on every battlefield by every northern troop, it stirred the hearts of thousands to devotion and to action. With a glance of admiration, these and others must be left. No pause may be made for the consideration of Mr. Moncure Conway's philosophical Essays, though they are remarkable for their imaginative eloquence as much as for the extended knowledge and thought of which they are the fruit. Nor can Mr. Lothrop Motley's brilliant histories be discussed here, though they are not less picturesque and vivid in their delineations of scene and character than Sir W. Scott's historical romances. It is evident that these things cannot come into the field of view which is limited to the survey of works of fiction.

The present catalogue of the imaginative writers of America must close with the name of James Russell Lowell, at once the most and the least known in England of the great American authors. His name is familiar in every English assemblage as the author of the "Biglow Papers;" but his serious works have been less read. Yet they deserve at least equal attention.

That one small volume, "Under the Willows, and other Poems," contains a world of poetry within its pages. Meditation, in which keen and creative thought unfolds itself; pictures of nature, rare and true; the changes, the shifting colours and perfumes, the seasons' difference of another sphere brought into our own; a deep, and at moments almost bitter, pathos, are to be found concentrated in the poem which gives its title to this precious volume. The intimate union of external nature with the internal movements of the soul always calls up recollections of Wordsworth. But Lowell, nevertheless, is unlike Wordsworth. Wordsworth's sole passion is for nature; Lowell's passion is his own inward fire associating itself with remote analogies in the outside world and very subtly revealed. His words are never too many; they shape his idea sharply. They never sit loosely as garments put on in haste; they seem, indeed, the very essence of his thoughts. "The Wind-harp," "Palinodes," "The Deadhouse," "Villa Franca," "The Washers of the Shroud," are pieces of concentrated strength and feeling. The "Commemoration Ode of 1865," beginning "Weak-winged is song," is an emphatic proof of the power of poetry to impassion and to exalt our sense, to touch us with a pain that is beautiful, to awaken our sympathy with the noble and the true, on which a whole treatise might be written to show forth the value of every line.

"The Cathedral," published in a small single volume, is a poetic meditation, full of deep, serious sweetness—pathetic, not passionate. Lowell, in all his moods, is self-sustained; his intellect is never blurred by passion. It is not less piercing in his emotional than in his satirical poems: on the other hand, passion is present even in the wit and humour of his "Biglow Papers." They may be considered as an anathema upon the Mexican war, not the less but the more impressive for the comic mask which the speaker wears. It is probable that Lowell's utterance of great truths in rough dialect gave an impulse to the poetry of the work-a-day world which reaches us from the far west; but this theme must be reserved for future comment.

In bringing these considerations to a close we may remark, that American writers, such as aim at anything beyond quick sale, are careful of their craft; they cultivate a choice and accurate style, and in this quality, as in some others, they resemble the French authors of fiction. Our English novelists are, with a few well-known exceptions, wholly indifferent to our English grammar, and beauty of style is so little prized generally in prose, that the symmetry of our language might run the risk of annihilation but for the reverence with which American men of letters cherish it. American literature is now in the vigour of its youth, but the danger of a feeble imitation of established models threatens every national literature as soon as it boasts many men worthy to be copied. The forces from the West, therefore, with a fresh impulse of life, are good as stimulants in a new direction for the American imagination. The greatest evil to be dreaded is money-getting; for when a great art becomes subservient to the desire of gain the artist is transformed into the trader, the art languishes and pines, and in the midst of material affluence dies of want.

JULIET POLLOCK.

ON THE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS OF INLAND SEAS.

IN a former number of this REVIEW (February, 1871), I gave a general account of that part of the inquiries in which I had been engaged during the three preceding years, which bore on the subject of Ocean Circulation; and explained the definite Physical Theory of a *vertical* Circulation, sustained by difference of Temperature alone, to which those inquiries had led. I afterwards found that a similar doctrine had been previously advanced by Pouillet, as best expressing the facts then known; although subsequently put aside by the general acceptance of the erroneous doctrine of a uniform Deep-sea Temperature of 39°, first promulgated by Sir James Ross (on the basis of observations which we now know to have been rendered erroneous by the effect of pressure on his thermometers), and stamped with the great weight of his authority by Sir John Herschel. That it is *theoretically* true, all Physicists must admit. Wherever, in the water of a large basin, different Temperatures prevail, there *must* be different densities, causing differences of lateral and downward pressure; and equilibrium can only be restored by such interchange between different parts of the liquid mass, as will equalize its temperature throughout. But if such a difference between the Temperatures of the two ends of the basin be constantly and persistently maintained, a constant *circulation* will be kept up; the heavier, because colder, water persistently gravitating to the bottom, and flowing along the floor of the basin towards the warmer end; whilst the lighter, because warmer, water will rise to the surface and flow towards the colder end, where, by being again reduced in temperature, it will sink to the bottom, and go through the same round. And that this vertical Circulation has an *actual* existence in the great Ocean-basins, I endeavoured to show from the Temperature-phenomena collected during the *Porcupine* Expeditions of 1869 and 1870; and especially from the contrast between the Thermal condition of the Mediterranean and that of the outside Atlantic under the same parallels.—Although these conclusions have been disputed by several persons who consider themselves as authorities on the subject of Ocean-currents, yet as they have been accepted by such eminent Physicists as Sir John Herschel (in a letter which he was good enough to write to me shortly before his death), Sir George Airy, and Sir William Thomson (who has authorized me to express his entire agreement with me on the whole of this question), I venture to think that they may be regarded as worthy of *provisional* adoption.

The researches of the *Challenger*, so far as they have gone, have fully confirmed them; the basin of the Atlantic between the Azores and St. Thomas, from a depth of 1000 fathoms to a bottom lying in some parts at a depth of 2700 fathoms,* being occupied by water of which the temperature ranges downwards from 40° to 34°·5. That it has not been found to fall still lower, I believe to be due to the very limited communication which the *Arctic* basin has with the North Atlantic; and it seems not improbable that a considerable part of this enormous mass of almost glacial water has come all the way from the *Antarctic* basin. If the doctrine I advocate be correct, the bottom-temperature of the Southern Oceans will be lower than that of the Northern, on account of their free and direct communication with the Antarctic area; and the difference will be especially marked in the Pacific, since, as no Arctic water can come into it through Behring's Straits (whose depth of only 20 fathoms is occupied by a warm current passing northwards), any reduction which may be found in the temperature of its lower stratum must be mainly due to an under-flow of water all the way from the Antarctic area. It may be confidently hoped that the *Challenger*, whose voyage has been so planned as to enable the requisite observations to be made in all these Oceanic areas, may succeed in collecting a body of facts which will either demonstrate the correctness of this theory, or will furnish materials for a better one.

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* The enormous depth of 3875 fathoms has been lately reached, not far north of St. Thomas's. But the bottom-temperature could not be obtained; for the thermometers which had been tested to a pressure of 3¼ tons on the square inch broke at a pressure of 4½ tons. (See "Nature," June 5.)

But, as I pointed out in my former paper, the same Physical Theory applies to the *double currents*, which are known to pass through straits connecting Inland Seas with the Ocean or with each other. Every Inland Sea is subject to two agencies tending to alter its level;—namely, evaporation from its surface, by which its level will be reduced; and a return of water by rain and rivers, by which its level will be raised. Now, it is almost a physical impossibility that these two agencies should exactly balance one another, except in the cases of seas entirely shut in; in which they *come* to a balance by the alteration of the level, and the consequent extension or contraction of the area. This is well known to be the condition of the Dead Sea, the area of which has been reduced by excess of evaporation, until its loss of water is no longer greater than the amount returned by the Jordan and other streams that discharge themselves into it; and the same will be presently shown to be the case with the Caspian. In the Red Sea, an enormous evaporation—annually amounting at the very lowest estimate to a stratum of *eight feet*, and by some estimated at *twenty-three* feet per annum,—is constantly going on, uncompensated by return either from rain or rivers; for the area of the Red Sea is nearly rainless, and scarcely any water comes from the land that encloses it. Thus, then, the strong and constant current which streams into it through the Strait of Babel Mandeb is fully accounted for. In the Baltic, on the other hand, the loss by evaporation is far smaller than the return by rain and rivers; so that its level would be raised, and its area increased, were it not for the outflow of the excess which takes place through the Baltic Sound and the Great and Little Belt. And the same is the case with the Black Sea, the overflow of which is carried off by the out-current which sets through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, into the Ægean.

But in each of these cases, there is an inequality between the density of the water *within* the Strait, and that of the water *outside*. In the case of the Red Sea, the almost uncompensated evaporation tends to increase the salinity, and therefore the specific gravity of its water; and there is consequently an excess of deep lateral pressure on the *inside* of the Strait of Babel Mandeb, which will necessarily produce an under-current towards the outside. The existence of this under-current has not yet been practically demonstrated; but, as Captain Maury pointed out, it may be fairly assumed; since, as the place of the vast quantity of *fresh* water always passing off by evaporation is taken by an influx of *salt* water, the proportion of salt in the basin of the Red Sea would be undergoing a constant increase, if it were not thus kept down. Of such an increase there is no evidence whatever, the excess of salt in the water being scarcely greater than in that of the Mediterranean; whilst there is no reason to believe that any such deposits of salt are going on upon its shores or bottom, as will be presently shown to be forming around the Caspian. On the other hand, the water of the Baltic and of the Black Sea is reduced in salinity by the excessive influx of river-water; so that the former has only about one-fifth, and the latter less than one-half, of the density of Ocean-water. Hence the greater lateral pressure in the Straits by which the former communicates with the North Sea and the latter with the Mediterranean, is from the *outside;* and an *inward* under-current would be thus produced, which, by carrying salt water into the basin, would prevent its salinity from being further reduced. The existence of this under-current, as I showed in my former paper, has long been known in the case of the Baltic; whilst, in the case of the Black Sea, "it might be safely predicted on the double ground of *à priori* and *à posteriori* necessity." The truth of that prediction (as will presently appear) has already been signally verified.

Being anxious to obtain more complete and conclusive evidence as to the outward under-current in the Strait of Gibraltar, than it had been possible for me to obtain in my visit to the Mediterranean in the *Porcupine*, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity kindly offered me in the following year by the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, to go out with Captain Nares (now in command of the *Challenger* Expedition) in the *Shearwater*, then on her way to complete the survey of the Gulf of Suez, and to co-operate with him in a further series of inquiries. The result of those inquiries was to show that both the upper *in*-current and the under *out*-current are much more influenced by *tidal* action than had been previously supposed: both of them undergoing a regular reversal every six hours upon the "ridge" at the broad western embouchure of the Strait; while, at the Gibraltar end of the Strait, the *in*-current ordinarily comes to a stand, if it be not actually reversed, when antagonized by the west-flowing tide-wave which adds strength to the *out*-current beneath. Thus the quantity of water which flows in each direction is by no means as great as might be supposed from observations made at the period of its most rapid movement. The *balance* of the upper current is most decidedly *inwards;* that of the under-current is less considerably, though still decidedly *outwards*,—as was shown not merely by the results of our Current-drag experiments, but by the fact clearly indicated by the Hydrometer, that *Mediterranean* water flows down the Atlantic slope of the marine watershed, and is traceable on the bottom to a considerable distance. That this under-current has by no means the force or proportionate volume of that which has since been shown to exist in the Dardanelles, is simply due to the fact, that the difference in specific gravity between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic is very small in comparison with that which exists between the water of the Black Sea and that of the Ægean.

As I understood that the *Shearwater*, when her survey of the Gulf of Suez had been completed, would proceed to the Dardanelles, I requested the Hydrographer to the Admiralty to cause a series of experiments to be there made with the "current-drag" which had been successfully used in the experiments made by Captain Nares and myself in the Strait of Gibraltar.

These experiments were carried out with great skill by Captain Wharton, who succeeded Captain Nares in command of the *Shearwater;* and the summary of their results which I shall now give, is derived from the official account furnished by him to the Admiralty, of which I have received a copy by the kindness of the Hydrographer.

Although it is commonly supposed that the Dardanelles and Bosphorus surface-currents are *overflow*-currents, carrying off the excess of fresh water discharged by rivers into the Black Sea, yet it is now clear that they are in great measure *wind*-currents. During about three quarters of the year, the wind blows pretty steadily from the N.E., that is, *down* the Straits; and, as a rule, the stronger and more continuous the wind, the stronger is the surface out-current. On calm days, the out-current of the Dardanelles is usually slack; and if, as sometimes happens, a strong wind blows from the S.W., its flow may be entirely *checked*. It requires a continuance of strong S.W. wind, however, to *reverse* its direction; and its rate, when thus reversed, is never equal to that of the *out*-current. The speed of the Dardanelles current varies at different parts of the Strait, according to its breadth,—being usually about one knot per hour at Gallipoli, and three knots in the "Narrows" at Chanak Kaleksi, where, with a strong N.E. wind it is sometimes as much as four and a-half knots; the average of the whole being estimated by Captain Wharton at one and a-half knots. The Bosphorus current has not been as carefully studied as that of the Dardanelles; but Captain Wharton states that its rate is greater, averaging about two and a-half knots per hour, apparently in consequence of the limitation of its channel, which is scarcely wider at any point than is the Dardanelles at the "Narrows." It continues to run, though at a reduced rate, when there is no wind; and it is only in winter, after a continued S.W. gale of long duration, that a *reversal* of the Bosphorus current ever takes place.

It might have been supposed that, as the greatest depth of these two Straits does not exceed fifty fathoms, the determination of the question as to the existence of an under-current would be a comparatively easy matter. But it is rendered difficult by the very rapidity of the movement, alike in the upper and in the lower stratum.

It had, in fact, been affirmed by Captain Spratt, as the result of experiments formerly made by himself, that the lower stratum is stationary; this inference having been drawn from the fact, that when he let down into it a "current drag" suspended to a floating buoy, the buoy did not show any decided change of position. But I had contested the validity of this inference, on the ground that as the action of the surface-current on the floating buoy made a *pull* on the suspending line quite strong enough to draw the current-drag through *still* water, this could only be kept in its stationary position by *a current acting upon it with equal force in the contrary direction;* so that the existence of such a current seemed to me to be demonstrated by the very experiments which had been adduced to disprove it.

The result of the earlier experiments made by Captain Wharton, in which he used the current-drags that we had found to work satisfactorily in the Strait of Gibraltar, corresponded pretty closely with those of Captain Spratt; no other than *inferential* evidence being obtained of the existence of an inward under-current. But perceiving from the very oblique direction of the suspending line, that the under-current must be acting on the current-drag at a great disadvantage, Capt. W. set himself to devise a drag which should hang vertically, even when the suspending line was oblique, so as to expose a large surface to the impact of a current at right angles to it. This worked satisfactorily; and gave the most conclusive evidence of the existence of a powerful under-current, by dragging the suspending buoy *inwards* against the surface-current; the force of which, aided by wind, was sufficient on several occasions to prevent the row-boats from following the buoy, only the steam-cutter being able to keep up with it. The following, which is the most striking of all his results, was obtained in the Bosphorus on the 21st of last August; with a surface-current running outwards at the rate of three and a-half knots per hour, and a N.E. wind of force 4. "When the current-drag was lowered to a depth afterwards assumed to be twenty fathoms, it at once rushed violently away against the surface-stream, the large buoy and a small one being pulled completely under water, the third alone remaining visible. It was a wonderful sight to see this series of floats tearing through the water to windward. The steam-cutter had to go full speed to keep pace with it." When sunk two fathoms deeper, the strain was so great as to pull all three buoys beneath the surface; but in three quarters of an hour they reappeared at about two-thirds of a mile to windward, the drag having grounded. It is obvious that the real rate of the under-current must be very much greater than that indicated by the movement of the float; since the current-drag impelled by it had to draw the large suspending buoys and the upper part of the line against the powerful surface-current running at three and a-half knots an hour in the opposite direction; *their* motion through the water, therefore, being nearly four and a-half knots an hour.

The difference in the Specific Gravity of water obtained from different depths, was usually found in Captain Wharton's investigations, as in my own, to afford, under ordinary circumstances, a very sure indication of the direction of the movement of each stratum; the *heavy* water of the Ægean flowing *in*wards, and the *light* water of the Black Sea *out*wards. And it was indicated alike by both modes of inquiry, that the two strata move in opposite directions, one over the other, with very little intermixture or retardation; the passage from the one to the other being usually very abrupt. In a few instances there was a departure from the usual rule; an *out*ward movement being found in the *deepest* stratum, while the middle stratum was moving *in*wards, though the water of both these strata had the density of the Ægean. These anomalies are considered by Captain Wharton to proceed from the prevalence of opposite winds at the two ends of the Strait.

As a general rule, the strength of the *in*ward under-current was proportioned to that of the *out*ward surface-current; and this was very remarkably shown in cases in which, both having been slack during a calm, an increase of wind augmented the rates of both currents alike. That a wind blowing *out*wards should promote the flow of an under-current *in*wards, may at first sight appear anomalous; but it is very easily accounted for. Suppose that a moderate S.W. wind, by checking the surface-outflow, keeps the level of the Black Sea just so much above that of the Ægean, that the greater *weight* of the latter column is counterpoised by the greater *height* of the former; then, as the *bottom*-pressures of the two are equal, their *lateral* pressures will also be equal, and there will be no under-current so long as this condition lasts. But so soon as, on the cessation of the S.W. wind, the level of the Black Sea is lowered by a surface-outflow, the Ægean column comes to be the heavier, and its excess of lateral pressure produces a deep inflow. And when this *out*flow is further aided by a N.E. wind, so that the levels of the two seas are equalized, or there is even an excess of elevation at the Ægean end, the greater weight of the Ægean column will produce a greater lateral pressure, and will consequently increase the force of the *in*ward under-current.

The two following cases are peculiarly illustrative of the effects of differences in downward pressure in the production of under-currents. The exit of the water brought down by the Hudson river is so much impeded by the "Narrows" of New York Harbour, that the surface-level of the river is always higher than that of the sea outside; and as the difference is ordinarily sufficient to do more than compensate for the excess in the weight of the column of sea-water outside, above that of the column of river-water inside, no deep inflow of sea-water takes place. But during the dry summer-season, the level of the river comes down so nearly to an equality with that of the sea, that the outside column becomes the heavier; and a deep *in*flow of salt water then takes place, extending a good way up the river, though the surface *out*flow consisting of water thus rendered brackish, continues for nine out of the twelve tidal hours.—Again, it was pointed out by Sir William Thomson at the Edinburgh Meeting of the British Association, that the persistence of a surface current up a loch that opens from the sea, when a wind continuously setting *in*wards has raised a "head of water" at its farther extremity, can only be accounted for by a compensating *out*ward under-current; which will be maintained by the excess of pressure at the head of the loch, so long as the level of the water is there kept up by the persistence of the inward drift current.

The fact may now, therefore, be considered as put beyond question, that a slight excess of *downward pressure*, whether arising from difference of *specific gravity*, or from difference of *level*, is quite adequate to produce movement in great bodies of water, which movement may have the rate and force of a *current* when restricted to a narrow channel; and the "creeping-flow" (I have never designated it as a "current") of Polar water along the Ocean bottom, which brings a glacial temperature into the Intertropical zone, is thus found to have an adequate *vera causa*, in the excess of deep lateral pressure exerted by the Polar column whose density has been augmented by cold, over that of the Equatorial column whose density has been diminished by heat.

Professor Huxley, however, while fully accepting these general propositions, and laying special stress on the contrast between the Temperature-phenomena of the Mediterranean and those of the outside Ocean, as evidence of the General Circulation for which I contend, has recently expressed the opinion in the pages of this REVIEW (Vol. XXI., p. 840), that the cause of the surface in-current through the Strait of Gibraltar, which is constantly bringing into the basin of the Mediterranean a vast body of Atlantic water, has *not* been shown to lie in that excess of evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean above the return by rain and rivers, to which, since the first promulgation of this doctrine by Dr. Halley, it has been usually attributed. I cannot but think that if my friend had looked a little more carefully into the evidence on this point, he would have scarcely used his authority to call in question a doctrine, which may, I think, be considered as being as well established as any doctrine in Physical Geography.

In the first place, *primâ facie* evidence in its favour is afforded by the constantly-maintained *excess* in the salinity of Mediterranean water above that of the outside Atlantic. This excess is greater than Prof. Huxley has stated; for the specific gravity of the *surface*-water of the Mediterranean, *where subjected to great evaporation, and not reduced by the inflow from the Atlantic*, ranges as high as 1·0294, and the *bottom*-water to 1·0302, while that of Atlantic water averages 1·0265. And the excess of the saline constituents, as determined by chemical analysis, ranges as high as nine per cent. That there is *no increase* in the proportion of salt, notwithstanding the enormous amount daily brought by the Gibraltar current into the Mediterranean basin, is simply due to the fact that the *outward* under-current of dense Mediterranean water is constantly returning to the Atlantic the salt which the surface-current brings in. But this constant *interchange* between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the outside Ocean, would *in time* most assuredly reduce the density of Mediterranean water to that of the Atlantic, if it were not as constantly maintained; and no other cause for its constant maintenance can be shown, than excess of evaporation.

But, says Professor Huxley, it would seem, when we consider the enormous amount of fresh water poured into the basin of the Mediterranean by the great rivers which discharge themselves into it, that "the sun must have enough to do to keep the level of the Mediterranean down." This part of the question has been more fully and carefully investigated (as I shall presently show) than my friend seems to have supposed; but before proceeding to discuss it, I shall bring to bear upon it the very remarkable results of the inquiries made into the Physical condition of the *Caspian Sea*, by a man whom Professor Huxley and I hold in equal respect,—the distinguished Professor Von Baer, who was sent thither some years ago by the Russian Government to report upon its Fisheries. This, the largest existing Inland Sea without any outlet, is a "survival" of that great central sea, which, at no remote geological period, covered a large part of Northern Asia; the gradual upheaval of the land having separated it from the Euxine on the one side, and from the

Sea of Aral on the other, as well as from the Arctic Sea with which this marine province was formerly in communication. How small an elevation has sufficed to cut off this communication on the northern side, is shown by the fact, that the connection of the Dwina with the Volga, by a system of canals, has opened a way for vessels to pass between the Caspian and the White Sea. Thus remaining isolated in the midst of land, the Caspian has undergone a series of very remarkable changes, which can be distinctly traced out.

In the first place, it is evident (as was long since pointed out by Pallas) that the former extent of the Caspian was much greater than its present area. The southern portion of its basin, which lies among mountains whose escarpments extend beneath the water, is by far the deepest; a large part of its bottom lying between 2000 and 3000 feet below the present surface of the water. The middle portion has also a considerable depth on the Caucasian side. But the northern portion is nowhere more than 50 feet deep; and this depth is continually being reduced by the alluvial deposits brought down by the rivers which discharge themselves into this part of the basin, notably the Volga and the Ural. These rivers run through an immense expanse of *steppes*, the slope of which towards the Caspian is almost imperceptible; so that if the level of its waters were to be raised even very slightly, an expanse of land at least equal to its present area would be covered by it. Now, as the present level is about 80 feet *below* that of the Black Sea, whilst ample evidence that the *steppes* were formerly overflowed by salt water is afforded by beds of marine shells, as well as by the persistence of numerous salt lakes and salt marshes, there can be no question that the northern basin of the Caspian formerly extended over the whole plain of the Volga below Saratov; and no other cause can be assigned for its contraction, than *the excess of evaporation over the return of water by rain and rivers.*

But such a reduction in the volume of water as must have taken place in order to produce this lowering of level, would have shown itself, it might be supposed, in an increase of its Salinity; whereas the fact is that the proportion of salt (which varies in different parts of the basin, and also at different seasons) is on the average only about *one-fourth* of that which is found in Oceanic water, and does not much exceed one-half of the proportion contained in the water of the Euxine. This reduction, however, is fully explained by the observations of Von Baer, who traces it to the number of shallow lagoons by which the basin is surrounded, every one of which is a sort of natural "salt pan" for the evaporation of the water and the deposit of its saline matter in the solid form. This process may be well studied in the neighbourhood of Novo-Petrosk on the eastern coast; where what was formerly a bay is now divided into a large number of basins, presenting every degree of saline concentration. One of these still occasionally receives water from the sea, and has deposited on its banks only a very thin layer of salt. A second, likewise full of water, has its bottom hidden by a thick crust of rose-coloured crystals like a pavement of marble. A third exhibits a compact mass of salt, in which are pools of water whose surface is more than a yard below the level of the sea. And a fourth has lost all its water by evaporation; and the stratum of salt left behind is now covered by sand. A similar concentration is taking place in the arm of the sea termed Karasu (Black Water), which runs southwards from the north-east angle of the basin; for notwithstanding the proximity of the mouths of the great rivers, the proportion of salt there rises so greatly above that of the ocean, that animal life, elsewhere extremely abundant, is almost or altogether suppressed.

This process goes on upon the greatest scale, however, in the Karaboghaz,—a shallow *diverticulum* from the eastern part of the middle basin, which is probably a "survival" of the former communication between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral. This vast gulf communicates with the sea by a narrow mouth, which is not more than about 150 yards wide, and 5 feet deep; and through this channel a current is always running inwards with an average speed of three miles an hour. This current is accelerated by westerly and retarded by easterly winds; but it never flows with less rapidity than a mile and a half per hour. The navigators of the Caspian, and the Turkoman nomads who wander on its shores, struck with the constant and unswerving course of this current, have supposed that its waters pass down into a subterranean abyss (Karaboghaz, black gulf), through which they reach either the Persian Gulf or the Black Sea. For this hypothesis, however, there is not the least foundation. The basin, being exposed to every wind and to most intense summer heat, is subject to the loss of an enormous quantity of water by evaporation; and as there is very little direct return by streams, the deficit can only be supplied by a flow from the Caspian. The small depth of the bar seems to prevent the return of a counter-current of denser water; none such having been detected, although the careful investigations made by Von Baer would have shown its presence if it really existed. And thus there is a progressively increasing concentration of the water within the basin of the Karaboghaz; so that seals which used to frequent it are no longer found there, and its borders are entirely destitute of vegetation. Layers of salt are being deposited on the mud at the bottom; and the sounding-line, when scarcely out of the water, is covered with saline crystals. Taking the lowest estimates of the degree of saltness of the Caspian water, the width and depth of the channel, and the speed of the current, Von Baer has shown that the Karaboghaz alone *daily* receives from the Caspian the enormous quantity of *three hundred and fifty thousand tons of salt.* If such an elevation were to take place of the surface of the bar, as should separate the Karaboghaz from the basin of the Caspian, it would quickly diminish in extent, its banks would be converted into immense fields of salt, and the sheet of water which might remain would be either converted into a shallow lake—like Lake Elton, which is 200 miles from the present northern border of the Caspian; or a salt marsh—like those which cover extensive tracts of the steppes; or might altogether disappear by drying up,—as seems to have been the case with a depressed area lying between Lake Elton and the River Ural, which is 79 feet below the level of the Caspian, and about as much more below that of the Black Sea. It is impossible that a more "pregnant instance" could be adduced, of the effect of *evaporation alone* in maintaining a powerful current, than is afforded by this case of the Karaboghaz.

That when the basin of the Caspian had been once completely isolated, the level of its water was *rapidly* lowered by evaporation, until its area was so far reduced as to keep down the amount of evaporation to that of the return of fresh water by rain and rivers, is shown by Von Baer to be an almost inevitable inference from facts of two independent orders. At the height of from 65 to 80 feet above the present level, the rocks which formed the original sea-shore of the *southern* basin have been furrowed out into tooth-shaped points and needles; lower down, on the contrary, the rocks now laid bare show no trace of the erosive action of the water; so that its level would seem to have sunk too rapidly to allow the waves sufficient time to attack the cliff-walls effectively. Again, along the shallow border of the *northern* basin, the shore for a space of 250 miles is gashed with thousands of narrow channels, from twelve to thirty miles in length, separated by chains of hillocks, which pass inland into the level ground of the steppes. In the neighbourhood of the mouths of the Volga, which brings down a greatly increased volume of water at the time of the melting of the snows, the excess flows into these channels, and thus tends to keep them open; so that, when the inundation is over, the sea again passes up them. Further to the south, on the other hand, the channels, like the intervening hillocks, are not continuous, but form chains of little lakes, separated by sandy isthmuses. Although these channels run nearly parallel to each other, yet they have a somewhat fan-like arrangement; their centre of radiation being the higher part of the isthmus which separates the slope of the Caspian from that of the N.E. portion of the Black Sea. It is difficult to see how these channels can have been formed, except by the furrowing of the soft soil during the rapid sinking of the level of the Caspian water; as happens on the muddy banks of a reservoir, in which the water is being rapidly lowered by the opening of a sluice-gate.

Now, since in the area of the Caspian, as at present limited, an *equilibrium* has been established between the quantity of water lost by evaporation, and that returned to it by rain and rivers (for there is no reason to believe that any continuous change of level is *now* going on), we can arrive at a better idea of what the amount of such evaporation really is, from what is needed to make it good, than we have any other means of forming. The Volga is, next to the Danube, the largest European river, and its drainage-area is enormous; the Ural is a considerable river, probably not bringing down much less water than the Don; whilst the Kur and the Araxes, which drain a large part of Transcaucasia, cannot together be much inferior to the Dnieper: and yet the whole mass of water brought down by these four rivers, serves only to keep the present level of the Caspian from being further lowered by evaporation.

Let us now compare with the Caspian the *Black Sea*, with which it was formerly in continuity, and which communicates indirectly with the general Oceanic system. The area of the Black Sea (including the Sea of Azov) and that of the Caspian are nearly equal; each being estimated at about 180,000 square miles. They lie for the most part between the same Annual Isotherms of 60° and 50°, the extensions of the Caspian to the south of the former and to the north of the latter being nearly equal; and hence we may conclude that the evaporation from the two seas is nearly the same. Now, as the whole water of the Volga and of the other rivers that empty themselves into the Caspian is only sufficient to make up for *its* evaporation, it is obvious that the contribution of the Danube, the Dnieper, the Dniester, the Don, and other rivers that empty themselves into the Black Sea, towards the supply of the *Mediterranean*, is only the *excess* which remains after compensating for the evaporation of the Black Sea, or (assuming the equality of this with the evaporation of the Caspian) the excess of the volume of the Black Sea rivers over that of the Caspian rivers, which (as will presently appear) must be a very insignificant contribution to the Mediterranean in comparison with the area of the latter.

How small that excess really is, may be gathered from the experiments on the Dardanelles and Bosphorus currents, of which the particulars have already been given. For not only is the outward surface-current extremely variable in its rate, and liable to occasional reversal, but, when it is at its strongest, its effect is most counteracted by the inward under-current. The proportional force and volume of the two currents cannot be estimated from these experiments with anything like certainty; but Captain Wharton thinks that the under-current sometimes carries *in* as much as *two-thirds* of the water that the surface-current carries *out*. That it ordinarily returns at least *half*, may be fairly inferred from the constant maintenance of the average salinity of the Black Sea water at about half that of Mediterranean water; since it is obvious that this proportion could not be kept up, unless as much salt re-enters the basin by the under-current, as passes out of it by the upper. Hence, as the *salinity* of the under-current is *twice* that of the upper, its *volume* may be taken at about *one-half*; so that the *actual excess* of outflow will be only about *one-half* of the volume of water that forms the surface-current. And thus the whole contribution of the great rivers that discharge themselves into the Black Sea, to the maintenance of the level of the Mediterranean, is represented by an outflow through the Dardanelles by no means exceeding the amount brought down by a single considerable river.

We now turn to the *Mediterranean*; and shall again use the Caspian as a basis on which we may form some kind of approximative estimate as to the proportion between the evaporation from its surface and the return by river-flow.

In the first place, the *area* of the Mediterranean, including the Ægean and the Adriatic, is between *four* and *five* times the present area of the Caspian; so that, taking the evaporation over equal areas of the two seas to be the *same*, the quantity of return that would be needed to keep up the level of the Mediterranean, would be between four and five times as great as that which suffices to maintain that of the Caspian. But looking to the fact that the principal part of the area of the Mediterranean lies east and west between the parallels of 32° and 40° N. lat., whilst that of the Caspian lies north and south between the parallels of 36° and 46°, it seems obvious that this difference alone would cause the evaporation of the Mediterranean to be *much greater* for equal areas than that of the Caspian. The ordinary Summer temperature of a considerable part of the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean is not much below 80°: I have myself seen it ranging from 75° to 80° between Malta and Alexandria, in the early part of October. And, notwithstanding the curious northern bend by which the summer Isotherm of 80° is carried through Greece and Asia Minor, along the southern shore of the Black Sea, it only just touches the southern basin of the Caspian; the summer temperature of nearly the whole of this sea being below that of the northernmost parts of the Mediterranean. The difference is far greater, however, during the Winter months.

Taking the lowest winter temperature of the Mediterranean at Professor Huxley's average of 48° (and I have reason to believe that this is some degrees too low for the Eastern basin, whilst it is not at all too high for the Western), we find the January mean of the Caspian to range from 40° at its southern extremity, to 30° in its middle basin, while its northern basin is crossed by the January isotherm of 20°. Hence, as regards *Temperature* alone, the mean annual excess is largely on the side of the Mediterranean. But there is another element not less important,—the extreme *dryness* of the hot winds which blow over the Mediterranean (especially its Eastern basin) from the great African deserts, and which take up an enormous amount of moisture in their course. Having heard much of the scorching power of the Sirocco, I was surprised, when in Malta (towards which this wind blows from the south-east), to find that its enervating effect was due to its excessive *humidity*, derived from the extent of sea it had traversed since leaving the Libyan deserts.

We should not be far wrong, then, in assuming that, to counteract this enormous evaporation, the volume of river-water poured into the Mediterranean ought to be *at least six times* that received by the Caspian. But what is the actual amount of that supply? Along the whole African coast, from the Strait of Gibraltar to the Nile, there is nothing that can be called a large river. Around the whole Levant there is the same deficiency. And thus, with the exception of the Nile and of the Po—a slow-flowing river of very moderate volume, no great body of water is poured into the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean, save the *overflow* of the Black Sea, which comes down through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. How small a contribution is made by this overflow to the maintenance of the general level of the Mediterranean, seems apparent from the fact that the specific gravity of the water of the Ægean, with which it first mingles, is scarcely, if at all, lowered by the intermixture of the half-salt stream which discharges itself into the part of it most remote from its communication with that larger basin. Into the Western basin of the Mediterranean, no other considerable rivers discharge themselves than the Rhone and the Ebro. Thus the sum-total of the supply brought into the whole Mediterranean area by great rivers, may be expressed by the Nile, one-half of the Dardanelles surface-current, the Po, the Rhone, and the Ebro. And if we add to these the "ten submarine springs of fresh water which are known to burst up in the Mediterranean," it seems to me perfectly clear that we cannot make that total anything like *six times* the amount that is brought into the Caspian by the Volga, the Ural, and the Transcaucasian rivers, and which has been shown to be *entirely dissipated by evaporation*.—It has been estimated by two French officers, MM. Régy and Vigan,[*] who have recently compared the probable evaporation of the Mediterranean with the rain-fall over its area, that the annual excess of the former represents a stratum of 4½ feet; and the largest estimate of the amount brought in by rivers cannot make up a third of this quantity.[†]

With such an adequate *vera causa* as this enormous excess of evaporation, there is no occasion to go in search of any other explanation for the Gibraltar in-current. For it is obvious that if the "marine water-shed" between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel were to be raised 1000 feet, so as to cut off the Mediterranean basin from the Atlantic, the excess of evaporation from its surface would produce a progressive reduction of its level—as has happened with the Caspian,—until its area came to be so far restricted as to limit its evaporation to the amount returned to it by rain and rivers. But so long as this communication remains open, so long will an in-current through the Strait of Gibraltar maintain the present level and area of the Mediterranean. That this in-current persists through the winter (which is advanced by Prof. Huxley as an objection to the received doctrine) is easily explained. The temperature of the surface, though reduced to 50 degrees or thereabouts, is still sufficiently high (especially under dry African winds) to maintain a considerable amount of evaporation; and it is during the season of this *reduced* evaporation, that the river-supply is least. For all the great rivers which discharge themselves into the Mediterranean basin are at their lowest during the winter months, their upper sources being then frozen up; and it is with the melting of the snows that they become filled again.

Although I was at first inclined to regard the uniform Temperature of the great mass of Mediterranean water below the variable surface-stratum, as mainly dependent on that of the subjacent crust of the Earth, yet my later and more extended inquiries have led me to believe that the coincidence is here accidental; and that, as in the case of other Inland Seas, the uniform temperature is mainly determined by the lowest winter temperature of the area. For I found it to be about two degrees higher in the Eastern basin than in the Western, in accordance with its lower latitude. And in the Red Sea it seems to be very considerably above this; the Temperature-soundings taken by Captain Nares in the Gulf of Suez, in the month of February, giving 70° Fahr. as the uniform temperature from the surface to the bottom at 450 fathoms. This February temperature may be taken as representing the *isocheimal* of the northern part of the Red Sea; and, until evidence to the contrary shall have been obtained, we may assume that the deep temperature of no part of the Red Sea falls below this, unless reduced by the inflow of cold water from the deeper stratum of the Arabian Gulf.

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[*] Annales des Ponts et Chaussées, 1863 and 1866.

[†] Sir John Herschel, adopting somewhat different data, came to a conclusion essentially the same. Taking in the Black Sea as part of the Mediterranean basin, he estimates its whole area at 1,150,000 miles, and considers it as traversed medially by the Isotherm of 63°. The excess of evaporation over rain-fall, for the entire area, he reckons at 28 inches, giving 508 cubic miles to be supplied in other ways. Now the Nile is estimated to deliver through the year less than 22 cubic miles; "so that even on the extravagant supposition that each of the other principal rivers (the Danube, Dnieper, Don, Dniester, Po, Rhone, and Ebro,) contribute as much as the Nile, we should still have only 173 cubic miles of river-supply, leaving 335 to be furnished by the Atlantic." (Physical Geography, p. 27.)

A very interesting question here arises, as to the possible influence of this uniformly elevated Temperature in the Red Sea, upon the growth of the Corals which abound in its basin and form the reefs so dangerous to the navigator. It seems to be the universal opinion of those who have most carefully studied the existing Coral Formations in the Oceanic area, that the reef-building types do not live and grow at a greater depth than the twenty fathoms first assigned as their limit by Mr. Darwin. Yet as Stony Corals similar to these in every Physiological character, save massiveness, have been repeatedly brought up in the *Porcupine* dredgings from depths of *several hundred* fathoms, there seems no *à priori* reason for the restriction of the reef-builders to this limited *depth;* and it has suggested itself to me, whether the limit is not really one of *temperature.* For it is pointed out by Mr. Dana in his recent treatise on "Corals and Coral-Islands," as a deduction from the Geographical Distribution of the reef-builders, that they cannot live in any part of the Ocean of which the temperature ever falls below 68°: so that even the Galapagos islands, which lie under the Equator, are outside the boundary-line of the Coral Sea; this being carried to the north of the Equator by the cold (Humboldt's) current which comes up along the Western Coast of South America, and which I regard as the *indraught* of the Pacific Equatorial current. Now all we at present know of the relation of Temperature to Depth, would indicate that even in the Intertropical area of the open Ocean, the temperature at twenty fathoms may not be much above 68°, and that in the next ten fathoms it suffers a considerable reduction; so that the *bathymetrical* limit of the reef-builders may really be a *thermal* one. And if the temperature of the Red Sea everywhere and throughout the year should prove to be above that limit, it will become a most interesting question to determine whether the reef-building Corals are, or are not, to be found in that Sea at a greater depth than in the open Ocean; and, if so, what is the greatest depth at which they there exist.—This question has obviously a most important bearing on the interpretation of many Geological phenomena; for if the limitation of the depth of living reef-builders be really *thermometric*, instead of *bathymetric*, so that where secluded from the General Oceanic Circulation they can grow up from a greater depth than in the Oceanic area, it is obvious that such a limitation cannot be rightly assumed in regard to the Coral Growths of former Epochs.

It is curious to see how, in another place, an inflow of colder water, at a limited depth, modifies the temperature of an Inland Sea. Between the north-eastern portion of Borneo and Mindanao (the southernmost of the Philippine group) there is an area, called the Sulu Sea, which is really far more completely enclosed than appears on the Map; for the islands that lie at intervals between its two principal boundaries are so connected by intervening reefs, which do not rise to the surface, that this Sulu Sea has only a very superficial and limited communication with either the China Sea or the Celebez Sea. Notwithstanding this enclosure, its depth is very great, reaching to 1600 fathoms; and its Temperature-phenomena present the same remarkable contrast with the China Sea outside, as do those of the Mediterranean with the Atlantic. For the surface-temperature of both being nearly the same (83° and 84°), and the reduction to 50° being shown at nearly the same depth (about 300 fathoms), the temperature of the Sulu Sea from that plane to the bottom remains uniform, whilst that of the China Sea continues to descend, until 37° is reached at 670 fathoms, below which it undergoes little further reduction, even to a depth of 1550 fathoms. That the uniform temperature of the Sulu Sea from about 300 fathoms downwards to 1600, is *lower* than that of the Mediterranean by about four or five degrees, notwithstanding that it is so much nearer the Equator that its surface-temperature must be considerably *higher* all through the year, is obviously due to the admission of outside-water which has been cooled by the Polar flow, through passages between its bounding reefs and islands; and we might fix the probable depth of those passages at about 250 fathoms.

It seems probable that every local peculiarity of Temperature, either in the Ocean or in Inland Seas, will prove to be explicable by attention to these conditions,—the degree of seclusion of the area from the Polar flow, and the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Thus, in the Celebez Sea, the depth of which has lately been found by Captain Chimmo to be nearly 2700 fathoms, the bottom temperature was found to be 38½°; whilst at a less depth in the Indian Ocean, a little to the west of Sumatra, a bottom-temperature of 32° was met with. A glance at the Map will show that whilst the latter station is in the direct course of the bottom-flow of Antarctic water towards the

Equator, this flow could only reach the former by going a long way round.

The peculiarities of Inland Seas in regard to Temperature seem to have a much more potent influence on Animal life than would at first be apparent. I went to the Mediterranean with the full expectation of finding its depths tenanted by the like varied and abundant Fauna that we had met with at corresponding depths in the Atlantic; and considering that the existence of this Sea can be clearly traced back through the whole Tertiary period, I expected to find in this fauna the like representation of the early Tertiaries, that the fauna of the deep Atlantic had shown of the Cretaceous. What, then, was my disappointment at finding the dredge come up, time after time, from depths ranging between 300 and 1500 fathoms, laden with a barren mud; the most careful examination of which revealed not a single living organism, and only a few fragments of dead shells and corals, large enough to be recognizable as such, which had obviously drifted from some other locality. The idea of the nearly *azoic* condition of the deeper part of the Mediterranean, to which I was thus led, having been confirmed by the results of Oscar Schmidt's dredgings in the Adriatic, the question arises,—to what is this condition due? I was in the first instance disposed to attribute it to the turbid condition of the bottom-water, which is charged (as I was able to prove by observation) with extremely fine sedimentary particles, whose slow settling-down forms the mud of the bottom. These seem to be chiefly derived, in the Eastern basin, from the Nile; and in the Western basin, from the Rhone: the coarser particles in each case settling down near the mouths of those rivers, whilst the finer are diffused through the whole mass of Mediterranean water, gravitating very slowly to the depths of its basin.

It may be interesting to note, that it is to this diffusion,—experimentally proved on the large scale by the admixture of mud with the saline deposit of the boilers of steam-ships voyaging in the Mediterranean, and on the small by Professor Tyndall's electric-light test,—that the peculiar *blueness* of the waters of the Mediterranean is due. The case is precisely paralleled by that of the Lake of Geneva, through which the Upper Rhone flows, depositing near its entrance the coarser particles of sediment, and diffusing the finer through the entire waters of the lake, to which they impart a corresponding blueness.

It is well known that a muddy state of the bottom-water is unfavourable to the presence of Animal life; and it has been particularly noted by Dana, that where such a sediment brought down by a current is diffused over a part of a bed of living Coral, it kills the animals of that part. Moreover, I learned at Malta that in the beds which yield the extremely *fine*-grained stone which is used for delicate carvings, scarcely any fossils are found save Sharks' teeth; whilst in the *coarse*-grained beds of the same formation, fossils are abundant; and as the former may be regarded as the product of a slow deposit in the *deep* sea, so may the latter be considered as *shore*-beds. Further, I have been informed by Professor Duncan, that in the Fleisch of the Alps, which shows in some parts a thickness of several thousand feet, and which is composed of a very fine sedimentary material, there is an almost entire absence of Organic remains.

There is, however, another condition of the bottom-water of the Mediterranean, which is *not less* unfavourable than its turbidity—probably *yet more so*—to the existence of Animal life in its depths; namely, the *deficiency of Oxygen* produced by the slow decomposition of the organic matter brought down by its great rivers. According to the determination which I made in my second visit to the Mediterranean in 1871, the gases boiled-off from water brought up from great depths contained only about 5 per cent. of Oxygen and 35 per cent. of Nitrogen, the remaining 60 per cent. being Carbonic Acid. Now in gases boiled-off from the deep water of the Atlantic, the average percentage of Oxygen was about 20, while that of Carbonic Acid was between 30 and 40; even this large proportion of Carbonic Acid not appearing prejudicial to the life of the Marine Invertebrata, so long as Oxygen was present in sufficient proportion.

The *rationale* of both these conditions seems obviously the same;—namely, that in consequence of the uniformity of Temperature of the whole mass of Mediterranean water below the surface-stratum of 200 fathoms (which alone will be disturbed by Wind, or be affected by the influx of Rivers and of the Gibraltar current), there is *no Thermal Circulation;* the whole contents of the deeper part of this immense basin being thus in an *absolutely stagnant* condition. If the doctrine of a Vertical Oceanic Circulation be true, every drop of Ocean-water is brought in its turn to the surface, where it can get rid of its Carbonic Acid, and take in a fresh supply of Oxygen. But as the density of the surface-stratum of the Mediterranean is never rendered greater by reduction of Temperature, than that of the mass of water it overlies, there is no agency capable of producing any interchange; the bottom-water charged with the slowly-gravitating sediment is never disturbed; and the Organic matter contained in that sediment consumes its Oxygen so much more rapidly than it can be supplied from above by diffusion through the vast column of superincumbent water, that nearly the whole of it is converted into Carbonic Acid, scarcely any being left for the support of Animal Life.

These considerations, then, seem fully adequate to account for the paucity of Life in the deeper part of the Mediterranean basin; and they will, of course, equally apply to the case of any other Inland Sea, so far as the same conditions apply. And it is not a little interesting to find that my old friend and fellow-student Edward Forbes was perfectly correct as to the limitation of Animal Life—so far as regards the Ægean Sea, in which his own researches were prosecuted—to a depth of about 300 fathoms; the error, which was rather that of others than his own, being in the supposition that this limitation applies equally to the great Ocean-basins, past as well as present. The researches in which it has been my privilege to bear a part, have shown that *as regards the latter* there is probably *no* Bathymetrical limit to Animal Life; while the results of my inquiries into the influence of the Physical Conditions of the Mediterranean in limiting the bathymetrical diffusion of its Fauna, will not, I venture to hope, be without their use in Geological Theory.

W. B. CARPENTER.

GEORGE GROTE.

The Personal Life of George Grote. Compiled from Family Documents, Private Memoranda, and Original Letters to and from various friends. By Mrs. Grote. London: John Murray. 1873.

WIDOWS and orphans are rarely successful biographers of the life in which their interest is paramount. To be dispassionate seems like treason, and the mean between truth and hero-worship is harder to hit than in other cases. Hence the impossibility of arriving at a just estimate of claims to eminence, until a biography has passed the domestic phase, and reached the hands of a candid friend. But all this notwithstanding, there are memorable exceptions to this general rule. Given a clear head, an administrative mind, a shrewd observation, and a life laid out in acting the man's intellectual "helpmeet," we have the essentials to biographical success which are the secret of such readable memoirs as "The Personal Life of George Grote." It is not necessary for the enjoyment of these to have known the man himself; it is of secondary moment to have at our finger ends the speeches and writings which are the landmarks of his political and literary career: the story of a life told, as Mrs. Grote tells it, partly from the lips of its subject, partly from his acts, in which she played no small part, enlists the interest of readers who are proud of English prowess and perseverance, and as we trace the volumes of the "Opus Magnum" to their crowning one and its colophon, we become so deeply interested in the biographer's counsels and ambitions, that we half resent being overlooked in the festive commemoration around the punch-bowl at History Hut.

As early as 1823, three years after their marriage, Mrs. Grote propounded to her banker and student husband, in Threadneedle Street, the undertaking of a new History of Greece. "You are always studying the ancient authors whenever you have a moment's leisure: now here would be a fine subject for you to treat. Suppose you try your hand!" (P. 49.) It is interesting to examine the title of the giver of this straightforward and plain-spoken advice to attentive heed. The daughter of a good Kentish family, in every way a meet match for the Grotes who had migrated from Bremen to London, as bankers and general merchants, about the beginning of George the Third's reign, Harriet Lewin, the future Mrs. Grote, first met the historian of Greece in 1815, and so impressed him with her personal and mental attractions that but for the interference of a melodramatic villain in holy orders—one E., who is darkly alluded to as "a monster weighing twenty stone," and withal "an eminent critic," and whose jealousy led him to palm off a most bare-faced lie upon Grote—an engagement would have taken place at that early date, although the young man was only his father's deputy in the bank, and the small house attached to it, and anything but liberally treated in the matter of the purse-strings. However, the young people met again three years later, and out of the renewal of attentions an engagement arose, to which the elder banker consented on condition of two years' waiting. The irksomeness of this probation Grote set about relieving by addiction to such severe and unloverlike studies as political economy, currency, and capital. His oracles and prophets were Ricardo and James Mill, and with their convictions he imbibed their antipathies, one of which—a prejudice against the Church and its ministers, derived from the latter—is evidenced indirectly by the matter-of-fact way in which, according to the diary kept by him before his marriage, his Sundays seem to have been dedicated to walking, riding, and discoursing with these two Mentors, no time apparently being reserved for any such thing as public worship. The influence probably of this tutelage, and perhaps the severe cast of religion which his mother, a daughter of one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains, infused into his father's household, represent the true key-note to the absence of all mention of religious views or exercises throughout the volume. For the rest of his leisure, during the interval we are referring to, he was engaged for the most part in other studies of a severe cast, though with something of a penchant for the "belles lettres," and more than a passing devotion to music. With regard to his fiancée meanwhile he was taking the surest steps towards a compatible union, when the days of writing were over, by impressing on her the advantage of instructive reading, and the use of making notes from and upon such books as she read. "Miss Lewin," writes Mrs.

Grote, "was nowise disinclined to follow the dictation of her young preceptor, for she was from the first inspired with sympathy for his studies and anxious to become qualified to second and assist him, if possible, in his intellectual course. Her appetite for knowledge had indeed formed one among the attractions she possessed in George Grote's eyes from the beginning of their acquaintance." (P. 39.) Even when in 1820 they became man and wife, concurrent circumstances made Mrs. Grote a more intimate sharer in her husband's literary ambitions and labours, than might have been the case in nine out of ten unions. The "res angusta domi" to a great extent, and the withholding or withdrawal from them of what one of our old divines calls "the dowry of blessed children," made them greater home-keepers, and more all in all to each other, in that stage of the road of life when mutual support and interdependence grow into habit. From the first we find the wife inspiring and fostering the pursuits, in which her prescient sagacity discerned the pathway to her husband's fame. Does he, in 1821, compose an essay on Parliamentary Reform, it is written for the most part at the bedside of his sick wife: and whilst he is preluding, with a mass of research afterwards brought to bear upon an hitherto almost virgin subject, the question of the Greek Myths, Mrs. Grote (she herself tells us) was habitually studious after her fashion, logic, metaphysics, politics, all coming into her curriculum, out of deference for her husband's wish, and "in order to qualify herself to be associated with her husband's tastes and labours."

It is no wonder, obviously, that one who from the first took every means to identify herself with her husband's pursuits, and who grew to appreciate them and be a part of them more and more as years rolled on, should have conceived, as her husband's fame acquired basis and substance, the idea of transmitting a written memorial of it. Nor is it any more so, that this record should be so free from the common faults of biographies by female relatives, if we consider that which is shown on the face of the whole book before us, that Mrs. Grote's must have ever been a singularly independent mind, untaught to the last in the art "jurandi in verba magistri," and ever ready to suggest to her help-mate those counsels of tact and woman's wit which often materially assist literary men in placing their lucubrations before the reading public in a palatable fashion. It can never be amiss to have a partner of sufficient candour to pause in the reading aloud of an abstruse and scientific passage, and enquire, "George, do you understand what I am reading to you?" "Perfectly." "Oh! very well, then I will go on: for my part it is quite above my comprehension." (P. 245.) Though Grote may only have smiled at such a confession, it would not have been without its use in teaching the philosophical and historical student to consider the intellectual capacity of those to be instructed, and so to bring his own literary labours within the range of a wider number. And so too, in connection with her husband's social and political life, we discern the exercise of an influence, which qualifies and entitles her to write of it more soundly after his decease; a spirit of independence in these matters also, which gradually asserted its reasonable supremacy, and shaded off the angular crotchets of the austere radical. "Mrs. Grote," we read, "had numerous friends and connections among the aristocratic portion of society, and her inclination would fain have led her to cultivate their sympathies by frequenting their houses. But the aversion, at this early period of his life, to everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion which animated George Grote's mind, obliged his wife to relinquish her intercourse with almost all families of rank and position, rather than displease her (somewhat intolerant) partner." (P. 43.)

It cannot but have involved some amount of self-discipline to sacrifice inclination and predilections for a theory; yet it must have been equal to the best of triumphs to find her concessions result in the end in considerable abatements of her husband's extreme views, as when in 1840 "our radical habitués fell out of favour with us both—and we even went so far as to accept friendly overtures from Lord and Lady Holland, and to commence intercourse with Holland House, whither Grote would never have consented to go in past times. We also were present at the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace, and this too without any twinges of conscience on Grote's part." (P. 132). Much later in Mr. Grote's life, as Mrs. Grote records and as all remember, her honoured and now-aged husband, declined indeed the compliment and temptation of a coronet, but this from quite other motives than those which would have actuated his refusal in the days of his membership for the city of London, days when he returned year by year to the championship of the vext question of the Ballot; the ballot which, when the pear dropped into the mouths of those who had so long hungered for it, he had come to regard as a measure of secondary value "since the wide expansion of the voting element." (P. 313.) Though he declined a peerage, the offer was productive of agreeable feelings and of quiet domestic talk: and this mellowed and tempered frame of mind might not have been attained, even in the lapse of years, had his partner and biographer not known how to give and take, to stand by him in his election contests, and assist him in his literary work and corrections of the press, so as insensibly to leaven him with her own tact and remarkable common sense.

Such appear to us the recommendations and qualifications of Mrs. Grote for the task which she has undertaken, and her fulfilment of which is in the course of examination by critics at the present time. For that task she has not only the great help of a most intimate acquaintance with the subject of her Memoir during the whole extent of his public life, but also the advantage of diaries and correspondence carefully collected and judiciously used. The period in which, though literature and scholarship were never banished for long, the pursuit of politics was dominant with him, is sufficiently described and still more sufficiently illustrated by letters from Mr. Grote to his wife, and from herself or him to his political friends and allies. The more congenial years, when he put aside politics for his History of Greece, his Plato, and his Aristotle, are wrought into a consistency of biography, which owes no little of its attraction to Mrs. Grote's intense fellow-feeling and independent "esprit de corps;" and what renders the whole life most natural and real is the timely insertions of little touches which present the man as we are sure he must have been, a kindly, simple-minded scholar, unselfish and unchary of his stores of knowledge, or of his assistance in promoting the interests of literature; a man who enjoyed life, was fond of music, fond of horses, fond of foreign tours and continental capitals, not averse to a game of whist, and yet an exact and punctilious man of business, and eminent for his regular discharge of public as well as private trusts. It is easy to believe, from the perusal of the memoir written by his widow, that he deserved to the utmost the attribution of those lines of Chaucer, which form the concluding passage of the Biography. Passing over the period, during which he was his father's working partner in Prescott, Grote, and Co., in Threadneedle Street, with a comparatively narrow margin for expenses and not the most pleasant family relations (as one might infer from the fact that while he was from the first an active member of the Council of the London University, his father was contributing his £100 at a time to its professed antidote, King's College,) a period relieved no doubt by occasional continental tours, and by intimacies with a few likeminded political and literary friends, we shall glance first at what may be called the political phase of his career, which began within a short time after his father's death in 1830, a year big with coming changes in the political world, and a year marked, with an amusing oddity, in the memoir, by Mrs. Grote's notification that "she shall henceforth use the personal pronoun," and proceed to talk of "Grote and I." There can be no doubt that she earned her right to this partnership phrase by the zeal of co-operation with which she did her husband's electioneering, inspiring energy into her more contemplative consort, corresponding with Joe Parkes on the friendliest of footings, and living in a whirl of political excitement and exaltation up to and after the date of December, 1832, when at the "Guildhall paved with heads to the very corners," she saw Grote returned "senior member for the capital of the empire" by a majority of 924 votes. Elected as the advocate of the Ballot, it followed almost of course that his political allies looked to him to bring it forward, and early in 1833 he delivered his maiden speech upon that pet topic to a crowded house. Mrs. Grote heard it from the Lantern, and gives her own and Sir William Molesworth's impressions of its perfect success, but we had rather accept the witness of Lord Broughton, after twenty years had cooled the fervid judgment of the hour, that taking into account all the famous orators of the century, "the two best speeches he ever heard within the walls of Parliament were (1) Macaulay's speech on the Copyright Question and (2) Grote's first speech on the Ballot," an opinion in which, he added, Mr. Speaker Abercrombie agreed with him. (See p. 84). Leaping thus into a foremost rank in the extreme party of politics, which needed the untiring championship of its rare leaders, and being early invited by the Whig Government to undertake the chairmanship of important parliamentary committees, Mr. Grote had to put the History by for a season, and give close attendance to legislative and parliamentary business during the sessions of Parliament, with comparatively little respite during the recess. In the November of 1834 we find Mrs. Grote writing of the preparation for a dissolution after the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's ministry, "Grote is 'buckling on his cuirass,' and I never knew him more full of ardour and resolution. If all 'stand to the guns' as he will, you will have no cause to blame your fellow countrymen. He drew up the address for the Metropolitan members and worked hard to get it personally signed by them all." (P. 93.) At this election Grote was returned, though lowest instead of highest of the four successful Reformers, and on the first night of the session spoke in support of the amendment which was eventually carried by a very small majority. Sir Robert Peel, who went out shortly after on the Irish Tithe Bill, had a consistent opponent, though one who appreciated his ability and respected his statesmanship, in the young Radical leader who at this time was deep in the counsels of Birmingham and the provincial towns, and took as active a part in the Municipal Corporations Bill, as he had done in Reform or the Ballot. He had however a wholesome shyness of O'Connell, which is a token of his characteristic caution and sobriety of mind.

In the June of 1836 he again brought forward the Ballot, to find himself left in the lurch by the Ministers whom he had helped to carry their Irish Municipal Reform Bill; but it was a good deal owing to his zeal that the agitation for it survived a second disaster, and at this period we find him interested in two other collateral party movements,—the foundation of the Reform Club and of the

London and Westminster Review. To those who peruse the pages which record Mrs. Grote's reminiscences of '36 and '37, it will occasion a smile to find "that Grote and I spent a good deal of time this autumn in devising methods of taking votes so as to ensure secrecy; at last a ballot-box was perfected, and some forty or fifty models, in wood, distributed all over the kingdom." Surely the time was wasted and the labour lost, if, as is the case, the Ballot-box of 1873 is not the perfected model *à la* Grote; and if, too, the Ballot itself is not the panacea for corruption and bribery which its fond admirers dreamed it would be in the fervid radicalism of 1833-1837. With the Queen's accession came shortly a third contest for the City, in which Grote came in last of the Whig or Radical team, and only headed the Conservative, Mr. Horsley Palmer, by a majority of six. In these days C. Buller and Sir W. Molesworth were Mr. Grote's staunchest allies, Lord Durham clinging to him up to a point, when his divergence terminated his own prospect of a great career. The Ballot crept on, and in 1838, despite the opposition of the Whigs, 200 members voted for it with Grote, among them Sir Hussey Vivian and Mr. Robert Steuart. For the advocacy of these questions we have other evidence than Mrs. Grote's, that Mr. Grote had the requisite amount of eloquence. When he put on full steam to address the House, the louder tone and the fuller power were more in place than in the chair of a Committee. Indeed, he had neglected no means of acquiring oratorical power, for, in common with Sir William Molesworth, Roebuck, Charles Buller, T. Gisborne, and others, he had taken lessons in elocution from Mr. Jones in 1836, herein differing markedly from an equal scholar and a greater statesman, of whom we find the first notice about this time in Mrs. Grote's memoir. Sir G. C. Lewis, perhaps from physical inability, was content through life to let the manner take its chance, and rely entirely on the matter of his speeches. But then Sir Cornewall Lewis, though his sympathies were with the advanced section of the reforming party, would never have coveted the position of a Radical leader. Indeed, such a position was but disappointment to those who occupied it. "I see what we are coming to, Grote," said Charles Buller; "in no very long time from this, you and I shall be left to 'tell' Molesworth." And to this it came by degrees. Lord John Russell and Lord Grey halted in their Radicalism. Lord Durham died of a broken heart. One and another fell away, till in 1839 the forlorn hope of the Ballot motion failed to kindle any of the olden enthusiasm. Within a year or so, and after but one or two more memorable speeches—especially his able onslaught on the foreign secretary in 1841 in reference to the Eastern Question—he is found shrinking from the anticipation of a new General Election, and—as he expressed it to his constituents—"an unavailing and almost solitary struggle in Parliament" (p. 140). Perhaps—if we take the secret fascination of his deferred historical labours into account—there is little wonder in his deserting a hopeless cause, and yet the spectacle which may even now be seen of sober and stedfast pulling against the tide of a huge working majority by dutiful Tory lieutenants, is surely finer and more satisfactory to contemplate. In reference to the committees on which he sat during an eventful decade, Mrs. Grote commemorates his scrupulous impartiality. The inquiry into the Carlow Election, which occupied a committee for sixty days in the summer of 1839, with Grote in the chair, evoked the complaints of the Whig party touching his superiority to party influences. In those days an Election Committee consisted of eleven chosen out of thirty-three by ballot, and the chosen eleven were pretty sure to be the weakest. The scrutiny was neck and neck for a considerable time, and memories, which can reach back to that year, recall funny accounts of how a ten pounds franchise was made up. During the earlier part of the inquiry, Mr. Grote often voted against his party; but in the last vote which decided the contest in favour of Guy Gisborne, the Radical candidate, his party had no reason to complain of his being "too just in the chair." Those who recollect him in it say he was less fitted for the sharp-shooting of a chairman than for addressing the House on momentous occasions of debate.

7 It was in 1840 that he first dined at Holland House; in 1840 too that he enjoyed "his morning walks and talks with G. C. Lewis between Eccleston Street," where he resided, "and Somerset House," where the enquirer into the credibility of early Roman history was officially employed; perhaps he was getting to see that there was something sweeter than democratic triumphs, and coming round to the opinion that the "summum bonum" resides rather in the contemplative than the practical life, the pursuits of literature, and not the hurry-scurry of politics.

For the former life he had evinced some aptitudes in his school-days at Sevenoaks and Charterhouse, and though he quitted the latter for his father's bank at sixteen years of age, his talents had been fostered by Dr. Raine for his master, and his wits kept on the alert by competition with the Waddingtons and Connop Thirlwall. The "Personal Life" records that the classical studies of his youth were cherished and continued through each period of his manhood and age. In the diary of his early married life in Threadneedle Street, Pausanias, Diodorus Siculus, and Wolf's Prolegomena to Homer, are found to be in course of digestion. A little later he is reviewing Mitford's Greece out of a full knowledge of his subject, and very soon attracting the friendly notice of Niebuhr by the scholastic acquire-ments evinced in that article. Out of these tastes and associations, upon the instigation as we have seen already of his one-minded "altera ego," grew the project of the History of Greece, a work which, laid by for the season of his Parliamentary career (1833-41), was then resumed with a steady diligence, as well as, no doubt, with an experience of men and measures very useful to the historian in tracing parallels and drawing comparisons. Between the date of his quitting Parliament and that of his settling down to his History, came, indeed, a tour to Italy, in the course of which a visit to Pæstum suggests to Mrs. Grote a reminiscence of an unmistakeable scholar-trait in her husband. "Before we finally left the temples, I plucked a handful of acanthus leaves, as a 'souvenir' of our journey, and taking off Grote's hat gently, as he sat on a fallen column, I placed the leaves within its crown, carefully restoring the hat to its former position in silence. We reached Salerno late. On taking off his hat in our inn-parlour, Grote exclaimed, 'Why, bless me! how could these leaves possibly have got into my hat?' He had been wholly unconscious of the incident, his mind being abstracted from all *present* facts." (P. 150.) But on his return to England in the summer of 1842, he laid down the lines of his first two volumes, breaking the ground also of the early chapters by a sort of preludial essay on early Greek Legends in the *Westminster Review;* and, that he might the more entirely give himself up to his life-work, he retired from his ancestral Bank in the summer of 1843. With eight hours a-day to allot to the History, it was no marvel that within a couple of years there arose the needful quest of a publisher; and it was as consistent with a great scholar's modesty, that Grote should pity Mr. John Murray for running the hazard of accepting and producing his work, as, with a practised critic's acuteness, to impress upon that gentleman that he "had got a *good thing* here," and to confirm him in his idea of the value of the contents.

There was no mistake about it. The scholar-world has at all times been ready to kindle with interest to the discussion of Greek mythology and legendary history; and earlier English historians had failed to supply them with as much pabulum in this kind, as the appetite demanded. Lewis, we find, doubts the tenability of Grote's distinction between an Achilleid and an Iliad, and points out some unduly severe strictures on the 9th Book of the Iliad, which the Historian in p. 190 agrees to modify; Hallam is glad to find that Grote is not a Wolfian, though too much of a Chorizontist to suit his own view that the Odyssey was the product of the "Senium Homeri;" but the tone of all the reviews and private letters of learned men was uniform. So much research and sound thinking had resulted in an achievement which set the author at once in the front rank of modern historians.

Apropos of the first volume of the History of Greece, Mrs. Grote records a characteristic anecdote, both as regards her assistance to the author, and his own views of what he owed to his work. "I well remember exclaiming to him one day, when going through his account of the 'Works and Days,' 'Now really, George, *are* you obliged to publish all this absurd and incredible stuff?' 'Certainly, my love. An Historian is bound to produce the materials upon which he builds, be they never so fantastic, absurd, or incredible.'" (P. 169.)

The third and fourth volumes of the History appeared in the April of 1847, and whilst they evoked increased general admiration of Mr. Grote's tact and talent in the treatment of his growing subject, led to a letter from a brother historian, his old schoolfellow, the Bishop of St. David's, couched in such generous and handsome terms of self-abasement, that it redounds to the credit of his genuine modesty, and is worthy to be treasured, εἰς ἀεὶ, among the "curiosities of literature." *

The downfall of Louis Philippe and the establishment of a French Republic in 1848, events in which Mr. Grote evinced the most intense interest, did not sufficiently distract him from the prosecution of his history, to prevent the fifth and sixth volumes from appearing in the last month of that year. By this time he had brought his task up to the Peace of Nicias, and it began to be well seen that one distinguishing feature of his method of writing history was to invest it with all the interest arising out of acute parallelism of ancient and modern characters and events, and another the telling off special epochs and passages of the annals he had to commemorate in such well-considered divisions, that the reader may take up and lay down the subject without oppression from the thought of a gigantic undertaking, which even the first half of the History of Greece might seem, at one stretch. Amidst congratulations on the new volumes, he repaired to Paris early in 1849, and, for the charm of living under a Republic, and of seeing with his own eyes its hopes and prospects of stability, repeated his visit in the course of the same year. In the course of it Mr. and Mrs. Grote determined to give up the country residence which they had for some years possessed at Burnham Beeches. This rural retreat was not the place for the historian. Though elsewhere and earlier, Mrs. Grote gives us a locus classicus about her husband's out-door occupations in the country,—planting young trees, and grubbing up old trunks to make room for them, "exercise being ever a matter of strict duty on his part, though it rarely rose to the level of a pleasure, unless it were riding on horseback with myself in fine weather." (P. 156.) She admits, after six years' experience, that "George's learned pursuits have become so absorbing as to render him averse to all country ideas and recreations, as well as to receiving visitors; so that I am checked and cooled in my interest in the place, for want of a congenial partner in the association which this form of existence generates." (P. 194.) Burnham Beeches ceased to be their country resort in the close of 1850, in the March of which year the seventh and eighth volumes of the History passed through the press, being followed two years later by vols. 9 and 10, the two final volumes making their appearance in December, 1855. During all this period Mr. Grote was at times superintending fresh editions of the earlier volumes, and constantly corresponding with Sir George Lewis, whose mind and studies were perhaps more closely akin to his own than those of any other contemporary, both on the subjects connected with the History, and on other literary and political topics. The scanner of past history, however, was far from dissociating himself from present events. No one could have watched more keenly the tide of affairs at Paris towards the close of 1851, or have been more profoundly distressed by the "revolution *à la* Napoleon." (P. 208.) More than one of the distinguished victims of the *coup d'état* were on terms of intimacy with Mr. Grote, when in their exile, and his mind ever followed with as keen an interest, as that with which he traced the strength and weakness of elder constitutions, the efforts of the cause of liberty in modern states. At home he was now rusticating at History Hut, a cottage residence at East Burnham, built out of the profits of the book, now varying his routine of study by a visit to Oxford to receive the dignity of Doctor of Civil Law at Lord Derby's installation; at another time trying to be even with the extravagance of a country bailiff on his Lincolnshire farm, and studying Stephen's Book of the Farm with "a certain 'bucolic' attraction." To two things, besides daily study, he seems to have been especially true, a zealous interest in the affairs of the University of London, and a constant correspondence with literary and philosophical friends, and both were regarded as pleasure rather than task-work. All the while the History is nearing its completion, there seems to have been a constant interchange of notes betwixt himself and Sir G. C. Lewis, who succeeded to his father's baronetcy in the year the twelfth volume was published. Xenophon, Plutarch, Arrian, Cicero, are constantly overhauled and canvassed, and the two correspondents not seldom discuss the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, in the former of which during part of the period Sir G. C. Lewis was editorially interested. It would appear from Mrs. Grote's "Life," that the critique on the completed history which most impressed the historian, was one written for the *Quarterly* in 1856 by its present editor, Dr. William Smith.

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* "I should have been ashamed of myself (he wrote) if those feelings could have been stifled or abated by my necessary consciousness of the great inferiority of my own performance. When I reflect on the very favourable condition of a gradually enlarged plan, and other adverse circumstances under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be so superseded." P. 174.

Mrs. Grote has published not a few of the letters which passed between her husband and Sir G. C. Lewis on classical and literary topics, and which are a sample of a correspondence that subsisted over a period of nearly thirty years. The first given bears date 1840, and concerns the undoubted inaccuracies of Lord Brougham as a scholar. To critical exactness such a theme is very tempting; and we are reminded by the letter to which we refer, of a couple of unpublished letters of these two eminent men on the subject of a hasty conclusion of another eminent man, Lord Macaulay. These letters were in the possession of Sir Gilbert Lewis, Sir George's brother and successor, and as they were entrusted to the writer of the present notice, with leave to use them in any way he pleased, if the source whence they came were indicated, we can scarcely doubt that they will be of interest to scholars in general, and to students of Homer in particular. The date of them is 1849. The subject is whether the Homeric heroes rode on horseback, of which there is certainly no evidence, if we take horse-riding as a warlike act, for cavalry purposes, though there are two passages (Il. xv. 679 and Od. v. 370—1) where, each time in a simile, reference is made to the use of the κέλης or riding-horse, the trained steeds which the Romans called "equi desultorii," for much the same purposes as those of the modern circus, a man who was deft in leaping from ship to ship being called in one of the passages above referred to, κελητίζειν εὖ εἰδώς, "skilled in riding on a race-horse or circus-horse." Horse-riders are, indeed, mentioned in the shield of Hercules, attributed with slender probability to Hesiod; but then it is not for war purposes, but in a bridal procession. (Hes. Scut. 286.) It would seem, however, that Macaulay had concluded that the famous passage where Diomed and Ulysses carry off the horses of Rhesus in the 10th Book of the Iliad, was a proof of Homeric equitation of a more warlike character. But the letters shall speak for themselves:—

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, Nov. 24, 1849.

MY DEAR GROTE:

I breakfasted a few days ago at Macaulay's, where there were also Milman, Hallam, and Mahon; and the conversation happened to fall (among other subjects) upon the question whether the heroes in Homer are ever represented as *riding*. Macaulay referred to the abstraction of the horses of Rhesus as the example. I told him that I considered the example a doubtful one, and I have since written him some remarks on the point. The received interpretation, as you may see in Heyne's edition, is that Ulysses and Diomed *rode* the horses back to the Trojan camp, without a chariot. It appeared to me that there are great difficulties in the way of this interpretation, though the other is by no means clear: but on the whole I inclined to the supposition that the poet conceived the two heroes as standing in a chariot. Macaulay admits in his answer that the point is nice, and suggests that Diomed sits on the yoke, while Ulysses follows on foot, whipping the horses with the bowstring. Pray have the kindness to read over the passage (x. 470 to the end), and let me know what you think. The difficulty arises at v. 513, and whichever hypothesis is adopted, the narrative is indistinct and imperfect at this point. The verses 497-501 seem to imply that the horses are separated from the chariot, and this supposition is carried on by the expression κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς τόξῳ (513) (which means that he struck them with the wooden part of the bow, not with the *bowstring* as Macaulay supposes). On the other (hand) ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο is the proper expression for mounting a chariot—see v. 46, 227, 255, and τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο (514) implies that both horses are under his guidance. The five lines 526-30* imply still more strongly that there is a chariot. The whole action is that of two persons standing in a chariot and one driving. Ulysses pulls up the horses, Diomed leaps down, takes the spoils of Dolon, and hands them up to Ulysses; he then ascends the chariot. Ulysses flogs the horses, and the chariot proceeds. V. 530 is the proper one for driving a chariot, and unless μάστιξεν refers to the bow,

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* For the convenience of the reader we cite the Dean of Ely's translation, (Strahan & Co., 1869) which is quite in accord with Sir Cornewall's interpretation, and here and there curiously confirms his conjectures.

And then the bold Ulysses the sturdy steeds unbound,
And lashed abreast and bade them go
Forth from the throng, with dint of bow;
The scourge, unheeded, lying low within the chariot's round.
Then whistled he for signal, and Diomedes heard;—
But paused considering yet what deed audacious might be dared;—
To seize the car and armour which in it glittering lay,
Dragg'd by the pole, or hoist aloft;—or Thracians more to slay. 498—506.

* * * * * *

Then featly to the team they sprung:
Ulysses lashed *with bow unstrung*; off to the ships they flew. 513—14.

* * * * * *

These when they reached returning the spot where they had slain
The spy of Hector, there Ulysses drew the quivering rein;
And to the ground Tydides leapt, and the trophies red
Reached to his comrade and again mounted and onward sped,
And lashed the steeds; and flew they careering with a will
To the hollow ships beside the sea, for which they panted still. 525—31.
Vol. i. pp. 230—1.

Ulysses now has a whip. If the lines 526-30 were an insulated fragment, nobody acquainted with Homeric phraseology would doubt that they referred to a chariot. The expressions in v. 541 and 564 apply most naturally to a chariot, as well as the action of carrying on the spoils of Dolon to the ship. The precaution adopted by Ulysses, in 491, also implies that the horses were, if not to be harnessed to a chariot, at least to be driven together.

Pray consider these "Bedenklichkeiten" with respect to the received interpretation. My notion is that Diomed is conceived in v. 512 as adopting the *first* branch of the alternative mentioned in v. 504-6, *i.e.*, taking away the chariot. The omission, however, of this link in the narrative is not in Homer's usual manner. In either interpretation Ulysses is unaccounted for. He is not described as either mounting a horse or the chariot. Here Macaulay's supposition certainly assists, viz., that he drove the horses standing on the ground. But in that case what motive could Diomed have had to mount the horses? Besides, the speed of the horses (v. 514, 530, 540, *ἐπέτοντο-πετέσθην κ.τ.λ.*) seems to me a fatal objection to this hypothesis.

I have much regretted that we have not been able to propose a day for paying you a visit. We have not been a day out of town since the beginning of October. I have been in close attendance upon the office, and we have been unwilling to leave Mrs. Villiers, who was not very well when she came over from Ireland. The farmers in Herefordshire are in a desperate way about protection, and nobody gives them any comfort, who does not tell them that they are irredeemably ruined. I suppose that Disraeli's pupils in your neighbourhood are not much more sanguine. In parts of Herefordshire wages are now as low as 6*s.* per week, with an allowance of cider. * * * * *

Ever yours sincerely,
G. C. LEWIS.

Mr. Grote's reply is as follows:

BURNHAM BEECHES, SLOUGH, Monday, Nov. 25.

MY DEAR LEWIS:

I have just read over attentively the last part of the 10th Book of the Iliad, together with your criticisms. I concur fully in your remarks, and think that Diomed and Ulysses are really conceived as *driving* in the chariot, or rather one as *driving* and the other sitting *by his side* in the δίφρος. I think too with you, that this is to be admitted not because it is free from difficulties, but because any other definite hypothesis would introduce yet greater difficulties. Diomed must be considered as electing to act upon the former portion of the alternative presented in 504-6; as determining *not* to stay longer (ἔτι, 506) for the purpose of killing the remaining Thracians, but to make instant preparations for getting off—that is, to bring out the chariot, since the horses had already been brought out by Ulysses. The chariot stood with the δίφρος, or body, attached to the ῥυμὸς or pole, and might be brought out in two ways—either by pulling by the pole and thus dragging out both together, or by unfastening the δίφρος, lifting it out separately with the arms of Rhesus that were in it, and then afterwards bringing out the pole with the axle and wheels. We see by the description of Herê's chariot (v. 729) that the δίφρος did not form one piece with the ῥυμὸς. The poet does not tell us which of the two he did: the moment that Athenê says, "make haste off," the narrative is so hurried that nothing is specified of the remaining preliminary operations, nothing but the last result—καρπαλίμως δ' ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο—which must be understood as presupposing the accomplishment of what had been foreshadowed in vv. 504-5. One can give a tolerable poetical reason why this part of the business should be hurried over; where Athenê says, "Come, be quick, you have not a moment to lose!"—it seems πρέπον that men so warned should be off in the twinkling of an eye—"hardly staying to button up their breeches;" or, at least that the poet should omit all mention of preliminaries and carry them into the chariot forthwith; leaving us to be satisfied with the premonitory hints of 504-5. If you look back to 438-9 you will see that not merely are the horses of Rhesus extolled as something of superhuman beauty, but also his chariot and his armour. It seems unlikely that the poet should mean us to believe that Diomed left the chariot and the armour behind; and yet again, when we turn to 550, 558, 570, nothing is said about the chariot or the arms when the heroes get back to the Grecian camp. The horses are then fastened to the manger of Diomed, along with other horses; the spoils of Dolon are dedicated in the stern of the vessel of Ulysses; but not a word is said how the chariot and arms of Rhesus are disposed of, though these were undoubtedly both more valuable and more interesting than the humble accoutrements of Dolon.

I do not understand how Diomed could well have sat upon the yoke, while the horses were going at full speed, nor how Ulysses could have kept up with them, upon Macaulay's supposition. Besides had the fact been so, Diomed would not have jumped down on the ground (χαμᾶζε θορὼν, 527) to pick up the spoils of Dolon, and then jumped up again; this would have been needless, since (on Macaulay's hypothesis) Ulysses was already on the ground, and could have handed up the spoils to him. Besides he is represented as picking up the spoils and handing them to Ulysses,—which can have no purpose, except on the supposition that Ulysses was either in the chariot, or on horseback.

It appears to me that the words ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων—ἔρυξε ἵππους-μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους (513, 527, 529), where *one* man is represented as acting at once upon two horses, can hardly refer to anything but two horses in yoke and drawing. What you remark about the whipping of the horses (v. 530) is additional proof that the chariot has been brought along with the two horses: you remark that *Ulysses* whips the horses, but I submit to you that it is *Diomed* * who performs that function. Now it had been expressly stated (500) that Ulysses left the whip in the chariot, and did not think of taking it out therefrom. The whip therefore does not part company from the *chariot*, and if Diomed is afterwards in possession of the former, this is because he has brought the latter also.

I quite agree with you, however, that the narrative is indistinct, and I also feel surprise that nothing is said about the chariot and the arms of Rhesus, which are in it, when the two horses get back safe to the camp. There are certainly difficulties not to be denied.

I am working hard at my History. I have got all the 7th volume printed and about one-third of the 8th. I am now engaged in writing the latter portion of the 8th.

Believe me to be, my dear Lewis,
Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE GROTE.

Such is the correspondence between these two scholars and historians upon the curious question whether Homer describes or recognizes the heroes riding on horseback. To our judgment it effectually removes the possibility of the latter part of the 10th Book of the Iliad being henceforth adduced in evidence of it; and if this is the case, the only other testimonies to horse-riding are not applicable to warlike use, and "nil ad rem," as far as heroic practice is concerned. The question too is of some importance, as connected with the evidence of the oldest Greek vases in the British Museum, touching horse-riding, towards the date of the Homeric poems. (See Dr. Hayman's Odyssey, vol. ii. Pref. p. xlvii.) The correspondence also exhibits the alacrity of Mr. Grote in responding to his friend's request. An elaborate and well-considered criticism is sent off by return of post. That he evinced such obligingness might be attributed in this case to an attraction for the subject of inquiry: but there were other cases, as we learn from Mrs. Grote, where good nature and thorough sympathy with literary labour of all *bonâ fide* kinds were the motives which prompted and influenced him. For instance, it marks the guilelessness of the true scholar to find him undertaking, at Dr. Waddington's request, to read the proofs of his ponderous History of the Church. When one remembers that work, never attractive, and now long since out of date, it might be reasonable to suspect the incoming Dean of Durham of a grim desire to physic his old Carthusian schoolfellow for his dislike of churches and ecclesiastics. Mrs. Grote cannot help saying that "it was a sacrifice of time and thought to acquiesce in Waddington's modest request, and wade through these thick volumes." "I remember," she adds, "his making humorous observations upon his own disqualification—I might add his distaste—for the task, which he regarded as lying out of his own familiar sphere of study." Yet the ungenial task was not the less conscientiously and kindly discharged.

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* So Dean Merivale and Mr. Worsley correctly translate. A nice piece of internal evidence depends on the distinction.

It is a pleasant glimpse at the historian, as years sped on, which Mrs. Grote affords us, apropos of his daily life at Barrow Green, between which and Saville Row his time was mainly divided. After eating his own early breakfast at 8 o'clock, and assisting at his wife's a couple of hours later, he would withdraw to his study, followed by the Spitz dog, Dora. "This pet of 'the master's' never failed to establish herself on his lap so soon as he sat down to work, remaining there for hours—unless when George had occasion to seek for a book, or to mend his fire, when he would put her down gently, replacing 'Dora' on his knees afterwards—and I can vouch for it that the greater portion of the volumes of the *Plato* were written over the back of this little favourite." (P. 250.) A very pretty picture of a kindly scholar, and a very well-mannered little dog which knew better than to do for Plato what another scholar's dog did for the Principia!

Not to carry further our *résumé* of Mrs. Grote's memoir, we may notice that the Life of Plato and his companions was published in 1865, nearly two years after death had deprived Grote of a kindred spirit in Sir George Lewis, whose loss he acutely felt, and in whose commemoration by a bust in Westminster Abbey he busied himself as a melancholy consolation. The Life of Aristotle did not appear until Mr. Grote's own death, in 1871. During the interval he had added to the duties of Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, which it was not his way to perform perfunctorily or by deputy, the distinction of being elected a Foreign Member of the Institute of France. From the year 1859 he had held the honourable office of a Trustee of the British Museum, in the room of Hallam, and evidently took an earnest pleasure in regular attendance and active discharge of his functions. When we consider the movement recently initiated by Lord Stanhope in view of an order of merit to be set apart for the distinction of eminent literary and scientific Englishmen, it occurs to ask whether for *bonâ fide* eminence of the first class there could be higher distinction than the chair in which Grote succeeded his brother historian. Decorations might possibly adorn the successful man of the hour, or the second-rate *littérateur* who knew how to win the ear of the press. A trusteeship of the Museum, far from being a barren honour, augments a literary man's powers of usefulness to his yokefellows, and his means of paying back the debt of his nurture to the mistress he serves.

One of the things to note in Mrs. Grote's concluding pages is the part which her husband took in asserting the supremacy of classics in the University of which he was a founder and a constant friend; another the stand he made against the appointment of an eminent Unitarian teacher to the Chair of Logic at University College. This last is the more remarkable, because in the whole of his career he seems to have prided himself upon even-handed secularism. As his life drew towards its close he had, as we have before noted, the rare opportunity of declining a peerage, and this on the ground that he did not care at the age of seventy-five to dissipate what "intellectual energy" remained to him in "the multifarious business of legislation." It was a pity perhaps that he was not a little more careful of his physical energy, and did not husband the health of his later years, so as to add to the examples of longevity, which may be found among literary men, and might be found in larger numbers, had they but the prudence to keep from exposure to east winds and inclement weather. In simple fact, he took little care of himself, if the University of London or the British Museum called him abroad in the worst days of winter. Here, it seems, Mrs. Grote failed to be able to manage him, though she did so much for his fame, as the companion of his life, and the chronicler of his labours and successes.

We have already said that she has displayed qualifications for the task of a biographer which seldom fall to the lot of one so nearly and intimately connected with her subject. It would be disingenuous to disguise a strong feeling that the work would have been more unalloyedly satisfactory, had it been weeded of expressions and phrases which, though they may savour of strong-mindedness, are scarcely feminine or in good taste. In a letter which Mrs. Grote writes to her mother from Paris in 1830, and reprints in pp. 60-61, she twice over speaks of the "stinks" of that city. A letter to Sir William Molesworth in pp. 114-5 smacks of slang. At a later date she "lugs the historian with her to the Mill-pond" (*i.e.*, goes to visit Mr. G. C. Lewis and Lady Theresa at Grove Mill, near Watford), and elsewhere deplores that "her anxiety to 'row' up to her husband has been the ruin of her health." (P. 211.) No doubt there is a sort of republican virtue in calling "a spade a spade:" only it does not sound natural to a lady's lips. To quote a snatch of the Peace of Aristophanes, which occurs to us as germane to this objection—

> 'Αφροδίτης μὲν γὰρ οὔ μοι φάινεται
> Οὐ μὴν χαρίτων γε.[*] Peace, 41.

And certainly, even if these expressions were suffered to stand, as characteristic, and imparting an air of reality, it is ill-advised in Mrs. Grote to have reprinted a letter of her husband to herself, in which, between themselves, he speaks of Sir George Lewis by a nickname. If "Fish" was, as we are told in a note, "a sobriquet under which we always spoke of Sir G. C. Lewis familiarly," surely it might have been reserved for their own private eyes and ears, and not have been made "publici juris;" though the joke occasioned is likelier to tell against the givers of the nickname, than him to whom it was attributed.

It is indeed quite possible that with many readers these defects of style and taste, and others akin to them, may give piquancy to the "Personal Life of George Grote." We conclude our remarks by saying that in our judgment a very good book would have been better without them.

JAMES DAVIES.

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[*] "I really think it can't be Aphroditè's,
Nor yet the Graces' !" (language, sc.)
ROGERS' Translation.

ON BENEFICIAL RESTRICTIONS TO LIBERTY OF MARRIAGE.

THE object of this article is to point out how modern scientific doctrines may be expected in the future to affect the personal liberty of individuals in the matter of marriage. Up to the present period of the world's history the social struggles of mankind have been principally directed towards the attainment by the individual of an ever-increasing emancipation from the restraints exercised over him by other members of society. One of the most prominent ideas of Christianity is the personal responsibility of each man for the salvation of his own soul, and, as a consequence, his mental independence from others;—any other idea than that of the complete independence of his bodily frame would not be likely to present itself to the mind until evolutional doctrines had obtained a considerable prominence. But these modern doctrines go to show that our mental, as well as our bodily structure, is the direct outcome of that of preceding generations, and that we, the living generation, are like the living fringe of the coral reef resting on an extinct basis afforded by our forefathers, and shall in our own turn form a basis for our descendants. We are now beginning to realize that the members of a society form a whole, in which the constituents are but slightly more independent than are the individual cells of an organic being; and indeed, according to the belief of many great physiologists, each cell is to a certain extent a distinct individual, and vast numbers of such individuals are in fact associated in a colony for the purpose of mutual assistance, and form in the whole a living organism. I have in this article assumed the truth of evolutional doctrines, and persons who do not accept them will find the force of what I have to say either much weakened, or wholly destroyed.

Mr. Freeman has recently remarked,* that the temptation which besets our particular society is a temptation to make too little of the commonwealth, to set the interests of the particular member before that of the whole body, and generally to put what is private first and what is public second. The laws of inheritance have now shown us the intimate relationship which subsists between our progenitors, ourselves, and our descendants; it appears, then, likely that we shall hereafter be driven to resist the temptation above referred to, and shall, in the endeavour to promote our descendants' welfare to some extent subordinate the interests of the individual to that of the community, in the initiation of new restrictions to liberty of marriage. It will be objected that the regulation of the daily increasing intricacies of our civilisation does now afford, and will still more in the future afford, sufficient, or even too much, to fully occupy attention, and that the future must ever be allowed to develope itself without attempts on our part to influence it; but in answer to this I may point out that in compulsory education, vaccination, and sanitary matters we are even now making attempts to control the future, and that as our scientific knowledge becomes more extensive, and the consequent power of predicting the future increases, we shall see the wisdom of extending further and further the scope of this class of legislation. Simultaneously with the diffusion of the belief in the truth of the doctrine of heredity, will come the recognition that it is as much a duty to transmit to the rising generation vigorous minds and bodies, as to hand down to them a firmly constituted society and government—to which latter point attention has hitherto been almost exclusively directed.

It is in his own case alone that man ventures to neglect the knowledge he has acquired of the beneficial effects of careful breeding. Dr. Prosper Lucas observes †—

> "Malheureusement, l'homme dans le rapprochement sexuel des animaux, mû par son intérêt, considère l'avenir et le progrès de la race, tandis que les familles, malgré des intérêts, plus graves et plus sacrés, n'ont en vue, dans le mariage, que le présent immédiat et que l'individu."

And this neglect appears likely to continue so long as the pernicious idea generally prevails that man alone of all animals is under the personal and direct management of the Deity; and yet what believer in evolution can doubt that results as surprising might be effected in man, as are now seen in our horses, dogs, and cabbages? Indeed Mr. Galton's work on "Hereditary Genius," by proving to demonstration the inheritance of mental qualities, seems to indicate that yet more startling results might be attained by turning our attention both to mental and physical qualities, instead of breeding almost exclusively for one group of qualities as in domestic animals. As Mr. Galton puts it,[*] ". . . the human race has a large control over its future forms of activity,—far more than any individual has over his own, since the freedom of individuals is narrowly restricted by the cost, in energy, of exercising their wills. Their state may be compared to that of cattle in an open pasture, each tethered closely to a peg by an elastic cord. . . . Now the freedom of human kind, considered as a whole, is far greater than this; for it can modify its own nature, or, to keep the previous metaphor, it can cause the pegs themselves to be continually shifted. It can advance them from point to point, towards new and better pastures, over wide areas, whose bounds are as yet unknown." Now there are two distinct methods by which we may shift our pegs for the benefit of the race. The first of such methods is by the selection of the best individuals as the progenitors of the succeeding generation, as we do with our domestic animals. In a very curious and interesting article,[†] Mr. Galton has recently given us his ideas of a scheme, whereby he hopes that this method may be ultimately made applicable to the improvement of our race. It consists in the formation of a quasi-caste of those endowed above the average in mental and physical qualities, and who would by early intermarriage (for to them success in life would be almost assured) diffuse their qualities throughout the nation. Could such a caste be formed, its effect would certainly be enormous, but its formation might perhaps produce results of more doubtful advantage in our other social relations,—what for example would be the consequences of the division of society into groups of *corps d'élite* and refuse? The doubt, too, arises whether the means proposed for the creation of this caste are adequate to the desired end.

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* "Fortnightly Review," April 1873.

† "Traité de l'hérédité naturelle du système nerveux." Baillière, Paris, 1850, p. 914, vol. ii.

The second and less efficient method is by the prevention of breeding from the inferior members of the race,—a result brought about by one form of "Unconscious Selection"[‡] among savages, when they kill off their inferior dogs and other domestic animals to support themselves in times of famine. This is the method which forms my groundwork in the present article, and I for my part feel little doubt that it will be the one which will be adopted, at least at the beginning. I am desirous of pointing out some of the ways in which our liberty of marriage may be affected by the adoption of this method, and not so much to indicate definite schemes of legislation, as to bring to a focus some of the considerations to be taken in initiating such schemes.

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[*] "Hereditary Genius," p. 375.

[†] Fraser's Mag. for January, 1872.

[‡] "Darwin's "Origin of Species," p. 37, 5th edit.

The greatest misfortune of mankind, and that which it appears we ought first to combat, is insanity. I confess that, until I looked into the subject, I was not aware how imminent our peril is, and as probably many of my readers are in a like ignorance, I will give a few quotations from a work of great authority on account both of the ability of its author (Dr. Maudsley), as well as of the care with which he has collected and collated his facts. I refer to "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind." Dr. Maudsley finds from his statistics * that one person in 500 in England is mad, and adds that, "Theoretical considerations would lead to the expectation of an increased liability to mental disorder with an increase in the complexity of the mental organisation; as there are a greater liability to disease, and the possibility of many more diseases in a complex organism like the human body, where there are many kinds of tissues and an orderly subordination of parts, than in a simple organism with less differentiation of tissue and less complexity of structure; so in the complex mental organisation, with its manifold, special, and complex relations with the external, which a state of civilisation implies, there is plainly the favourable occasion of many derangements. The feverish activity of life, the eager interests, the numerous passions, and the great strain of mental work incident to the multiplied industries and eager competition of an active civilisation, can scarcely fail, one may suppose, to augment the liability to mental disease. . . . There seems, therefore, good reason to believe that, with the progress of mental development through the ages, there is, as is the case with other forms of organic development, a correlative degeneration going on, and that the increase of insanity is a penalty which an increase of our present civilisation necessarily pays." He then, after remarking on the comparative rarity of insanity amongst savages, gives the numbers of insane patients in England and Wales at three recent periods; he observes, however, that only a small proportion of the enormous increase which the numbers show is due to an increase of insanity in the population, but that it principally arises from the prolongation of life in the insane, from the greater care bestowed on them, and from the diminished number of lunatics unregistered as such.† "But when all due allowance has been made for these causes it must be admitted that a steady increase of about 1000 per annum in the insane population of England and Wales for the last seventeen years does seem to point to an

* P. 229, *op. cit.* † P. 230.

actual increase in the production of insanity, and even to an increase more than proportionate to an increasing sane population." It is to this conclusion (which has not, however, passed undisputed), that I wish to draw particular attention; for if it is true that insanity is heritable in a high degree,—and on this point some details will be given hereafter,—then it is clear that the increase of insanity proceeds in a geometrical ratio, and not by mere addition. Again, with reference to the proportion of the insane to the rest of the population, Dr. Stark[*] has shown that in Scotland one person in 228 is insane, fatuous, deaf and dumb, or blind, and that more than half (6785 out of 11,514) of this proportion is made up by the insane and fatuous.

Dr. Maudsley gives it as the opinion of the most competent judges, that diseases undergo a transformation from generation to generation, that scrofula and phthisis[†] in one generation lead to insanity and idiocy in the next, and that it is "sufficiently evident that disease of one part of the organism will not only affect the whole sympathetically at the time, but may lead to a more general infirmity in the next generation, to an organic infirmity which shall be determined in its special morbid manifestations according to the external conditions of life." He gives, too, a known series of such transformations, in which drunkenness in the first generation leads to a quasi-mad tendency to drink in the second, to hypochondria in the third, and to idiocy in the fourth. In his work above quoted, Dr. Prosper Lucas also gives many authorities for such transformations; one sees, he says,[‡] in the same family, "un enfant maniaque, l'autre épileptique, ou le même individu attaqué, tantôt de l'une et tantôt de l'autre, périr d'apoplexie." Madness, hysteria, epilepsy, convulsions, digestive derangements, spasms, tic, dyspnea, and other diseases are shown to ring the changes among themselves in the various members of a family.[§] "Nul doute n'est donc possible, toute affection nerveuse idiopathique du père ou de la mère est susceptible d'offrir, sous l'action immédiate de l'hérédité, toutes les metamorphoses qu'elle peut revêtir indépendamment d'elle." The tendency to commit suicide seems closely allied to insanity, and of this he gives many instances; amongst the most striking is the following:[‖]—"D., fils et neveu de parents suicidés, prend une femme, fille et nièce de parents suicidés. Il se pend, et sa femme épouse, en secondes noces, un mari dont la mère, la tante et le cousin germain se sont tués."

There appears to be considerable difficulty in attaining any precise information as to the extent to which insanity and the allied maladies are inherited, and there is consequently a great diversity of opinion on this point.[*] The proportion is put by some authors, as Moreau (who examined 50 pedigrees) as high as $\frac{9}{10}$ths, by others as low as $\frac{1}{10}$th; the most careful researches agreeing to fix it not lower than $\frac{1}{4}$, if not so high as $\frac{1}{2}$. M. Béhic reports[†] as the result of the examination of 1000 insane patients in France, that out of 264 of the males, 128 inherited the disease from the father, 110 from the mother, and 26 from both parents; and out of 266 of the females, 100 inherited from the father 130 from the mother, and 36 from both parents; he further says (the italics are mine), "*Children born before the outbreak of an attack are less likely to suffer than those born after an attack.*[‡]" Dr. Lucas[§] is of opinion that the smallness of the proportion assigned by some authors as due to inheritance, arises from the difficulty of ascertaining the pedigrees of patients, and to the fact that in some cases account has only been taken of inheritance in the direct line; and he gives copious illustrations of the strongly heritable character of the various forms of mental derangement, and of the allied nervous diseases.

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[*] "Contribution to the Vital Statistics of Scotland," Journ. Statist. Society, vol. xiv., p. 68.

[†] P. 233.

[‡] P. 802, vol. ii.

[§] P. 804.

[‖] P. 781.

The general result to be deduced from these, and from other passages of a similar nature, seems to be that mental diseases are, and might *à priori* be expected to be, on the increase, and that, as I before observed, such increase will proceed by a geometrical ratio (although such ratio may not greatly exceed unity), that the extent to which the disease is inherited is enormous and very alarming, and that other diseases act and react on one another in the production of insanity.

Does it not appear then that we are bound to consider steps for the excision of this canker, and that those races which delay making the endeavour must fall behind in the struggle for life? Let us hope for the good of the world that the Teutonic races will take the lead in the attempt.

The most obvious way to deal with the matter is by introducing new restrictions to the liberty of marriage, and these need not be, in the first instance at least, of an onerous nature:—indeed, as in all other reforms, our only prospect of change within a reasonable time is, that the first step should be such as not to constitute any great disturbance of the existing system, and one which shall not too greatly shock the prejudices of opponents; it would be hopeless, even if it were desirable, to expect immediately any fundamental change in the marriage relationship. Moreover, by the gradual introduction of change, we guard against those unexpected effects which ever crop up in the working of any new scheme. Fortunately, a start may be made by a reform which is required on the grounds of abstract justice to the individual even more than on those of benefit to the race. If we bear in mind the result of M. Béhic's investigation, viz., that insanity is transmittable to a greater extent after the development of the disease in the parent than whilst it is still latent, we are led almost irresistibly to an enactment that when a divorce is sued for, it shall not be refused merely on the ground of the insanity or idiocy of either party. In order to introduce this change, the legal doctrine, that a person *non compos mentis* is incapable of defending himself, will have to be modified; but it is certainly a fact that in many cases the insane person is *not* incompetent for defence, and in others the fact of incapacity does not in reality weaken the defence,—and surely in all cases our judges may be trusted to point out in the charge to the jury, in what way the incapacity of the party invalidates the evidence. It might also prove necessary to give the court the power of assigning competent legal advisers to the alleged lunatic or idiot. Such a measure as this might prevent the possibility of a catastrophe so frightful as that portrayed in such vivid colours in "Jane Eyre," or of an act of injustice such as it is not improbable has been committed in a recent *cause célèbre*. Moreover, the change could hardly shock the prejudices of anyone.

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[*] Maudsley, p. 233.

[†] Maudsley, p. 248.

[‡] With respect to other diseases, Dr. Lucas says, at p. 924: "Dans la vérole, on a remarqué que les premiers enfants nés de parents vénériens meurent avant la naissance, ou peu de temps après, et que les derniers survivent, comme si la dyscrasie syphilitique s'usait sur les premiers produits. Dans la phthisie, on a remarqué le contraire; les puinés sont beaucoup plus sujets à périr victimes de ce mal, que les ainés, engendrés avant son développement chez les générateurs. Bordeu et Baumes, enfin affirment que les scrofuleux, au premier degré, font les enfants plus sains que ceux qui le sont au deuxième ou au troisième."

[§] P. 792, *et seq.*, vol. ii.

A next step, and one to my mind as urgently demanded on the grounds of justice as the former, is that insanity or idiocy should of itself form a ground of divorce. The proceedings in the divorce court would in this case be merely formal, and consequent on the finding of a commission in lunacy; as, moreover, no slur would be cast on the character of either party, the divorce proceedings would lose much of their sting, and the patient, should he recover, would suffer in no other respect than does anyone, who is forced by ill-health to retire from any career which has been begun; although, of course, the necessary isolation of the parent from the children would be a peculiarly bitter blow. My first proposed step would most likely have but little direct effect; but it would, I imagine, do much for the diffusion of the belief in inheritance, as being a public recognition of the truth of such doctrines, and as drawing the attention of all towards the subject; the second step, however, might be expected to work a perceptible improvement. Might we not hope, too, that s introduction would not excite so great an opposition as to be npracticable within a reasonable time?

Further changes in the same direction may be made by providing hat proof of having never suffered from insanity should be a pre-equisite to marriage. And one may hope that in the distant future, the parties may further be required to show that their parents or even remoter ancestors and collaterals were likewise untainted; this, too, is the more important as it has been shown by Dr. Prosper Lucas * that innate characters are more strongly heritable than those acquired by the individual. The possibility, however, of the introduction of such measures as these is so distant, that it does not seem worth while to consider them further than by pointing them out as goals on the ultimate attainment of which our attention should be turned.

Besides the mental qualities of man, his bodily frame is urgently in want of improvement, and for this end also we need a substitute to replace the weakened influence of Natural Selection. *Mens sana*, moreover, loses much of its power of doing good work, unless placed *in corpore sano*,—so that even neglecting the consideration that by our carelessness we are laying by a heritage of suffering for unborn generations, we can only fully provide for the advancement of the human race by paying attention to physical qualities. There can be no doubt that the health of large numbers in our present highly civilized condition is alarmingly feeble, and that the advance of medical science will, by the preservation of the weak, only aggravate the evil for future generations. The extent to which, in the present age, the weak are placed almost on a par with the strong in the struggle for life has been pointed out in the "Descent of Man."

There are many diseases which seem to require attention on account of their strong hereditary characters.† The lungs, the digestive canal, the liver, and organs of generation may be the origin of the most various forms of derangement, and give rise to convulsions, hysteria, chorea, and epilepsy; and all these diseases are hereditary and transformable *inter se*. Gout,‡ scrofula, rheumatism, tuberculous, cancerous, herpetic, and syphilitic diseases are intimately related, and all are strongly heritable. A gouty constitution may develope itself in the form of asthma, dyspepsia, epilepsy, apoplexy, paralysis, madness, and many other diseases. Syphilis § "peut usurper toutes les formes morbides même les plus bizarres." That consumption runs in families is too notorious to need any remarks on my part. We shall, to a certain extent, in combating insanity and idiocy, combat all these diseases, since, as was before remarked, they

[*] P. 895, vol. ii.

[†] P. Lucas, p. 805, vol. ii.

[‡] P. 810, vol. ii.

[§] P. 814, vol. ii.

are mostly commutable with mental incapacity; but we can only make a really successful attack by compelling the production, before marriage, of a clean bill of health in the party, and ultimately in his parents and ancestors. Syphilis would have to be included, in case, as is only too likely, medical science and other preventive legislation should fail in depriving it of its hereditary character, or in confining its ravages to small limits.

At the end of his book * Dr. Lucas gives his opinion as the result of his labours that, in contracting marriage, union should be avoided with persons near akin, with those personally affected with epilepsy, mental incapacity, phthisis, scrofula, &c., as well as with those whose parents, grand-parents, uncles or aunts are so affected; and adds that it is our duty not only to search for persons exempt from these diseases, but those whose personal and family constitution is good, and that, "ce devoir purement moral devrait être selon nous, en certaines circonstances, d'obligation légale."

The ultimate restrictions then to liberty of marriage would be (besides those already in force, less the absurd laws against marriage with a deceased wife's sister or husband's brother), (1) Divorce on the appearance of certain diseases; (2) The passing of a medical examination for this same class of diseases; and (3) The production of an untainted pedigree. The medical examination might in some respects be modelled on that in force in Germany for military service, where a man is not ultimately rejected until he has been refused in three successive years. Could such legislation come into force, coupled with some such scheme as that proposed by Mr. Galton, not not only might "a cubit be added to our stature," but the capacity for happiness in the world might be largely augmented, by the destruction of that most potent cause of unhappiness, ill-health; several years might be added to human life, our ability for work and mental power immensely increased, and the coming race might end by becoming as much superior to ourselves in mind and body as the racehorse is superior in form to a shaggy pony.

Another measure very analogous to those of which I have spoken hitherto, would be an enactment that the felony of either party to a marriage should constitute a ground for suing for a divorce. Does it not seem monstrous that a person should be bound for life against his will to one who, having committed a crime, is held apart from communication with society? The tendency to vice, too, seems almost of the nature of a disease, and is without doubt hereditary; thus, by such a measure, not only should we free an individual from a hateful union, but we should be aiding in the formation of a rising generation less tainted with vice than the last.

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* P. 906, vol. ii.

In his "Enigmas of Life," Mr. Greg takes the most sanguine iews as to the happy future of the human race in purging itself of he ills to which I refer in this article; but I have endeavoured to how that, according to the opinions of the most competent judges, with respect to insanity, idiocy, and certain other diseases, he is not justified in his hopes, at least if no wholly new influence comes into play, of which we are as yet unable to see any symptoms. As is not unnatural, then, Mr. Greg is of opinion that we shall not submit to any curtailment of our liberty of marriage; he says,*—"Obviously, no artificial prohibitions or restraints, no laws imposed from above and from without, can restore the principle of 'natural selection' to its due supremacy among the human race. No people in our days would endure the necessary interference and control; and perhaps a result so acquired might not be worth the cost of acquisition. We can only trust to the slow influences of enlightenment and moral susceptibility percolating downwards, and in time permeating all ranks. We can only watch and be careful that any other influences we do set in motion shall be such as, when they work at all, may work in the right direction. At present the prospect is not reassuring. We are progressing fast in many points no doubt, but the progress is not wholly nor always of the right sort nor without a large per contrà." Is it not, however, pushing hopefulness to an extreme to expect morality to make so vast a stride as that to which Mr. Greg looks forward? Indeed, I can hardly think it reasonable to expect that a man should voluntarily sacrifice himself;—it would be analogous to expecting a man, who was bent on entering the army, voluntarily restraining himself because he becomes blind of one eye. It does, however, seem to me reasonable, that just as in the case of the army the country protects itself by causing its would-be recruits to pass a medical examination, so that persons of untainted blood, being convinced of the truth of heredity, should protect themselves and their descendants by debarring the tainted from entering the army of married life. Even Mr. Greg appears to contemplate the necessity of coercion when he says,† that the means or at least the prospect of being able to maintain children should be regarded practically as an essential pre-requisite to producing them,—probably under the control of an enlightened public opinion,—possibly as is not unknown in certain continental states, under legal pressure. Surely, then, if we are to prevent the rising generation from lacking maintenance in the future, we are, *à fortiori*, bound to prevent a rising generation from being formed which will be a curse to itself,—a curse the influence of which personal efforts will be powerless to arrest.

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* "Enigmas of Life," p. 113.

† P. 120.

In order to enable us to estimate the probability of mankind enduring such restrictions as those here advocated, it will be well to consider what restrictions men have already endured, and do now endure. It would of course be quite beyond the scope of a single article to enter into a full history of this point, even if my knowledge enabled me to do justice to the theme; I have therefore put together a short account of such restrictions as my reading has brought before my notice, without professing to treat the subject exhaustively.

In his work on "Primitive Marriage," Mr. McLennan has with great ingenuity reconstructed the steps by which the marriage system has developed itself from a more or less complete promiscuity, and his views are now, as I believe, accepted in the main by the most competent judges. He draws his arguments from a comparison of the various stages of marriage extant amongst barbarous or semi-barbarous nations in all parts of the world, and also from a consideration of the old customs and "survivals" still subsisting amongst civilized races. Exogamy, or the custom whereby a man is bound to search his mate out of his own tribe, is traced as the earliest restriction to promiscuity, and seems to have been directly brought about by the struggle for life. The useless mouths of the tribe were to a great extent suppressed by the introduction of female infanticide—a custom which still prevails over a wide area. The men were thus almost *driven* to make raids on neighbouring tribes to carry off the women; the latter were generally in the earlier stages the common property of the men, and private property in a wife was forbidden. The survival of many curious customs, expiatory of the tribe's anger when a man assumed a wife to himself, affords abundant proof of the truth of this view. In early forms of partial civilization the tribe or family formed the unit, and almost all property was held communistically, so that it was almost impossible for a man, however bold or strong, to retain a wife for himself alone. It appears to me, too, that it is easy to see how the taking of a wife from within the tribe would serve as a proof that the man had not taken his share in the warlike exploits of the tribe, and would thus come to be regarded as a crime. Indeed, long after the state of perpetual warfare subsided, and when wives were no longer taken by violence, marriage within the tribe continued to be forbidden; and later the custom, whatever its origin, crystallized into a semi-religious abhorrence to internal marriages.

Existing side by side with this system, we find that of Endogamy, in which marriage outside of the tribe is forbidden. This probably took its origin in pride of race; and here external marriages are considered criminal, as tending to deteriorate the breed. Our still existing marriage customs prove the Aryan race to have been originally exogamic. The transition which sometimes takes place from the exogamic to the endogamic system is one of the most curious and interesting parts of Mr. McLennan's book. I must refer the reader to the fountain-head for an account of how community of women, polyandry, and tribal organisation graduated respectively into exclusive property in the wife, polygamy, and the patriarchal system; I wish here merely to point out the great variety of the restrictions to marriage, and how at various times it has been forbidden to marry within the tribe, and without it; and unlawful for a woman to have but one husband, and lawful for a man to have many wives. One restriction, so curious as to deserve mention, is given by Mr. Spencer,* viz., where a woman is married during four days in the week, and free the rest of the time.

The prohibitions to consanguineous marriages form another group of restrictions which may be observed in every known system. Mr. McLennan traces it entirely to exogamy, but Mr. Tylor thinks it due to the observed ill effects of interbreeding.

The following brief account of the restrictions, obtaining in various parts of the world to marriage with kinsmen, is abstracted from Mr. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," † where the various authorities will be found collected. In the civilized world the prohibition from such marriages stops at that of first cousins. Theoretically the Roman Ecclesiastical Law pronounces marriage unlawful to the seventh degree, and even as far as any relationship can be traced, but practically the restriction is reduced to the ordinary limits by means of dispensations. The Quakers do in reality forbid first-cousin marriages. In India a Brahmin is barred from marriage in the male line indefinitely. In China a man may not marry a woman of the same surname, and of such names there are but several hundreds; and two brothers may not marry two sisters. In Siam the prohibition extends to the seventh degree, although the king may marry his sister or even his daughter. Among the Dyaks first-cousin marriages are prohibited, and a fine imposed on second-cousin marriages; the restriction to marrying a relation is strongly marked in the Malay Peninsula. Among the Ostyaks two persons of the same name may not marry; the Tungaz forbid second cousin marriages, and the Samoeids and Lapps all degrees of consanguineous marriages. In Africa the marriage of cousins is illegal in some tribes; in Madagascar certain ranks, and persons akin to the sixth degree are not permitted to intermarry. Throughout a large district of East Australia the restrictions follow very intricate rules depending on the tribal names of the parties. Kinship by adoption constituted in ancient Rome a partial bar to marriage, and the same thing holds true among the Moslems with respect to foster-kinship. In the Romish Church sponsorship creates a restriction, which, even among co-sponsors, a dispensation is required to remove. Two members of a Circassian brotherhood, not at all akin, may not marry.

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* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Dec. 1872, p. 17.

† Pp. 281-9.

I believe that amongst the Jews it is customary for uncles to marry nieces, and I have been informed by Dr. Farr that a similar custom prevails in the Isle of Wight, notwithstanding that English law does not recognise such unions.

Our present table of prohibitions (with the exception of those against marriage with a deceased wife's sister or husband's brother) seems a *juste milieu* between extreme restraint and extreme laxity; it may perhaps, however, come about that marriages of first-cousins may be ultimately prohibited, should the evil arising from such unions prove as great as is sometimes asserted.

Passing over a great lacuna in my knowledge, I now come to the Teutonic communistic bodies. My information is derived from an interesting pamphlet which has lately appeared at Berlin, by Karl Siegwart.* In these feudal communistic bodies the right to marry and form a household played a great part as a means of reward and advancement. During the period of "ministerial service," when each man was bound to give all the product of his labour to the commonwealth, restraint to liberty of marriage was the rule, and only those might marry who had reached a certain age or position; not a soul dared marry without permission, and this permission was refused to soldiers, husbandmen, and artizans alike, during their apprenticeship. The households, the number of which was kept almost invariable, were partitioned out amongst the marriageable classes; and the majority had to wait for the deaths of their predecessors in office. Even the artizans in the free towns had to wait until they could buy the business of a deceased master, or marry his widow or daughter; and in the latter case, although the business was not at first strictly heritable, only if there were no son in waiting. Even in the lowest classes no one might marry until a household was at liberty for him. A great part of these institutions seem to have remained in almost full operation down to the Reformation. And even subsequently, breaches of these marriage customs seem to have been punished with frightful severity. The transgressor was thrown naked into a hole full of thorns, impaled, or buried alive; assaults on women were punished with death. The mother of an illegitimate child was exposed in the pillory, and either executed or graciously condemned to imprisonment; if the child was not yet born, she either committed suicide or was drowned by her relations, and the seducer caught in the act was castrated. Prostitution was not merely tolerated, but was secretly promoted as a check to over-population, as in Japan at the present day. Liberty to marry in these communities was in fact used as the highest reward for good service, and breach of the custom punished in the harshest manner.

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* Pp. 20—22 of "Der Communisten Staat," 3te Ausgabe. Berlin, 1873.

As far as I know, all modern restrictive legislation has been entirely directed to the prevention of pauperisation. Thus in Switzerland a scheme was proposed and debated in the Legislature of the Canton of Thurgau, of which (as well as of what actually obtains in the Canton of St. Gall) Mr. Laing* gives the following account:—"The first article of their (the Thurgovian) proposed law prohibits the marriage of males who live by public charity; the second requires that to obtain permission to marry, a certificate from the overseers of the poor must be produced of the industry and love of labour and of the good conduct of the parties, and that, besides clothes, they are worth 700 francs French, or about 30*l.* sterling. The third article of this extraordinary law in a free state makes the marriage admissible without the proof of this 700 francs of value in moveable property, if the parties have furniture free of debt, and pay the poor-tax of 1 per mille upon fixed property. Their legislation had sense enough to reject this absurd proposition in 1833. The canton of St. Gall, however, actually has imposed a tax on marriages; and to make it popular the amount goes to the poor fund. It fails because, according to Sir F. d'Ivernois, it is too low, being 46 francs, about 71 francs French, or 3*l.* sterling; and because it is not graduated according to the ages of the parties, so as to prevent early marriages." Mr. Laing further states that in Germany commissaries have actually been appointed by some governments (Bavaria among others), who are vested with the power to refuse permission to marry to those whom they judge not able to support a family. They have a veto on marriages.

In Saxony an extraordinary facility of divorce exists.† "A separation of a husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange." Marriage seems almost to amount to a temporary arrangement. In a village near the Kochel, out of sixteen marriages, after one year "only six of the contracting parties were still living together." Mutual dislike is a ground for divorce (as is also the case according to the Prussian Landrecht and in Baden), and divorces have even been granted on account of drunkenness, staying out at night, ill-smelling breath, groundless complaining, and drunkenness of the father-in-law.!! ‡ Sometimes, however, a fresh marriage is forbidden to the parties for four or five years. In Hungary, too, the same great facility of divorce obtains.

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* "Notes of a Traveller," p. 341..

† "Transylvania, its Products and its People." Chas. Boner. P. 483, *et seq.*

‡ P. 501.

Marriages between Catholics and Protestants are not acknow ledged in Brazil, and a priest has even been known to celebrat a marriage between parties, one of whom he knew to have bee previously married to a Protestant.*

The examples which I have here thrown together are, I thin sufficient to show how great a diversity of marriage customs ha at various times prevailed, and still prevails, amongst civilized nation Does not this serve as an answer to those objectors who would say,—"We shall never submit to having our marriage laws more restricted"? For when one can point out so great a diversity o restrictions, many of which are no longer maintained for any goo reason, it is surely absurd to say that nothing new will be endured even though it may be founded on the best of reasons. Our stat of civilization has so diminished the force of Natural Selectio that we cannot much longer afford to neglect some process o artificial selection, to replace the method which nature has bee carrying on from the beginning, and that nation which has first th courage to adopt some such plan, must undoubtedly gain on other in the vigour of its members in mind and body.

To those who are inclined to regard all designs of improvement fo the human being of the future as chimerical, I cannot do bette than quote Mr. Spencer's words,† that there are now in existenc "various germs of things which will in the future develope i ways no one imagines, and take shares in profound transformation of society and of its members—transformations that are hopeless a immediate results, but certain as ultimate results." The germ i this case is the growing belief in the truth of heredity. There is n doubt that for a time such legislation, as here proposed, would b resisted, just as, in defiance of English law, marriages are now contracted with the sisters of deceased wives, and men refuse t vaccinate their children; but in course of time, as the knowledg of heredity percolates more and more from the educated to th uneducated, such legislation will probably be acknowledged as wel founded, and will be universally acquiesced in.

The prospect of the institution of such schemes is certainly no immediate, and a man would be sanguine to expect to live to se them in operation; but, as is well known, the first stage in al reforms is that of discussion and diffusion of opinion, and as hithert the possibility of improving the marriage relationship has been barel mooted, I have thought I might perhaps do some service by directin attention to the subject.

GEORGE DARWIN.

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* "Work of the Christian Church at Home and Abroad." Strahan & Co., 1863 quoted in the *Spectator*, April 17, 1873.

† "Study of Sociology," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Dec. 1872, p. 9.

MILTON.

THE Puritan poet was bound to show us more of Puritanism than any other man; for the poet is in deepest union with the spirit of his time. In so far, indeed, as he is a world-poet, he will be more than his age; he will stand up from the crowd to receive light from past generations, and to "take the morning" of the future: but not the less will he be the child, the most characteristic child, of his time. No Puritan, not Cromwell himself, was more Puritan than Milton. Imagination singles out these two and places them apart, the Puritan poet and the Puritan king. In power of brain and fiery strength of will, in velocity and intrepidity of intellectual vision, they were about equal. Cromwell was superior in massive sense and infallible certitude of practical glance; Milton had the incommunicable gift of poetic genius, enabling him to extract the finest essence of Puritan nobleness, and preserve it for posterity, "married to immortal verse and equally immortal prose." Watch well the steps of these two, and you will not fail to catch some notes of the music to which the historical procession of Puritanism marched.

John Milton, as we see him before the outbreak of the civil war, was the most comprehensively cultured young man in England, probably in Europe. The languages of Greece and Rome were to him as mother tongues. He read the Italian poets and the great poetical masters of his own country. He was able to estimate all the Renaissance could tell or teach him. Here and there the dead hand of antiquity had struck with its stiffening touch into the poetry which he had already written. The glorious roll of music and imagery in the opening stanzas of his Hymn of the Nativity, leading us along a world veiled in maiden snow beneath amazed stars to the shepherds waiting the angels' song, had been broken by the alien and ignoble apparition of "the mighty Pan." The gracious quietude and vivid simplicity of the lines in *Comus*,

> "They left me then when the gray-hooded Even,
> Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weed,"

had been smitten, even in completing the sense, into tuneless artificiality, by the introduction of "Phœbus' wain." But his own England, its "hedge-row elms and hillocks green," its cottage windows caressed by

> "the sweet-briar or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine,"

had wooed him with a finer magic than that of the ancients, lending merriment to his eye and song to his lip in morning walks,

> "While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

In 1623, when Milton was a boy of fifteen, John Heminge and Henry Condell, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare," had given to the world the folio edition of Shakespeare's works, very anxious that the said folio might commend itself to "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," William, Earl of this and Philip Earl of that, and exceedingly unconscious that, next to the production of the works themselves, they were doing the most important thing done, or likely to be done, in the literary history of the world. Milton read Shakespeare, and in the lines which he wrote upon him in 1630, there seems to be the due throb of transcendent admiration. A superb enthusiasm, an imaginative audacity bordering on the gigantesque, are embodied in the idea of Shakespeare's readers being, "with wonder and astonishment," cast into a state of trance-like death, made into "marble with too much conceiving," and thus forming a grave worthy of the poet.

> "Thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
> And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

But the lines in *L'Allegro*,

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, nature's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild,"

though right in laying emphasis upon Shakespeare's sweetness, convey a suggestion of something like depreciation. Not thus would you speak if you intended to describe greatness colossal and unapproached. To apply the term "nature's child" to one who exhausted the possibilities of art is like praising a consummate general for understanding regimental drill, and a reference to the "wood-notes wild" of him who wrote *Hamlet* and the *Tempest*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Julius Cæsar*, is like saying that the Himalayan range carries grass-tufts and daisies. Beneath the radiant expanse of the Shakespearian mind, the entire phenomenon of Puritanism may be contemplated as an angry spot of storm, moving along the face of the sea, beneath soft unfathomable brilliance of summer sky. All that was wrong in the social philosophy of Puritanism is checked and rectified by Sir Toby's answer to Malvolio, himself "a kind of Puritan." "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Puritanism, in its best mood of reverent submission, could say no more in vindication of the ways of God to men, than is said by Isabel:—

> "All the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He who might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

And never did Puritanism more inly realise, more delicately and intensely express, the soul of Christian morality, than had been done by Portia:—

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Shakespeare may with some propriety be called the poet of the Reformation; for he is pre-eminently the poet of freedom, the poet of man; and the Reformation denotes and dates for us a magnificent awakening, energising, expanding of the human mind. But he was not, and could not be, the poet of Puritanism. He was too great for that. He was incapable of being a partisan, or of giving up to the noblest of special developments what was meant for mankind. Nor would the England of the Puritan period have been so rich a field for the Shakespearian drama as the England of Elizabeth. When Englishmen were arrayed in hostile camps, when every family circle was rent with unutterable heartburnings, how, to mention nothing else, could the most marvellous faculty of humour that ever dwelt in man

have found in England, to love and to laugh at, and to preserv
the love and laughter of all times, the Dogberries, the Bottoms
Petruchios, the Malvolios, the Sir Tobys, the Launces, the Lan
Gobbos, the Falstaffs, the grave-diggers, the clowns, the Pucks
Ariels, the Calibans, which are but minor figures in works s
beyond the common reach of literary art that language has no ep
by which to characterize them? It was in a still, great tim
energy healthful and therefore calm, of enjoyment, of proud stre
and exuberant life, tortured by no raging antagonisms, no
fanaticisms, that Shakespeare, with a genius capable of sympat
cally embracing and bodying forth every type of man,
phase of permanent human emotion,—loving all, tolerating
interested in evil as well as in good, clear that even the fool and
rogue have uses in a world so dull as ours, and where there
much smoke to be consumed by the summer lightning of laught
could do his unique and inestimable work.

We have arrived, therefore, at the first of those distinction
which, as with critical surveying line, it must be our aim to
round and mark off the individuality of Milton. He was not of
class of poets whose inspiration lies essentially in their bound
all-penetrating, all-tolerating sympathy; for whom concrete men
women in their whole range of character, from sage to simpl
from saint to sot, from ape to archangel, are endlessly interesti
who are not uncontrollably fired with reforming ardour; who do
expect the world to become much better than it is; who, if
truth must out, have an inextinguishable tenderness for evil,
will keep a lurking place at the world's chimney-corner for the
himself. Nothing is more curiously characteristic of Shakesp
than the manifest enjoyment with which, by subtlest sympath
reads every secret in the diabolical breast of Iago. Goethe th
all his cleverness and all his heart into a version of *Reineke F*
and carefully explains to Eckermann that he does not in
Mephistopheles to be finally cast out. Burns, no more doub
the existence of Satan than of his own grandfather, feels to
exactly as Goethe felt to Mephisto :—

"But fare ye weel, auld Nickie Ben,
O wad ye tak' a thocht an' men',
Ye aiblins micht—I dinna ken—
Yet hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake."

As Shakespeare is the supreme name in this order of poets, the
of sympathy and of humour, Milton stands first in that other g
order which is too didactic for humour, and of which Schiller is

best recent representative. He was called the lady of his College, not only for his beautiful face but because of the vestal purity and austerity of his virtue. The men of the former class are intuitive, passionate, impulsive; not steadily conscious of their powers; fitful, unsystematic. Their love is ecstacy; their errors are the intoxication of joy; their sorrows are as the pangs of death. Himmelhoch jauchzend,—zum Tode betrübt; panting with rapture, to death brought low: happy only in that their whole soul is thrown into every mood, and counting life past when the intellect ceases to wander and the heart to love.

> When head and heart are whirling wild,
> What better can be found?
> The man who neither loves nor errs
> Were better underground.*

Milton, the poet of Puritanism, stands out in bold contrast to these imperfect characters. From his infancy there was nothing unregulated in his life. His father, clearly a superior man, of keen Protestantism, successful in business, well skilled in music, soon perceived that one of the race of immortals had been born in his house. He began, apparently with the conscious and delighted assent of his son, to give the young Apollo such an education as Plato might have prescribed. An eminently good education it proved to be; only not so good, with a view to the production of a world-poet, as that which nature, jealous of the Platos and pedagogues, and apt to tumble them and their grammatical appurtenances out of window when she has one of her miraculous children in hand, had provided for that Stratford lad who came to London, broken in character and probably almost broken in heart, some forty years earlier, to be a hanger-on of the theatres and to mount the intellectual throne of the world. No deer-stealing expeditions late o' nights when the moon silvered the elms of Charlecote chase; no passionate love-affairs and wild boy-marriage. Milton, carefully grounded in the tongues, went in due course to Cambridge University, and during those years when the youthful mind is in its stage of richest recipiency, lived among the kind of men who haunt seats of learning. On the whole, the most uninteresting men in existence; whose very knowledge is a learned ignorance; not bees of industry, who have hoarded information by experience, but book-*worms*. Mr. Trollope, by a rare felicity of genius, has managed to get these people into novels, but no one has yet got them into poetry. It is important, also, that Milton was

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> * "Wenn dir's in Kopf und Herzen schwirrt,
> Was willst du Bessres haben?
> Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,
> Der lasse sich begraben."—GOETHE.

never to any distracting extent in love. If Shakespeare had been a distinguished university man, would he have told us of a catch that could "draw three souls out of one weaver?" And if the boy of eighteen had not been in a fine frenzy about Anne Hathaway, could he have known how Juliet and Romeo, Othello and Desdemona, loved?

The inspiration of Milton's genius was not that of personal experience and emotion. He sang by no means as the bird sings, to give voice to the feelings with which the strings of the heart are vibrating to agony. He was a student of music and of beauty, training himself to excel in the august art of song, aware of its difficulty, but aware also of his powers. Conscious education of this kind is perilous; genius, tamed and regulated, is apt to lose its wings and become capable only of the sober paces of prose. It is, therefore, a proof of the fiery and inextinguishable nature of Milton's genius that it triumphed over the artificiality of his training; that there is the pulse of a true poetical life in his most highly wrought poems, and that the whole mountain of his learning glows with the strong internal flame. His inspiration was from within, the inspiration of a profound enthusiasm for beauty and an impassioned devotion to virtue. The district in which he lived during the period of his most elaborate self-education is not marked enough to have disturbed, by strong impressions from without, the development of his genius from within. Horton lies where the dead flat of South-eastern Buckingham meets the dead flat of South-western Middlesex. Egham Hill, not quite so high as Hampstead, and the chalk knoll on which Windsor Castle fails to be sublime, are the loftiest ground in the immediate neighbourhood. Staines, the Pontes of the Romans, and Runnymead with its associations, are near. The parish church of Horton, in which Milton worshipped for five or six years, and in which his mother is buried, has one of the Norman porches common in the district, but is drearily heavy in its general structure, and forms a notable contrast to that fine example of the old English church in which, by the willows of Avon, lie Shakespeare's bones. The river Colne breaks itself, a few miles to the north, into a leash of streams, the most considerable of which flows by Horton. The abounding water-courses are veiled with willows, but the tree does not seem to have attracted Milton's attention. It was reserved for the poet-painter of the Liber Studiorum to show what depths of homely pathos, and what exquisite picturesqueness of gnarled and knotted line, could be found in a pollard willow, and for Tennyson to reveal the poetic expressiveness of the tree as denoting a solemn and pensive landscape, such as that amid whose "willowy hills and fields" rose the carol,

> "mournful, holy,
> Chaunted loudly, chaunted lowly,
> Till her blood was frozen slowly,
> And her eyes were darkened wholly,"

of the Lady of Shalott. About ten miles to the north of Horton is Harefield, a village probably quite as silent to-day as in Milton's time, for the railway, at Uxbridge, is five miles distant, and all who must live near the steel highway have left the little place. Here, on his visits to the Countess of Derby, Milton would see a less uniform landscape; hills of pleasant undulation, and the Colne, still undivided, lighting with pale gleam its wooded valley.

In such country, John Milton, animated by high intellectual passion, gathering himself up in what, compared with the habitudes of the sympathetic poets, may be characterised as a certain proud isolation, trained himself for conquest in the world of mind. To some, even though intelligent and friendly, he seemed to be wasting his years, and in a well-known sonnet he makes a poetical confession that the same thought had struck warningly upon his own heart. But above the hasty rebukes of friends, and deeper than the hints of conscience in moments of self-reproach, was the predominant conviction that he who, in his youth, addresses himself, with the whole energy of his soul, to culture, is in the path of duty, and need not shrink from "the great Task-master's eye." Culture, indeed, is judged by mankind, and whatever the Sophist and Epicurean schools may hold, ought to be judged by mankind, with reference to its end. The study of the beautiful, without view to anything but the pleasure it affords or the distinction it procures, is named dilettantism, a term not strictly of contempt but sharply excluding all idea of heroic desert. Goethe, for example, is acknowledged as one of the most superbly gifted men of recent times, and as perhaps the best cultured; but a suspicion has got into the mind of the world that his culture was self-centred and self-sufficing, a suspicion, I believe, unjust, but invincible hitherto by the testimony of Mr. Carlyle and two or three others who have studied him most deeply; and therefore the heart-homage of mankind is inexorably denied him. It would not be paradoxical to allege that Milton erred on the opposite side,—that he was too consciously alive to the duty of annexing high service, with God for feudal superior, to his self-culture, as the condition of its being noble. But the moral instincts of the race pronounce that he was in the main right, for they recognise a radiancy transfiguring the culture inspired by devotion to mankind and governed by a sense of duty, more warmly touched with the bloom of life than the ice-like brilliance of mere æsthetic sensibility, scientific curiosity, or intellectual ambition.

Few things in the whole range of literary art are so fine as the works composed by Milton during those years of calm yet ardent self-education which intervened between his leaving Cambridge and his visiting Italy. Allusion has already been made to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* In addition to the bright, crisp touch of their landscape sketching, and their comprehensive felicity of thought, sentiment, imagery, and diction, there is in them a subtle melodiousness, attained by skilful interweaving of the trochee and the iambus with one or two anapæstic touches, of which the language had previously possessed no example, and which has proved to this day inimitable. But the pre-eminent work of the time is *Comus.* After Goethe and Keats have been in the lists, this continues far and away the best poem of its class, the best attempt of a modern to strike the lyre of Greece. It has the defect which seems inevitable in such poetry, the defect of incongruity. This appears in the opening lines. A spirit, whose duty it is to wait upon virtuous ladies on earth, may well enough have a mansion in the skies; but spirits and mansions were certainly not to be found "before the starry threshold of Jove's court." And when this spirit talks of "the crown that virtue gives," of "eternity," and above all of the "sin-worn mould" of "this dim spot which men call Earth," all sense of illusion vanishes, and Jove and his court are felt to be as much out of place as they would be in the Epistle to the Romans. The introduction of the epithets "sin-worn" and "dim," as characterising the world of living men, in a speech by a familiar of Jove's court, may well surprise us when we recall Milton's love of Homer. The poet of the Iliad and the heroes of whom he sang, did not regard the world of Greece and of its islands, of Asia Minor and the garden-lined coast of Syria down to Sidon and Tyre, as dim or sad, but as filled with light and with jocund life. The very idea of sin had hardly glimmered on their minds. Probably, however, Milton made no serious attempt to keep the work true to the antique in tone and colour.

Comus is a descriptive poem, with something of dramatic form, but no aim at dramatic verisimilitude, the subject being the triumph of Vestal Purity, by force of its own radiance, over rude strength and malign enchantment.

> "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
> That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

The tale is told beautifully, simply; without plot or any artifice; and with no regard to superficial probabilities. Frankly discarding everything of the drama, except its form, the poet does not stoop, as, within certain limits, the dramatist must, to be a literary mocking-bird. Aloft on his perch, like a nightingale, he fills the grove with his music, varying his note as the subject varies, but always with the same volume of sound and the same rich and mellow tone. None of the masters of English poetry, Milton's predecessors, not Chaucer, not Spenser, not Shakespeare even, had done much to detract from the originality, or to herald the perfection, of *Comus*. Chaucer's blank verse is not to be mentioned with that of Milton. Chaucer, indeed, had little sense of beauty, little sense of melody; Milton's nature was instinct with both. Chaucer was a strong, observant, active-minded, coarse man, who could see the point of a story, and tell it in a straightforward way. His works are historically invaluable, as enabling us to strip the middle age of that veneer and that tinsel with which modern affectation and literary cant have overlaid it. Reading Chaucer, we learn how different from the society of a refined age was the society of a time when a company of Canterbury pilgrims, including knight, clergyman, and nun, could listen, well pleased, to descriptions which would now be hooted from the stage of the lowest music-hall in London. Chaucer has a true gift of narrative, a sympathy with brave and strenuous life, a good heart, and a vein of humour characteristically English and very gross; but we look almost in vain for either beauty or music in his page. In much of Shakespeare's blank verse there is an idiomatic purity, united with an inexpressible sweetness, which Milton does not reach. Shakespeare spoke and read only English, as Sophocles spoke and read only Greek; and acquaintance with but one language seems a condition of perfect purity of diction, perfect idiomatic faithfulness, in its use. Milton's speech is composite, and in its jewelled wealth there is stateliness almost too much for grace. But except Shakespeare's passages of *poetry*—those priceless passages in which the poet puts the dramatist aside, and we feel that it is not the mere character in the play that *speaks*, but Shakespeare himself who *sings*—there is nothing in our language to vie with the blank verse of *Comus*. That of *Paradise Lost* has a martial grandeur all its own, but the long resounding march becomes at length almost monotonous; in *Comus* the inventive subtlety of modulation is so exquisite that the charm of the music is every moment new. There is perpetual variation in perpetual unity, like the marshalled moving of waves all one way, while in each swell of liquid crystal there is some subtle change of form and light, due to pauses in the wind, reflections from the green deeps below, or gleams in the sky above. The diction and imagery are throughout inventive; there is hardly a conventional epithet in the poem. Surely nothing was ever said in any tongue more beautiful than this, spoken of the raptures of song heard in the night :—

> "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
> *At every fall smoothing the raven down*
> *Of darkness, till it smiled!*"

Night and darkness always make Milton sublime. He was probably fond of night-walks. He speaks of going abroad to hear the nightingales, and there are lines in *Comus* which prove that he did not draw on his fancy in painting the scenery of darkness. Take one illustration. "Black, usurping mists" have hidden moon and stars, and the poet invokes a lowlier light to direct him :—

> "Some gentle taper,
> Though a rush-candle from the wicker-hole
> Of some clay habitation, visit us
> *With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light!*"

No one who has seen, in a moonless night, when mist shrouded the landscape, the glowing spark of village stithy or cottage lamp shoot its white beam athwart the fog, can doubt that this last line is a transcript from Milton's own observation. It is interesting to find that the poet who is noted among his brethren for imaginative breadth and sublimity should be so sharp of glance. There is a quite masterly little etching in the same style in *L'Allegro* :—

> "When the cock with lively din,
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
> And to the stack or the barn door,
> *Stoutly struts his dames before.*"

From this to "gorgeous Tragedy," sweeping by "in sceptred pall," the range is wide. There is, however, the same vividness of imaginative glance in the barn-door strut and in the visioned sweep of Tragedy.

These early masterpieces of Milton strike one as combining a true poetic life with the highest possible degree of ornamentation consistent with vitality. The presence of a genuine poetic inspiration is felt, but the hand of conscious and careful elaboration is known to have been never far away. The result is beauty in poise] of fine perfection between possible defects. It is beauty magical in its delightfulness, yet with no cloying sweetness, no mere prettiness or pettiness; it is beauty grave and dignified, yet not rigid. Flowers are beautiful, but Miss Mutrie's or Van Huysum's best flowers are not great art. Crude veracity, on the other hand, goes for nothing. A grasp of truth as firm as Holbein's, a sense of loveliness as refined as Correggio's in his noblest mood, combine in the beauty of Milton's early pieces. Hence their enduring power. The spring flowers would be tiresome if they remained with us all the year; the beauty of a fine mountain line never wearies. In moderation, in gracious reserve, Milton was faithful to the Greek ideal; these works, therefore, while not stirring us, on a first perusal, so strongly as the hectic intensities of modernism, defy the tooth of time, and charm us the more the longer they are known.

But, after all, the prime interest of these poems is that which they possess as tones out of the life of Milton, passages, eloquently expressive, in the biography which such a man, in the mere writing down of his thoughts and imaginings, puts on record. Biography not of the body, but of the soul. In this element of melody and beauty dwelt the spirit of John Milton; spreading pinions of learning and imagination, and taking its way down the vistas of the past, to the shrines of wisdom and the treasure-fields of poetry, to return with glory on its wings. One hears the morning stars singing together in the calm heaven over his head. The ecstacy of high poetic inspiration becomes in these earlier poems a trance-like repose.

Milton's bodily appearance at this time was in brilliant correspondence with the ideal which imagination might form of a youthful poet. Perfect in all bodily proportions, an accomplished fencer, with delicate flowing hair, and beautiful features through which genius, still half in slumber, shed its mystic glow, he was all that the imagination of Greece saw in the young Hyperion or Apollo. Greek, indeed, he was during this period in a very deep sense,—a sense which may well have been overlooked in connection with the great Puritan poet. There was a composure in his nature, a self-sufficience and calm joyfulness, of the kind which Goethe imputes to the Greeks. The prevailing tone of his mind, intellectual rather than emotional, was Hellenic; his habit of viewing man in the type rather than in the individual, his high abstract conception of the race, without consuming ardour of affection for men in the concrete, was Hellenic. Now and always his view of woman was Hellenic rather than Christian. From this mainly is derived that unmelodious fibre, harsh and hard, which runs through his life and his poetry. He fixedly regarded woman as inferior to man; the tenderness of chivalry, the piercing, wailing tenderness of Dante, the glorious transporting tenderness of Shakespeare, were beyond him. His literary enthusiasm was for the ancients. Nor can we err in affirming that the source of his liberalism, of his devotion to freedom and strong Republican bent, was to a large extent Hellenic. Vane's democratic faith was drawn directly out of the New Testament; Cromwell, a sturdy Englishman, did not go much upon theories of any kind, but was prepared to die rather than that his country should forfeit liberty and prove false to the Reformation;

Milton was animated by a fervour akin to that of those ancient patriots who stood with Demosthenes against Philip, or with Brutus against Cæsar. There were other and mightier elements in his character, but we shall have no right idea of the personality of Milton unless we understand his strong affinity for the genius of Greece and of Rome.

And yet he was from the first Puritan. When his brother Christopher declared for prerogative, he leaned towards the struggling patriots. Rather than tie himself up with subscriptions, and accept the rule of bishops, he declined to take orders in the Church. When the Revolution broke out, he at once waived the literary ambition which was to him what the conquest of Asia had been to the young Alexander, hastened home from Italy where he had been starring it in Academies, put his garland and singing robes aside, and took his place in the controversial battle-field. "Lie thou there, my laurel-bough;" here is other work.

This fact is significant in relation both to Puritanism and to Milton. It is one of the chief among a multitude of proofs that the general Puritan movement, as contrasted with the Catholic reaction inspired by Loyola, the Anglican compromise incarnated in Laud, and the Renaissance as distinct from both, was, in Milton's early period, the main current of England's and the world's progress. Milton perceived that the mediæval Church had played its part, and that the human mind had outgrown its tutelage. Turning with peremptory decision from Rome, he was sensible of no fascination in that Anglican Church which could not give her whole heart either to Rome or to the Reformation. In halfness he could not dwell. Compromise in essential matters was to his nature as frost to fire. The melodious effeminacy, the quaint sweetness, of the Anglican bards, from Herbert to Keble, had no attraction for this strong man. But had not the Renaissance a legitimate claim on his homage? Ought he not to have cast in his lot with that purely intellectual and artistic movement, which went its own way, independently both of Catholicism and Protestantism?

I venture to hold that all that was greatest even in that part of his inspiration which Milton drew from Greece would have impelled him to choose as we know him to have chosen. The fittest company for the poet of a great period is that of the practical men of his time. Whatever the Renaissance might have told Milton, living Greece would have told him to be in the throng of living men. The truth is that, though we have been told a thousand times that Greece worshipped beauty and art, Greece did nothing of the kind. The Greeks, as compared with the Orientals, perhaps even as compared with the Romans, were not a superstitious people; but, in the living period of their history, they were religious, earnest, eminently practical; and their supreme works of art, their best temples and statues, were not produced merely to be looked at and admired, but in reverent affection for the gods, and with a view to their propitiation. The highest Greek works are beautiful, because the Greeks were more richly gifted than any other race with the æsthetic sense, but their æsthetic sense, instead of superseding their religion, ministered to it. The Renaissance attempted a revival of Greece; but it got no further than restoring the grave of Greece, than decking with a few cold brilliants the corpse of Greece. Great art has always hitherto been connected with the life of a great nation, with the grand utilities of its domestic and social life, and the mightier interests of its spiritual life; and the Renaissance, in so far as it was an attempt to resuscitate the art of Greece, was destined to be a fleeting phase in historical evolution, just as Loyolism or Anglicanism, attempts to resuscitate Mediæval religion, are sure to be fleeting phases in historical evolution. "Er gräcisirt nirgends," says Goethe of Raphael, with one of those pen-strokes by which it is his way to strike out a great truth, "fühlt, denkt, handelt aber durchaus wie ein Grieche." Had Raphael been a man to set about reviving the antique—Greecising, as Goethe says better in German than we can in English—he would by the very fact have shown that he could not feel, think, act as a Greek. Serene, whole-hearted activity, in unison with the great tones of the life of the times, is the true Hellenism.

It was the highest *art* instinct, therefore, which impelled Milton, after expatiating on the delights and ambitions of "calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts," to add these memorable words:—"but were it the meanest underservice, if God by His secretary conscience enjoins it, it were sad for me if I should draw back." It was a lower *art* instinct which prompted Winckelmann to make an insincere profession of the Roman Catholic religion in order that he might study the antique in Rome. Shakespeare, in the same circumstances, would have done as Milton did. With somewhat more doubtfulness, I venture to believe that Goethe would have done as Milton did. Goethe defends Winckelmann, but on the ground that Winckelmann was essentially a born heathen (einen gründlich geborenen Heiden), out of whom baptism could not make a Christian. Goethe was a universalist, worshipping in the temple of all time, discerning and prizing the excellencies of all schools of art, and of all religions; Winckelmann, as Goethe depicts him, was a particularist, with a special organ for Greek art, and as such Goethe comprehended his whole nature and could make allowance for it. His apology for Winckelmann is at bottom that a

Christian conscience did not exist in the man, and that pretended conversion was not in his case a moral act. Goethe would not have admitted that the æsthetic sense is capable, under any circumstances, of honourably and beneficently taking the place of the moral imperative. If Milton had sequestered himself in the culture of the beautiful when duty called him to the service of his country, he would never have been one of the poets of the world. We might have had from him a miracle of learning and elaboration, "pencilled over," to use his own language, "with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture;" but the inspiration of a great time would not have thrilled through it with the modulation of the long-rolling thunder peal, nor would it have taught many generations how lofty was the enthusiasm, how mighty the fervour, that dwelt in the Puritans of England.

Opening the earliest of his prose works, we feel that we have entered the second of those periods into which Milton's history naturally divides itself. We are aware of a gigantic strength, an emotional force and agitation, a clash and clang of militant energy, which suggest that the delicate preludings of his earlier poetry were but the flute-music before the Spartan charge. Who would have thought that, in the fine spirit-spun reins of that harmony, feelings so impetuous and impatient, seer-like intuitions so keen, intense, and vivid, had been disciplined to a movement soft and measured as that of Cytherea's doves?

But Milton continues a poet although he now writes in prose. Almost the whole of his two Books on Reformation in England, published in 1641, when Strafford had fallen, when king and nation seemed to be reconciled, when it still appeared an easy thing to reform the Church on the Puritan model, might be arranged in line and stanza as a magnificent dithyrambic poem. In the first sentence there is a fervent intrepidity of imaginative glance which comes upon us as something new. He strikes the key-note of the treatise by expressing unbounded enthusiasm for the Reformation. After the story of the death and resurrection of Christ, nothing, he says, is "more worthy to take up the whole passion of pity on the one side and joy on the other" than the corruption of the early Church, and, after many a tedious age, the "wonderful and happy Reformation." Launching out then into one of those wide circuits of intellectual survey, which, both in poetry and in prose, were habitual with Milton, he returns at its close to the point from which he set out, and repeats, with more than lyric exultation, the opening stave. "When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church; how the bright and blissful Reformation (by Divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears; and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, Divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

The Reformed Church, with primitive bishops, chosen by the testimony of their colleagues and the suffrage of the people, was to be worthy of her "eternal and shortly-expected King." "Shortly-expected,"—this is a characteristic note of Puritanism. Vane and Cromwell both thought it likely that Christ was about to appear and to be visible King of His saints. Apart from Christ's personal reign, Milton believed in the power of the Church to maintain herself. "I am not of opinion to think the Church a vine in this respect, because, as they take it, she cannot subsist without clasping about the elm of worldly strength and felicity, as if the heavenly city could not support itself without the props and buttresses of secular authority." His conception of the nation as a whole is pointedly Miltonic. "A commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man." Woe betide the commonwealth if the Church is denied freedom and self-government. "Must Church-government, that is appointed in the Gospel, and has chief respect to the soul, be conformable and pliant to civil, that is, arbitrary, and chiefly conversant about the visible and external part of man? This is the very maxim that moulded the calves of Bethel and of Dan; this was the quintessence of Jeroboam's policy, he made religion conform to his politic interests; and this was the sin that watched over the Israelites till their final captivity."

Vividly illuminative in relation to Puritanism as a living thing is Milton's attitude towards the Laudian ceremonies. In respect of logic, his position is that the Church should not curtail the liberty of Christians, that there should be no *imposition* of anything not enjoined in the Word of God. In respect of feeling, he is the impassioned devotee, who requires no sensuous imagery to express the fervour of his soul. He will not suffer imagination, in her well-meaning play, to insult with ornament the austere loveliness of truth. When the religious ardour is in its first fiery glow, it disdains the aid of the allegorising faculty and the æsthetic sense. The Puritans had returned to the fervour of the early Christians, and were under the inspiration which had thrilled Saint Paul when he wrote to the Galatians, "How turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." There is a mood of imagination in which it throws out imagery, as there is a stage in the heating of iron when it throws out sparks; but there is an imaginative fervour which corresponds to the blinding glow of iron molten into liquid fire, and this requires no metaphoric sparkling. The religious ecstacy which manifests itself, as the religious ecstacy of Cromwell's soldiers manifested itself, in tears and agonized prayer, turns from music and picture. But it is equally true that religious rapture so high-wrought is naturally fleeting, and that music and painting and solemn architecture may be so applied as to promote that reverent interest in religious truth, that mildly emotional participation in acts of public worship, which are better than apathy, and which average people prefer to impassioned feeling. This consideration is to be taken into account in estimating the force of Laud's pleading on behalf of what he called the beauty of holiness. Feeling may be sincere although not intense, and if all men, except dishonest and affected men, have a claim to freedom in respect of emotional moods, the majestic trimming of a Hooker, the melodious moderation of a Keble, must not be denied an appreciative sympathy. Say that their songs are songs of the sick-room; is the sick-room to have no music? Of the highest inspiration, however, in all forms, whether of the poetical inspiration or the more potent religious inspiration, whether of the inspiration of *Lear* and *Othello* or the inspiration of the prophecies of Isaiah and the letters of Paul, intensity is a characteristic; and in times of revolution the inspiration which goes deepest down towards the fire-fountains will prevail.

In the treatise before us we see Milton's Puritan fervour combined with the exultant hope and faith of a spirit still in its youth. He knows no moderation. "We must not run, they say"—thus he scornfully exclaims—"into sudden extremes." Away with such a rule except as applied to things indifferent! "If it be found that those two extremes be vice and virtue, falsehood and truth, the greater extremity of virtue and superlative truth we run into, the more virtuous and the more wise we become; and he that, flying from degenerate and traditional corruption, fears to shoot himself too far into the meeting embraces of a divinely warranted reformation, had better not have run at all." A courage so high is fitly associated with the faith of youth. "Lordship and victory," says Milton, "are but the pages of justice and virtue." It is a faith which nature gives a man when she has still to get his life's work out of him. Goethe, in a mood rare with him but terrible when it came, wrote this:—

> "Jeglichen Schwärmer schlagt mir ans Kreuz im dreissigsten Jahre;
> Kennt er nun einmal die Welt, wird der Betrogne der Schelm."

All the disenchantment of the Restoration, which turned so many an enthusiast into a scoundrel, did not infect Milton with the bitter badness that despairs of man; but at sixty he would have put something more of qualification and reserve than at thirty into his view of the connection between lordship and victory on the one hand and justice and virtue on the other.

His conception of Church discipline is characteristically Puritan. The liberty he loves shrinks contemptuously from license. "Well knows every wise nation, that their liberty consists in manly and honest labours, in sobriety and rigorous honour to the marriage-bed, which in both sexes should be bred up from chaste hopes to loyal enjoyments; and when the people slacken, and fall to looseness and riot, then do they as much as if they laid down their necks for some wild tyrant to get up and ride." The principles of discrimination between State rule and Church rule, laid down in this treatise, are perfectly and permanently sound. The authority of the Church "which Christ, and St. Paul in his name, confers," has absolutely no material strength to support it. The pains and penalties by which it is enforced are purely spiritual. The utmost the Church can do is to excommunicate; and if the excommunicated man "can be at peace in his own soul," if he firmly believes that the ecclesiastical sentence has not been ratified by God, he "may have fair leave to tell all his bags over undiminished of the least farthing, may eat his dainties, drink his wine, use his delights, enjoy his lands and liberties, not the least skin raised, not the least hair misplaced, for all that excommunication has done." It is only for him who believes that the Church carries the keys of the kingdom of heaven that excommunication becomes the "dreadful and inviolable prerogative of Christ's diadem." Even then the severity is to be accompanied with infinite tenderness. "As a tender mother takes her child and holds it over the pit with scaring words, that it may learn to fear where danger is; so doth excommunication as dearly and as freely, without money, use her wholesome and saving terrors: she is instant, she beseeches, by all the dear and sweet promises of salvation she entices and woos; by all the threatenings and thunders of the law and rejected gospel, she charges and adjures; this is all her armoury, her munition, her artillery." Of course Milton rejects absolutely the notion that the clergy constitute the Church. The clergy are but the ministers of the Church, and it is by "full and free election" that they are chosen to hold, in their several charges, the "pastorly rod and sheep-hook of Christ."

Such is Milton's, such, in its purest form, is the Puritan, theory of Church discipline. Christians are viewed as a company of brothers and fellow-soldiers loyal to Christ their king. As in all brotherhoods animated and bound together by the sympathy of a great purpose, by the enthusiasm of a mighty affection, offence against the fundamental principles of the Christian society, that is of the Church, entails discipline upon the offender and, in the last resort, exclusion. This is all. In such Church discipline there can be nothing hostile to civil freedom. It requires no civil sanction; and, in its essence, it cannot, in the nature of things, be affected by material force. The penalty is exclusion from Christ's Church; the instrument by which the penalty is enforced is essentially the *sentiment* of the Church; and so long as this sentiment is expressed, if not by word of mouth, then by glance of eye, or even by feeling in the secret places of the heart, the excommunicated one is not restored. The Roman Catholic Church claims temporal power to back up her spiritual sentences. Of this she has been deprived. But Bismarck's million bayonets cannot protect Dr. Döllinger against the spiritual discipline of the Church in which he was ordained. He has his own conscience; he has his appeal to Christ's law in the Bible; he has his appeal to Christ in the court of heaven; and these may well be enough to turn Rome's anathemas into air: but the arrow of spiritual discipline can glance aside only from spiritual armour. And marvellously incapable as we, in these days, have become of sympathizing with any manifestation of firm will and purifying vitality in religious brotherhoods, —far as we have travelled, in our mutinous confusions, from the conception of such discipline as bound together an order of knights when chivalry was in its prime, or a Puritan Church when Puritanism was in its first love,—we must surely, when Christian discipline is thus apprehended, perceive that the Church which can voluntarily surrender *it*, is fallen indeed. Even a Club would feel itself degraded if it confessed incompetence to administer its affairs and fix its list of membership.

Whether the Presbyterians, whom Milton ardently backed against the Prelatists both in his Books on Reformation and in his *Reasons of Church Government*, accepted without qualification his account of their discipline may be questioned. He declares, indeed, that he has no fear "lest any crookedness, any wrinkle or spot, should be found in Presbyterian government;" but he is careful to explain that "all God's people" possess, on the authority of St. Peter, "the title of clergy," and are to be associated with the pastor in the administration of censure, propositions which would, I think, have received only a suspicious and guarded acceptance, if even that, from the Presbyterians of the period. It may, in point of fact, be doubted whether Milton's ideal of Church Government and discipline could under any circumstances be realized. He expressly excludes all "courts of plea and indictment," all "bill and process," in one word the whole apparatus of judicial enquiry which appears to be indispensable in order to the ascertainment of guilt or innocence. It seems likely, nevertheless, that his views upon this subject had an important practical resemblance to those of Cromwell and Vane. These men had an invincible jealousy of Church Courts. Milton no sooner had experience of the interpretation of his Presbyterian ideal into Presbyterian actuality, than he growled out his disappointment, and declared that new Presbyter was old priest writ large. Candour will admit, however, that this memorable change of opinion may have been connected with certain interesting circumstances in Milton's domestic life, at which it is now time for us to look.

Early in the summer of 1643, he took a journey into the country, without informing his friends in London that he had anything more than recreation in view. He returned after a month's absence, bringing with him a wife. She was a girl of seventeen, Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell of Forest-hill in Oxfordshire. Her family were Royalists, and she had been accustomed to dance with Royalist officers from the King's quarters in Oxford. She soon found her London life intolerably irksome, and obtained her husband's permission to visit her parents. She refused to return, and her relatives countenanced her in her refusal. Within a few months, Milton had published the first of four treatises, addressed to the Parliament of England, in which he proposed a fundamental modification in the laws regulating marriage. His views appeared to the divines of the Westminster Assembly so objectionable that, in the event of Presbyterian church discipline having been fully established in England, he would certainly have been called to account. As it belongs to the sensitive poetical nature to be powerfully influenced by all personal circumstances, there is no offence to charity in the notion that Milton's experience of sharp opposition from the Presbyterians to his opinions on divorce may have assisted to congeal into keen repugnance his early sympathy with Presbyterianism.

In his first book on divorce, Milton makes no direct allusion to his own case, but, recollecting what he was at Horton, we can find between the lines one or two hints as to his courtship, and can discern the cause of its being, in essential points, a failure.

Ought not the disposition of the woman, asks a supposed maintainer of the inflexible sacredness of the marriage bond, to have been ascertained before wedlock? "For all the wariness that may be used," replies Milton, "it may befall a discreet man to be mistaken in his choice." And if he has been a virtuous, austere youth, who never went abroad at night except to hear the nightingales or unsphere the spirit of Plato? So much the worse for him. "The soberest and best governed men are least practised in these affairs. . . . It is not strange though many, who have spent their youth chastely, are in some things not so quicksighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch." The free and easy fellows, "by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections, unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience." Hard, rather, upon the immaculate youths! But in fact nature has an inveterate underhand kindliness for her scamps, and this Shakespeare and Goethe knew, if John Calvin and John Milton didn't. One can see how Mary Powell comported herself when Milton was paying his addresses. "The bashful muteness of a virgin may ofttimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation." The poor girl was probably dazzled into silence by his talk, and thought that when he was married, he would come down from his elevation and be like other men. If she hoped that he would come down, he hoped that she would wake up. "Where any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends, that acquaintance, as it increases, will amend all?" Both were disappointed, but it was the man of thirty-five, not the girl of seventeen, who was to blame.*

Milton's doctrine of marriage is simple. The union is primarily a conversing of soul with soul. Incompatibility, therefore, is a valid ground of divorce. Marriage was instituted to relieve man's spirit pining in "unkindly solitariness," by "an intimate and speaking help, a ready and reviving associate." Of all except the high intellectual and moral ends of marriage he is loftily disdainful. He assigns to married love all those spiritual joys which seem, as such, to pertain rather to friendship; and the man who cannot love his wife as the sister of his spirit, is permitted, nay, is bound, to give her a bill of divorcement and send her away. Otherwise his cureless condition "must needs be to him, if especially his complexion incline him to melancholy, a daily trouble and pain of loss, in some degree like that which reprobates feel." Lest, therefore, "so noble a creature as man" should find in marriage that the woman, instead of alleviating, helps rather "to increase that same God-forbidden loneliness, which will in time draw on with it a general discomfort and dejection of mind," the way of divorce is open to him.

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* After the MS. of my article had been put into the printer's hands, I received the third volume of Professor Masson's "Life of Milton." The minute investigation conducted by the author into the particulars of Milton's first marriage, strongly confirms me in the opinion that the fault was Milton's.

A Dorothea Brook and a John Milton might on these terms have realised an ideally perfect marriage union. But, in ordinary circumstances, it can be neither safe nor fair that the power should be all on the side of the man, and submission be the sole duty of the woman. Milton declares with stern brevity that woman is created for man, not man for woman; and for the woman, even to the length of divorce, the will of the husband is law. The Church,—"the corrupt and venal discipline of clergy-courts," as he now phrases it,—has nothing to do with the matter. Nor does it fall under the civil jurisdiction. It was "so clear in nature and reason, that it was left to a man's own arbitrament to be determined between God and his own conscience." It might not be always pleasant to be the wife even of "so noble a creature as man" on these conditions.

When Milton's wife left him in 1643 the affairs of the King may have seemed to her family in so promising a posture that it was safer for her and for them to suspend all visible connection with the zealous Puritan. But in 1645 Charles was overthrown, and association with Milton might be useful to a Royalist family. He was the man, besides, to carry out his principles, whether they occasioned scandal or not. He had resolved to form a connection with another lady, which, as he had obtained no legal divorce from his wife, could have been marriage only in the judgment of his own conscience and reason. By a virtuous stratagem Mrs. Milton obtained access to his presence, and, falling at his feet, implored him to forgive her. He not only took her back, but opened his house to her family, who came to London when Oxford surrendered to the Parliament. His logic gave way at once to the personal appeal, for he was at heart generous. But they were an unhappy couple.

His three daughters, Anne, Deborah, and Mary, were the children of his first wife. He was twice married after her death in 1653, but had no more children. So early as 1644 his sight began to fail, and when his little girls were left motherless, they could be known to him, as Professor Masson* touchingly says, "only as tiny voices of complaint going about in the darkness." The tiny voices did not move him to love or pity. His impatient and imperious nature had doubtless undergone exquisite misery from the moaning discontent of his wife; the daughters took the mother's part so soon as they were able to understand her sorrows; and the grave Puritan displeasure with which Milton regarded the mother seems to have been transferred to the children. His austerity as a Puritan and pedagogue, and the worse than old Hebrew meanness of his estimate of women, appear to the greatest disadvantage in connection with his daughters. Had they been sons, he would have thrown all his ardour into the enterprise of their education. The training of boys was one of his enthusiasms; but his daughters were taught nothing except to read, and were ordered to read aloud to him in languages of which they did not understand a word. Naturally they never loved him; his fame, which they were not able to appreciate, cast on them no ray of comforting light; and they thought probably in sad and scared bewilderment of the relations between their unhappy wraith-like mother, and their Titan father. How different the warm and tender relations between Shakespeare and his children! In that instance it was the daughter, the pet Judith, that was the demure sweet Puritan, yet with a touch of her father's wit in her, and able to enjoy all the depth of his smile when he would ask her whether cakes and ale were to be *quite* abolished when the reign of the saints came in. Milton frowned on his daughters as undutiful, but they would hardly have been undutiful if he had been kind. His relations with women were comprehensively infelicitous. Even as a poet his weakest point was here. Charlotte Bronte says that he tried to see the first woman but saw her not. Once more, he never supremely loved, and it is perhaps only through love that a man attains the power of performing with fine rightness any duty to woman, whether as lover, husband, father, or poet.

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* In the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Milton wrote a glowing tract on education, devoted himself with assiduity to the education of his nephews, and for several years took pupils. But he was too original, too contemptuous of commonplace methods and needs, to be in the common sense a successful schoolmaster. He would have been in place at the Court of some eastern king, training princes for the purple; or in some Platonic Republic, preparing the children of the State for war and government. His tract on education reads like the ordinances of an ideal University, chaunted in rhythmic prose. But even in the Puritan age, dwellers in Cheapside could discern no particular advantage for their children in being made Miltonic.

From the cheerless discomfort of his domestic circle we turn with a sense of relief to those aspects of his life in which he is seen in connection with the historical movement of his time. "How his brow lightened as the music rose!" When more timid men shrank back alarmed, and the revolution passed on to the central paroxysms of its wrath and triumph, his spirit rose in sympathy with the passion of the time. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!" His intellectual habit being no slow process of ratiocination, no laborious weighing of probability against probability, but a fiery intuitive leaping from conviction to conviction, he had no sympathy, no patience, with the doubts of weaker men. Against Charles his passion of indignation rose to the transcendent pitch. The volcanic fervour and directness of Milton found unutterable offence in the shuffling, guileful Stuart. In his exultation over the fallen king, however, and in the harshness of his references to others with whom he once had sympathised, the hard, unmelodious fibre in his nature comes into view. We recall, not to the advantage of Milton, the touch of heart-searching pathos which Shakespeare, though his man of men was the "all-honoured Roman Brutus," could throw into a word about the death of kings.

The political cynic, nay, the candid observer though no cynic, fails not to perceive, in reading Milton's prose, that his faith and his hope constantly light up his canvas with ideal colours, and that it is an impossible perfection he depicts. The England which rises to the eye of his imagination is a vision. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means." There is not and has not been any such England. What then? Has not many an eye, following Milton's as he looked upon his transfigured country, sparkled with a kindred enthusiasm? Is not the glow of poetic inspiration, as it warms the heart and sends a thrill of new energy along the brain, more vitalising than the chill formula of the political philosopher? Milton's prose writings are studded with words and phrases of intense nobleness, that beacon the gloom of sordid ages, and send rays of star-like illumination into the dusk of compromise, conventionality, hypocrisy. They are a sovereign antidote to moral cowardice, to all base, poor, cringing, frost-bitten moods of mind. They suit the elevated moments of humanity.

When even Harry Vane refused to sanction Cromwell, Milton did not flinch. In his first prose work he had said that, "to govern a nation piously and justly, which only is to say happily, is for a spirit of the greatest size and divinest mettle." Through the "cloud," as he says in one of his proudest sonnets, "not of war only but detractions rude," he had watched Cromwell "ploughing his way," and when the victor of Worcester hung up his armour, he was ready to hail him as England's "chief of men." In the Second Defence of the People of England, published when Cromwell was Protector, Milton declares that his countrymen have given way to his unsurpassable valour and virtue, and that there is nothing in human society more pleasing to God or more accordant with reason, than that the most worthy should be at the head of affairs. Parliament had been talking and promising; manipulating schemes and constitutions: but month after month had gone by and the wain stuck fast in the mire. Then Cromwell stepped forward, made of his right arm a sceptre for the people, and with one giant push set the machine in motion. Here, quoth the Puritan poet, is the Puritan king; God Almighty signs his title. And so, for once, the historic sketcher can signalise a group which Shakespeare himself could not have out-done in dramatic effectiveness. John Milton, Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell! It could not be known to Cromwell that the blind scholar who wrote to his dictation was the most remarkable man of his time; but one likes to think that there was something of personal intercourse and the fellowship of friend with friend between the two. Milton subsequently commended a Commonwealth as contrasted with a Monarchy, on the ground that whereas "a king must be adored like a demigod," the greatest in a free Commonwealth "walk the street as other men, may be spoken to freely, familiarly, friendly." This is not given, but may it not be taken, as a hint of the kind of converse which sometimes occurred between Cromwell and Milton?

It is, however, instructive in a painfully eminent degree, to observe that Milton, like Vane, failed to see that Puritanism could not stand without Oliver. Arguing earnestly in a pamphlet-letter, addressed to Monk, for the perpetuation of the Commonwealth, he speaks of liberty and religion, "fought for, gained, and many years possessed, *except in those unhappy interruptions, which God hath removed.*" The words put by me into italics appear to allude to the predominance of the Cromwells, father and son. So hard is it, even for the greatest and the most favourably disposed, to realise the value of a man. The indispensable one is so like, in outward guise and lineaments, to the dispensable million. A poor system will make a good figure if you have a man in it; but the most faultless of theoretic Republics will not stand upon wooden legs. Milton was more expressly a Republican than Hampden, Pym, or Cromwell.

At the Restoration his life was spared. He was not a force in party politics, and Charles II., whose grand principle was to get rid of men who might help to send him again on his travels, knew that the poet and apologist of Puritanism was not dangerous in the sense in which Vane and Argyle were dangerous. If a whole skin and a sufficiency of food and raiment had been enough to make Milton happy, the characteristically narrow and mean reflections of Johnson on his complaint that he had "fallen on evil times" and "evil tongues," would have had some sense in them. Otherwise they have none. It was an evil time for John Milton when he, who had spoken to Principalities and Powers in England's and in Cromwell's name, saw his country self-degraded in the eyes of Europe; and those were evil tongues that reviled "the great Achilles," whom he knew. But in one sense the new time was propitious to Milton. Sequestered from public life, he could recall the ambition of his youth, and recollect that the arena of political controversy was not his chosen sphere. He resumed his lyre, and commenced, at fifty, the great business of his life. It is one of the wonders of history that such a purpose as his, deliberately suspended for twenty years, should have been executed.

We saw how, from the bright serenity and sweet, calm cadence of his early poems, Milton, at the call of duty, passed into the agitated atmosphere of his prose writings. We now see him returning to a still intellectual region, and subjecting those energies which, in his prose, had revealed their wild, almost savage strength, to the finer, severer discipline of poetic melody. One figures him as a Homeric warrior, who, in the cool of dawn, mounted his chariot and practised his horses in proud, measured pacings by the river bank; who heard suddenly the cry of combat, turned his coursers' heads to the fray, and, through long hours of conflict, urged them on the enemy; and who, last of all, when the struggle was over, and shadows lengthened in the westering sun, reined them up in measured pacing as of the morning, only that now, in the grandeur of their tread, there was the memory of battle. Realize it by what imagery we may, there is a difference, there is also an affinity, between Milton's prose and his poetry, which, if we would understand him, we must apprehend. Had he left us only his poetry, we should have had little surmise of the tremendous strength that lay in him. We can now see that, both in the poetry and the prose, we have Milton, another, yet the same. In the prose the torrent foams, leaps, rages, tosses rocks about; in the poetry the torrent sings a song. In the prose, the tempest hurtles through the air, driving the clouds before it like the routed autumn leaves; in the poetry the great wind is imprisoned in the breast and plumes of a bird,* floating in the sky and flooding the vault of heaven with grave sweet melody.

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* "We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself."—RUSKIN'S *Queen of the Air.*

Such is *Paradise Lost.* The rhythm of it is the inspiration of the Puritan time in its purest form. This sound was then in the ears and hearts of men. As the Homeric rhythm, the clangour and martial tumult of the Iliad, give us a more inward and real acquaintance with the spirit of that young civilization than any possible accumulation of detail, so the "cathedral music" of *Paradise Lost,* its moral elevation, its lack of softer tones and delicate and dewy touches, enable us, better than any bulletins from the field or any records of debate, to understand the great Puritan enthusiasm. It was not in its meaner and more repulsive attributes, it was in its intense and lofty enthusiasm, that the strength of Puritanism lay; and *Paradise Lost* is therefore the best historical monument of the Revolution.

Richardson did an excellent piece of service when he hunted up the information that Milton "would sometimes," while engaged on *Paradise Lost,* "lie awake whole nights, but not a verse could he make, and on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *œstrum.*" Johnson's sneer at this, as if Richardson were a foolish wonder-seeker, may be taken to fix the low-water mark of our literature,—the utmost reach of ebb from its glorious spring-tide in the days of Shakespeare. That inspiration —that divine madness—which true critics, poets, and artists, from Plato to Lionardo da Vinci, have known or felt to be the condition of right production in art, had become for Johnson the mere alacrity of the literary craftsman when his hand is in. Lionardo, "often," according to Mr. Pater, "coming the whole length of Milan to give a single touch" to his picture of the Supper, scornfully refusing to take up his brush, "except at the moment of invention," worked on the same principles with the author of *Paradise Lost.* A poetic seer of the antique type, Milton knew that the elaborate and dearly prized culture of his life could but furbish the instruments, or furnish the materials, of poetic production, and that it would be an offence to the Spirit he invoked to lift up his voice except when its tongue of fire sat upon him. The transport of poetic inspiration has not, since his death, visited any man in Great Britain,—it would be safe to add in the world,—in ardency so intense and sustained as his. In him there dwelt also a tone of what, though allied to the poetic inspiration, is distinct from it—namely, the religious inspiration. He would have been a great poet in any age; but had he not lived in the age of the Puritans, he might have been more like a Greek dramatist, less like a Hebrew prophet. The religious inspiration of Puritanism was probably stronger in Cromwell.

The triumph of the Puritan poet was as signal as the triumph of the Puritan king. No Anglican minstrel is nearly equal to

Milton; neither the *Temple* nor the *Christian Year* will compare with *Paradise Lost.* We naturally place it side by side with the poem in which Dante enshrined Catholicism. Dante excels Milton in tenderness; in intimate knowledge of the human heart; in the delineation of all passions, except revenge and ambition, pride and hatred. Dante has the infallible Shakespearian touch whenever his theme is love; Milton in the like case paints with great literary dexterity and with a frank audacity of sensuous colour which would fain be passionate and tender; but he never gets really beyond painted tenderness.

"For contemplation he, and valour formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He, for God only, she, for God in him:
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

These celebrated and very noble lines embody Milton's inexorable sentence upon woman as man's inferior and play-thing. He is perhaps on one occasion, or even on two, more happy in his treatment of love; but this is, to say the least, a critical instance; and does he not egregiously fail? For Eve's face he has not a word; not one syllable for the crimson of the lip, for the ravishment of the smile. Conventional golden tresses, slender waist, and ringlets "wanton," which surely they had no call to be in Eden;—this is what we find in Milton's first woman, whom Charlotte Brontë says he never saw. Against Dante, on the other hand, and in favour of Milton, we have to put the traces of middle-age childishness, the nursery goblinism, grotesquerie, and allegoric wire-drawing, which are present in the *Divine Comedy.* The sustained grandeur which has made "Miltonic" a convertible term with "sublime" is far above all that.

Who is Milton's hero? It is rather an awkward question. He cannot be Adam, who is passive both in his fall and in his rise. Milton cannot have intended it to be Christ, for he makes Him the unquestioned hero of *Paradise Regained.* It will be difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the hero, unintentionally of course, is Satan. The two first books are most Miltonic, and their interest centres in the fiend. Throughout the poem Satan is the speaker of lines which it is impossible not to recognize as characteristically Miltonic :—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same ?"

The conception of Satan is wonderful in breadth and simplicity. He refuses to submit to God, but there is in him otherwise no subtle or malignant badness. He never stoops to the whine of the mean, discontented rebel. He does not accuse "heaven's potentate." He admits that he has been ungrateful. No glimpse of hope encourages him to give in. "Evil," he says, "be thou my good ;" but the sense that evil must be his good agonizes him, and it is by an effort that he is wicked. He admires Adam and Eve. He "could love" them; and that for a reason which contradicts all one's conceptions of diabolic logic, to wit :—

"so lively shines
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that shaped them on their shape hath poured."

He has to argue himself up to the bitter cruelty of injuring such helpless, harmless creatures. He is out of sight the most moral of known devils. Job's tempter is insolent to Jehovah, and viciously and slanderously spiteful towards the man of Uz. Compared with Iago, or with Goethe's "spirit that always denies," who devises refined tormentings for the innocent Gretchen, the one drop of comfort on whose burning tongue is the torture-throb of human hearts, Milton's devil is honest and virtuous. It is with a sense of actual amazement that we remark the length to which, in *Paradise Regained,* Milton permits Satan to appeal to our pity, as a being whose fate it is to be bad, but who clings desperately to the memory and tradition of goodness, and gropes in his fallen nature for relics of virtue as a miser might grope in the embers of his burnt house for some dearest treasure :—

"Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good or fair,
Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense."

These words are addressed by Satan to Christ, and in the reply made by the Saviour, there is no assertion that they are hypocritical.

In all this, however, Milton is true to Puritanism. His Satan incarnates with errorless accuracy the Puritan conception of superlative sin. Satan has rebelled against the Divine sovereignty. This is enough. For this his brow must be knit up in corrugations of eternal pain.

It is not so easy at the first glance to see that the task which Milton imposes on himself in the outset of the poem, "to justify the ways of God to man," is distinctively Puritan. The Puritan idea, in its most conspicuous manifestations, was much rather that the ways of God to man require no justification. God's part is to declare His will, man's to do it; submission, not criticism, becomes the finite being. And yet Milton struck no false note in the first lines of the Puritan poem. The explicit and unquestioning submission to the Divine will of such men as Milton, Vane, and Cromwell, was associated with perfect conviction that God is Infinite Justice and Infinite Love. Logical proof of the fact they might never ask; they certainly did not make their faith dependent on their power to comprehend the scope and bearings of the Divine Government; but of the fact itself, they had absolutely no doubt. And if we view Milton's statement of his purpose in connection with the general movement of the Reformation, we shall find it to be impressively right. Deep among the impelling forces of the Reformation, unacknowledged at the time, and by many still rejected and denied, but perhaps most potent of all, was the energy of human reason, awaking from its sleep, clearing its eyes, daring to scan the dusky heavens with its own optical instruments. Homer had no surmise, the most distant, of the claims of the aggressive intellect in its moods of aspiration and of doubt. Nor did Dante think of justifying the ways of God to men. But of Protestantism, in its later phases, this has been a leading problem. And it is a legitimate as well as a sublime problem, however difficult; for when reason has once detected flaws in the conception of God, worship is to that extent consciously rendered to an idol.

The question then rises whether Milton has succeeded or failed in solving the problem he states. *Paradise Lost* is essentially an idealization of that theology which Augustine and Calvin founded, mainly, though not exclusively, on those parts of the writings of Paul in which the inspiration, perfectly divine, which the greatest of the Apostles derived from Christ, is modified if not chilled by a sense of the necessity of reconciling Christ and Gamaliel, and of tacking on the new Christian ethics of universal love and brotherhood to the old scheme of Judaism. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin":—this is Paul's starting-point when his inspiration stoops from its heavenliest transports, and becomes consciously logical and argumentative. We should be launched into controversies which have no definable limit, were we to inquire what, in strict critical estimate, Paul meant by these words, and by the contrast with which he follows them up between Adam and Christ. But it appears on the very face of the passage, that he writes in an expansive and exultant mood, finding in Adam a representative, on the widest conceivable scale, of man under sinful and deathful conditions, as contrasted with Christ, representing man under righteous and deathless conditions. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." Saint Paul, who even in his dialectical mood was an inspired apostle of Jesus, probably intended nothing more, by his allusion to the sin of Adam, than to put, in the strongest form accessible to him, his main contention against the exclusive tendency of his Judaising opponents, to wit, that every human being is invited to receive eternal life in Christ.

Out of this and a few other misapplied passages of Scripture, rose the terrific doctrine of the Fall, the background of all Augustinian theology. Through the sin of Adam, all generations of men come into the world under the wrath and curse of their Creator, blackened and blasted in soul and body, hating good and loving evil. Their very virtues, to use the words of Article XIII. of the Church of England, "have the nature of sin." The proper subject of the great Puritan poem was the Fall, and Milton shows, by his choice of a name, that this was essentially his idea. In answering, therefore, the question whether he succeeds or fails in "justifying,"—in reconciling with intelligible and tenable principles of justice,—"the ways of God to man," we turn to his account of the Fall.

Adam takes the apple rather than relinquish the wife whom God had given him:—

> "With thee
> Certain my resolution is to die:
> How can I live without thee? How forego
> Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
> To live again in these wild woods forlorn?"

Eve had been beguiled by Satan in form of the serpent. Of course a serpent could talk only by miracle, and, strange to say, Milton represents Eve as sharp enough to discern this fact:—

> "Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
> I knew, but not with human voice endued;
> Redouble then this miracle, and say
> How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
> To me so friendly grown above the rest
> Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?"

The serpent explains that the charming gift of speech has been obtained by eating of the tree of knowledge; and with miraculous eloquence as his "credentials," convinces her that she also will be benefited by partaking of the fruit. Then follows the "mortal taste" which "brought death into the world and all our woe." Eve's mistake in interpreting the first recorded miracle laid her descendants to the latest ages under "God's wrath and curse," and made them liable "to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever." These are the words of the Shorter Catechism, the most affectionately revered of all the productions of the Puritan Synod of Westminster. The fall is followed in the scheme of Puritan theology, and in the conception of Milton's poem, by redemption. Christ obeys the law, and suffers the penalty due to Adam's sin. His death on the cross redeems man from death,—

> "as many as offered life
> Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
> By faith not void of works."

For these death becomes,

> "like sleep,
> A gentle wafting to immortal life."

And at last "the woman's Seed," revealed in the clouds from heaven, will "dissolve Satan with his perverted world,"

> "then raise
> From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
> New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
> Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
> To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

This is formally sufficient in relation to the plan of Milton's poem. Satan is vanquished. The world regains its primal splendour among the stars of God, or glows with a fairer brightness than at first. Supposing, as Milton does not in terms forbid us to suppose, that every man who fell in Adam has the offer of redemption in Christ and is excluded from the redeemed company only by his own conscious refusal to be saved, we cannot deny that the vindication of Providence has been successful. And beyond question this general impression of Christ's work was the inspiring impulse of the whole religious movement which originated with Luther and Calvin and sent its last great tidal wave into Puritan England. It was exultant trust in Christ their king, in whose strength they could conquer death and hell, that made the soldiers of Cromwell invincible.

But it is a circumstance of fateful import that the triumph of Christ, as depicted by Milton, is mainly in a *new* heaven and earth, the present heaven and earth having been burnt up. And as salvation is mainly future, so there is a state of damnation of which, in the concluding portions of his poem, Milton says little, but which, as realized for us in the hell of the earlier books, is of supreme importance. Take the delineations of hell out of *Paradise Lost*, and the whole work will collapse. Into the greatest poem of Protestantism, as into the greatest poem of Catholicism, enters the unutterable horror which, for nearly two thousand years, has sat as a nightmare on the breast of Christendom. Neither in Homer nor in Shakespeare have we anything corresponding to the Dantesque or Miltonic hell. Afar, on the dawning rim of European civilization,—written as on the golden bars of morning,—are the Homeric poems. In modern times, representing all that western civilization has felt, thought, and hoped for, we have the works of Shakespeare. It is man as he is, man on his green world, with its summer showers and its wintry blasts, its trees that flush ruddy and white with blossom to be smitten into fruitlessness by the east wind, its gleamings of beauty at morning and evening with long grey hours of toil between, that forms the subject of both. In both there is the shadow. Homer knows of Hades and its pallid, melancholy ghosts. Shakespeare is for ever wondering and pondering over the secrets of sorrow and of evil, of the night and of the grave; and between and amid the ripplings of his infinite laughter, there are snatches of tenderest wail. But neither in Homer nor in Shakespeare is there anything corresponding to the Dantesque or Miltonic hell. The sad look of the Greeks towards the future is essentially the cloud on the face of the happy child at the thought of being sent to bed, attesting and measuring his present joy. A prison-house of the universe, in which ingenious, exquisite, elaborate torture is inflicted to all eternity, whether as described in revolting and grotesque detail by Dante or in more sublime but not less appalling imagery by Milton, is so monstrous a conception, that we may doubt whether works of which it forms an integral part will be permanently enshrined among the household treasures of mankind. These limnings, especially Dante's, perpetuate the most ghastly horrors of those infernal old times (which fools call good), before judicial and penal torture was abolished; particulars of agony such as the gnawing of the tongue in torment, the very thought of which almost drives us, who are beginning to be Christ-like enough to cease to be inhuman, mad, but which were doubtless familiar to those accustomed to the incidents of ancient executions. One of the main themes of Jesus Christ's teaching was the majesty, the severity, the unchangeableness of God's moral government, as contrasted with the levity of the world's judgments. In enforcing this great idea He used a variety of illustrations. Some of these quite dispense with the instrumentality of fire; as the leading one of the exclusion of guests from a marriage-supper. Some of them almost pointedly negative permanence of fire; for the use of fire in burning the weeds that have injured a crop is to make an end of them. The hell of Dante and Milton is the result of two processes: the intense and gloating selection of the imagery of fire; and the addition of a device, purely gratuitous, not countenanced in the remotest hint of Scripture, by which fire is made to yield a maximum of pain. This device Milton borrowed from Dante; we may read Milton's description of it.

> "The parching air
> Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
> Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
> At certain revolutions all the damned
> Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immoveable, infixed and frozen round,
> Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire."

And so there is no prospect that "our torments may become our elements." From whom Dante got this truly devilish notion I know not; but there is, I think, proof in his poem that there was a taint of cruelty in his own nature; and indeed, if we can trust the evidence of Roman relentlessness to Carthage, of the gladiatorial shows, and of the savage treatment of animals in modern Italy, the taint must be pronounced general in the Italian race. It seems likely that poetry, however noble in execution, which is inseparably associated with a stupendous horror and incredibility, will be outgrown and left behind by the race, and that both the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost* will sooner or later be peremptorily refused a place among the constellations beside the poems of Homer and the dramas of Shakespeare.

The spiritual depths of Christianity, the divine power of kindness and self-sacrifice, were fully fathomed neither in *Paradise Lost* nor in *Paradise Regained*. In these dwells the inspiration of Puritan battle, but there were gentler tones in the angels' song above the fields of Bethlehem. Deeper Christian tones than any in Milton are to be found scattered through the hymnology of the Christian Churches, through the works of Goethe, and in Mrs. Browning's *Drama of Exile* and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. These, however, are single tones: no such body of Christian music, no poems so great, so monumental, as *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, have been produced since the time of Milton.

To the man himself we turn, for one brief glance before laying down the pen. In the evil times of the Restoration, in the land of the Philistines, Agonistes but unconquerable, the Puritan Samson ended his days. Serene and strong; conscious that the ambition of his youth had been achieved. He begins the day with the Hebrew

Bible, listens reverently to words in which Moses, or David, or Isaiah spake of God. But he attends no church, belongs to no communion, and has no form of worship in his family; notable circumstances, which we may refer, in part at least, to his blindness, but significant of more than that. His religion was of the spirit, and did not take kindly to any form. Though the most Puritan of the Puritans, he had never stopped long in the ranks of any Puritan party, or given satisfaction to Puritan ecclesiastics and theologians. In his youth he had loved the night; in his old age he loves the pure sunlight of early morning as it glimmers on his sightless eyes. The music which had been his delight since childhood has still its charm, and he either sings or plays on the organ or bass-violin every day. In his grey coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, he sits on clear afternoons; a proud, ruggedly genial old man, with sharp satiric touches in his talk, the untuneable fibre in him to the last. Eminent foreigners come to see him; friends approach reverently, drawn by the splendour of his discourse. It would range, one can well imagine, in glittering freedom, like "arabesques of lightning," over all ages and all literatures. He was the prince of scholars; a memory of superlative power waiting, as submissive handmaid, on the queenliest imagination. The whole spectacle of ancient civilization, its cities, its camps, its landscapes, was before him. There he sat in his grey coat, like a statue cut in granite. He recanted nothing, repented of nothing. England had made a sordid failure, but he had not failed. His soul's fellowship was with the great Republicans of Greece and Rome, and with the Psalmist and Isaiah and Oliver Cromwell.

PETER BAYNE.

ETHICS OF RITUAL.

IN a former Article * we endeavoured to lay down the main principles upon which Ritual should be determined: before proceeding to apply those principles in detail, it may be well to say a few words on two other points of a more general character, which may be summed up in the terms "popularity" and "symbolism." How far should popularity or general attractiveness be our guide in determining the character of our services? How far is it a sufficient justification of any particular rite or form, that it represents or symbolizes some spiritual truth or doctrine? Of the former something has been already said. We have already recognized on the one hand that the Church is bound to "become all things to all men," on the other that edification is the one great end to be always kept in view, and that, supposing a distinction made between different orders or degrees of edification, a lower degree of edification must never be allowed to stand in the way of a higher. It is evident that to reconcile these two principles in practice may sometimes be a matter of great difficulty. A clergyman may say, My first work is to draw the people to church; there can be no edification till there is a congregation to be edified; if people will not come for higher motives they must be tempted by lower, by loaves of bread to be distributed, by the prospect of blankets and soup tickets among the poor, by attaching the idea of respectability to attendance at church among the upper classes; or, again, by adapting the service itself to other than religious tastes or feelings, by bright colours, good music, comfortable

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* Oct. 1872.

seats, by the attractions of sculpture and architecture and dramatic representation: the pill is not made less efficacious by its gilding. We may admit this as long as the pill retains its identity, but it is plain that the desire to make it palatable might go so far as to destroy its character, and even to turn a medicine into a poison. Dr. Lightfoot, in his excellent commentary on the Galatians, speaks of the religious ritual of the heathen world as having a pædagogic value not altogether unlike that of the Jewish law in kind, however below it in point of purity and efficiency; yet we know what in fact the former frequently became; we know that in many instances the worship of particular divinities found its secret of attraction in the license offered to the most degrading appetites; we know also that even in modern times and in nominally Christian countries, the same danger has at intervals shown itself.

Leaving such cases as these, in which religion becomes the patron of positive immorality, what shall we say to the admission of non-moral attractions into religious worship? An opera, a concert, a comedy, would be felt by all to be incongruous with any idea of worship, but opinions would probably differ as to the oratorio or the miracle play; while, as a matter of fact, it will hardly be denied that there have been celebrated preachers who have gained popularity by the arts of the stage, and that much so-called religious music is more suited to the opera than to the Church. If we find then people crowding to a church to listen to good opera singers, as we are told is the case in America, or to stare at rich vestments and novel ceremonies, or to admire the acting of the preacher or be amused with his sallies, are we to consider this a just ground for satisfaction, and talk of the revival of religious feelings, or is there another kind of popularity which we should aim at? For popularity may be something very different from this; "John," we read, "came preaching the baptism of repentance, and there went out to him all the land of Judea and they of Jerusalem confessing their sins;" and so it has been at all great periods of revival since then. Religion, if it is to sway men's hearts, must speak with authority in the name of God, not cringe and flatter the desires and affections of the natural man. To put religion on the ground of pleasing, is to put it on false ground. All strong religious, all strong moral enthusiasm arises not from self-gratification, but from self-renunciation, from shame at past weakness and sin, from a longing after unattained goodness, from despair of our own efforts. And, strange as it may seem, the great attractive power of religion lies just in its power to produce this pain, this divine discontent; for simultaneously with the pain there is awakened the consciousness of a higher human dignity, the feeling of what a man may and ought to be, as a creature made in the image of God, redeemed from the power of sin, an heir of immortality and heaven. A man impressed with these ideas is not likely to care much for the attractions of the senses; whether he worships by the river side, or in an upper chamber, in the temple, or in the catacomb, he has all that he needs if he finds there what will satisfy the hunger of his soul. More than this, it is at least doubtful whether the temper which is open to these higher impressions would have been in any way prepared for them by sensuous influences, whether we ought not, indeed, in addressing "those that are without," to follow the example of St. Paul at Corinth, and abjure the use of any motive beyond the direct appeal to the conscience and the purely religious emotions.

But it will be said, this strong religious enthusiasm cannot in the nature of things be more than a passing phase. It is not the duty of the religious teacher to be always whipping up jaded emotions, but to take care that as the passive impression fades, the active habit may be strengthened, as the passion of the lover is transformed into the steady glow of conjugal affection. Further, while it is wrong and foolish to rest the claims of religion in the first instance on mere extraneous attractions, it is right and wise, when the true key-note has been struck, to sanctify all natural gifts, and bring all innocent delights into the service of religion. This is most true, and yet it requires extreme caution at all times to prevent the accessories of religion from crowding out religion itself. The early Fathers and the Reformers had good reason for the suspicion with which they viewed the high ritual which was associated in their minds with Pagan and with Romish worship respectively. Thus the Homily against idolatry, condemning those who "maintain the superfluous gilding and decking of temples now-a-days, wherein they put almost the whole sense and faith of our religion," dwells on the times when "the world was won to Christendom, not by gorgeous gilded and painted temples of Christians, but by the godly and, as it were, golden minds and firm faith of such as in all adversity and persecution professed the truth of our religion; and St. Jerome, quoted in the same homily, after warning against over-decoration of churches, continues,—"Neither let any man object and allege against me the rich temple that was in Jewry, the table, candlesticks, incense-ships, platters, cups, mortars, and other things all of gold. *Then* were these things allowed of the Lord when the priests offered sacrifices, and the blood of beasts was accounted the redemption of sins. Howbeit all these things went before in figure, and they were written for us upon whom the end of the world is come. And now when that our Lord being poor hath dedicate the poverty of his house, let us remember his cross, and we shall esteem riches as mire and dung." And again: "God commanded both the Jews at that time, and now us who are placed in the Church, that we have no trust in goodliness of building, and gilt roofs, and in walls covered with tables of marble." . . . "I do think the silver wherewith the house of God is decked to be the true sense of the scriptures, and I do take gold to be that which remaineth in the hid sense of the saints and the secret of the heart, and shineth with the true light of God . . . . with these metals the Church of our Saviour is made more goodly and gorgeous than was the synagogue in old time."

The effect of what has been said thus far is this, that there have been times when religious services were popular owing to immoral accessories, that even innocent accessories must be admitted with caution because there is a danger of their taking the place of religion; that history shows that religious emotion is itself the strongest known attractive force, but that this force if left alone will quickly spend itself, and must be regulated and directed so as to permeate the whole framework of human life. To apply this to the immediate question:—Though by an attractive service we usually mean a service that attracts by its accessories, yet if we are speaking of the causes which draw people to church, we necessarily use the word in a wider sense, including in it the purest religious attraction, that which (no doubt with considerable mixture of alloy in *this* case) drew the multitudes to John the Baptist, or the disciples to their upper chamber. The essence of this religious attraction is first, as regards preaching, the desire to know the truth, and the belief that it may be learnt from the preacher; and secondly, as regards the service in general, the desire for communion with God, and for the sympathy of fellow-believers, that we "might be comforted by the mutual faith of you and me;" and the service which is in this sense most attractive is that which is the heartiest, which most gives the impression of the felt presence of God, and of the unity of the brethren. But such heartiness as this is something very different from what we frequently hear described as hearty services—services characterized by loud and rapid singing on the part of the choristers and by vehemence and excitement on the part of the clergy, while the congregation sit listlessly by as indifferent spectators, unable or unwilling to take any part in the proceedings. If people want to know what is meant by a really "hearty" and "jubilant" service (to use the popular phraseology), we fancy they would have more chance of finding it in a Welsh Calvinistic chapel than in a Ritualistic church. To make a service attractive in the highest sense there must be strong mutual sympathy grounded in a common faith; where this exists, and where the genuineness of the religion is proved to outsiders by its fruits of earnest philanthropy, simplicity, unselfishness, large-heartedness, there we believe that, apart from all extraneous attractions and even in spite of much that may be positively unattractive, the service of the Church will eventually win its way and become, in the truest sense of the word, *popular*, drawing to itself all who can be drawn, and compelling the respect even of those who continue to stand aloof. All this seems to imply something of a feeling of neighbourhood, not the concourse of atoms which are brought together in a London church only to fly apart and shrink from mutual association the moment they are out of it. How is it possible to be sure of the sympathy of one, of whom you know nothing? Or is that to be called sympathy, which stands on ceremony, and refuses to exchange friendly greetings even with those who share in common church work, such as teaching in the schools or visiting the poor? Whatever mistakes they may have made in their system of guilds, the Ritualists at any rate deserve praise for this attempt to organise something of social church life, and break down the fences of English shyness and gentility.

But supposing our service to be already popular in the sense described, are there any other ways in which we may lawfully endeavour to increase its attractions? One thing we may certainly do, and that is, get rid of accessories which deter people from coming to church, or which make it more difficult for them to fix their minds in the service. Such are bad lighting, bad seating, bad warming. It is to be hoped that we are pretty well agreed that it is neither necessary nor meritorious for people to make themselves uncomfortable in church. But when we leave simple bodily wants, the variety of minds is so great that it is impossible to say this or that is always to be done. What is wanted is freedom, not freedom for the minister to tyrannize over the people by forcing upon them what they dislike or disapprove, nor yet freedom for the people to put an absolute veto on the introduction of all improvement by a minister who may be wiser and better than they, but freedom for joint action under the sanction of the Bishop, or, let us say, of the central Diocesan authority, consisting of the Bishop and the to-be-hereafter-constituted Diocesan Council. It is possible, however, to distinguish broadly different sorts of modifications which may be desirable. One is to adapt the length of the service to the mental or religious calibre of the worshippers; what is now commonly done in children's services, and has lately been authorized in the Uniformity Amendment Act. Another is the extent to which music should be employed. None will deny that music has great power over the feelings in the mass of men, and that singing is the natural language of feeling; nor again, that the combination of a multitude of voices in singing gives the sense of unity of feeling better than anything else can; still there are some who dislike any music, and there are many who dislike the particular kind of music, or musical intonation, which is commonly heard in churches; where these constitute the majority of the congregation their wishes have certainly a right to be considered. We shall recur to this topic in a future page, but a word may be said here on behalf of those who would be glad to have more music, or music of a somewhat different kind from that which they now get in churches. There is a vast quantity of exquisite devotional music which, beyond short extracts adapted for anthems, is now a sealed book to Protestants except as played in private, or as a few samples of it may occasionally be given in concerts. In neither way is its devotional character fully brought out, and besides it is out of the reach of the poor. Is there any reason why such music should not be performed in church on Sunday, either in the intervals of service where there are two services in the day, or taking the place of the sermon at one of the services where there are more than two? And why should not all cathedral authorities follow the admirable example set by the Dean of Westminster in the introduction of Bach's *Passion Music* into the services of Holy Week!

We cannot dwell any longer upon the different kinds of allowable attraction, but will merely repeat that all attractions are allowable so far as they are not inconsistent with the one great end of edification; that the clergy should by all means be encouraged to make experiments in this respect, provided they bear in mind that their individual tastes must not be indulged in defiance of the wishes of the congregation, or the advice of the bishop, and that no permanent good is likely to be effected by a clergyman who has gained the character of being either tyrannical or disobedient—the character, that is, of overbearing self-will in its double aspect towards inferiors or towards superiors.

There are, however, two sources of attraction which must not be passed over. One of these is entirely irreligious: the desire to improve one's worldly position by a profession of religion, and more particularly the wish to be in the fashion by attending services which are popular with the higher classes. There is no doubt that many men and women, especially young women, are tempted to leave the Dissenters and come over to the Church of England from this motive, and in the same way there is no doubt that many who have been brought up among Low Church people, are attracted, as Dr. Irons puts it in his speech delivered in the late Congress, by "the taste and refinement of the Ritualists." Of course this preference for the more fashionable mode of religion may spring from natural congeniality of disposition without any ulterior motive. In this case there is nothing to be said against it, more than against a preference for a mode of religion which may happen to be unfashionable. The variety of minds is a fact, and it is right that there should be a corresponding variety in the services of a religion which seeks to become all things to all men. But it is certain that there are a class of persons who will throng to a church as to any other assembly, who join a congregation as they would join a club, only for the sake of mixing with their social superiors, of outshining their equals, and increasing their own self-complacency. Perhaps it is impossible to help this, but those who have the direction of such services should take care that they do all in their power to discourage it, or at any rate to prevent the delusion that there is any merit in such attendance. Beside the directly mischievous result of self-complacency to the person concerned, there is further to be taken into account the indirect mischief done to those who are led to associate churchgoing with the other pomps and vanities of fashionable life, and to hate it the more, not only as frivolity, but as falsehood and hypocrisy.

The other forbidden source of attraction is superstition, of which we have already spoken. It is easy to fill a church if people are persuaded that by the mere act of attendance there they will escape the penalties and obtain the rewards which religion offers. It is easy to get any outward action performed if people are persuaded that it is the one and only talisman against an eternity of misery. We may envy Rome her hold over the masses of the population, but before we seek to imitate her, we must remember the result of the implicit faith in the power of the priest which she inculcates. In the first place, the divorce of religion from morality which ensues makes it possible for the greatest criminal (as we believe Father Newman once boasted), still to regard himself as a religious man, and continue to make use of religious forms. And secondly, when the awakening comes, when the humble lay folk begin to receive light from other quarters, the indignation with which they view those who have practised upon their ignorance, makes the church, and religion itself, the object of a revolutionary detestation. In England, happily, the religious tradition is not in favour of implicit trust in priests; in the clerical, as in all other professions, it is more and more the case that a man is valued with us not for his office, but for what he is in himself. But when Ritualist clergymen tell their people from the pulpit (as we know to have been done) that, unless they confess to the priest their death beds will be haunted by demons, it cannot be denied that there is an attempt to follow in the wake of Rome and aim at power by appeals to superstitious motives. And when we read in a letter addressed to the *Guardian* by an Anglican clergyman, that "some of us priests" think that error in doctrine is a more heinous sin than the most atrocious crime, it is evident that superstition has already borne its fruit, and brought about in some minds the divorce between morality and religion.

We do not believe, however, that priestly terrorism, or priestly blandishments, will ever exercise a real influence on the Teutonic mind in presence of a genuine non-conforming Christianity on the one side and free scientific inquiry on the other. Much of the apparent sacerdotalism of the present day is due to merely temporary and accidental causes, the reaction against Evangelicalism, alarm at Essays and Reviews, the yearning after organization for moral and religious ends, individual pugnacity, love of novelty and display.

We proceed now to consider the second point mentioned above. How far is a form justified from the fact of its being symbolical? And first, we must allow that symbolism runs through the Bible; there is symbol in the types and sacrifices and acted prophecies of the Old Testament as well as in the parables and sacraments and revelations of the New. Moreover, the Bible has taught us to see a symbolical aspect in nature itself and in all the circumstances of human life. In accordance with this many of the most ancient and universal forms of worship, besides the sacraments themselves, are symbolical—such as kneeling in prayer, the white robe, the sign of the cross in baptism, the laying on of hands. May we not then assume that whatever symbolizes a religious truth may be rightly admitted into our service? Let us look at another very widely spread symbol, the use of images. These, as we know, were admitted at first as being the "layman's books and schoolmasters;" the visible representation was intended to help the ignorant to rise to the conception of the invisible reality; but their almost universal effect was to *substitute* the visible for the invisible. This, then, is one danger connected with the use of symbols, the transference of worship to the nearer object. A minor but kindred danger is that of attaching special sanctity, or at any rate importance, to a form either really or supposedly symbolical, though it may be in other ways unedifying, inconvenient, or inappropriate. Symbolism leads thus either to idolatry or to superstition. Properly it should be a transparent medium to make distant objects clear to us; when it becomes coloured and opaque it ceases to accomplish its purpose. In other words, if we assume the truth and importance of the idea to be conveyed, symbolism is good where its meaning is perfectly intelligible, and where it does not draw off the thought from the thing signified to the sign; it is bad where it is obscure and far fetched, and where it is looked upon as being religiously binding though it conveys no religious idea to the mind. Of course it is possible for even the best of symbols to be misused or misunderstood, as has been the case with the sign of the cross itself, but the mere possibility of abuse need not impose a scruple on those who know how to use it aright, except in so far as charity requires them to put no stumbling-block in a brother's way. Symbols which are unsuggestive or suggestive of error, are better out of the way, even though there may be cases in which no direct mischief arises out of their use. As examples of such symbols we would mention the practice of turning to the east at the Creed, and of keeping lighted candles on the Communion Table when they are not wanted to give light. Where these customs have any direct effect on the mind of the worshipper (and if they have no such effect they only deaden the feelings and contribute to produce a general sense of unreality) they naturally give the impression of some mysterious reverence being due to the eastern end of the church or to the altar itself, an impression which easily combines with certain views of the eucharistic sacrifice to materialize our idea of God by confining the Divine presence to a particular spot. That materialism of this sort is not far removed from idolatry is shown by the genuflexions with which many of the Ritualists approach the altar; indeed it is probable that both symbols, like many others now embodied in our worship, are relics of Pagan times. In itself this latter is no reason against them, any more than against the decoration of churches at Christmas, or the ring in marriage, or to compare great things with small, any more than the fact that many of the Mosaic rites were the same as prevailed in Egypt was an argument against the divine appointment of the former; but it may put us on our guard against supposing that there is anything specially Christian or Catholic about a ceremony, if, tracing it back as far as we can go, we find it originating in some Pagan conception as, for instance, in the worship of the sun.

The extraordinary vitality of ceremonial under whatever change of religion has been well illustrated in the late Professor Blunt's "Vestiges of Ancient Manners." Whether consciously or unconsciously, the early Christians utilized the old ceremonial, while connecting it with new ideas; and it is curious to read in Bingham the variety of explanations which they offered for this particular custom of turning to the east. Later mysticism, according to its wont, blends them all together in a soft haze of sentiment, regardless of their mutual discrepancy. This haziness is another evil consequence which may spring from symbolism, and it is particularly dangerous at the present time when religion, if she is to retain her hold on the leaders of thought and of civilization, must show herself above all things clear, truth-loving, and practical—clear in her proof of historical facts as well as in her statement of thought and doctrine; truth-loving in her encouragement of all honest inquiry and in her fearless welcome of all the results of inquiry, as well as in her own shrinking from unwarranted dogmatism; practical in raising and improving the common idea of morality, in quickly seeing the needs of the time and providing the means for meeting them. It is a bad omen for the Church of England at a time like this, that some of her ablest sons prefer to break the law and defy their bishop rather than give up the use of a particular attitude in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which to themselves may be symbolical, but is entirely unmeaning to ninety-nine hundredths of the laity.

A practical difficulty may often arise in regard to the retaining of an unmeaning symbol which is in common use. Is a clergyman, for instance, who shares in the views above expressed, bound to make a protest against turning to the east, if he is appointed to the charge of a parish where this custom prevails? Unless he is sure that the custom is productive of superstition in the minds of his people, we should say that his first duty was to beware of giving it an exaggerated importance by noticing it in any way, and therefore as regards his own practice, he should conform to the general use, only taking care that there is no misunderstanding as to his motives. If, however, as is often the case, the congregation are divided, it would seem to be his duty to take part with the anti-ritualists and abstain from all appearance of superstition, even though he should have to separate himself in this respect from the practice of the neighbouring clergy.

We will now consider more in detail the different portions of ritual in reference to the principles laid down; and for convenience sake we will divide ritual into the rule for place, for time, for gesture and dress, for the mode of recital, and for the actual matter, of the service. To discuss fully all that is included under these heads would of course require volumes; we have selected a few points, not by any means of the greatest importance, as examples, in order to illustrate by their means the way in which we think disputed questions should be determined—the way, we venture to add, in which they shortly will be determined by the laity of the Church of Ireland, and also of the Church of England, established or disestablished.

To speak first of ritual in regard to place. None will dispute that it is well to have a place solemnly set apart for religious services, free from associations with worldly business or amusement. None will dispute that besides the ordinary requirements of a place of meeting, such a building should tell its own tale, so far as architecture can enable it to do so, that the feelings which it excites should be such as are in harmony with its proper use; and lastly, that nothing could accomplish this end better than many of our old churches and cathedrals. Again, it will not be disputed that during the last thirty years a great improvement has been going on in the building, seating, and other internal arrangements of churches in general. Even the Dissenters may be cited in proof of this when they pay us the compliment of adopting our church architecture in their new chapels. One point on which there may be room for difference of opinion is the question of light. It may seem tasteless and hypercritical to find fault with that "dim religious light" which charmed even the Puritan Milton, but we cannot help thinking that upon some minds this acts as an injurious symbolism, giving a character of mystery to the whole service; and the effect is perhaps heightened by the particular means we employ to subdue the light which we admit, by the rich colours and indefinite outlines and illegible inscriptions of the stained glass: or if at times a figure stands out more clearly in the window, it is mostly a feeble reproduction of some mediæval type, mild feminine beauty with a touch of modern self-consciousness added; but rarely, if ever, do we see anything of strength, firmness, heroism, of that more masculine side of Christianity which the world is now venturing to claim for its own and christening (or rather un-Christianizing) by the name of Pagan virtues.

As regards the minor decorations of churches they may be either permanent, as crosses, candlesticks, &c.; or occasional, as holly at Christmas and flowers at Easter. Of the use of candlesticks on the altar we have already spoken. The cross seems to us to be the perfection of a symbol, unmistakeable in meaning, and lending itself with difficulty to any abuse. As to Christmas decorations little need be said. We remember to have heard long ago of an old lady possessed of some church patronage whose first question to a likely candidate was to ascertain whether he would sanction any such superstitious practice, but we doubt whether she has left any followers behind her. The great majority are certainly agreed that the decking of the church with flowers and evergreens is a simple and natural expression of our joy in the recurrence of the Christmas festival. The extension of this use to other festivals and to the harvest-home is no doubt a novelty, but it is one which is sure to commend itself more and more to all sections of the community, though it is probably due in the first instance to the Ritualists. There is only one caution which it may be worth while to hint: and that is that the effect may be spoilt by over-elaboration, if it suggests that too much thought, time, or money, has been spent on what is after all an insignificant adjunct of the service. Another occasional decoration which is now frequently met with, is the change of altar cloths to suit the different church seasons. It appears to us that, at any rate where it goes beyond the use of a black cloth during the services of Holy Week, such change is objectionable on the ground that it runs into minute and unintelligible symbolism, and thus leaves the road open for the ingenuities of superstition.

From the ritual of place we pass on to that of time. All who profess any regard for religion agree to keep one day in seven for special religious exercises. Disagreement begins when we ask how large a portion of the day is to be devoted to these; what rules should govern our behaviour during the remainder of the day; what should be the religious service on the week-day; should we try to give a special character to the religious services of one day as compared with another? We will say a few words on the latter points. A prominent feature of Ritualism is the restoration of the daily service in the church. How far is this desirable? We may say at once that it is very desirable to show that religion is a matter for working days as well as for Sundays, and if we think of a town where there are many within easy reach of the church, many whose time is not fully occupied, and many who are living alone or in lodgings, there seems to be every reason for daily services, which may draw together the lonely and give to their religion that social character which it cannot otherwise possess. But take the opposite case of a country parish, where the people are scattered and roads are bad, where the men are all off to their labour the first thing in the morning and the women are busy with household cares, and where there are perhaps none who are living apart from their families, is it desirable in such a case that the clergyman should think himself bound to repeat the service in church to a congregation of half-a-dozen, consisting perhaps of two or three members of his own family, and one or two others whom his influence may induce to come at great inconvenience to themselves? It is difficult to imagine anything more dispiriting than a service of the kind; and the consequence is that there is often a tendency to gabble through it as a matter of form which must be dispatched as soon as possible. Would it not be far better that the clergyman should devote his energies to establishing the custom of family prayer in each household? It may probably be assumed that the poor will not make use of both, and this being the case we have no hesitation in saying that family prayer is, in our judgment, by far more important than the daily service. There is no way in which a father can be so strongly impressed with the feeling of his responsibility towards his family as by regularly leading their joint devotions —a bishop in his own household, as Latimer says, quoting from St. Augustine—no way in which each individual Christian can be so strongly reminded of his duties and his dignity as a member of a royal priesthood, admitted into the holiest by no human ordinance, but by the great Head of the Church Himself. Some persons seem to have the same feeling about the daily service as an old Roman might have had towards the Vestal Virgins who kept alive the sacred fire; but have we the slightest warrant for supposing that the intercessory prayer uttered, say, by a dozen people in the church, is more efficacious than the same prayer repeated by fifty or a hundred families in their several homes?

The next point is the question of keeping particular days as fasts or festivals for the purpose of bringing before the mind particular facts or doctrines of Christianity, or of drawing attention to particular characters. It is unnecessary to say a word about advantages universally allowed in respect to the provision thus made for variety and completeness in the teaching of the Church. Some might perhaps even think that the principle of commemorating saints should have been carried farther, and that every age of the Church should have been called upon to furnish its quota of bright examples for our encouragement and guidance. The practical difficulties in the way of an authoritative selection are almost insuperable among Protestants, but individual clergymen might do much in this way if they would occasionally take the subject for their sermons from Church history. In regard to the use which we should make of the days on which we commemorate events in the life of our Lord, there is one query which suggests itself. Is it expedient to press so urgently, as is now usually done, the realizing of the event commemorated, as present to the imagination? Granted that the facts of our Lord's life are eternal facts, and not merely past history; granted that St. Paul calls upon each Christian to live over in himself the life of Christ, still we cannot but think that there is often an exaggeration in sermons and hymns, and Ritualistic services, an overstraining of the make-believe that we are ourselves actually present at the events described. Such exaggeration is mischievous in many ways. It attributes too much importance to lively imagination, and tends to discourage those who are devoid of this, and to puff up those who possess it, as though it were an essential of real religious feeling; the fact being that lively imagination and the sensibility which usually accompanies it are far more histrionic than religious, and are at least as appropriate to the worship of Dionysus or Adonis as to a Christian service. Another evil is that the prosaic majority force themselves to use words implying a very high exercise of the imagination, and thus enters in again, that worst foe of modern religion, unrealty or falsetto.

In dealing with a subject like Ritualism, one is constantly reminded of Aristotle's favourite bugbear, *ἐις ἄπειρον πρόεισιν*; the reasons for or against particular usages, the considerations which would have to be taken into account for an exhaustive treatment of them, run on into infinity. Our space permits only a few scattered observations; and we must therefore omit great questions such as the expediency of fasting, the mode of celebration of the Eucharist, as it is determined by its inner meaning, and can only allow ourselves one or two remarks in passing upon the frequency and the hour of the latter. The Ritualists lay much stress on frequent and on early communion: Churchmen should communicate once a week at the least; they should communicate fasting;* the great test of the growth of religion in a parish is the increased attendance at the Lord's Table. Now as regards the effect of these rules. In the dark times in which the opportunities of receiving the sacrament were as rare in the Church of England as they still are in the Church of Scotland, all who professed any regard for religion felt that there was a special invitation addressed to themselves on each of these occasions; if they declined it, they did so not without searching of heart and self-condemnation; if they accepted it they endeavoured to prepare themselves beforehand as for a great and solemn ordinance. We cannot but think that this feeling has been weakened by the increased frequency of celebrations, desirable as the change may be on other grounds.† Again, it is no doubt true that the Scotch "fencing of the tables" is sometimes carried out with too much severity, but is there no danger on the other hand in the indiscriminate canvassing for communicants which is likely to spring up where their number is the main point of rivalry between neighbouring clergy. Lastly, though the practice of early communion has been found of great use in relieving the pressure at the later celebration, the injunction to communicate fasting has often proved seriously detrimental to the health of those who have followed it, while the attempt to give a mystical sanction to this injunction tends to foster that gross materialistic view of the sacrament which seems to be so attractive at present. The practice of evening communion introduced by the Low Church party is free from the disadvantages of early communion, and it further enables a large class of people, particularly domestic servants, to communicate with far less difficulty than at present.

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* To show the importance attributed to this by some of the clergy, we quote the following from a sermon which was brought out a short time ago by Messrs. Rivington under the title, "The Duty of Fasting Communion":—

"I make this appeal (to communicate fasting) most solemnly and earnestly in the name and for the love of Christ.

"Will you go on refusing to hear the Church?

"Will you go on seeking a blessing from God in a manner in which he has forbidden you to seek it?

"Will you go on offering to God a service which you have great reason to fear that he will never accept?

"Will you go on refusing to give to Jesus Christ the honour due to His Person and His Presence?

"With the thoughts of Advent before us, its solemn awful thoughts, I make this appeal to you for the love of Christ, and of your own souls, with the thought before us of that great account which we must one day give before the judgment-seat of Christ."

And this is what Christianity has come to in the year of our Lord 1873: the solemn Advent lesson is, Do not communicate after breakfast!

† This may be illustrated by what we read of Dean Colet, "Whereas it is the custom in England for priests to consecrate the Host, and receive it almost every day; he was content to sacrifice on Sundays and holidays, or some few days beside; either to gain more time for his sacred studies, and fit himself the better for his pulpit-employments and the business of his cathedral; or because he found that his devotion had a greater edge when it was sharpened with intervals: and yet he would not condemn them who were minded to come to the Lord's table every day."

Wordsworth, *Eccl. Biog.* I. 449.

We go on now to the ritual of movement and gesture. Our common practice of kneeling in prayer, standing while we take an active part in the service, and sitting while we receive instruction, rests upon the simple principle that the posture must be varied to prevent bodily weariness, and that it should be suited to the nature of the service performed. Other movements are turning to the east at the Creed, which has been touched upon already, rising up on the entrance of the clergyman, bowing in the creed or elsewhere. The last (which is enjoined by the canon, besides being an extremely ancient Church custom) is certainly more general than it used to be. If you go into an ordinary London church you are pretty sure to see people bowing, not only at the sacred name whenever it occurs, but also throughout the *Gloria*, and a considerable portion of the creed. In the latter case indeed bowing often passes into prostration. As bowing is the outward sign of reverence, and reverence is a feeling which should be fostered by the services of the Church, it may be thought that, independently of tradition, the use of the sign should be maintained in the hope that it may tend to produce the thing signified. But those who have noticed the effect of a constantly repeated bow during the reading of some lesson from the Gospels, or still more during the singing of certain hymns, will probably have doubts about its reverential tendency, and it is liable to other objections besides. It takes off the attention from the general drift of the passage, from the speech or the action itself, to the comparatively unimportant fact of the recurrence of the name of the Speaker and Actor; and, not only this, but the expression of reverence is not made in honour of the Person Himself, in whatever way He is described, but is confined to one out of the many names by which He is known. The origin of the practice and its justification in many minds is no doubt to be found in the misinterpretation of the text, "At (or, as the right translation is, 'in') the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," *i.e.*, all prayer must be made in the name, relying upon the atonement, of the Saviour. In early times when this name was everywhere spoken against, it was natural for Christians to show that they were not ashamed to do it honour, but that reason no longer exists.

What has been said so far will apply to the practice of bowing elsewhere than in the Creed. If we bow in the Creed only, we are not distracted by having to watch for this particular name. We bow as we own our belief in the Second Person of the Trinity irrespective of the title there given to Him. To this practice we can see no objection; rather, it is in all respects natural, becoming, and right, but we should be glad to see the same reverence shown in the declaration of our belief in the other Persons of the Trinity. When Cartwright found fault with the ordinary practice as "advancing the Son above the Father and the Holy Ghost," Hooker replied that "there was no heresy less to be feared;" in this, as in many other passages, showing himself rather an advocate than an impartial judge, still less a reformer. Great man, as he was, and belonging to a great age, he was still not free from that spell of the past which bowed even the iconoclast Erasmus in abject prostration before the genius of Cicero; besides this, after the vast changes which had been made, he felt, as he well might, that what was wanted was rest, time for reflection and consolidation, not further demolition: if he had lived to see the full development of the Baconian philosophy, if he had known the past as it has been revealed to us by modern historical research, if he had been writing for the benefit of a Church which had been stationary for near three hundred years, and not for one which had just emerged from a revolution, we may be sure that in some respects his calm and sober judgment would have been employed to enforce different lessons to those which are now stamped with his authority. The very fact that our existing Prayer Book has incorporated some of the changes advocated by Cartwright and opposed by Hooker, *e.g.*, the forms of Thanksgiving, may be taken as a proof that good Churchmanship is not to be measured simply, as some would tell us, by our agreement with the opinions of the latter. And so in respect of the erroneous view referred to by Cartwright; this may not have been duly registered among heresies, but if we ask what are the prevailing misbeliefs in our own time, one of the most prominent undoubtedly is the attribution of the divine qualities of mercy and goodness to the Son exclusively, the Divine Father being shrunk from as a stern and pitiless Ruler, the Divine Spirit degraded into a mere subordinate agent. Possibly the habit of bowing at each name as it occurs in the Creed might have some counteracting effect upon this misbelief, but we do not think that the effect of such an expression of reverence would be increased, rather the reverse, if it were repeated each time the *Gloria* was recited. As to symbolical prostration during a portion of the Creed, or at any other part of the service, we doubt whether it can ever be done with simplicity, we do not think it is natural for English people to give such violent expression to feeling, we doubt the existence of feeling corresponding to the vehemence of the expression, and lastly, even if there be the vehement feeling craving a vehement expression, we greatly doubt the wisdom of giving way to it.

Our next point was the rising up on the entrance of the minister, or, as it more usually is, of the clergyman and choristers. This might seem to be in accordance with the precept of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, "to esteem very highly those that were set over them in the Lord;" and certainly, if we think of those times, it was only just that all honour should be paid to men who were willing to take on themselves such perilous and arduous duties as devolved upon the elders of the early Church. Whether there is the same occasion for such honour now, whether it is good for a young man with possibly a fair share of a young man's usual self-esteem, to see his elders, his superiors in every way, rising up to do him reverence, may be questioned. It may be said that the honour is not personal; it is done to the office, not to the man; but considering the disposition there is to magnify the office, to make a broad line of separation between the clergy and laity, is it wise to encourage a practice which serves to mark this distinction? No doubt it is a small matter; most of these customs are so, when considered separately, but the strength of Ritualism consists of making use of a multitude of customs insignificant in themselves, but capable when united of producing a deep and serious impression. We must consider this, then, in connection with the other symptoms of a desire to elevate the clergy into a caste removed from contact with their fellow men, the peculiarity of their every-day dress, the close shaven face with an occasional suspicion of a tonsure, the praise of clerical celibacy,—in short, the attempt to undo what Milman, in his noble essay on the *Relation of the Clergy to the People*, calls the greatest of the manifold blessings we owe to the Reformation, viz., the "restoration of the minister of Christ to his position as a citizen and a man."

The use of rich vestments is another symbolism which tends to divide the minister from the congregation, and in weak minds to foster either a spiritual pride or a more ordinary description of vanity. The surplice, so far as it is symbolical, teaches the simple lesson that purity is required in the worshipper, and it has besides the effect of obscuring the individual personality, thus helping the minister to lose sight of himself, and act and feel as the organ of the congregation. The gown, on the other hand, is the common scholar's dress, and as such is appropriate enough where the minister is uttering words which express his own individual feelings, and for which he is individually responsible. It is curious that the party in the Church which has usually attached least importance to the sermon in comparison to the prayers, should have so earnestly favoured the substitution of the more dignified surplice for the modest gown in preaching. But the subject is scarcely worth the words we have spent upon it.

We go on now to discuss the manner in which the service should be recited. As regards the respective parts taken by the clergy and people, there is little to be said. The established practice has the effect of varying the service and keeping alive the attention of the congregation. Of late years, indeed, in consequence of the development of musical services, the congregation in many places has been divided into two parts—the congregation proper, and the choristers, to whom the former have delegated a portion of their own duties. Some disapprove altogether of the practice of paying others to do that which, if it is to be of any value, should be the spontaneous act of the general body of the worshippers, the free expression of their feelings of penitence and gratitude, the offering up of their heart's petitions to God. They see no necessary reason why the men and boys who are hired for this purpose simply on the strength of a good voice and ear, should be in other ways fitted to represent the congregation, and they object to giving them an official character by dressing them up in surplices. In answer to this it may be urged that if a congregation chooses to abdicate its functions, it is at all events better that it should do so in favour of a number of trained choristers, rather than of a single clerk, as sometimes happened in old times; that if the service is rightly managed, the choristers will lead, but never take the place, of the congregation; that a uniform is a sort of appeal to the good feeling and self-respect of the wearer, and that the special uniform of the surplice has the further advantage of breaking down, so far as it is concerned, the partition between the clergy and the laity. Further, it cannot be denied that the constant practising of Church music has a powerful civilizing influence; even the least ecclesiastically-minded person must allow that it is an advance for the butcher's boy, while he goes his rounds, to be humming a chant (as we have often heard him) instead of one of those old wake songs so graphically described in *Yeast.*

As the people are subdivided into choristers and congregation proper, so the ministers are subdivided into priests and deacons, the latter, as all are aware, being prohibited from performing certain parts of the service. We believe this restriction to be as directly mischievous as the institution of the order of deacon is in itself beneficial, if rightly understood. The deacon is properly a layman, who without abandoning his lay employments,—our readers will remember how George Herbert continued to wear his sword till he was ordained priest,—is admitted to perform certain ecclesiastical functions. As such, he is a valuable and important link between the priest and the people; but this, the real meaning of his office, has unfortunately died out in the Church of England, and to retain the mere shadow of it by forbidding him to pronounce the absolution is merely to foster a dangerous superstition.

Returning to the distribution of the service between the clergy and the people, we may mention, in passing, a custom which has lately grown up in some Evangelical congregations, of repeating the words of the General Thanksgiving after the minister. This seems to us not only to add life to that part of the service, but also to be a natural pendent of the joint confession at the beginning. We are not aware of any other variation in regard to the division of the service between the clergy and laity, but the manner in which the two parties recite the respective portions assigned to them exhibits the utmost diversity. In one place the natural tone of voice is preserved throughout the service, except in signing the hymns; in another, chanting of the psalms is added; in a third, the *Kyrie* and some of the responses are intoned; in a fourth, the minister intones the greater part, or the whole, of the service. Let us consider what is to be said on each point. The difference between a hymn sung, or a hymn repeated, by a number of voices, is that the former vastly intensifies the expression of feeling, provided, of course, that the music is itself expressive and suited to the particular congregation. The case of chanting is not quite the same as that of singing. In the first place, it is much more difficult for an uneducated person to take part in. Instead of having a separate note for each syllable, he has sometimes to spread one note over many syllables, at other times to give several notes to one syllable. The effort required to do this without making mistakes distracts the attention from the meaning, and the meaning itself is, besides, more difficult to grasp in most psalms than it is in a hymn. Even in hymn-singing the gain in feeling is probably accompanied by a slight loss in clearness of thought; much more in the case of the psalms. Where the words and the arrangement of notes are perfectly familiar as in the *Gloria*, these difficulties, of course, disappear, which accounts for the common usage in country parishes of chanting the canticles and repeating the psalms.

Responses, when they are not made in the ordinary tone of voice, may be either musically varied or in monotone. The former approach to the case of hymns. The musical setting of the *Kyrie* may be as simple and expressive as the easiest of hymn tunes, and in this and other recurring responses, the expression of feeling is all that is required. Still there is a shrinking in some minds from anything like music in praying. *Non est cantandum, res vera agitur* is their feeling; it seems to them irreverent to make their petition to God, except in a tone expressive of the deepest and most earnest seriousness. If it would be mockery to chant a request for pardon from a fellow man whom we had offended, how can it be right to chant our confessions of sin to God? We may answer that hymns themselves are often prayers or confessions, and that if we are right in singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," there can be nothing wrong in singing "Lord have mercy upon us"; or, we may answer again, that a refrain of any sort is pretty sure to fall into sing-song, and that it is better to use a regular musical setting of the *Kyrie*, for instance, than to follow the clerk in "a tune of his own composing," such as middle-aged men can remember as a prominent feature of the services of their boyhood. The rule, however, that the music used for this purpose should be simple and earnest, is essential. To set the *Kyrie* to a mere idle jig, as is often done, is not to bring out, but to stultify the meaning of the words. And again, the music must be such as all can enter into, not something reserved for the choristers. The question as to monotone is different. There is no pretence here of bringing out the meaning or emphasizing the feeling of the words. It is merely the result of drill in school children and choristers, and to our ears it has something of a dull mechanical character, as compared with the rich and full effect of the free natural utterance. This is even taking it at its best, when the time and pitch are made as easy as possible; but not unfrequently the time is so hurried and the pitch so disagreeably strained, that the mass of the people give up all attempt to repeat the responses, when they find them, as it were, snatched out of their mouths by the steam-engine of the choir.

We have lastly to consider the effect of monotone in the minister. As it would be thought an absurdity for a man to read in a monotone anywhere but in church, it is evident that the burden of proof lies with its defenders. Their plea, we believe, is, 1st, that it is more audible; 2nd, that it is more reverent. As to the first, we do not concede the fact: the usual effect of monotone is to give importance to the more musical elements of a word by lengthening the vowels and slurring the consonants, a process which may add to the loudness, but certainly does not conduce to distinctness of pronunciation: but supposing the fact granted, if readers and speakers can make themselves heard elsewhere without muffling their meaning in a monotone, why cannot it be done in church? There is no monotone in a public meeting, nor in a theatre, nor in parliament. The fact is the monotone is a species of total abstinence: vocal inflexion may be abused, therefore let it not be used; let there be absolutely no variation of voice, or else it will rise into a scream or sink into a whisper. But if clergymen had been properly trained in elocution, there would have been no more occasion for this drastic treatment in their case than there is for the pledge in a man of ordinarily temperate habits. As to the second plea, no doubt a man who is disposed to irreverence, or bad taste, or violence, or affectation, will display these qualities more if he speaks as nature bids him, than if he is inclosed in the strait waistcoat of the monotone; but just in the same degree there is an obscuring of the reverence, the good taste, the simplicity, and the meekness, which we may hope characterize the majority of the clergy. It would seem, then, that the monotone is only to be recommended where the minister is an incorrigibly bad reader, or where he is one of the above-mentioned unhappy minority; or, perhaps, as a third case, we might add, where he is afflicted with weak throat and chest. The objections stated apply to any sort of artificial monotony in reading; but, as it was before said in reference to the responses, the particular tone selected may be objectionable on further grounds, as being in an unnatural key. When a falsetto voice is joined with shaven cheeks and a hysterical manner, a combination by no means unusual at the present time, the total effect is far more suggestive of the worship of Cybele, than of St. Paul's "gravity, sincerity, uncorruptness."

What was said in regard to the musical intonation of the responses by the people will apply in some measure to the minister, except that the capacity to take a musical solo is not granted to every man, and unless it is really well done, it is far less edifying than plain reading. If the attempt now made to introduce it generally should succeed, it would follow as a corollary that every clergyman must be a good musician; *i.e.*, that none but musicians should be admitted to holy orders. We quite go with those who would wish to raise the present standard for ordination; we would gladly exact from the candidates for ordination, over and above the present modicum of classics and divinity, a knowledge of how to read, how to speak, how to write English, perhaps even of medicine and political economy: when we have got these, a knowledge of music is no doubt a useful addition; but considering that the superintendence of music is that part of the parochial minister's work which there is least difficulty in transferring to the shoulders of others, we think it would be a great misfortune if the want of a tenor voice and a musical ear should be made an insuperable bar in the way of ordination.

If we had time, a good deal might be said on common faults of reading, and on the style of music now prevalent.* We can only allow ourselves a word or two on the latter. Those who remember the stress which some years ago used to be laid on maintaining a severe ecclesiastical tone in congregational music, the contempt which used to be expressed for methodistic jigs, must be amused by the sudden turn of the wheel which has flooded our churches with tunes which, in point of musical excellence, are about on a par with a nursery lullaby, where they do not emulate the vigour of *Slap Bang* or other favourite street melodies:* and the effect of these is not unfrequently heightened by the incongruous juxtaposition of a Gregorian or some doleful tune which reduces to silence all but the merest fraction of the congregation. Perhaps the best excuse that can be made for such tunes is that they are not unworthy of the hymns to which they are commonly set. The very mixed selection known by the name of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* includes, it is true, most of our best hymns, but these are far from getting their fair share of congregational singing, ritualistic taste inclining as little to the old English hymn as to the old English tune. We cannot but look upon the prevalence of this taste as a melancholy sign of the times. If we compare such lines as

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* One or two minor points may be mentioned in a note. Is it not a mistake to make a pause in the Litany after the petition for all sick persons? Why should we want more time for recollecting ourselves after this clause than after others, each of which has its own special reference in the mind of the thoughtful worshipper? In the *Te Deum* is it not a mistake to alter the chant to a minor at the words "when thou tookest upon thee"? The sudden change in the music very much exaggerates the change of sentiment; it disturbs the congregation, interrupts the singing, and takes away the unity of the hymn. All the change which is desirable could easily be

"Lord, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth,
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth."

or,

"As the tree falls, so it must lie,
As the man lives, so will he die,
As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of eternity. Amen."

or,

"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?

* * * * *

Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast."

or the would-be exultation of

"Raise the Trisagion ever and aye"

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effected by a little management of the stops of the organ. Again, it always grates upon our ears to hear the two versicles, "Thine honourable, true: and only Son; Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter," sung as one. Surely it might have been found possible to reduce the versicles to an even number, if it is worth while to alter the arrangement for so trifling an end, without throwing into one two clauses which, if symbolism is to have any weight at all, should more than others have been kept distinct and independent, so as to balance each other and the previous clause.

* The coarse jarring sensation of some modern tunes is shown by the fact that the nerve of hearing is often unable for hours to get rid of the vibration thus produced;

with the quiet solemnity and the masculine rhythm of such a hymn as that beginning—

"O God, our help in ages past—"

can we help acknowledging that in the former, matter, language, and rhythm are all such as mark the poetry of decrepitude and decay, the poetry, one might almost say, of a pseudo-Anacreon, compared with that of the Iliad?

One large branch of our subject still remains,—the ritual of matter, that is, the actual form of words prescribed to be used in our services. Many who are ready enough to make changes in the manner of conducting the service shrink back with horror from the idea of changing the language of the Prayer Book itself. But, horror or no horror, it matters not, revision is upon us already, on the Church of Ireland to-day, on the Church of England to-morrow: the best policy for all parties is to prepare the way for it by enlightening public opinion, and determining what is essential and what is non-essential,—where they will yield, and where they will make their stand. There are some points, such as those which concern the doctrine of absolution, which will plainly be fought to the last between the opposing parties; there are others on which we see no reason to despair of a general agreement, when once people have come to see the absurdity of binding down the ripe experience of the 19th century by the fierce youth of the 16th or the imaginative childhood of the 4th. Thus we should hope that there might be no difficulty in altering the language of the Prayer Book to suit the altered facts of our day, as, for instance, in the prayers for the Sovereign; or again, to suit the altered and improved feeling which now prevails in respect to certain points of morality. For instance, is there a single bishop on the bench who might not be trusted to provide a better form for the Marriage Service or for the Churching of Women? Both of the existing forms smack of a time just waking out of monkery, still in doubt whether marriage was not a degenerate state, an indulgence granted to the weakness of the flesh.

But we must close for the present. The question of how to improve the formularies is far too large a one to be dealt with at the end of an article. We have touched upon it here merely by way of illustrating the principles enunciated in the earlier part of this, and in the previous article;—principles, the importance of which at the present time it seems to us impossible to overrate.

J. B. MAYOR.

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just as, when the optic nerve has been strained by gazing too fixedly at the sun, we continue to see green or purple suns scattered about wherever we turn our eyes; or just as certain coarse vegetable flavours persecute the nerve of taste long after the meal is over.

PRINCIPAL FORBES AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

[In the summer of 1856, in company with my friend Professor Huxley, and, indeed, at his suggestion, I visited the glaciers of the Alps, with a view to their investigation. The visit was the immediate outgrowth of my previous work on "Slaty Cleavage." On January 15, 1857, it fell to my lot to communicate our joint observations to the Royal Society. The communication produced, I was informed, great discontent in Edinburgh; and various protests regarding it came from scientific men there to their London friends. This I regretted and deprecated; for, besides misinterpreting the object of the paper, I thought it evinced a desire to label the glaciers of the Alps with the name of a single investigator, to the exclusion of all others, thus contracting what ought to be a broad scientific question to a mere personal one. A glimpse of the effect produced by our communication is given at page 369 of the "Life of Principal Forbes," recently published by my friend Mr. Macmillan.

I could not, however, believe in the permanence of so unreasonable a state of mind, and on June 4, 1858, in a Friday evening discourse on the Mer de Glace I took particular pains to demonstrate that I was absolutely devoid of any hostile feeling towards Professor Forbes. I had occasion to refer to a mistake of his, and I introduced the subject, and followed it up by an expression of opinion regarding him in these words:—"Too much weight must not be attached to this explanation. It is one of those suggestions which are perpetually thrown out by men of science during the course of an investigation, and the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which cannot materially affect the merits of the investigator. Indeed, the merits of Forbes must be judged on much broader grounds, and the more his labours are compared with those of other observers, the more prominently does his comparative intellectual magnitude come forward. I will not content myself with saying that the book of Professor Forbes is the best book that has been written upon the subject; the qualities of mind, and the scientific culture invested in that excellent work, are such as to make it, in the estimation of the physical investigator at least, outweigh all other books upon the subject taken together. But while thus acknowledging its merits, let a free and frank comparison of its statements with facts be instituted."

To my regret, however, it soon became clear to me that this "free and frank comparison" would be tolerated on one condition alone, and that is that its results should be mere confirmations of the views previously enunciated by Professor Forbes. To such an attempt to fetter him, no lover of freedom would willingly yield. Discussion waxed warm, and considerable men, some of them by no means tender to me or to my work, mingled in the controversy. On one occasion, as I was informed at the time, an eminent philosopher went so far as to state that the only contribution I had ever made to our knowledge of the glaciers was to take Auguste Balmat to the summit of Mont Blanc and cause him to be frostbitten.* This and other severities I permitted to pass without remonstrance at the time, and not till whispered threats of further punishment became intolerable did I resolve to make myself more fully acquainted with the history of the subject, and bring these rumours to an issue in the "Glaciers of the Alps."

My original intention regarding that work, and my reasons for deviating from it, are given at the close of the introductory chapter in these words:—"When the idea of writing this book first occurred to me, it was not my intention to confine myself to the glaciers alone, but to make the work a vehicle for the familiar explanation of such general physical phenomena as had come under my notice. Nor did I intend to address it to a cultured man of science, but to a *youth* of average intelligence, furnished with the education which England now offers to the young. I wished, indeed, to make it a boys' class-book, which should reveal the mode of life, as well as the scientific objects, of an explorer of the Alps. The incidents of the past year have caused me to deviate in some degree from this intention."

The "incidents" here referred to are those noticed above; and they gave to certain pages of the "Glaciers of the Alps" a controversial tone which I should have been only too happy to avoid.

Accident in 1872 led to the realisation of my first intention, and caused me to publish a boys' book of the glaciers. How the book originated is stated in the annexed pages. I thought it innocent; others, I regret to say, think it the reverse; and they have expressed their thoughts in the "Life of Principal Forbes" referred to above. I am challenged to meet their criticisms, which, I find, are considered to be conclusive by some able public journals and magazines. Thus the attitude of a controversialist is once more forced upon me. Since the death of Principal Forbes no one has heard me utter a word inconsistent with tenderness for his memory; and it is with an unwillingness amounting to repugnance that I now defend myself across his grave. His biographers profess to know what he would have done were he alive, and hold themselves to be the simple executors of his will. I cannot act entirely upon this assumption, or deal with the dead as I should with the living. Hence, though these pages may appear to some to be sufficiently full, they lack the completeness, and still more the strength, which I should have sought to confer upon them had my present position been forced upon me by Principal Forbes himself instead of by his friends.

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* Matters mended afterwards, and some years subsequent to the occasion here referred to, at his own initiative, I had the pleasure of conversing most amicably about Alpine glaciers with this same philosopher.

I think it on every account deplorable that this controversy should have been revived. Two extracts will show the bitter form it has assumed at the outset. The first is from the ablest of northern journals, the "Scotsman;" the second from the high-toned and intellectual New York "Nation." In a review of the "Life and Letters of Principal Forbes" the "Scotsman" says:—

"The first manifestation of opposition came from M. Agassiz, who, immediately after the announcement by Forbes, in 1842, of his discovery of the veined structure of glaciers, wrote a paper in the same journal, claiming the discovery as his own. . . . Forbes answered M. Agassiz, in 1843, in a paper (which Professor Tait has printed in an appendix), giving a circumstantial narrative of the whole affair, backed by testimony. If ever a man stood convicted of misstatement and self-contradiction, M. Agassiz seems to us to be in that position. Yet no attempt has been made during all these thirty years to controvert or answer the charge."

The reviewer further honours myself with this and other references, accompanied by various reflections and implications:—

"The most persistent opponent of Forbes's reputation has been Professor Tyndall. It is well known, however, to those behind the scenes that he has not been alone in his hostility; he only represents a certain *coterie* in the Royal Society, who from their metropolitan eminence affect to look down on everything provincial."

From this imaginative picture I turn to the review in the "Nation;" it runs thus:—

"The authors of the 'Life and Letters' have given us from Forbes's own letters all that was necessary to show a course of duplicity towards the man with whom, to quote his own words, he 'served his apprenticeship in glacier observation,' unparalleled in the annals of science. If justice to the dead could not suffer such mild statements as those of Tyndall to pass unanswered, it is high time that the insults which have been heaped upon the living by Forbes himself during his lifetime, and by his friends since his death, should be noticed. Professor Agassiz, who has been the object of all this abuse, never defends himself against personal attacks; he can well afford to leave to posterity the decision of his claims; but he must pardon his friends if, feeling that they cannot allow such falsehoods and misrepresentations to circulate without reply, they come forward now and make a plain statement of the other side of the question."

Principal Shairp reverences the Bible; so do I: let me, therefore, quote a verse of it for our common benefit. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." It may have begun to dawn on him that in reviving this unseemly controversy he did not sufficiently lay these words to heart. Would it not have been, in a worldly sense, nobler, and in a religious sense, more worthy of followers of One who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, to have even suffered a little wrong, rather than loose these floodgates of mutual vituperation?

The portion of the public whom it concerns will, however, understand how difficult it was for me, who took up the subject so long after these quarrels had begun, to steer clear of offence.]

SOON after my return from America I learned with great concern that a little book of mine, published prior to my departure, had given grave offence to some of the friends and relatives of the late Principal Forbes; and I was specially grieved when informed that the chastisement considered due to this offence was to be administered by gentlemen between whom and myself I had hoped mutual respect and amity would for ever reign. We had, it is true, met in conflict on another field; but hostilities had honourably ceased, old wounds had, to all appearance, been healed, and I had no misgiving as to the permanence of the peace established between us.

The genesis of the book referred to is this:—At Christmas 1871 it fell to my lot to give the brief course of "Juvenile Lectures" to which Faraday for many years before his death lent such an inexpressible charm. The subject of glaciers, which I had never previously treated in a course of lectures, might, it was thought, be rendered pleasant and profitable to a youthful audience. The sight of young people wandering over the glaciers of the Alps with closed eyes, desiring knowledge, but not always finding it, had been a familiar one to me, and I thought it no unworthy task to respond to this desire, and to give such of my young hearers as might visit the Alps an intelligent interest in glacier phenomena.

The course was, therefore, resolved upon; and to render its value more permanent I wrote out copious "Notes," had them bound together, and distributed among the boys and girls. Knowing the damage which elementary books wearily and confusedly written had done to my own young mind, I tried, to the best of my ability, to confer upon these "Notes" clearness, thoroughness, and life. It was my particular desire that the imaginary pupil chosen for my companion in the Alps, and for whom, odd as it may sound, I entertained a real affection, should rise from the study of the "Notes" with no other feeling than one of attachment and respect for those who had worked upon the glaciers. I therefore avoided all allusion to those sore personal dissensions which, to the detriment of science and of men, had begun fifteen years prior to my connection with the glaciers, and which have been unhappily continued to the present time.

Professor Youmans of New York was then in London, organising the "Scientific International Series" with which his name and energy are identified. To prove my sympathy for his work I had given him permission to use my name as one of his probable contributors, the date of my contribution being understood to belong to the distant, and indeed indefinite, future. He, however, read the "Notes," liked them, urged me to expand them a little, and to permit him to publish them as the first volume of his series. His request was aided by that of another friend, and I acceded to it—hence the little book, entitled the "Forms of Water," which the friends and relatives of Principal Forbes have read with so much discontent.

That modest volume has, we are informed, caused an uncontemplated addition to be made to the Life of Principal Forbes, lately published under the triple auspices of Principal Shairp, the successor of Principal Forbes in the College of St. Andrew's; Mr. Adams-Reilly, and Professor Tait. "It had been our hope," says Principal Shairp in his Preface, "that we might have been allowed to tell our story, without reverting to controversies which, we had thought, had been long since extinguished. But after most of these sheets were in press, a book appeared, in which many of the old charges against Principal Forbes in the matter of the glaciers were, if not openly repeated, not obscurely indicated. Neither the interests of truth, nor justice to the dead, could suffer such remarks to pass unchallenged. How it has been thought best for the present to meet them, I must leave my friend and fellow-labourer, Professor Tait, to tell."

The book here referred to is the unpretending volume whose blameless advent I have just described.

I have not the honour of knowing Principal Shairp personally, but he will, I trust, permit me to assure him of two things. Firstly, that in writing my book I had no notion of rekindling an extinct fire, or of treating with anything but tenderness the memory of his friend. Secondly, that had such been my intention, the negative attribute "not obscure" is hardly the one which he would have chosen to describe the words that I should have employed. But the fact is the fire was not extinct: the anger of former combats, which I thought spent, was still potential, and my little book was but the finger which pulled the trigger of an already loaded gun.

Let the book speak for itself. I reproduce here *in extenso* the references to Principal Forbes, which have been translated into "charges" against him by Principal Shairp. Having, in section 20, mentioned the early measurements of glaciers made by Hugi and Agassiz, I continue thus:—

> "We now approach an epoch in the scientific history of glaciers. Had the first observers been practically acquainted with the instruments of precision used in surveying, accurate measurements of the motion of glaciers would probably have been earlier executed. We are now on the point of seeing such instruments introduced almost simultaneously by M. Agassiz on

the glacier of the Unteraar, and by Professor Forbes on the Mer de Glace. Attempts had been made by M. Escher de la Linth to determine the motion of a series of wooden stakes driven into the Aletsch glacier, but the melting was so rapid that the stakes soon fell. To remedy this, M. Agassiz in 1841 undertook the great labour of carrying boring tools to his 'hotel,' and piercing the Unteraar glacier at six different places to a depth of ten feet, in a straight line across the glacier. Into the holes six piles were so firmly driven that they remained in the glacier for a year, and in 1842 the displacements of all six were determined. They were found to be 160 feet, 225 feet, 269 feet, 245 feet, 210 feet, and 125 feet respectively.

"A great step is here gained. You notice that the middle numbers are the largest. They correspond to the central portion of the glacier. Hence, these measurements conclusively establish, not only the fact of glacier motion, but that the *centre of the glacier, like that of a river, moves more rapidly than the sides.*

"With the aid of trained engineers, M. Agassiz followed up these measurements in subsequent years. His researches are recorded in a work entitled 'Système Glaciaire,' which is accompanied by a very noble Atlas of the Glacier of the Unteraar, published in 1847.

"These determinations were made by means of a theodolite, of which I will give you some notion immediately. The same instrument was employed the same year by the late Principal Forbes upon the Mer de Glace. He established independently the greater central motion. He showed, moreover, that it is not necessary to wait a year, or even a week, to determine the motion of a glacier; with a correctly-adjusted theodolite he was able to determine the motion of various points of the Mer de Glace from day to day. He affirmed, and with truth, that the motion of the glacier might be determined from hour to hour. We shall prove this farther on. Professor Forbes also triangulated the Mer de Glace, and laid down an excellent map of it. His first observations and his survey are recorded in a celebrated book published in 1843, and entitled 'Travels in the Alps.'

"These observations were also followed up in subsequent years, the results being recorded in a series of detached letters and essays of great interest. These were subsequently collected in a volume entitled 'Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers,' published in 1859. The labours of Agassiz and Forbes are the two chief sources of our knowledge of glacier phenomena."

It would be difficult for an unbiassed person to find in these words any semblance of a "charge" against Principal Forbes. His friends and relatives may be dissatisfied to see the name of M. Agassiz placed first in relation to the question of the quicker central flow of glaciers; but in giving it this position I was guided by the printed data which are open to any writer upon this subject.

I have checked this brief historic statement by consulting again the proper authorities, and this is the result:—In 1841 Principal Forbes became the guest of M. Agassiz on the glacier of the Aar; and in a very able article, published some time subsequently in the "Edinburgh Review," he speaks of "the noble ardour, the generous friendship, the unvarying good temper, the true hospitality" of his host. In order to explain the subsequent action of Principal Forbes, it is necessary to say that the kindly feeling implied in the foregoing words did not continue long to subsist between him and M. Agassiz. I am dealing, however, for the moment with scientific facts, not with personal differences; and as a matter of indisputable fact M. Agassiz did, in 1841, incur the labour of boring six holes in a straight line across the glacier of the Aar, of fixing in these holes a series of piles, and of measuring, in 1842, the distance through which the motion of the glacier had carried them. This measurement was made on July 20; some results of it were communicated to the Academy of Science in Paris on August 1, and they stand in the "Comptes Rendus" of the Academy as an unquestionable record, from which date can be taken.

But the friends quarrelled. Who was to blame I will not venture here to intimate; but the assumption that M. Agassiz was wholly in the wrong would, I am bound to say, be required to justify the subsequent conduct of Principal Forbes. He was, I gather from the Life, acquainted with the use of surveying instruments; and knowing roughly the annual rate of glacier motion, he would also know that through the precision attainable with a theodolite, a single day's—probably a single hour's motion—especially in summer, must be discernible. With such knowledge in his possession, as early as June 1842, and without deeming it necessary to give his host of the Aar any notice of his intention, Principal Forbes repaired to the Mer de Glace, made in the first instance a few rapid measurements at the Montanvert, and in a letter dated from Courmayeur on July 4 communicated them to the editor of the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal."

He did not at that time give any numbers expressing the ratio of the side to the central motion of the glacier, but contented himself with announcing the result in these terms: "The central portion of the Mer de Glace moves past the edges in a very considerable proportion, quite contrary to the opinion generally entertained." This communication, as I have said, bears the date of July 4; but it was first published in the October number of the journal to which it was addressed. My reason, therefore, for mentioning M. Agassiz first in the "Forms of Water" is, that, apart from all personal complications, his experiment was begun ten months prior to that of his rival, and that he had also two months' priority of publication.

Neither in his "Travels in the Alps," nor in his "Occasional Papers," does Principal Forbes, to my knowledge, make any reference to this communication of Agassiz. I am far from charging him with conscious wrong, or doubting that he justified this reticence to his own mind. But my duty at present lies with objective facts, and not with subjective judgments. And the fact is that for eighteen years subsequent to this campaign of 1842, Agassiz, as far as the glaciers are concerned, was practically extinguished in England. The labours of the following years failed to gain for him any recognition. His early mistake regarding the quicker motion of the sides of a glacier, and other weaknesses, were duly kept in view; but his positive measurements, and his Atlas, which prove the observations upon the glacier of the Aar to be far more complete than those made upon any other glacier, were never permitted to yield the slightest credit to their author. I am no partisan of Agassiz, but I desire to be just.

Here then my case ends as regards the first reference to Principal Forbes in section 20 of the "Forms of Water."

In section 48 I describe the Dirt Bands of the Mer de Glace, and ascribe the discovery of them to Principal Forbes. There can be no thought of a "charge" here.

The next reference that has any bearing upon this discussion occurs in sections 59 and 60 of the "Forms of Water." I quote it fully.

"By none of these writers is the property of viscosity or plasticity ascribed to glacier ice; the appearances of many glaciers are, however, so suggestive of this idea that we may be sure it would have found more frequent expression were it not in such apparent contradiction with our everyday experience of ice.

"Still the idea found its advocates. In a little book, published in 1773, and entitled 'Picturesque Journey to the Glaciers of Savoy,' Bordier of Geneva wrote thus:—'It is now time to look at all these objects with the eyes of reason; to study, in the first place, the position and the progression of glaciers, and to seek the solution of their principal phenomena. At the first aspect of the ice-mountains an observation presents itself, which appears sufficient to explain all. It is that the entire mass of ice is connected together, and presses from above downwards after the manner of fluids. Let us, then, regard the ice, not as a mass entirely rigid and immobile, but as a heap of coagulated matter, or as softened wax, flexible and ductile to a certain point *.' Here probably for the first time the quality of plasticity is ascribed to the ice of glaciers.

"To us, familiar with the aspect of the glaciers, it must seem strange that this idea once expressed did not at once receive recognition and development. But in those early days explorers were few, and the 'Picturesque Journey' probably but little known, so that the notion of plasticity lay dormant for more than half a century. But Bordier was at length succeeded by a man of far greater scientific grasp and insight than himself. This was Rendu, a Catholic priest and canon when he wrote, and afterwards Bishop of Annecy. In 1841 Rendu laid before the Academy of Sciences of Savoy his 'Theory of the Glaciers of Savoy,' a contribution for ever memorable in relation to this subject †.

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* I am indebted to my distinguished friend Professor Studer, of Berne, for directing my attention to Bordier's book, and to my friends at the British Museum for the great trouble they have taken to find it for me.

† "Memoirs of the Academy," vol. x.

"Rendu seized the idea of glacier plasticity with great power and clearness, and followed it resolutely to its consequences. It is not known that he had ever seen the work of Bordier; probably not, as he never mentions it. Let me quote for you some of Rendu's expressions, which, however, fail to give an adequate idea of his insight and precision of thought:—'Between the Mer de Glace and a river there is a resemblance so complete that it is impossible to find in the glacier a circumstance which does not exist in the river. In currents of water the motion is not uniform either throughout their width or throughout their depth. The friction of the bottom and of the sides, with the action of local hindrances, causes the motion to vary, and only towards the middle of the surface do we obtain the full motion.'

"This reads like a prediction of what has since been established by measurement. Looking at the glacier of Mont Dolent, which resembles a sheaf in form, wide at both ends and narrow in the middle, and reflecting that the upper wide part had become narrow, and the narrow middle part again wide, Rendu observes:—'There is a multitude of facts which seem to necessitate the belief that glacier ice enjoys a kind of ductility, which enables it to mould itself to its locality, to thin out, to swell, and to contract as if it were a soft paste.'

"To fully test his conclusions, Rendu required the accurate measurement of glacier motion. Had he added to his other endowments the practical skill of a land-surveyor, he would now be regarded as the prince of glacialists. As it was he was obliged to be content with imperfect measurements. In one of his excursions he examined the guides regarding the successive positions of a vast rock which he found upon the ice close to the side of the glacier. The mean of five years gave him a motion for this block of forty feet a year.

"Another block, the transport of which he subsequently measured more accurately, gave him a velocity of 400 feet a year. Note his explanation of this discrepancy:—'The enormous difference of these two observations arises from the fact that one block stood near the centre of the glacier, which moves most rapidly, while the other stood near the side, where the ice is held back by friction.' So clear and definite were Rendu's ideas of the plastic motion of glaciers, that had the question of curvature occurred to him, I entertain no doubt that he would have enunciated beforehand the shifting of the point of maximum motion from side to side across the axis of the glacier (§ 25).

"It is right that you should know that scientific men do not always agree in their estimates of the comparative value of facts and ideas; and it is especially right that you should know that your present tutor attaches a very high value to ideas when they spring from the profound and persistent pondering of superior minds, and are not, as is too often the case, thrown out without the warrant of either deep thought or natural capacity. It is because I believe Rendu's labours fulfil this condition that I ascribe to them so high a value. But when you become older and better informed, you may differ from me; and I write these words lest you should too readily accept my opinion of Rendu. Judge me, if you care to do so, when your knowledge is matured. I certainly shall not fear your verdict.

"But, much as I prize the prompting idea, and thoroughly as I believe that often in it the force of genius mainly lies, it would, in my opinion, be an error of omission of the gravest kind, and which, if habitual, would ensure the ultimate decay of natural knowledge, to neglect verifying our ideas, and giving them outward reality and substance when the means of doing so are at hand. In science thought, as far as possible, ought to be wedded to fact. This was attempted by Rendu, and in great part accomplished by Agassiz and Forbes.

"Here indeed the merits of the distinguished glacialist last named rise conspicuously to view. From the able and earnest advocacy of Professor Forbes, the public knowledge of this doctrine of glacial plasticity is almost wholly derived. He gave the doctrine a more distinctive form; he first applied the term *viscous* to glacier ice, and sought to found upon precise measurements a 'Viscous Theory' of glacier motion.

"I am here obliged to state facts in their historic sequence. Professor Forbes when he began his investigations was acquainted with the labours of Rendu. In his earliest works upon the Alps he refers to those labours in terms of flattering recognition. But though as a matter of fact Rendu's ideas were there to prompt him, it would be too much to say that he needed their inspiration. Had Rendu not preceded him, he might none the less have grasped the idea of viscosity, executing his measurements and applying his knowledge to maintain it. Be that as it may, the appearance of Professor Forbes on the Unteraar glacier in 1841, and on the Mer de Glace in 1842, and his labours then and subsequently, have given him a name not to be forgotten in the scientific history of glaciers."

Here again I have to declare that in writing thus I had no notion of "raking up" an old controversy. My object was to render my account historically continuous, and there is not a single word to intimate that I took exception to Principal Forbes's treatment of Rendu. Nay, while placing the Bishop in the position he merited, I went out of my way to point out that in all probability Principal Forbes required no such antecedent. So desirous was I that no unkind or disparaging word should escape me regarding Principal Forbes, that had a reasonable objection to the phraseology here used been communicated to me by his friends, I should have altered the whole edition of the work sooner than allow the objectionable matter to appear in it.

With the two-fold object of showing the grounds of the estimate which I have ventured to express regarding Monsignor Rendu, and of rendering what is to follow farther on intelligible, I will introduce here some extracts from his essay. For the sake of exactness I will permit them to remain in the language in which they were written. His work is entitled "Théorie des Glaciers de la Savoie." It begins by subdividing glaciers into two kinds—"glaciers réservoirs" and "glaciers d'écoulement." Rendu's "glaciers-réservoirs" are our "névés," where the snows collect, and his "glaciers d'écoulement" are the ice-streams fed by the "névés," which flow like rivers through the valleys of the Alps. I quote from his seventh and eighth chapters :—

"De tous les mouvements qu'éprouvent les glaciers, le plus intéressant et en même temps le plus difficile à concevoir est le mouvement lent, insensible, et, selon toutes les apparences, permanent, des glaciers d'écoulement,

de ces fleuves d'eau solide que l'on voit descendre en ligne droite ou serpenter du bord des glaciers-réservoirs jusque dans les vallées habitées par l'homme. . . .

"S'il était nécessaire de démontrer que les glaciers inférieurs sont alimentés, entretenus par les glaciers supérieurs, il suffirait de remettre sous les yeux du lecteur un ensemble de faits d'où cette vérité découle tout naturellement.

"1° Ces glaciers sont placés dans une région où la fusion des glaces étant plus considérable que la formation, il y aurait nécessairement destruction du glacier s'il n'y avait pour eux une source alimentaire. Car même en supposant dans cette localité un amas primitif de glace apportée par des avalanches ou par d'autres causes, il y aurait toujours un temps où arriverait la destruction totale du glacier, puisqu'après avoir fondu la glace de l'année, il y aurait encore un excédant de calorique pour attaquer et diminuer chaque année la glace que j'appelle primitive, parce qu'elle ne proviendrait pas des chutes annuelles.

"2° Toutes les fois que l'on rencontre un glacier permanent dans la région que j'appellerai céréale, pour indiquer sa température, on peut, sans s'exposer à se tromper, affirmer d'avance que l'autre extrémité de ce glacier aboutit aux glaciers-réservoirs, et qu'entre ces deux extrêmes, il n'existe pas de solution de continuité. Quand il n'y aurait de démontré que cette liaison qui est un fait incontestable, elle suffirait pour démontrer l'origine des glaciers inférieurs.

"3° La masse du glacier est en raison inverse de la pente sur laquelle il coule. Quand le couloir est rapide, la glace est mince et sa surface est rétrécie ; quand la pente diminue et se rapproache de la ligne horizontale, le glacier se renfle, il devient comme une mer, comme un lac entre deux courants. Ces faits sont faciles à vérifier par la seule inspection du glacier des Bois, vu depuis le Mont-Envers.

"Rien ne démontre mieux jusqu'à quel point le glacier ce plie au local sur lequel il se trouve, que la forme du glacier du *Mont-Dolent* dans la vallée de Ferret : 'Son plateau le plus élevé est un grand cirque entouré de hauts feuillets de granite, de forme pyramidale ; de là, le glacier descend par une gorge, dans laquelle il est resserré ; mais dès qu'il l'a dépassée, il s'élargit de nouveau et s'ouvre en éventail : il a donc en tout la forme d'une gerbe serrée dans le milieu et dilatée à ses deux extrémités.' *

"Il y a une foule de faits qui sembleraient faire croire que la substance des glaciers jouit d'une espèce de ductilité qui lui permet de se modeler sur la localité qu'elle occupe, de s'amincir, de se renfler, de se rétrécir et de s'étendre comme le ferait une pâte molle. Cependant, quand on agit sur un morceau de glace, qu'on le frappe, on lui trouve une rigidité qui est en opposition directe avec les apparences dont nous venons de parler. Peut-être que les expériences faites sur de plus grandes masses donneraient d'autres résultats.

"4° Plus le canal de dégorgement est vaste à la sortie du glacier-réservoir, ou, ce qui revient au même, plus un glacier principal reçoit dans son lit de glaciers particuliers, plus il s'avance dans le fond des vallées, parce qu'alors la quantité de glace étant plus grande, l'emploi du calorique pour la fusion doit lui être proportionné, et par conséquent la coulée de glace avant d'être fondue a le temps de pénétrer plus avant dans la région céréale. Le glacier des Bois, qui reçoit dans son lit les écoulements de trois grands glaciers, celui du Tacul, celui de Lechaux et celui du Talêfre, est aussi l'un de ceux qui s'avancent le plus vers le fond de la vallée. . . .

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* "Voyage dans les Alpes," tome ii. p. 247.

"J'ai déjà dit que le glacier des Bois était alimenté par trois glaciers, celui du Talêfre, de Tacul et de Lechaux. Chacun de ceux-ci est lui-même alimenté par plusieurs autres glaciers d'un troisième ordre. Voici comment M. de Saussure décrit le glacier du Talêfre: 'Ce glacier s'élève par gradation jusqu'au pied d'une enceinte exactement demi-circulaire qui le ferme du côté du nord. Cette enceinte est formée par des pics de granite extrêmement élevés qui se terminent par de sommités aiguës, de formes infiniment variées. Les intervalles de ces pics sont remplis par des glaciers qui viennent se verser dans celui du Talêfre.'

"Le même auteur a vu dans la vallée de Ferret un glacier alimenté par cinq glaciers qui lui apportaient le tribut de leurs glaces; une foule de petits glaciers tombent dans le vaste glacier de Bionnassay; trois glaciers se versent dans celui du Miage aux environs de Cormayeur, et il en est ainsi de presque tous les autres. C'est donc pour l'observateur une nécessité de conclure que les glaciers inférieurs sont des fleuves solides qui prennent leur source dans les régions glaciales, et qui viennent dans les régions tempérées se changer en fleuves liquides.*

"5° Il y a plusieurs indices qui prouvent le mouvement des glaciers dans les couloirs qui leur servent de lit; je n'en indiquerai que deux. Si l'on remarque un point du glacier reconnaissable par une crevasse ou une pyramide de glace, ou même par un des blocs de rocher qui se trouvent à la surface, et que l'on fixe sa situation par une ligne qui aboutisse aux deux côtés de la vallée, on sera étonné quelques mois après de ne plus trouver le point indiqué sous la ligne qui établissait sa position; mais il aura avancé vers le bas de la vallée d'une quantité qui sera en rapport avec la durée de l'expérience, la température, la quantité d'eau tombée sur le glacier-réservoir, et même avec l'inclinaison du couloir. On m'a montré sur le bord du glacier des Bois un gros rocher granitique qui s'était avancé d'environ deux cents quarante-deux pieds dans le cours d'une année.

"En 1818, la partie du glacier qui est vers la mer de glace s'est avancée de quatre cents quarante-deux pieds. En 1817, les glaces avançaient à peu près d'un pied par jour. J'avais fixé en 1838 la position de deux blocs de rochers qui étaient à la surface du glacier des Bois; une année après je suis allé mesurer le chemin qu'ils avaient parcouru; l'un avait avancé d'environ quatre cents pieds, et l'autre avait disparu, soit qu'il fût tombé dans une crevasse formée près de lui, soit qu'il fût tombé sur le bord du glacier comme nous verrons que cela arrive assez fréquemment.

"6° A l'endroit où vient finir un glacier, c'est-à-dire dans le point de sa course où il a atteint la température qui lui était nécessaire pour subir une fusion totale, on voit toujours un dépôt plus ou moins considérable de toutes les substances qu'il a charriées. Ce sont des sables, des terres et des rochers de toutes les grandeurs. Si l'on examine la nature de ces rochers, on est, pour l'ordinaire, forcé de convenir qu'ils n'ont pas d'analogie avec le terrain sur lequel ils reposent, ni même toujours avec les montagnes qui bordent le courant; pour retrouver les analogues il faut remonter vers les sources des glaciers, et conclure que les glaciers voyagent à la manière des fleuves.

"Quoique la plupart des auteurs qui ont parlé des glaciers inférieurs aient sur leur origine et leur formation des idées assez fausses, tous cependant conviennent qu'il existe pour eux un mouvement de transport qui les fait avancer vers le fond des vallées ; mais dès l'instant où ils veulent faire connaître la nature et la quantité de ces mouvements, ils tombent dans le vague et souvent même dans le ridicule. En effet, c'est là, selon moi, le véritable nœud gordien. Le fait du mouvement existe, la progression des glaciers est démontrée ; mais le mode est entièrement inconnu. Peut-être avec de longues observations, des expériences bien faites sur la glace et la neige, viendra-t-on à bout de le saisir ; mais ces premiers éléments nous manquent encore.

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* This union of branch glaciers, coming from different sources, and, therefore, *bending* to form the trunk glacier, appears to have greatly influenced the conceptions of Rendu.

"Rien ne me paraît plus clairement démontré que le mouvement progressif des glaciers vers le bas de la vallée, et rien en même temps ne me semble plus difficile à concevoir que la manière dont s'exécute ce mouvement si lent, si inégal, qui s'exécute sur des pentes différentes, sur un sol garni d'aspérités, et dans des canaux dont la largeur varie à chaque instant. C'est là, selon moi, le phénomène le moins explicable des glaciers. Marche-t-il ensemble comme un bloc de marbre sur un plan incliné ? . . . Avance-t-il par parties brisées comme les cailloux qui se suivent dans les couloirs des montagnes ? . . . S'affaisse-t-il sur lui-même pour couler le long des pentes, comme le ferait une lave à la fois ductile et liquide ? . . . Les parties qui se détachent vers les pentes rapides suffisent-elles à imprimer du mouvement à celles qui reposent sur une surface horizontale ? Je l'ignore. Peut-être encore pourrait-on dire que dans les grands froids l'eau qui remplit les nombreuses crevasses transversales du glacier venant à se congeler, prend son accroissement de volume ordinaire, pousse les parois qui la contiennent, et produit ainsi un mouvement vers le bas du canal d'écoulement.

"Portons nos regards sur la partie du glacier des Bois qui avoisine le Mont-Envers. Là il offre l'aspect d'une mer de glace dont la surface agitée serait dans un plan à peu près horizontal. Cette masse étendue, profonde, compacte, rigide, qui touche à des bords inébranlables, qui tantôt s'élargissent, tantôt se resserrent, est cependant en mouvement. Ici point de rupture, *car les crevasses que l'on y rencontre ne sont pas de fentes comme celles dont nous avons parlé plus haut :* nous verrons ailleurs leur origine, *qui n'est pas due au mouvement du glacier.** Cependant il avance là tout comme dans les parties où la pente est plus rapide. J'ai cherché à apprécier la quantité de son mouvement ; mais je n'ai pu recueillir que des données un peu vagues. J'ai interrogé mes guides sur la position d'un énorme rocher qui est au bord du glacier, mais encore sur la glace et par conséquent soumis à son mouvement. Les guides m'ont montré l'endroit où il était l'année précédente, et celui où il était il y a trois, quatre et cinq ans ; bien plus, ils m'ont montré l'endroit où il se trouvera dans un ans, deux ans, etc., tant ils croient être certains de la régularité de ce mouvement. Cependant leurs rapports n'étaient pas toujours précisément d'accord, et leurs indications de temps et de distances manquent toujours de cette précision de mesure et de quantité sans laquelle on est obligé de marcher à tâtons dans les sciences physiques. En réduisant ces différentes indications à une moyenne, je trouvai que l'avancement total devait être d'environ quarante pieds par année. Dans mon dernier voyage j'ai obtenu des renseignements plus certains que j'ai consignés dans le chapître précédent, et l'énorme différence qui se trouve entre les deux résultats provient de ce que les dernières observations ont été faites au milieu du glacier d'écoulement, qui marche avec plus de rapidité, tandis que les premières ont été faites sur le bord, où la glace est retenue par le frottement des parois rocheuses. " Ebel

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* The italics here are mine ; they are introduced with reference to a point to be discussed further on.—J. T.

pense que le mouvement des glaciers n'est en général que de douze à vingt-cinq pieds par année; mais il est facile de comprendre qu'il est impossible d'obtenir une mesure générale, qu'il doit y en avoir une pour chaque glacier. La nature de la pente, le nombre des variations auxquelles elle est soumise, la profondeur des glaces, la largeur du couloir, la forme de ses bords et mille autres circonstances doivent faire varier la vitesse des glaces, et ces circonstances ne saurient être absolument les mêmes partout. Bien plus, il n'est pas même facile d'obtenir cette vitesse pour un seul glacier, même avec des observations suivies ; en voici la raison. Dans les endroits du glacier où la pente est plus rapide, la couche de glace est plus mince, sa vitesse est plus grande ; dans ceux où la pente est presque nulle, les glaces se renflent, s'accumulent ; la masse en mouvement étant double, triple, etc., la vitesse n'est que de la moitié, du tiers, etc. Deux observateurs qui partiraient de ces deux points si différents, tireraient l'un et l'autre des conséquences fausses.

"Ce n'est pas tout, il y a entre la glacier des Bois et un fleuve une ressemblance tellement complète qu'il est impossible de trouver dans celui-ci une circonstance qui ne soit pas dans l'autre. Dans les courants d'eau, la vitesse n'est pas uniforme dans toute la largeur ni dans toute la profondeur ; le frottement du fond, celui des bords, l'action des obstacles font varier cette vitesse, qui n'est entière que vers le milieu de la surface. Or, la seule inspection du glacier suffit pour prouver que la vitesse du milieu est plus grande que celles des rives. La surface entière est coupée par des crevasses qui sont en général transversales à sa direction. Si le mouvement était le même dans toute la masse, ces crevasses qui coupent la surface en ondées parallèles formeraient une ligne droite qui serait toujours à peu près perpendiculaire aux deux rives ; mais il n'en est point ainsi ; la ligne générale est une courbe dont la convexité s'avance vers le bas de la vallée, ce qui ne peut être attribué qu'à l'excès de vitesse que les glaces ont sur ce point."

My final reference to Principal Forbes is in § 67 of the "Forms of Water," where the veined structure of glacier-ice is dealt with. Its description by Guyot, who first observed it, is so brief and appropriate that I quoted his account of it. But this was certainly not with a view of damaging the originality of Principal Forbes. In paragraph 474 of my book the observation of the structure upon the glacier of the Aar is thus spoken of:—"The blue veins were observed independently three years after M. Guyot had first described them. I say independently, because M. Guyot's description, though written in 1838, remained unprinted, and was unknown in 1841 to the observers on the Aar. These were M. Agassiz and Professor Forbes. To the question of structure Professor Forbes subsequently devoted much attention, and it was mainly his observations and reasonings that gave it the important position now assigned to it in glacier phenomena."

This is the account of Guyot's observation given by Principal Forbes himself. But it may be objected that I am not correct in classing him and Agassiz thus together, and that to Principal Forbes alone belongs the credit of observing the veined structure upon the Aar glacier. This may be true, but would an impartial writer be justified in ignoring the indignant protests of M. Agassiz and his companions? With regard to the development of the subject, I felt perfectly sure of the merits of Principal Forbes, and did not hesitate to give him the benefit of my conviction.

Such, then, are the grounds of Principal Shairp's complaint quoted at the outset—such the "charges" that I have made "against Principal Forbes," and which the "interests of truth" and "justice to the dead" could not "suffer to pass unchallenged." There is, I submit, no colour of reason in such a complaint, and it would never, I am persuaded, have been made had not Principal Shairp and his colleagues found themselves in possession of a document which, though published a dozen years ago by Principal Forbes, was never answered by me, and which, in the belief that I am unable to answer it, is now reproduced for my confutation.

The document here referred to appeared soon after the publication of the "Glaciers of the Alps" in 1860. It is entitled "Reply to Professor Tyndall's Remarks in his Work on the 'Glaciers of the Alps,' relating to Rendu's 'Théorie des Glaciers.'" It was obviously written under feelings of great irritation, and, longing for peace, the only public notice I took of it at the time was to say that "I have abstained from answering my distinguished censor, not from inability to do so, but because I thought, and think, that within the limits of the case it is better to submit to misconception than to make science the arena of personal controversy."* My critics, however, do not seem to understand that for the sake of higher occupations statements may be allowed to pass unchallenged which, were their refutation worth the necessary time, might be blown in shreds to the winds. Of this precise character, I apprehend, are the accusations contained in the re-published essay of Principal Forbes, which his friends, professing to know what he would have done were he alive, now challenge me to meet. I accept the challenge, and throw upon them the responsibility of my answer.

Avoiding all imitation of the depreciatory and even sneering tone with which the essay opens, I will deal at once with its strongest points.

"I have already," says Principal Forbes, "adverted to Professor Tyndall's slighter and more general claims on behalf of Rendu. But it is at page 303 of Professor Tyndall's work that the more serious allegation is made—that while certain passages from Rendu are well known from the frequent and flattering references in my work, [there are]† 'others of much greater importance which have hitherto remained unknown in this country,' which having 'discovered,' he proceeds to divulge.

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* "Heat as a Mode of Motion." 1st edition, p. 195; footnote.

† The words in brackets appear necessary to the sense.—J. T.

"The passages," continues Principal Forbes, "to which attention is thus so significantly directed are only two in number, both relating to the comparison of a glacier with a river. I will consider them separately."

I may be permitted to invert the order of the two passages here referred to, and to take that first in relation to which the logic of Principal Forbes seems most unanswerable.

"*Professor Tyndall's Second Extract from Rendu examined.*

"It appears unnecessary to repeat the first portion of Professor Tyndall's first quotation from Rendu, as it merely contains in general terms the assertion of the analogy of the movement of the glacier to a river, the modifications of its velocity and depth depending on the width and slope of the valley. No one who reads the extracts which I have already given from my 'Travels' will doubt that I have given M. Rendu entire credit for this generally accurate anticipation. I also ascribed due merit to our countryman Captain Basil Hall (whose prior claim is not alluded to by Professor Tyndall) for his sagacious anticipation, 'pointing to the conception of a semi-fluid glacier.' I further explicitly stated that 'the idea of comparing a glacier to a river was anything but new, and I would not be supposed to claim that comparison or analogy as an original one;' that such analogies had no claim to found a *theory;* that 'the onus of the proof lay with the theorist.' The latter sentences of Professor Tyndall's quotation from Rendu, restored to the original French, are as follow:—

"'Ce n'est pas tout, il y a entre le glacier des Bois et une fleuve une ressemblance tellement complète qu'il est impossible de trouver dans celui-ci une circonstance qui ne soit pas dans l'autre. Dans les courants d'eau la vitesse n'est pas uniforme dans toute la largeur ni dans tout la profondeur; le frottement du fond, celui des bords, l'action des obstacles, font varier cette vitesse, qui n'est entière que vers le milieu de la surface.'*

"The quoted extract," says Principal Forbes, "terminates abruptly (*again* with four dots, ...), and there is a manifest incompleteness in the sense. For the introduction 'Ce n'est pas tout' shows that the writer is going to explain an additional analogy of the glacier to a river. But in the preceding extract it is evident that only the conditions of *river* motion are noted, and that the analogues of glacier motion, which ought to follow, do not appear.

"On turning up Rendu's 'Théorie' for the context, I found the missing member of the analogy; it is as follows:—

"'Or, la seule inspection du glacier suffit pour prouver que la vitesse du milieu est plus grande que celle des rives. La surface entière est coupée par des crevasses, qui sont en général transversales à sa direction. Si le mouvement était le même dans toute la masse, ces crevasses, qui coupent la surface en ondées parallèles, formeraient une ligne droite, qui seraient toujours à peu près perpendiculaires aux deux rives; mais il n'en est point ainsi; la ligne générale est une courbe dont la convexité s'avance vers le bas de la vallée, ce qui ne peut être attribué qu'à l'excès de vitesse que les glaces ont sur ce point.'†

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* Rendu, p. 96.

† Ibid, pp. 96, 97.

"From this extract we find—very unexpectedly to the readers of Professor Tyndall's account of Rendu's theory—that the Bishop relies for his conviction of the river-like motion of the ice on an observation (if observation it was) altogether fallacious, and from which a larger experience and a more important study of the Mer de Glace alone must have led him to draw a consequence diametrically opposed to the plastic or river hypothesis. It is now admitted by *all* parties, including Professor Tyndall, that as a rule the crevasses of a glacier stretch across it in curves, *convex towards the origin*. M. Agassiz and others, misled in their deductions from this fact, which *they* recorded correctly, espoused a false hypothesis. M. Rendu, having a just hypothesis, observed the facts inaccurately, or must have relied on some altogether local or apparent exception to a general law." Farther on Principal Forbes speaks of Rendu resting "on a fallacious observation, which, if made aright, should have led the author to an *opposite* result."

The tone of this very able argument, it will be observed, is perfectly dignified. There is no ill-temper here—no angry protests against "prejudice" on my part. The strong, remorseless logic which he thinks he wields has raised Principal Forbes above the necessity of anger. In the "Forms of Water" I have had occasion to remark that the comfort of a belief and the truth of a belief are two different things. And the argument here produced was, I doubt not, as comforting to Principal Forbes as if it represented a solid reality, and not the mere mirage of his own intellect.

The "abrupt" termination of my quotation, and the introduction of the "four dots" above referred to were simply intended to save my readers from an error into which, by the introduction of the "missing member of the analogy," Principal Forbes has unwittingly led his biographers.

Thanks to the labours of William Hopkins, both Principal Forbes and myself were well instructed as to the mechanical origin of crevasses: how lines of tension oblique to the glacier are produced by the quicker central flow; how the glacier breaking at right angles across these lines forms marginal crevasses pointing from the sides upwards; how these lateral crevasses uniting with transverse ones sometimes produce curved fissures, with their convexities directed towards the source of the glacier, as figured at page 109 of the "Forms of Water." A simple application of these principles, I may add, explains the violent crevassing of the eastern side of the Mer de Glace, which Principal Forbes had attributed to a non-existent cause. Knowing all this, it would not have been to the credit of my intelligence had I placed the logical weapon which he seems to wield in the hands of so unsparing an antagonist as Principal Forbes. The fact, however, is that Principal Forbes omitted to make himself sure of the meaning of the terms he employs. He reasons as if the crevasses of Hopkins and those of Rendu were one and the same, whereas, they are totally distinct things. The Bishop himself, however, shall correct him.

In the eleventh chapter of the "Théorie des Glaciers," which is headed "Des Crevasses," Rendu defines what he means by *couloirs*, *fentes*, and *crevasses*, respectively. He affirms that to apply the term crevasse to *all* the cavities found upon a glacier introduces confusion of ideas into this portion of science.

> "Cherchons à distinguer des choses. Des masses de neige et quelquefois de glace, se détachent de la montagne et coulent rapidement le long de ses flancs, en laissant un vide, ou si l'on veut un fossé plus ou moins large et profond. On donne à cette cavité le nom de crevasse ; il vaudrait mieux, ce me semble, l'appeler *couloir*.
>
> "Dans les endroits où la pente est rapide, la glace, cédant à sa propre pesanteur, se détache de la masse supérieure et s'avance vers le bas d'une quantité plus ou moins grande, selon l'espace qu'elle trouve. Le vide qu'elle laisse derrière elle est une véritable fente qui s'est faite avec un grand bruit. Cette fente ne tardera pas à être fermée par l'approche de la glace supérieure, qui descendra à son tour après qu'une autre fente se sera faite plus haut. On donne encore le nom de crevasse à cette ouverture ; *il vaudrait mieux lui laisser le nom de fente.* J'ai observé plusieurs de ces fentes qui avaient été faites depuis peu de temps, depuis quelques heures peut-être ; elles n'avaient guère que deux pouces d'ouverture, mais en profondeur elles paraissaient s'étendre jusqu'au fond du glacier, et en le coupant perpendiculairement à ses bords, elles se propageaient à travers beaucoup de crevasses qu'elles coupaient obliquement. L'eau qui coule des crevasses dans les fentes ne reparaît pas ; ce qui prouve que les fentes vont au fond des glaciers, *tandis que les crevasses ne sont qu'à la superficie.* Enfin, il y a sur toute la surface des *glaciers d'écoulement*, des *enfoncements* qui, pour l'ordinaire, n'affectent qu'une certaine épaisseur de la couche supérieure du glacier sans s'étendre jusqu'au fond ; *c'est à ces petites vallées que je conserve le nom de crevasse qu'on leur a toujours donné.* C'est ce que l'on appellerait en géologie les vallées d'érosion."

If the reader will turn to the words italicised on page 411 and also consider the meaning of those italicised here, no syllable of comment will be needed from me to prove the statement that the crevasses of Principal Forbes and those of Rendu are wholly distinct things; or that the reasoning of Principal Forbes, which would apply to the "fentes" of Rendu, has no application whatever to his crevasses. The Bishop, for example, would apply the term crevasses to the depressions of the wrinkles discovered by Principal Forbes on the Glacier du Géant, which turn their convexities *downwards.* These wrinkles eventually disappear, but they leave behind them the very Dirt-Bands which suggested so strongly to Principal Forbes the idea of semifluid motion. I purposely confine myself to proving that Principal Forbes has, in the present instance, mistaken his data and misled his friends. But were it necessary, it might be shown that the mechanical condition of the Mer de Glace, where those "enfoncements" show themselves, is precisely antithetical to that necessary to the production of the true crevasses. In the latter case the glacier is in a state of longitudinal strain, in the former of longitudinal compression. The allegation, therefore, that Rendu "relied for his conviction on an observation altogether fallacious" is not sustained; and the argument founded on this notion, and which rendered my fairness so questionable, falls to the ground.

I now turn to Principal Forbes's examination of my "first extract" from Rendu.

"It will be desirable," he writes, "to copy the passage from Rendu, restored to the original French, which has been quoted and translated by Professor Tyndall."

Principal Forbes then quotes the passage reproduced at page 411 of this rejoinder, beginning at the words "J'ai cherché à apprécier la quantité de son mouvement," and ending with the words "ou la glace est retenue par le frottement des parois rocheuses." He then continues thus:—

> "From the emphasis laid on the last sentence by the italics and capitals of Professor Tyndall, in citing this passage, it would appear that what he most insists on as novel, and hitherto overlooked, is the more rapid motion of the central ice, and the retention of the lateral ice by friction; and in evidence of the 'grave misapprehension' to which he alleges that Rendu's statements have been exposed he cites from my 'Travels,' p. 128, the reference which I have made to Rendu's estimates of the motion of the Mer de Glace, which has been already quoted in extract (C) of this Reply. But I regret to state that he has given it in an incomplete shape, to the manifest perversion of the meaning as respects the credit given to Rendu. In the first place, the introductory sentence is omitted.
>
> "It is this: 'M. Rendu seems to have been more aware of the importance of the determination of the rate of motion of a glacier than any other author; but the best information which he could collect in 1841 did not much tend to clear up his doubts.' But the following omission is more serious, for it suppresses half a sentence, including the very point under discussion. Professor Tyndall closes the quotation with the words 'forty feet per annum, or *one-tenth* of the last!' And he places four dots (thus, ...) in lieu of the concluding words of the sentence, which in my book are as follows: 'A difference which he attributes to the different rates of motion of the centre and sides' (accompanied by a foot-note reference to the page of Rendu's 'Théorie'). I cannot but look upon this suppression of the end of a quoted sentence, including the very point under discussion, as an evidence of strong prejudice in the writer, against which I feel called upon to protest."

This is not by any means so calm and dignified as Principal Forbes's last argument. The words are warmer, but the logic is by no means so clear and strong. Doubtless the impression is left upon the mind of the reader that I have done something very reprehensible; but a little trouble will, I trust, enable me to disentangle the web of alien fibres here woven together, and to make them individually plain.

In the first place, then, I would say that "the point under discussion" in the "Glaciers of the Alps," p. 304 *et seq.* was not at all the difference of motion between the centre and the sides, but whether Principal Forbes was entitled to conclude from the fact of different velocities having been assigned to different glaciers, and even to different points of the same glacier, that these velocities, *because they thus differed*, were incorrect. I prove that he is not entitled to do so. It is, moreover, to be borne in mind that though Principal Forbes uses the words "it would appear," there was no shadow of doubt about my statement, which was this: that the passages embraced by the last half of page 411 and the first half of page 412 of this rejoinder, which are unquestionably the most important in Rendu's memoir, had not been previously quoted by any English writer upon glaciers. This fact is not to be disputed. But the present argument is, that credit *was* really given to Rendu for the particular point embraced in the quotation. Here, of course, I must leave it to the reader to decide whether, even supposing the object at the time was to give Rendu credit, the omission of the pages referred to is made good by the introduction of the words "a difference which he attributes to the different rates of motion of the centre and the sides." I should be exceedingly loth to press Principal Forbes too severely, here or elsewhere, but what he says regarding my "perversion as respects the credit given to Rendu" forces me to ask whether, in the paragraph from which he quotes the foregoing words, he meant to give "credit" to Rendu or to anybody else?—whether, on the contrary, the whole paragraph to which they belong was not meant to exhibit the worthlessness of the data collected by Rendu and others, prior to the appearance of Professor Forbes himself upon the Mer de Glace? To enable the reader to form his own judgment upon this point, I will here quote the entire paragraph from page 128 of the "Travels in the Alps:"—

> "Bakewell assigns 180 yards per annum as the motion of the Mer de Glace; and De la Bêche 200 yards, on Sherwell's authority. But both of these were hearsay estimates by the guides. M. Rendu seems to have been more aware of the importance of the determination of the rate of motion of glaciers than any other author; but the best information which he could collect in 1841 did not much tend to clear up his doubts. He gives the following rates of motion of the Mer de Glace, or Glacier des Bois, without being able to decide which is the most trustworthy: 242 feet per annum; 442 feet per annum; a foot a day; 400 feet per annum; and 40 feet per annum, or *one-tenth* of the last!—a difference which he attributes to the different rates of motion of the centre and sides. De Charpentier, so far as I recollect, offers no opinion in his work on glaciers as to what is to be

considered as their rate of motion. I was not, therefore, wrong in supposing that the actual progress of a glacier was as yet a new problem when I commenced my observations on the Mer de Glace in 1842."*

The mere quoting of this paragraph proves its object to be that which I have stated. But there is a note of exclamation after the words "*one-tenth* of the last," which had such an influence on my mind when I first read this passage, that I may be excused for directing attention to it. Taking it in connection with the drift of the whole paragraph, and especially with its concluding words, "I was not, *therefore*, wrong," &c., it appeared to me that the intention of giving Rendu "credit" was not at all in Principal Forbes's mind, but rather the intention of showing up the absurdity of his result. This being the case, I *did* refer to the mention of Rendu's result in the terms which I considered just. In reply to the allegation of Sir David Brewster that Rendu "shrank from the idea" of glacier plasticity, I say, at page 307 of the "Glaciers of the Alps:" "He did not shrink from accepting a difference between the central and lateral motion amounting to a ratio of ten to one—a ratio so large that Professor Forbes at one time regarded the acceptance of it as a simple absurdity." It would, in my opinion, have misled the reader if I had put the reference into the form claimed for it by Principal Forbes in his Reply.

Let me contrast this note of exclamation with another subsequently employed by Principal Forbes, with reference to this very question of differential motion. On December 9, 1844, M. Desor communicated to the Academy of Sciences an account of measurements executed that year upon the glacier of the Aar, which he stated to be in striking accord with those of M. Agassiz in 1842. In the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal" Principal Forbes summarised the paper as a demonstration of his theory, referring in these terms to one of Desor's results: "The movement of the centre of the glacier is to that of a point five mètres from the edge as FOURTEEN to ONE; such is the effect of plasticity!" The capitals and the note of exclamation are here Principal Forbes's; and he adds, in italics: "*Thirteen-fourteenths of the motion of the glacier of the Aar are due to the sliding of the ice over its own particles, and one-fourteenth only to its motion over the soil.*" I confess I did not like to see the "!" doing such different duty in two precisely similar cases. In the one it seemed used to lower Rendu, in the other to exalt Principal Forbes.*

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* At page 38 of the Travels we have the following:—"The supposed immobility of the glaciers in winter—the supposed greater velocity of the sides than the centre of the ice, were amongst the assumptions traditionally handed down, upon no sufficient authority, and I believe that I may safely affirm, that not one observation of the rate of motion of a glacier, either on the average, or at any particular season of the year, existed when I commenced my experiments in 1842." In this strong, but, in my opinion, unwarranted way, does Principal Forbes bring his own labours into relief.

Having thus disposed of the two really serious allegations in the Reply, I am unwilling to follow it through its minor details, or to spend time in refuting the various intimations of littleness on my part contained in it. The whole Reply betrays a state of mental exacerbation which I willingly left to the softening influence of time, and to which, unless forced to it, I shall not recur.

The biographer who has revived this subject speaks of "the numerous controversies into which he (Principal Forbes) was dragged." I hardly think the passive verb the appropriate one here. The following momentary glimpse of Principal Forbes's character points to a truer theory of his controversies than that which would refer them to a "drag" external to himself.

"The hasty glance," says this biographer, "which I have been able to bestow upon his less scientific letters has shown me that Forbes attached great importance to mere honorary distinctions, as well as the opinion of others regarding the value of his discoveries. It has opened up a view of a, to me, totally unexpected feature of his character." This is honest, but that the revelation should be "unexpected" is to me surprising. The "love of approbation" here glanced at was in Principal Forbes so strong that he could not bear the least criticism of his work without resenting it as personal. I well remember the late excellent William Hopkins describing to me his astonishment when, at the meeting of the British Association at York, a purely scientific remark of his on Forbes's glacier theory was turned, with sudden acerbity, into a personal matter. It is of a discussion arising out of this remark that Principal Forbes writes thus:—"We had a postponed discussion on glaciers on Saturday morning, when Hopkins and I did battle, and I am sorry to say I felt it exceedingly; it discomposed my nerves and made me very uncomfortable indeed, until I was soothed by the Minster service yesterday." *

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* In his somewhat galling "summary" of Desor's communication, and in various other places, Principal Forbes writes as if the measurements of Agassiz in 1842 were altogether subsequent to his own. The summary bears date March 7, 1845—that is to say, nearly four years after the commencement of Agassiz's measurements, and nearly three years after their completion. Still, in the summary, Principal Forbes uses these words:—"It is hardly necessary to premise that M. Agassiz and his friends now admit that all glaciers move fastest at the centre and slowest at the sides." Nobody, surely, could infer from this "now" Agassiz's real relation to this question. In purely physical matters M. Agassiz, it must be admitted, was very helpless in opposition to Principal Forbes. His intellect and culture were those of the naturalist. Like Goethe, he was strong in imagination, and the power of generalisation which it confers; but like Goethe also, he was quite untrained in severe mechanical conceptions. His strength, therefore, lay on the geological side of the glacier question. But the noble materials which, at enormous labour, he has furnished to the physicist, merited, in my opinion, a treatment far different from that which they have received.

But no amount of "Minster service" could cope with so strong a natural bias, and many a bitter drop fell from the pen of Principal Forbes into the lives of those whom he opposed subsequent to this service at York. On hearing of the paper presented by Mr. Huxley and myself to the Royal Society, he at once jumped to the conclusion that the glaciers were to be made a "regular party question." "All I can do," he says, "is to sit still till the indictment is made out; and I cordially wish my enemy to write a book and print it speedily, as anything is better than innuendo and suspense." † What he meant by "indictment" I do not know: and with regard to "innuendo," neither of the writers of the paper would be likely to resort to it in preference to plain speaking. The words of a witty philosopher at the time here referred to are significant: "Tyndall," he said, "is beginning with ice, but he will end in hot water." He knew the circumstances, and was able to predict the course of events with the certainty of physical prevision.

The quality referred to by his biographer, and the tendency arising from it to look at things in a personal light, caused his intellect to run rapidly into hypotheses of moral action which had no counterpart in real life. I read with simple amazement his explanation to his friend Mr. Wills of the postponement of the publication of the "Glaciers of the Alps." Some of his supporters in the Council of the Royal Society had proposed him for the Copley Medal, but without success. Had the rules of good taste been observed, he would have known nothing of these discussions; and knowing them he ought to have ignored them. But he writes to his friend: "I believe the effect of the struggle, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, will be to render Tyndall and Huxley and their friends more cautious in their further proceedings. For instance, Tyndall's book, again withdrawn from Murray's 'immediate' list, will probably be infinitely more carefully worded relative to Rendu than he first intended." ‡

I should be exceedingly sorry to apply to Principal Forbes the noun-substantive which Byron, in "Childe Harold," applied to Rousseau, but the adjective "self-torturing" is, I fear, only too applicable. His quick imagination suggested chimerical causes for events, but never anything more chimerical than that here assigned for the postponement of my book and its probable improvement. The

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* Life, p. 165. † Life, p. 369. ‡ Ibid, p. 387.

"struggle" in the Council had no influence upon me, for this good reason, if for no other, that I knew absolutely nothing of the character of the struggle. In "Nature" for May 22, 1873, Professor Huxley has effectually disposed of this hypothesis;* and those who care to look at the opening sentences of a paper of mine in Mr. Francis Galton's "Vacation Tourists for 1860," will find there indicated another reason for the delay. I may add, that the only part I ever took in relation to Principal Forbes and a medal was to go on one occasion to the Royal Society with the express intention of recommending that he should have one.

The features of character partly revealed by his biographer also explain that tendency on the part of Principal Forbes to bring his own labours into relief, to the manifest danger of toning down the labours of others. This is illustrated by the footnote appended to page 419. It is also illustrated by his references to Rendu, which, frequent and flattering as they are, left no abiding impression upon the reader's mind. By some qualifying phrase the quotation in each case is deprived of weight; while practical extinction for eighteen years was, as already intimated, the fate of the 'generous' and 'hospitable' Agassiz.

Towards the close of the "Life" his biographer, while admitting that "to say that Forbes thoroughly explained the behaviour of glaciers would be an exaggeration," claims for him that he must "ever stand forward in the history of the question as one of its most effective and scientific promoters." This meed of praise I should be the last to deny him, for I believe it to be perfectly just. To secure it, however, no bitterness of controversy, no depreciation of the services of others, was necessary. One point here needs a moment's clearing up. The word "theory," as regards glaciers, slides incessantly, and without warning, from one into the other of two different senses. It means sometimes the purely physical theory of their formation, structure, and motion, with which the name of Principal Forbes is so largely identified. But it has a wider sense where it embraces the geological action of glaciers on the surface of the globe. For a long time "glacier theory" had reference mainly to the geological phenomena; it was in this sense that the words were employed by Principal Forbes in his article in the "Edinburgh Review" published in 1842. It is in this sense that they are now habitually applied by M. Agassiz, and in relation to the theory thus defined it is no more than natural for his supporters to assign to M. Agassiz the highest place. I mention this to abolish the mystification which threatens to surround a question which this simple statement will render clear.

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* The words "drift of my statement," employed in Professor Huxley's letter ought to be *draft* of my statement.

I trust I may be permitted to end here. Strong reasons may cause me to revert to this question, but they must be very strong. I would only warn my readers against the assumption, that if I do not reply to further attack I am unable to reply to it. The present rejoinder furnishes sufficient proof of the doubtfulness of such a conclusion. There is one darkly expressed passage in the "Life of Principal Forbes" which may cover something requiring notice. We are informed that he preserved and carefully docketed all letters written to him, and that he retained copies of all his own. It is with regard to this correspondence that his biographer writes thus —"Many extracts, and even entire letters, may be selected which are free from controversy, yet in general these would give but an imperfect notion of the import of the whole. Others again cannot be published at present because the writers supply him with details of that mysterious wire-pulling which seems to be inseparable from every transaction involving honours (scientific, in common with all others, it is humiliating to confess). The value of this unique series is, however, so great, and its preservation so complete, that it is to be hoped it may be safely deposited (under seal) in the care of some scientific society or institution, to be opened only when all the actors have passed from the scene."

These undignified allusions to "wire-pulling" are perfectly dark to me; but if the letter addressed to Mr. Wills may be taken as a specimen of the entire "series," here referred to, then I agree with the biographer in pronouncing it "unique." Would it not, however, be a manlier course, and a fairer one to those who, writing without *arrière-pensée*, retain no copies of what they write, to let them know, while they are here to take care of themselves, how their reputations are affected by these letters of Principal Forbes? For my own personal part I am prepared to challenge the production of this correspondence *now*.

JOHN TYNDALL.

ERRATUM IN THE ARTICLE ON "MIXED EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS," IN THE JULY NUMBER.

Page 258, line 16, omit the word "however."

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

NO. XV.—PREPARATION IN PSYCHOLOGY.

PROBABLY astonishment would make the reporters drop their pencils, were any member of Parliament to enunciate a psychological principle as justifying his opposition to a proposed measure. That some law of association of ideas, or some trait in emotional development, should be deliberately set forth as a sufficient ground for saying "ay" or "no" to a motion for second reading, would doubtless be too much for the gravity of legislators. And along with laughter from many there would come from a few cries of "question:" the entire irrelevancy to the matter in hand being conspicuous. It is true that during debates the possible behaviour of citizens under the suggested arrangements is described. Evasions of this or that provision, difficulties in carrying it out, probabilities of resistance, connivance, corruption, &c., are urged; and these tacitly assert that the mind of man has certain characters, and under the conditions named is likely to act in certain ways. In other words, there is an implied recognition of the truth that the effects of a law will depend on the manner in which human intelligence and human feeling are influenced by it. Experiences of men's conduct which the legislator has gathered, and which lie partially sorted in his memory, furnish him with empirical notions that guide his judgment on each question raised; and he would think it folly to ignore all this unsystematized knowledge about people's characters and actions. But at the same time he regards as foolish the proposal to proceed, not on vaguely-generalized facts, but on facts accurately generalized; and, as still more foolish, the proposal to merge these minor definite generalizations in generalizations expressing the ultimate laws of Mind. Guidance by intuition seems to him much more rational.

Of course, I do not mean to say that his intuition is of small value. How should I say this, remembering the immense accumulation of experiences by which his thoughts have been moulded into harmony with things? We all know that when the successful man of business is urged by wife and daughters to get into Parliament, that they may attain a higher social standing, he always replies that his occupations through life have left him no leisure to prepare himself by collecting and digesting the voluminous evidence respecting the effects of institutions and policies, and that he fears he might do mischief. If the heir to some large estate, or scion of a noble house powerful in the locality, receives a deputation asking him to stand for the county, we constantly read that he pleads inadequate knowledge as a reason for declining: perhaps hinting that after ten years spent in the needful studies, he may have courage to undertake the heavy responsibilities proposed to him. So, too, we have the familiar fact that when, at length, men who have gathered vast stores of political information, gain the confidence of voters who know how carefully they have thus fitted themselves, it still perpetually happens that after election they find they have entered on their work prematurely. It is true that beforehand they had sought anxiously through the records of the past, that they might avoid legislative errors of multitudinous kinds, like those committed in early times. Nevertheless when Acts are proposed referring to matters dealt with in past generations by Acts long since cancelled or obsolete, immense inquiries open before them. Even limiting themselves to the 1126 Acts repealed in 1823—9, and the further 770 repealed in 1861, they find that to learn what these aimed at, how they worked, why they failed, and whence arose the mischiefs they wrought, is an arduous task, which yet they feel bound to undertake lest they should re-inflict these mischiefs; and hence the reason why so many break down under the effort, and retire with health destroyed. Nay, more—on those with constitutions vigorous enough to carry them through such inquiries, there continually presses the duty of making yet further inquiries. Besides tracing the results of abandoned laws in other societies, there is at home, year by year, more futile law-making to be investigated and lessons to be drawn from it; as, for example, from the 134 Public Acts passed in 1856—7, of which all but 68 are wholly or partially repealed.* And thus it happens that, as every autumn shows us, even the strongest men, finding their lives during the recess over-taxed with the needful study, are obliged so to locate themselves that by an occasional day's hard riding after the hounds, or a long walk over the moors with gun in hand, they may be enabled to bear the excessive strain on their nervous systems. Of course, therefore, I am not so unreasonable as to deny that judgments, even empirical, which are guided by such carefully-amassed experiences must be of much worth.

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* "The Statistics of Legislation," read before the Statistical Society, May, 1873, by Frederick H. Janson, Esq., F.L.S., vice-president of the Incorporated Law Society.

But fully recognizing the vast amount of information which the legislator has laboriously gathered from the accounts of institutions and laws, past and present, here and elsewhere; and admitting that before thus instructing himself he would no more think of enforcing a new law than would a medical student think of plunging an operating-knife into the human body before learning where the arteries ran; the remarkable anomaly here demanding our attention is, that he objects to anything like analysis of these phenomena he has so diligently collected, and has no faith in conclusions drawn from the *ensemble* of them. Not discriminating very correctly between the word "general" and the word "abstract," and regarding as *abstract* principles what are in nearly all cases *general* principles, he speaks contemptuously of these as belonging to the region of theory, and as not concerning the law-maker. Any wide truth that is insisted upon as being implied in many narrow truths, seems to him remote from reality and unimportant for guidance. The results of recent experiments in legislation he thinks worth attending to; and if any one reminds him of the experiments he has read so much about, that were made in other times and other places, he regards these also, separately taken, as deserving of consideration. But if, instead of studying special classes of legislative experiments, someone compares many classes together, generalizes the results, and proposes to be guided by the generalization, he shakes his head sceptically. And his scepticism passes into ridicule if it is proposed to affiliate such generalized results on the laws of Mind. To prescribe for society on the strength of countless unclassified observations, appears to him a sensible course; but to colligate and systematize the observations so as to educe tendencies of human behaviour displayed throughout cases of numerous kinds, to trace these tendencies to their sources in the mental natures of men, and thence to draw conclusions for guidance, appears to him a visionary course.

Let us look at some of the fundamental facts he ignores, and at the results of ignoring them.

Relational legislation, based as it can only be on a true theory of conduct, which is derivable only from a true theory of mind, must recognize as a datum the direct connexion of action with feeling. That feeling and action bear a constant ratio, is a statement needing qualification; for at the one extreme there are automatic actions which take place without feeling, and at the other extreme there are feelings so intense that, by deranging the vital functions, they impede or arrest action. But speaking of those activities which life in general presents, it is a law tacitly recognized by all, though not distinctly formulated, that action and feeling vary together in their amounts. Passivity and absence of facial expression, both implying rest of the muscles, are held to show that there is being experienced neither much sensation nor much emotion. While the degree of external demonstration, be it in movements that rise finally to spasms and contortions, or be it in sounds that end in laughter and shrieks and groans, is habitually accepted as a measure of the pleasure or pain, sensational or emotional. And so, too, where continued expenditure of energy is seen, be it in a violent struggle to escape or be it in the persevering pursuit of an object, the quantity of effort is held to show the quantity of feeling.

This truth, undeniable in its generality, whatever qualifications secondary truths make in it, must be joined with the truth that cognition does *not* produce action. If I tread on a pin, or unawares dip my hand into very hot water, I start: the strong sensation produces motion without any thought intervening. Conversely, the proposition that a pin pricks, or that hot water scalds, leaves me quite unmoved. True, if to one of these propositions is joined the idea that a pin is about to pierce my skin, or to the other the idea that some hot water will fall on it, there results a tendency, more or less decided, to shrink. But that which causes shrinking is the ideal pain. The statement that the pin will hurt or the water scald, produces no effect so long as there is nothing beyond a recognition of its meaning: it produces an effect only when the pain verbally asserted, becomes a pain actually conceived as impending—only when there rises in consciousness a representation of the pain, which is a faint form of the pain as before felt. That is to say, the cause of movement here, as in other cases, is a feeling and not a cognition. What we see even in these simplest actions, runs through actions of all degrees of complexity. It is never the knowledge which is the moving agent in conduct; but it is always the feeling which goes along with that knowledge, or is excited by it. Though the drunkard knows that after to-day's debauch will come to-morrow's headache, yet he is not deterred by consciousness of this truth, unless the penalty is distinctly represented—unless there rises in his consciousness a vivid idea of the misery to be borne—unless there is excited in him an adequate amount of feeling antagonistic to his desire for drink. Similarly with improvidence in general. If coming evils are imagined with clearness and the threatened sufferings ideally felt, there is a due check on the tendency to take immediate gratifications without stint; but in the absence of that consciousness of future ills which is constituted by the ideas of pain, distinct or vague, the passing desire is not opposed effectually. The truth that recklessness brings distress, fully acknowledged though it may be, remains inoperative. The mere cognition does not affect conduct—conduct is affected only when the cognition passes out of that intellectual form in which the idea of distress is little more than verbal, into a form in which this term of the proposition is developed into a vivid imagination of distress—a mass of painful feeling. It is thus with conduct of every kind. See this group of persons clustered at the river side. A boat has upset, and some one is in danger of drowning. The fact that in the absence of aid the youth in the water will shortly die, is known to them all. That by swimming to his assistance his life may be saved, is a proposition denied by none of them. The duty of helping fellow-creatures who are in difficulties, they have been taught all their lives; and they will severally admit that running a risk to prevent a death is praiseworthy. Nevertheless, though sundry of them can swim, they do nothing beyond shouting for assistance or giving advice. But now here comes one who, tearing off his coat, plunges in to the rescue. In what does he differ from the others? Not in knowledge. Their cognitions are equally clear with his. They know as well as he does that death is impending; and know, too, how it may be prevented. In him, however, these cognitions arouse certain correlative emotions more strongly than they are aroused in the rest. Groups of feeling are excited in all; but whereas in the others the deterrent feelings of fear, &c., preponderate, in him there is a surplus of the feelings excited by sympathy, joined, it may be, with others not of so high a kind. In each case, however, the behaviour is not determined by knowledge, but by emotion. Obviously, change in the actions of these passive spectators is not to be effected by making their cognitions clearer, but by making their higher feelings stronger.

Have we not here, then, a cardinal psychological truth to which any rational system of human discipline must conform? Is it not manifest that a legislation which ignores it and tacitly assumes its opposite, will inevitably fail? Yet much of our legislation does this; and we are at present, legislature and nation together, eagerly pushing forward schemes which proceed on the postulate that conduct is determined not by feelings, but by cognitions.

For what else is the assumption underlying this anxious urging-on of organizations for teaching? What is the root-notion common to Secularists and Denominationalists, but the notion that spread of knowledge is the one thing needful for bettering behaviour? Having both swallowed certain statistical fallacies, there has grown up in them the belief that State-education will check ill-doing. In newspapers, they have often met with comparisons between the numbers of criminals who can read and write and the numbers who can not; and finding the numbers who can not greatly exceed the numbers who can, they accept the inference that ignorance is the cause of crime. It does not occur to them to ask whether other statistics, similarly drawn up, would not prove with like conclusiveness that crime is caused by absence of ablutions, or by lack of clean linen, or by bad ventilation, or by want of a separate bed-room. Go through any jail and ascertain how many prisoners had been in the habit of taking a morning bath, and you would find that criminality habitually went with dirtiness of skin. Count up those who had possessed a second suit of clothes, and a comparison of the figures would show you that but a small percentage of criminals were habitually able to change their garments. Inquire whether they had lived in main streets or down courts, and you would discover that nearly all urban crime comes from holes and corners. Similarly, a fanatical advocate of total abstinence or of sanitary improvement, could get equally-strong statistical justifications for his belief. But if, not accepting the random inference presented to you that ignorance and crime are cause and effect, you consider, as above, whether crime may not with equal reason be ascribed to various other causes, you are led to see that it is really connected with an inferior mode of life, itself usually consequent on original inferiority of nature; and you are led to see that ignorance is simply one of the concomitants, no more to be held the cause of crime than various other concomitants.

But this obvious criticism, and the obvious counter-conclusion it implies, are not simply overlooked, but, when insisted on, seem powerless to affect the belief which has taken possession of men. Disappointment alone will now affect it. A wave of opinion reaching a certain height, cannot be changed by any evidence or argument; but has to spend itself in the gradual course of things before a reaction of opinion can arise. Otherwise it would be incomprehensible that this confidence in the curative effects of teaching, which men have carelessly allowed to be generated in them by the re-iterations of *doctrinaire* politicians, should survive the direct disproofs yielded by daily experience. Is it not the trouble of every mother and every governess, that perpetual insisting on the right and denouncing the wrong do not suffice? Is it not the constant complaint that on many natures reasoning and explanation and the clear demonstration of consequences are scarcely at all operative; that where they are operative there is a more or less marked difference of emotional nature; and that where, having before failed, they begin to succeed, change of feeling rather than difference of apprehension is the cause. Do we not similarly hear from every housekeeper that servants usually pay but little attention to reproofs; that they go on perversely in old habits, regardless of clear evidence of their foolishness; and that their actions are to be altered not by explanations and reasonings, but by either the fear of penalties or the experience of penalties—that is, by the emotions awakened in them? When we turn from domestic life to the life of the outer world, do not like disproofs everywhere meet us? Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated people, and getters-up of bubble-companies, and makers of adulterated goods, and users of false trade-marks, and retailers who have light weights, and owners of unseaworthy ships, and those who cheat insurance-companies, and those who carry on turf-chicaneries, and the great majority of gamblers? Or, to take a more extreme form of turpitude,—is there not, among those who have committed murder by poison within our memories, a considerable number of the educated—a number bearing as large a ratio to the educated classes as does the total number of murderers to the total population?

This belief in the moralizing effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd *à priori*. What imaginable connexion is there between the learning that certain clusters of marks on paper, stand for certain words, and the getting a higher sense of duty? What possible effect can acquirement of facility in making written signs of sounds, have in strengthening the desire to do right? How does knowledge of the multiplication-table, or quickness in adding and dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow-creatures? In what way can the attainment of accuracy in spelling and parsing, &c., make the sentiment of justice more powerful than it was? or why from stores of geographical information, perseveringly gained, is there likely to come increased regard for truth? The irrelation between such causes and such effects, is almost as great as that between exercise of the fingers and strengthening of the legs. One who should by lessons in Latin hope to give a knowledge of geometry, or one who should expect practice in drawing to be followed by expressive rendering of a sonata, would be thought fit for an asylum, and yet he would be scarcely more irrational than are those who by discipline of the intellectual faculties expect to produce better feelings.

This faith in lesson-books and readings is one of the superstitions of the age. Even as appliances to intellectual culture books are greatly over-estimated. Instead of second-hand knowledge being regarded as of less value than first-hand knowledge, and as a knowledge to be sought only where first-hand knowledge cannot be had, it is actually regarded as of greater value. Something gathered from printed pages is supposed to enter into a course of education; but if gathered by observation of Life and Nature, is supposed not thus to enter. Reading is seeing by proxy—is learning indirectly through another man's faculties instead of directly through one's own faculties; and such is the prevailing bias that the indirect learning is thought preferable to the direct learning, and usurps the name of cultivation! We smile when told that savages consider writing as a kind of magic; and we laugh at the story of the negro who hid a letter under a stone, that it might not inform against him when he devoured the fruit he was sent with. Yet the current notions about printed information betray a kindred delusion: a kind of magical efficacy is ascribed to ideas gained through artificial appliances, as compared with ideas otherwise gained. And this delusion, injurious in its effects even on intellectual culture, produces effects still more injurious on moral culture, by generating the assumption that this, too, can be got by reading and the repeating of lessons.

It will, I know, be said that not from intellectual teaching, but from moral teaching, is improvement of conduct and diminution of crime looked for. While, unquestionably, many of those who urge on educational schemes believe in the moralizing effects of knowledge in general, it must be admitted that some hold general knowledge to be inadequate, and contend that rules of right conduct must be taught. Already, however, reasons have been given why the expectations even of those, are illusory; proceeding, as they do, on the assumption that the intellectual acceptance of moral precepts will produce conformity to them. Plenty more reasons are forthcoming. I will not dwell on the contradictions to this assumption furnished by the Chinese, to all of whom the high ethical maxims of Confucius are taught, and who yet fail to show us a conduct proportionately exemplary. Nor will I enlarge on the lesson to be derived from the United States, the school-system of which brings up the whole population under the daily influence of chapters which set forth principles of right conduct, and which nevertheless in its political life, and by many of its social occurrences, shows us that conformity to these principles is anything but complete. It will suffice if I limit myself to evidence supplied by our own society, past and present; which negatives, very decisively, these sanguine expectations. For what have we been doing all these many centuries by our religious agencies, but preaching right principles to old and young? What has been the aim of services in our ten thousand churches week after week, but to enforce a code of good conduct by promised rewards and threatened penalties?—the whole population having been for many generations compelled to listen. What have Dissenting chapels, more numerous still, been used for, unless as places where pursuance of right and desistance from wrong have been unceasingly commended to all from childhood upwards? And if now it is held that something more must be done—if notwithstanding perpetual explanations, and denunciations, and exhortations, the misconduct is so great that society is endangered, why, after all this insistance has failed, is it expected that more insistance will succeed? See here the proposals and the implied beliefs. Teaching by clergymen not having had the desired effect, let us try teaching by schoolmasters. Bible-reading from a pulpit, with the accompaniment of imposing architecture, painted windows, tombs, and "dim religious light," having proved inadequate, suppose we try bible-reading in rooms with bare walls, relieved only by maps, and drawings of animals. Commands and interdicts uttered by a surpliced priest to minds prepared by chant and organ-peal, not having been obeyed, let us see whether they will be obeyed when mechanically repeated in schoolboy sing-song to a thread-bare usher, amid the buzz of lesson-learning and clatter of slates. Not very hopeful proposals, one would say; proceeding, as they do, upon one or other of the beliefs, that a moral precept will be effective in proportion as it is received without emotional accompaniment, and that its effectiveness will increase in proportion to the number of times it is repeated. Both these beliefs are directly at variance with the result of psychological analysis and of daily experience. Certainly, such influence as may be gained by addressing moral truths to the intellect, is made greater if the accompaniments arouse an appropriate emotional excitement, as a religious service does; while, conversely, there can be no more effectual way of divesting such moral truths of their impressiveness, than associating them with the prosaic and vulgarizing sounds and sights and smells coming from crowded children. And no less certain is it that precepts often heard and little regarded, lose by repetition the small influence they had. What do public-schools show us?—are the boys rendered merciful to one another by listening to religious injunctions every morning? What do Universities show us?—have perpetual chapels habitually made undergraduates behave better than the average of young men? What do Cathedral-towns show us?—is there in them a moral tone above that of other towns, or must we from the common saying, "The nearer the Church," &c., infer a pervading impression to the contrary? What do clergymen's sons show us?—has constant insistance on right conduct made them conspicuously superior, or do we not rather hear it whispered that something like an opposite effect seems produced. Or, to take one more case, what do religious newspapers show us?—is it that the precepts of Christianity, more familiar to their writers than to other writers, are more clearly to be traced in their articles, or has there not ever been displayed a want of charity in their dealings with opponents, and is it not still displayed?[*] Nowhere do we find that repetition of rules of right, already known but disregarded, produces regard for them; but we find that, contrariwise, it makes the regard for them less than before.[†]

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[*] Among recent illustrations of the truth that frequent repetition of Christian doctrines does not conduce to growth of Christian feelings, here are two that seem worth preserving. The first I quote from *The Church Herald* for May 14, 1873.

"Mr. J. Stuart Mill, who has just gone to his account, would have been a remarkable writer of English, if his innate self-consciousness and abounding self-confidence had not made him a notorious literary prig. . . . His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought,' who agree with him, go to the same place, the better it will be for both Church and State."

The second, which to an English manifestation of sentiment yields a parallel from America, I am permitted to publish by a friend to whom it was lately addressed:—

"(*From a Clergyman of* 28 *years' service.*)

"U.S. America, March 10th, 1873.

"J. Tyndall,—How it ought 'to heap coals of fire on your head,' that, in return for your *insults to their Religion*, in your various works, the American people treated you with distinguished consideration. You have repeatedly raised your puny arm against God and His Christ! You have endeavoured to deprive mankind of its only consolation in life, and its only hope in death (*vide* 'Fragments of Science,' &c.), *without offering anything instead*, but the 'dry-light' of your molecules and atoms. Shall we praise you for this? We praise you not!

"'Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee?'

"Every *suicide* in our land (and they are of daily occurrence) is indirectly the effect of *the bestial* doctrines of yourself, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, *et id omne genus.*

"'The pit is digged up for you all?'

"'Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and lament.'

"With the supremest contempt, I remain,

"A. F. F——."

[†] To show how little operative on conduct is mere teaching, let me add a striking fact that has fallen under my own observation. Some twelve years ago was commenced a serial publication, grave and uninteresting to most, and necessarily limited in its circulation to the well-educated. It was issued to subscribers, from each of whom a small sum was due for every four numbers. As was to be expected, the notification, periodically made, that another subscription was due, received from some prompt attention; from others an attention more or less tardy; and from others no attention at all. The defaulters, from time to time reminded by new notices, fell, many of them, two subscriptions in arrear; but after receiving from the publishers letters intimating the fact, some of these rectified what was simply a result of forgetfulness: leaving, however, a number who still went on receiving the serial without paying for it. When these were three subscriptions in arrear, further letters from the publishers, drawing their attention to the facts, were sent to them, bringing from some the amounts due, but leaving a remainder who continued to disregard the claim. Eventually these received from the publishers intimations that their names would be struck off for non-payment; and such of them as continued

The prevailing assumption is, indeed, as much disproved by analysis as it is contradicted by familiar facts. Already we have seen that the connexion is between action and feeling; and hence the corollary that only by a frequent passing of feeling into action, is the tendency to such action strengthened. Just as two ideas often repeated in a certain order, become coherent in that order; and just as muscular motions, at first difficult to combine properly with one another and with guiding perceptions, become by practice facile, and at length automatic; so the recurring production of any conduct by its prompting emotion, makes that conduct relatively easy. Not by precept, though heard daily: not by example, unless it is followed; but only by action, often caused by the related feeling, can a moral habit be formed. And yet this truth, which Mental Science clearly teaches, and which is in harmony with familiar sayings, is a truth wholly ignored in current educational fanaticisms.

There is ignored, too, the correlative truth; and ignoring it threatens results still more disastrous. While we see an expectation of benefits which the means used cannot achieve, we see no consciousness of injuries which will be entailed by these means. As usually happens with those absorbed in the eager pursuit of some good by governmental action, there is a blindness to the evil reaction on the natures of citizens. Already the natures of citizens have suffered from kindred reactions, due to actions set up centuries ago;

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insensible were at length omitted from the list. After a lapse of ten years, a digest was made of the original list, to ascertain the ratio between the number of defaulters and the total number; and to ascertain, also, the ratios borne by their numbers to the numbers of their respective classes. Those who had thus finally declined paying for what they had year after year received, constituted the following percentages:—

Subscribers of unknown *status*	27 per cent.
Physicians	29 ”
Clergymen (mostly of the Established Church)	31 ”
Secularists	32 ”
Journalists	82 ”

Admitting that the high percentage among the journalists may have been due to the habit of receiving *gratis* copies of books, we have to note, first of all, the surprising fact that nearly one-third of these highly educated men were thus regardless of an equitable claim. Further, on comparing the sub-divisions, we discover that the class undistinguished by titles of any kind, and therefore including, as we must suppose, those whose education, though good, was not the highest, furnished the smallest percentage of defaulters: so far as the evidence goes, it associates increase of intellectual culture with decrease of conscientiousness. And then one more thing to be noted is the absence of that beneficial effect expected from repetition of moral precepts: the Clergy and the Secularists are nearly on a level. So that, both in general and in detail, this evidence, like the evidence given in the text, is wholly at variance with the belief that addressing the intellect develops the higher sentiments.

and now the mischievous effects are to be increased by further such reactions.

The English people are complained of as improvident. Very few of them lay by in anticipation of times when work is slack; and the general testimony is that higher wages commonly result only in more extravagant living or in drinking to greater excess. As we saw a while since, they neglect opportunities of becoming shareholders in the Companies they are engaged under; and those who are most anxious for their welfare despair on finding how little they do to raise themselves when they have the means. This tendency to seize immediate gratification regardless of future penalty, is commented on as characteristic of the English people; and contrasts between them and their Continental neighbours having been drawn, surprise is expressed that such contrasts should exist. Improvidence is spoken of as an inexplicable trait of the race—no regard being paid to the fact that races with which it is compared are allied in blood. The people of Norway are economical and extremely prudent. The Danes, too, are thrifty; and Defoe, commenting on the extravagance of his countrymen, says that a Dutchman gets rich on wages out of which an Englishman but just lives. So, too, if we take the modern Germans. Alike by the complaints of the Americans, that the Germans are ousting them from their own businesses by working hard and living cheaply, and by the success here of German traders and the preference shown for German waiters, we are taught that in other divisions of the Teutonic race there is nothing like this lack of self-control. Nor can we ascribe to such portion of Norman blood as exists among us, this peculiar trait: descendants of the Normans in France are industrious and saving. Why, then, should the English people be improvident? If we seek explanation in their remote lineage, we find none; but if we seek it in the social conditions to which they have been subject, we find a sufficient explanation. The English are improvident because they have been for ages disciplined in improvidence. Extravagance has been made habitual by shielding them from the sharp penalties extravagance brings. Carefulness has been discouraged by continually showing to the careful that those who were careless did as well as, or better, than themselves. Nay, there have been positive penalties on carefulness. Labourers working hard and paying their way, have constantly found themselves called on to help in supporting the idle around them; have had their goods taken under distress-warrants, that paupers might be fed; and eventually have found themselves and their children reduced also to pauperism.* Well-conducted poor women, supporting themselves without aid or encouragement, have seen the ill-conducted receiving parish-pay for their illegitimate children. Nay, to such extremes has the process gone, that women with many illegitimate children, getting from the rates a weekly sum for each, have been chosen as wives by men who wanted the sums thus derived! Generation after generation the honest and independent, not marrying till they had means, and striving to bring up their families without assistance, have been saddled with extra burdens, and hindered from leaving a desirable posterity; while the dissolute and the idle, especially when given to that lying and servility by which those in authority are deluded, have been helped to produce and to rear progeny, characterized, like themselves, by absence of the mental traits needed for good citizenship. And then, after centuries during which we have been breeding the race as much as possible from the improvident, and repressing the multiplication of the provident, we lift our hands and exclaim at the recklessness our people exhibit! If men who, for a score of generations, had by preference bred from their worst-tempered horses and their least-sagacious dogs, were then to wonder because their horses were vicious and their dogs stupid, we should think the absurdity of their policy paralleled only by the absurdity of their astonishment; but human beings instead of inferior animals being in question, no absurdity is seen either in the policy or in the astonishment.

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* Even after the reform of the Poor-Law, this punishment for good behaviour was continued. Illustrations will be found in the before-mentioned Tracts on the Poor-Laws, by a late uncle of mine—illustrations that came under his personal observation as clergyman and as guardian.

And now something more serious happens than the overlooking of these evils wrought on men's natures by centuries of demoralizing influences. We are deliberately establishing further such influences. Having, as much as we could, suspended the civilizing discipline of an industrial life so carried on as to achieve self-maintenance without injury to others, we now proceed to suspend that civilizing discipline in another direction. Having in successive generations done our best to diminish the sense of responsibility, by warding-off evils which disregard of responsibility brings, we now carry the policy further by relieving parents from certain other responsibilities which, in the order of nature, fall on them. By way of checking recklessness, and discouraging improvident marriages, and raising the conception of duty, we are diffusing the belief that it is not the concern of parents to fit their children for the business of life; but that the nation is bound to do this. Everywhere there is a tacit enunciation of the marvellous doctrine that citizens are not responsible individually for the bringing up, each of his own children, but that these same citizens incorporated into a society, are each of them responsible for the bringing-up of everybody else's children! The obligation does not fall upon A in his capacity of father, to rear the minds as well as the bodies of his offspring; but in his capacity of citizen, there does fall on him the obligation of mentally rearing the offspring of B, C, D, and the rest; who similarly have their direct parental obligations made secondary to their indirect obligations to children not their own! Already it is estimated that, as matters are now being arranged, parents will soon pay in school-fees for their own children, only one-sixth of the amount which is paid by them through taxes, rates, and voluntary contributions, for children at large: in terms of money, the claims of children at large to their care, will be taken as six times the claim of their own children! And if, looking back forty years, we observe the growth of the public claim *versus* the private claim, we may infer that the private claim will presently be absorbed wholly. Already the correlative theory is becoming so definite and positive that you meet with the notion, uttered as though it were an unquestionable truth, that criminals are "society's failures." Presently it will be seen that, since good bodily development, as well as good mental development, is a pre-requisite of good citizenship, (for without it the citizen cannot maintain himself, and so avoid wrong-doing,) society is responsible also for the proper feeding and clothing of children: indeed, in School-Board discussions, there is already an occasional admission that no logically-defensible halting-place can be found between the two. And so we are progressing towards the wonderful notion, here and there finding tacit expression, that people are to marry when they feel inclined, and other people are to take the consequences.

And this is thought to be the policy conducive to improvement of behaviour. Men who have been made improvident by shielding them from many of the evil results of improvidence, are now to be made more provident by further shielding them from the evil results of improvidence. Having had their self-control decreased by social arrangements which lessened the need for self-control, other social arrangements are devised which will make self-control still less needful; and it is hoped so to make self-control greater. This expectation is absolutely at variance with the whole order of things. Life of every kind, human included, proceeds on an exactly-opposite principle. All lower types of beings show us that the rearing of offspring affords the highest discipline for the faculties. The parental instinct is everywhere that which calls out the energies most persistently, and in the greatest degree exercises the intelligence. The self-sacrifice and the sagacity which inferior creatures display in the care of their young, are often commented upon; and everyone may see that parenthood produces a mental exaltation not otherwise producible. That it is so among mankind is daily proved. Continually we remark that men who were random grow steady when they have children to provide for; and vain, thoughtless girls, becoming mothers, begin to show higher feelings, and capacities that were not before drawn out. In both there is a daily discipline in unselfishness, in industry, in foresight. The parental relation strengthens from hour to hour the habit of postponing immediate ease and egoistic pleasure to the altruistic pleasure obtained by furthering the welfare of offspring. There is a frequent subordination of the claims of self to the claims of fellow-beings; and by no other agency can the practice of this subordination be so effectually secured. Not, then, by a decreased, but by an increased, sense of parental responsibility is self-control to be made greater and recklessness to be checked. And yet the policy now so earnestly and undoubtingly pursued is one which will inevitably diminish the sense of parental responsibility. This all-important discipline of parents' emotions is to be weakened that children may get reading and grammar and geography more generally than they would otherwise do. A superficial intellectualization is to be secured at the cost of a deep-seated demoralization.

Few, I suppose, will deliberately assert that information is important and character relatively unimportant. Everyone observes from time to time how much more valuable to himself and others is the workman who, though unable to read, is diligent, sober, and honest, than is the well-taught workman who breaks his engagements, spends days in drinking, and neglects his family. And, comparing members of the upper classes, no one doubts that the spendthrift or the gambler, however good his intellectual training, is inferior as a social unit to the man who, not having passed through the approved *curriculum*, nevertheless prospers by performing well the work he undertakes, and provides for his children instead of leaving them in poverty to the care of relatives. That is to say, looking at the matter in the concrete, all see that for social welfare, good character is more important than much knowledge. And yet the manifest corollary is not drawn. What effect will be produced on character by artificial appliances for spreading knowledge, is not asked. Of the ends to be kept in view by the legislator, all are unimportant compared with the end of character-making; and yet character-making is an end wholly unrecognized.

Let it be seen that the future of a nation depends on the natures of its units; that their natures are inevitably modified in adaptation to the conditions in which they are placed; that the feelings called into play by these conditions will strengthen, while those which have diminished demands on them will dwindle; and it will be seen that the bettering of conduct can be effected, not by insisting on maxims of good conduct, still less by mere intellectual culture, but only by that daily exercise of the higher sentiments and repression of the lower, which results from keeping men subordinate to the requirements of orderly social life—letting them suffer the inevitable penalties of breaking these requirements and reap the benefits of conforming to them. This alone is national education.

One further instance of the need for psychological inquiries as guides to sociological conclusions, may be named—an instance of quite a different kind, but one no less relevant to questions of the time. I refer to the comparative psychology of the sexes. Women, as well as men, are units in a society; and tend by their natures to give that society certain traits of structure and action. Hence the question—Are the mental natures of men and women the same?—is an important one to the sociologist. If they are, an increase of feminine influence is not likely to affect the social type in a marked manner. If they are not, the social type will inevitably be changed by increase of feminine influence.

That men and women are mentally alike, is as untrue as that they are alike bodily. Just as certainly as they have physical differences which are related to the respective parts they play in the maintenance of the race, so certainly have they psychical differences, similarly related to their respective shares in the rearing and protection of offspring. To suppose that along with the unlikenesses between their parental activities there do not go unlikenesses of mental faculties, is to suppose that here alone in all Nature, there is no adjustment of special powers to special functions.*

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* The comparisons ordinarily made between the minds of men and women are faulty in many ways, of which these are the chief:—

Instead of comparing either the average of women with the average of men, or the *élite* of women with the *élite* of men, the common course is to compare the *élite* of women with the average of men. Much the same erroneous impression results as would result if the relative statures of men and women were judged by putting very tall women side by side with ordinary men.

Sundry manifestations of nature in men and women, are greatly perverted by existing social conventions upheld by both. There are feelings which, under our predatory *régime*, with its adapted standard of propriety, it is not considered manly to show; but which, contrariwise, are considered admirable in women. Hence repressed manifestations in the one case, and exaggerated manifestations in the other; leading to mistaken estimates.

The sexual sentiment comes into play to modify the behaviour of men and women to one another. Respecting certain parts of their general characters, the only evidence which can be trusted is that furnished by the conduct of men to men, and of women to women, when placed in relations which exclude the personal affections.

In comparing the intellectual powers of men and women, no proper distinction is made between receptive faculty and originative faculty. The two are scarcely commensurable; and the receptivity may, and frequently does, exist in high degree where there is but a low degree of originality, or entire absence of it.

Perhaps, however, the most serious error usually made in drawing these comparisons is that of overlooking the limit of normal mental power. Either sex under special stimulations is capable of manifesting powers ordinarily shown only by the other; but we are not to consider the deviations so caused as affording proper

Two classes of differences exist between the psychical, as between the physical, structures of men and women, which are both determined by this same fundamental need—adaptation to the paternal and maternal duties. The first set of differences is that which results from a somewhat-earlier arrest of individual evolution in women than in men; necessitated by the reservation of vital power to meet the cost of reproduction. Whereas, in man, individual evolution continues until the physiological cost of self-maintenance very nearly balances what nutrition supplies, in woman, an arrest of individual development takes place while there is yet a considerable margin of nutrition: otherwise there could be no offspring. Hence the fact that girls come earlier to maturity than boys. Hence, too, the chief contrasts in bodily form: the masculine figure being distinguished from the feminine by the greater relative sizes of the parts which carry on external actions and entail physiological cost—the limbs, and those thoracic viscera which their activity immediately taxes. And hence, too, the physiological truth that throughout their lives, but especially during the child-bearing age, women exhale smaller quantities of carbonic acid, relatively to their weights, than men do; showing that the evolution of energy is relatively less as well as absolutely less. This rather earlier cessation of individual evolution thus necessitated, showing itself in a rather smaller growth of the nervo-muscular system, so that both the limbs which act and the brain which makes them act are somewhat less, has two results on the mind. The mental manifestations have somewhat less of general power or massiveness; and beyond this there is a perceptible falling-short in those two faculties, intellectual and emotional, which are the latest products of human evolution—the power of abstract reasoning and that most abstract of the emotions, the sentiment of justice—the sentiment which regulates conduct irrespective of personal attachments and the likes or dislikes felt for individuals.*

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measures. Thus, to take an extreme case, the mammæ of men will, under special excitation, yield milk: there are various cases of gynæcomasty on record, and in famines infants whose mothers have died have been thus saved. But this ability to yield milk, which, when exercised, must be at the cost of masculine strength, we do not count among masculine attributes. Similarly, under special discipline, the feminine intellect will yield products higher than the intellects of most men can yield. But we are not to count this as truly feminine if it entails decreased fulfilment of the maternal functions. Only that mental energy is normally feminine which can coexist with the production and nursing of the due number of healthy children. Obviously a power of mind which, if general among the women of a society, would entail disappearance of the society, is a power not to be included in an estimate of the feminine nature as a social factor.

* Of course it is to be understood that in this, and in the succeeding statements, reference is made to men and women of the same society, in the same age. If women of a more-evolved race are compared with men of a less-evolved race, the statement will not be true.

After this quantitative mental distinction, which becomes incidentally qualitative by telling most upon the most recent and most complex faculties, there come the qualitative mental distinctions consequent on the relations of men and women to their children and to one another. Though the parental instinct, which, considered in its essential nature, is a love of the helpless, is common to the two; yet it is obviously not identical in the two. That the particular form of it which responds to infantine helplessness is more dominant in women than in men, cannot be questioned. In man the instinct is not so habitually excited by the very helpless, but has a more generalized relation to all the relatively-weak who are dependent upon him. Doubtless, along with this more specialized instinct in women, there go special aptitudes for dealing with infantile life—an adapted power of intuition and a fit adjustment of behaviour. That there is here a mental specialization, joined with the bodily specialization, is undeniable; and this mental specialization, though primarily related to the rearing of offspring, affects in some degree the conduct at large.

The remaining qualitative distinctions between the minds of men and women are those which have grown out of their mutual relation as stronger and weaker. If we trace the genesis of human character, by considering the conditions of existence through which the human race passed in early barbaric times and during civilization, we shall see that the weaker sex has naturally acquired certain mental traits by its dealings with the stronger. In the course of the struggles for existence among wild tribes, those tribes survived in which the men were not only powerful and courageous, but aggressive, unscrupulous, intensely egoistic. Necessarily, then, the men of the conquering races which gave origin to the civilized races, were men in whom the brutal characteristics were dominant; and necessarily the women of such races, having to deal with brutal men, prospered in proportion as they possessed, or acquired, fit adjustments of nature. How were women, unable by strength to hold their own, otherwise enabled to hold their own? Several mental traits helped them to do this. We may set down, first, the ability to please, and the concomitant love of approbation. Clearly, other things equal, among women living at the mercy of men, those who succeeded most in pleasing would be the most likely to survive and leave posterity. And (recognizing the predominant descent of qualities on the same side) this, acting on successive generations, tended to establish, as a feminine trait, a special solicitude to be approved, and an aptitude of manner to this end. Similarly, the wives of merciless savages must, other things equal, have prospered in proportion to their powers of disguising their feelings. Women who betrayed the state of antagonism produced in them by ill-treatment, would be less likely to survive and leave offspring than those who concealed their antagonism; and hence, by inheritance and selection, a growth of this trait proportionate to the requirement. In some cases, again, the arts of persuasion enabled women to protect themselves, and by implication their offspring, where, in the absence of such arts, they would have disappeared early, or would have reared fewer children. One further ability may be named as likely to be cultivated and established—the ability to distinguish quickly the passing feelings of those around. In barbarous times a woman who could from a movement, tone of voice, or expression of face, instantly detect in her savage husband the passion that was rising, would be likely to escape dangers run into by a woman less skilled in interpreting the natural language of feeling. Hence, from the perpetual exercise of this power, and the survival of those having most of it, we may infer its establishment as a feminine faculty. Ordinarily, this feminine faculty, showing itself in an aptitude for guessing the state of mind through the external signs, ends simply in intuitions formed without assignable reasons; but when, as happens in rare cases, there is joined with it skill in psychological analysis, there results an extremely-remarkable ability to interpret the mental states of others. Of this ability we have a living example never hitherto paralleled among women, and in but few, if any, cases exceeded among men. Of course, it is not asserted that the specialities of mind here described as having been developed in women by the necessities of defence in their dealings with men, are peculiar to them: in men also they have been developed as aids to defence in their dealings with one another. But the difference is that, whereas, in their dealings with one another, men depended on these aids only in some measure, women in their dealings with men depended upon them almost wholly—within the domestic circle as well as without it. Hence, in virtue of that partial limitation of heredity by sex, which many facts throughout Nature show us, they have come to be more marked in women than in men.*

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* As the validity of this group of inferences depends on the occurrence of that partial limitation of heredity of sex here assumed, it may be said that I should furnish proof of its occurrence. Were the place fit, this might be done. I might detail evidence that has been collected showing the much greater liability there is for a parent to bequeath malformations and diseases to children of the same sex, than to those of the opposite sex. I might cite the multitudinous instances of sexual distinctions, as of plumage in birds and colouring in insects, and especially those marvellous ones of dimorphism and polymorphism among females of certain species of Lepidoptera, as necessarily implying (to those who accept the Hypothesis of Evolution) the predominant transmission of traits to descendants of the same sex. It will suffice, however, to instance, as more especially relevant, the cases of sexual distinctions within the human race itself, which have arisen in some varieties and not in

One further distinctive mental trait in women, springs out of the relation of the sexes as adjusted to the welfare of the race. I refer to the effect which the manifestation of power of every kind in men, has in determining the attachments of women. That this is a trait inevitably produced, will be manifest on asking what would have happened if women had by preference attached themselves to the weaker men. If the weaker men had habitually left posterity when the stronger did not, a progressive deterioration of the race would have resulted. Clearly, therefore, it has happened (at least, since the cessation of marriage by capture or by purchase has allowed feminine choice to play an important part), that, among women unlike in their tastes, those who were fascinated by power, bodily or mental, and who married men able to protect them and their children, were more likely to survive in posterity than women to whom weaker men were pleasing, and whose children were both less efficiently guarded and less capable of self-preservation if they reached maturity. To this admiration for power, caused thus inevitably, is ascribable the fact sometimes commented upon as strange, that women will continue attached to men who use them ill, but whose brutality goes along with power, more than they will continue attached to weaker men who use them well. With this admiration of power, primarily having this function, there goes the admiration of power in general; which is more marked in women than in men, and shows itself both theologically and politically. That the emotion of awe aroused by contemplating whatever suggests transcendent force or capacity, which constitutes religious feeling, is strongest in women, is proved in many ways. We read that among the Greeks the women were more religiously excitable than the men. Sir Rutherford Alcock tells us of the Japanese that "in the temples it is very rare to see any congregation except women and children; the men, at any time, are very few, and those generally of the lower classes." Of the pilgrims to the temple of Juggernaut, it is stated that "at least five-sixths, and often nine-tenths, of them are females." And we are also told of the Sikhs, that the women believe in more gods than the men do. Which facts, coming from different races and times, sufficiently show

others. That in some varieties the men are bearded and in others not, may be taken as strong evidence of this partial limitation of heredity; and perhaps still stronger evidence is yielded by that peculiarity of feminine form found in some of the negro races, and especially the Hottentots, which does not distinguish to any such extent women of other races from the men. There is also the fact, to which Agassiz draws attention, that among the South American Indians males and females differ less than they do among the negroes and the higher races; and this reminds us that among European and Eastern nations the men and women differ, both bodily and mentally, not quite in the same ways and to the same degrees, but in somewhat different ways and degrees—a fact which would be inexplicable were there no partial limitation of heredity by sex.

us that the like fact, familiar to us in Roman Catholic countries and to some extent at home, is not, as many think, due to the education of women, but has a deeper cause in natural character. And to this same cause is in like manner to be ascribed the greater respect felt by women for all embodiments and symbols of authority, governmental and social.

Thus the *à priori* inference, that fitness for their respective parental functions implies mental differences between the sexes, as it implies bodily differences, is justified; as is also the kindred inference that secondary differences are necessitated by their relations to one another. Those unlikenesses of mind between men and women, which, under the conditions, were to be expected, are the unlikenesses we actually find. That they are fixed in degree, by no means follows: indeed, the contrary follows. Determined as we see they some of them are by adaptation of primitive women's natures to the natures of primitive men, it is inferable that as civilization re-adjusts men's natures to higher social requirements, there goes on a corresponding re-adjustment between the natures of men and women, tending in sundry respects to diminish their differences. Especially may we anticipate that those mental peculiarities developed in women as aids to defence against men in barbarous times, will diminish. It is probable, too, that though all kinds of power will continue to be attractive to them, the attractiveness of physical strength and the mental attributes that commonly go along with it, will decline; while the attributes which conduce to social influence will become more attractive. Further, it is to be anticipated that the higher culture of women, carried on within such limits as shall not unduly tax the *physique* (and here, by higher culture, I do not mean mere language-learning and an extension of the detestable cramming-system at present in use), will in other ways reduce the contrast. Slowly leading to the result everywhere seen throughout the organic world, of a self-preserving power inversely proportionate to the race-preserving power, it will entail a less-early arrest of individual evolution, and a diminution of those mental differences between men and women, which the early arrest produces.

Admitting such to be changes which the future will probably see wrought out, we have meanwhile to bear in mind these traits of intellect and feeling which distinguish women, and to take note of them as factors in social phenomena—much more important factors than we commonly suppose. Considering them in the above order, we may note, first, that the love of the helpless, which in her maternal capacity woman displays in a more special form than man, inevitably affects all her thoughts and sentiments; and this being joined in her psychological conclusion. Hence, whoever on any of these questions, has a conviction to which he would give legislative expression, is basing a sociological belief upon a psychological belief; and cannot deny that the one is true only if the other is true. Having admitted this, he must admit that without preparation in Mental Science there can be no Social Science. For, otherwise, he must assert that the randomly-made and carelessly-grouped observations on Mind, common to all people, are better as guides than observations cautiously collected, critically examined, and generalized in a systematic way.

No one, indeed, who is once led to dwell on the matter, can fail to see how absurd is the supposition that there can be a rational interpretation of men's combined actions, without a previous rational interpretation of those thoughts and feelings by which their individual actions are prompted. Nothing comes out of a society but what originates in the motive of an individual, or in the united similar motives of many individuals, or in the conflict of the united similar motives of some having certain interests, with the diverse motives of others whose interests are different. Always the power which initiates a change is feeling, separate or aggregated, guided to its ends by intellect; and not even an approach to an explanation of social phenomena can be made, without the thoughts and sentiments of citizens being recognized as factors. How, then, can there be a true account of social actions without a true account of these thoughts and sentiments? Manifestly, those who ignore Psychology as a preparation for Sociology, can defend their position only by proving that while other groups of phenomena require special study, the phenomena of Mind, in all their variety and intricacy, are best understood without special study; and that knowledge of human nature gained haphazard, becomes obscure and misleading in proportion as there is added to it knowledge deliberately sought and carefully put together.

HERBERT SPENCER.

NATURAL ORDINATION.

> *“Christianity is an enthusiasm or it is nothing.”* . . . . . . *“Christianity, then, would sacrifice its divinity if it abandoned its missionary character and became a mere educational institution.”*—Ecce Homo, ch. xx.

ONE thing is clear, which is, that we cannot create or direct the channels through which good comes to man.

I say it is clear, and yet it is not so recognized as it should be.

We admit that we cannot make ourselves or organize our own living frame, and yet we think we can devise organizations for making ourselves better. We think that by organizations, political, educational or ecclesiastical, we can make men better disposed to one another than we ourselves are.

Do not think that I would damp, I want to quicken educational, political, and ecclesiastical efforts. What I deprecate is the tendency to check true progress by fancy legislation, whether in Church or State.

What we want is to find out the good that is actually at work in us and among us, and to show it to others that they may discern and obey it, which they will when they see it. For if knowledge dwells among men without being “dominant and energizing,” it is that it is not yet apprehended with sufficient clearness.

As for organization, political, educational, or ecclesiastical, it comes about as a result of the effort to do what the good that is in us bids us do, *that is,* to remove all those obstructions that stand in the way of a more extended sympathy, and of that gathering of the creature into one communion and fellowship—which is the final cause and terminus of the creature's unrest.

We must feel, as Maurice felt so profoundly, that the good *is with* *us*, making us better, and that what we want is to discern and obey it. He used to teach that man's work was not to invent an order, but to discover one already in process of formation. We cannot make or even radically re-construct our organizations, for the simple reason that we do not understand the rationale of those that have grown into being around us: we can only use those we have, and constantly remove from them all that obstructs that sympathetic union which they were made to further. We are made, and are still being made by wiser hands than ours, and our wisdom consists in discerning and obeying our Maker's will.

From first to last we are more passive than we think. The knowledge by which we act and the will by which we act are all wrought in us. We are made and taught by the things we are made to do, and the impressions which our minds are made to retain or to dismiss. This retention or dismissal of impressions, in which the creature is wholly passive, makes its mind, its character, its will, its creative power. First we are made or impelled to act, and then we are made to remember or forget the results of our actions. Remembered results, as they are remembered with pleasure or pain, become conscious motives for repeating or avoiding to repeat our acts.

When the impulse to act—to seek food, for instance—recurs, there recurs with it a remembrance of the food that before satisfied our craving. Thus our impulses make our memories. They certainly do, though we cannot tell how; what we need for our lives, that we remember, together with the place where it is and the steps that lead to it. We see in our mind's eye the thing craved, and a light seems to radiate from it which more or less illuminates the path by which it is to be obtained.

We do not so much *find out* means to an end as have them *wrought into us.* The connection between the means and the end has in it a variable element as well as an invariable one. A bird will not find food always in exactly similar situations to those it knows; it has to learn the sort of places to seek it in.

But in acquiring this science it is simply passive; those circumstances that *always* present themselves with the food become associated with it and are stamped on the memory, so that what revives the image of the food revives them with it; but those circumstances which only *occasionally* appear in conjunction with the food are forgotten. Thus it is with them and thus it is with us. Those things only which are invariably associated with the thing we desire become finally associated with it in our mind. Our *forgetfulness* as well as our memory shows us the end and the means in their real essential connection. The discovery of the "ἑν τι παρα τα πολλα" (some one thing in the many) is a passive operation that takes place in animals far below man, and often very weak in intelligence. They get to know the essential by forgetting the non-essential. Tylor brings out admirably the fact that Plato's archetypal ideas belong to almost the lowest strata of human thought; I would go further, and say they belonged to the very lowest; nay, a person who has an eye for seeing known things under strange garbs may find the formation of abstract ideas going on by a purely passive process in animals of a very low intelligence; indeed, as a writer in the *Spectator* said, it seems in some cases to be helped by want of intelligence, and it is, at any rate, the resource of intellectual weakness. We allow ourselves to forget, or systematically banish from our minds, the differences of many things, and think only of some one common property about them which makes them useful to us. Animals of no great intelligence not only form abstract ideas, thinking of different animals of the same kind as one, but they actually designate these different individuals by one common name. A blackbird's note will announce to you very plainly that there is a cat in the garden. Audubon says that some birds will designate by their note the sort of foe as well as the sort of weapon from which they apprehend danger.

An animal is passive in this; it *cannot* remember in another creature anything except what interests it; what excites its fear, or its appetite, or its affection, or its antipathy. New and various foes we will say present themselves. The animal cannot, especially under the influence of passion, discern their differences; it sees in them simply a recurrence of an old well-known danger. It utters a cry of terror. When it has little ones it cries out in terror for *them*, and by degrees, through accumulated experiences, the cry of terror comes to be used as a cry of warning, first perhaps to its little ones and subsequently to its companions. Turn to Tylor's Primitive Culture on language: think of how the young, our own young included, utilize their cries, and you will come to the conclusion that our speech as well as our affections, our intelligence, our knowledge, our skill are all wrought in us while we are yet passive, by the things we are made to remember and the things we are made to forget. I could show how our social and political institutions and our religious dogmas were wrought in us by a like process. In religion especially, certain instinctive fears instigate certain superstitious acts, and religious beliefs spring out of the efforts of the agents to find the rationale of their own instinctive acts (Muir's "Sanscrit Texts"). But if it be said "these beliefs are wrong; they are evils;" the answer I make is, they are incomplete, they are in the process of formation,—and we are impelled to carry on the process by finding their incompletion to be hateful and unendurable. We have something in us which is always showing that we are wrong, that our ways and habits are wrong; what was once right, the thing to be *attained* for our good, becomes wrong to us, the thing to be *left* for our good. This is not the least inconsistent with the immutability of moral goodness. We are always being led in the same direction. The Divine Mercy is leading us to a more extended sympathy: the only difference is that things which once were before us are now behind us, and therefore the things which we once drew towards and called good we now recede from and call evil.

It appears to me that man is alike passive, the mere unconscious instrument, in working out first his own living frame, then his government and his religion, and that he learns the physical, moral, social laws that he is under by observing the things that he finds himself made to do, or by observing the things he finds his fellow men doing.

We advance by observing what our Creator is doing.

The desire of those changes which our Creator is working in us is, I will not say a cause of progress or an effect of progress: it is a concomitant of progress, and grows keener as men advance in intelligence. *We cannot will what we will, our will itself is wrought in us and we are passive in its formation.*

The attraction which draws us is our ruler. The primitive living being, foreseeing no results of its acts, is ruled by every immediate attraction or repulsion; it has no motive for resistance.

Presently a second step is taken: a man finds a motive for resisting an immediate pleasure from fear of an ulterior pain; he does things for the sake of utility; but still the good or evil that appears final to him, that which he seeks or shuns for its own sake, rules him absolutely. There is a third step: a man learns by experience that the good which seems to him the final "hou heneka," or the end-all of his desires, when attained, appears, at the best, only instrumental to some ulterior good; he finds that "things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing." He discovers that the "spes animi" nowhere finds its goal or its rest; in fact, he finds that he cannot *wish* such rest for the dear life's sake, for such rest would be death. This discovery, though it brings true freedom, is at first a great shock to a man and announces itself first in the shape of a cry of despair. The happiness that allures me, says the Ecclesiast, is a mockery: I can nowhere find it. "Not find it!" says Carlyle, "you can't even imagine it." Man in this stage of thought passes through life to a mournful dirge; his life-music becomes

"A sound full of dole
A forlorn barcarole
While the gondola glides."

But after all, says Emerson, what does it all amount to? Each good when attained points to a better; no visible good enslaves me, I am made *free* by the perception that my home and rest is in no created good, but in the Creator himself. I am slave to no "eikon," I do not indiscriminately love any created thing, but I only love God in it; love it, that is, "dia tou kalou," (because of the glory), which glory lies beyond it and shines through it.

Thus, by an experience in which man is passive, some men are brought to that love of God which is the only freedom. The man that is enthralled by any visible created good, and has not been brought by experience to believe in a better good beyond it, to which it owes its goodness, is not free, nor can he be so till his Creator frees him.

A man cannot be free from servitude to a lower visible good till a higher invisible good beyond it suggests itself. But you ask, if a man's freedom is thus wrought in him, "Why punish a man for what he cannot help?" To awaken him and enable him to help it. The revelation of the worthless and unworthy character of that we worship is at once our punishment and our emancipation.

The sin that at the hands of a merciful God deserves punishment most; the sin that awakens righteous indignation most in the good man, is unconscious sin.

I think I can bring home to you that it is so.

Which awakens righteous indignation most? Whom do we most long to humble and punish? The self-righteous Pharisee, or the self-convicted Publican? The self-righteous Pharisee of course. I have said, and you have said of such a man, the worst punishment I could wish for him is, that he could be made to see himself as I see him. The Publican we don't want to punish because he is under punishment already, he is undergoing that punishment we crave to inflict on the Pharisee; he is humbled and self-convicted.

But what condemns us if not the sense of freedom; the feeling, I can do better; I might have done better? What does all this consciousness really amount to? Why simply this, that we discover that it *is in us* to do better than we have done. We discover—to use the Pauline expression—that we have "Christ in us," the hope of glory. Consciousness of freedom is consciousness of an indwelling God who will overcome in us all that we hate.

The Divine Sovereignty, in contemplating which the old Calvinists found life and power, though it was technically by a sort of mutual misunderstanding opposed to the doctrine of free-will, yet sprung from the same root as that doctrine.* A man feels that he has in him that which will *emancipate* him at last from the domination of all visible earthly things. Under the inspiration of this feeling St. John said to his flock: "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them, because greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." He could not have felt that the victory was actually achieved, but only that it was *in Him* and *in them* to achieve it. That is, he felt indwelling in himself a Divine Sovereignty which was greater than all visible things.

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* See Fitzjames Stephen's remarks on Calvinism: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," p. 45.

I hesitated whether to dwell on these considerations. I thought they might offend some readers and seem irrelevant to others; but if what I have said is true, some readers will see that it is so, and the recognition of the truth will bring them to a right attitude of mind for considering the question, What is *our part in ordination?*

For what have I attempted to show? I have in these few pages, together with my first essay,* endeavoured to show that neither in the construction of its own living frame, nor in the construction of its social or political organization, does the creature foresee what it is making, but that from first to last an impulse, appearing first as hunger and subsequently as love, compels it to seek ever fresh communion with all that lies around it. The various casual obstructions that it encounters may modify and diversify the outward shape of its organization in ways wholly incalculable, baffling everything like what is called rational prevision. It is ours only to obey the dictates of that love that is making and purifying us, and we must leave to our Creator, what we cannot foresee, the social, political, and ecclesiastical forms which the necessity of obeying His dictates imposes on us.

In answer then to the question, What can we do to improve ourselves? I reply: *We must obey the dictates of that mercy that is leading and making us.* If we don't obey its dictates we shall still serve it; our antagonism will more manifest its victory; but if we obey it we shall share its glory.

And now to apply this to the question of ordination. What is the "ergon" or function of ordination? It is to find out *who are actually leading others* to the good, and to remove all that obscures their light or obstructs their activity.

And the question arises, *What is the good?* I have shown in my last essay that the answer to this question is really very simple: that it is *sympathy*. No other word can be given in answer to the question except perhaps *mercy*, or "*a commiserating spirit*,"† which the Chinese said constituted humanity (or the whole duty of man).

Happily, the Christian revelation, speaking of the Creator as the Father, recognizes this spirit of sympathy, or mercy, or compassion, as the paramount need or the lord of the human race.

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* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for March 1873, p. 573.

† See Legge's "Chinese Classics."

I feel diffidence in criticising a book of such value as "Ecce Homo." It seems to me that the writer was singularly and uniquely true to natural and human history in recognizing the necessity of enthusiasm or passion as necessary to break through the fetters in which man is always binding himself by the preponderance of his self-seeking instincts.

I at the same time fully agree with him in thinking that the command to love all men needs explanation. I think it requires even more explanation than he thinks, and it does not seem to me that it is at all a sufficient explanation to say it is a love for the ideal of man in every individual. This expression itself needs explanation.

I don't think "love" is quite the word to express that sentiment which is the root of Goodness. If I was asked what "agapé" meant I should say it meant "mercy," or *parental* affection; the "commiserating spirit" of the Chinese. There would, unfortunately, be a difficulty in translating the word "agapé" as mercy, because it is used for man's regard to God as well as for God's regard to man; but still mercy, or the parental affection, seems to me to be the true word.* God's mercy and man's appreciation of it must of necessity be one and the same sentiment. A man cannot love mercy unless he feels it in himself. If you love to help the needy and feed the hungry, then, and then only, do you love to see them helped and fed, and love those who help and feed them. Filial gratitude or appreciation of parental affection implies the indwelling of parental affection in the Son. And so "agapé" may be called the Spirit of the Father and the Son, or the bond that unites the parent and the child.

Children appreciate their parents' love because they have parental love ingrained by inheritance in their own nature; they have it *in them* to love their own children, or any little ones placed at their mercy or under their care, and, having the feeling innate in them, they recognize and love it when they see it in their parents, and on the strength of it they have faith, and trust themselves entirely to their parents' goodness. So that faith is really the indwelling of the Spirit of the Parent in the child.

And the root of goodness, the real living root of goodness, that we actually have within us is this commiserating spirit, which we believe is in our parents, because we see in their acts a reflection of a sentiment which we feel in ourselves.

And the Spirit that is actually with us, convicting us constantly of sins to which we have been hitherto blind, is precisely this Spirit of parental mercy.

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* "Agapé" is certainly used in the 1st Epistle of St. John in the twofold sense of *mercy* and *love of mercy*; and as it is desirable always to give the same English word for the same Greek one, it would be difficult to suggest any word that could be used for "agapé" except the word "love;" but the word "love" is obviously too broad to designate the affection so designated.

If you were dealing hardly or oppressively with a servant, the real question to bring you to self-conviction would be this: How would you like to have a child of your own so treated? A terrible question! I declare the recoil of it fairly knocks me down. And how is this commiserating spirit to be awakened? By enumerating all the material and social comforts which would accrue from its awakening? That was Tih's method, but it did not answer. Mercy may serve the public interest, but it won't serve your selfish ends.

Natural history points to another method altogether. It says, show a creature the living parent, and the parental spirit will be awakened in it, showing itself first in filial trust, and subsequently in parental trustworthiness.

You must awaken the commiserating spirit in man by having it and expressing it.

Those are ordained of heaven to awaken men to mercy who have mercy awakened in their own hearts.

One of the great mysteries of nature is the way in which a young creature comes to itself on seeing a creature of its own kind. It sees in that creature its old "æonian" self. Look at the birds especially as instances of the specific awakening power that there is in the parent. And observe especially those that run from the shell: notice the connate critical and practical powers they display for one thing; but notice also how they need the example of other birds to awaken them. They are at once intelligent, and yet in a sort of somnambulist state; to use St. Augustine's expression, "vitam nesciûnt suam." They require to be *shown themselves;* to see their own acts performed before their own eyes, and their own notes sung to them, and when this is done they recognize the acts and notes as their own, and find themselves moved to repeat them. A waft of remembrance of old woodland haunts, and of a life lived there, visits them, and their waking powers come to them, the old skill and knowledge of their race,—they find it all once more theirs.

Understanding, rightly or wrongly, that Gallinis made bad nurses, I took some of my Gallinis' eggs laid in the wood and put them under a Dorking hen. She hatched five of them, and the hen Gallini herself hatched seven. I had the seven taken away from their mother in the wood the same day that they were hatched, and put with the five that had been hatched by the Dorking; and I had the whole twelve placed with their Dorking nurse in a coop in a walled garden, safe away from their parents as I thought. For the first three or four days the Gallini chicks knew no nurse but the hen; on the third or fourth day their parents found them out in the walled garden, and flew over the wall. The little ones had a pen placed for them to run out into in front of the coop, about eight inches high, covered by some rabbit-proof wire-netting. The parent birds, how I cannot imagine, contrived again and again to lure away their own twelve little ones from their Dorking nurse. Again and again we drove them away, caught the little ones, and put them back into their pen; but as soon as we were gone the parents returned, and somehow persuaded their little ones to leave their nurse and get out to them through the meshes of the wire-netting at the top of their pen. We drove the parents away late one wet evening, thinking they might go to roost and leave their young ones in peace under the dry coop, protected by the warmth of the Dorking hen; but the next morning the young had all vanished, and we found the cock Gallini brooding over them among the broccoli plants. There was no use trying to improve on the natural ordinance that drew the children and parents together, and so we gave way and let nature take her course. The parents called them, and, one and all alike, those hatched under the Dorking and those hatched under the Gallini hen, knew their voice and followed them. Their nurse's voice grew strange to them, and powerless to retain them, for they knew not the voice of strangers.

Herbert, the devout and observant annotator of White, found two things to wonder at in the young nestlings he so attentively watched. One was their connate intelligence, and another was their marvellous aptitude for catching the notes and ways of their parents, or rather of birds of their own kind. Their aptitude for catching the ways of their own kind is strongest, though they show also a great aptitude in catching the ways and notes of any nurses that are like enough to serve as substitutes for birds of their own kind.

The same young Gallinis that are so readily led away from a barn-door hen by one of their own kind, yet may be seen watching and imitating the ways and acts of their barn-door nurse, scratching where she scratches, picking up and dropping what she picks up and drops, &c. But the reason of this is plain: in a bird of their own form they see themselves; in a bird more or less like them in form they see more or less of themselves. In a bird of their own matured form they absolutely see themselves; her acts awaken them; they see in them their own acts; their old life comes back to them, just as a man's former waking life in all its details comes back to him when he wakes from a dream,—and with the coming back of waking memories the power of acting comes back also, so that no sooner do the realities of waking life come back to his mind than waking strength comes back to his powerless limbs. It seems as if the same presentation of its own completed form to the young one, which revives its recognition of the world to which it awakes, revives also its active powers,—so that it conceives strength to do the things it sees its parents do; and a slower, fainter resuscitation of sleeping faculties comes back to it when it sees before it a bird in a form something like its own; but its education in this case is less efficacious because it is less congenial, and it becomes finally overruled by innate ancestral habits.

Two things are clear about birds: one, that they owe much to external awakening, and are prone to imitate the ways and cries of any nurses tolerably like themselves; and the other, that their native ideas gradually overpower to a great extent an uncongenial education.

The most striking and suggestive story of the way in which native forms and cries awaken in the young their own ancestral life is Herbert's history of the fledgling swift that he nursed and watched in his study.

I quote part of the account, not for its scientific, but for its suggestive value. I should wish my readers to say of it that they have seen the sort of thing again and again without giving it any very precise attention.

On the 15th of July (that is about three weeks before the time when the swifts migrate), he observed some children tossing about a full-grown young swift which had fallen from its nest in the church tower, and could not fly. He rescued it, and describes the pains he took in feeding it and trying to teach it to fly, keeping it in his study and watching it. After ten days, that is within a fortnight of the migrating period, it could then fly once round the room, and then dropped, but it could not surmount the quarto volumes by which it was penned in. On the last day of July it flew three times round the room before it fell, but the next day it did not succeed so well. Was it possible, thought Mr. Herbert, that this bird could in a week start on its migration and feed itself in its course on insects caught on the wing?

But now *it seemed to listen when the swifts out of doors were screaming*, and tried to get out of its bounds by climbing up on the plinth, and trying from thence to get over the books, which it effected once. "On the 4th of August, in the evening," he says, "I thought of taking it down into a large level pasture, and practising it in flying there, for the swifts had not many days more to remain in England, and I feared they would depart without my nursling. I had carried it through two or three rooms on the palm of my hand, and had just passed the threshold of the house door, and was in the act of stroking its head with my fingers, when, *upon the swifts screaming in the air*, it suddenly sprang out of my hand and flew low round the carriage drive, as it had been accustomed to fly round the room; and, passing over my head as it came round, it rose high in the air *to join the wild swifts*, and was never seen by us again. Three days after, the swifts had all departed."

I ought perhaps to apologise to my readers for transcribing anything so accessible as a note from White's "Selborne," but I do it because it is so suggestive of what I have said about waking. This little wild thing came to itself at the sound of ancestral voices:—came to itself! all the life and skill and go of its race came back to it with a rush.

It seems to me impossible to deny that, though more faintly visible, the same sleeping connate powers that exist in other creatures, exist in human children. The way a child sucks and turns to its food and feels with its hand for the breast, shows precisely the same sort of connate power that we see in other creatures. Its cries are similar in character, and, like other animals, it learns to utilize them by turning them into appeals to the compassion of its nurse, a compassion which all young creatures alike trust in previous to verification.* I could never believe that the power of recognizing the nature of external objects by the *sight* could be acquired by the experience of a year, when I consider the marvellously delicate and complicated nature of the intellectual process needed. On the other hand, it seems as if there was scarcely any intellectual process so delicate or complicated that it might not be possibly wrought into a creature's mind by time and inheritance. That a child is unusually observant during the first few months of its life is a gratuitous assumption which I wholly disbelieve.

I think that the fact that a child does not retain in after life the memory of its first year or two looks as if it did not retain impressions very strongly at the time; but this I don't insist on, nor base my belief on it. I don't think any vivacity of observation would suffice to account for a child's matutinal knowledge. There is no difficulty, but on the contrary every reason from analogy, to believe that Plato and Wordsworth's doctrines of reminiscence and anticipations were well founded, for we certainly find what we must call reminiscence in other animals, unless we alter our mode of speaking.

The great thing brought to light by modern observation of animated nature is the existence of what Locke denied—*innate ideas.*

The word idea or "eidos" seems to me to be *the* right word to use—for what is an "eidos?" it means a form.

There are certain forms which the young *know* at first sight, and to which they feel their own relation.

I said in my last essay that in the lamb especially we might observe how at once it recognized its own completed form, and went up to a grown sheep of its own kind and began sucking it, though it had no especial knowledge of its own parent. This is not exclusively the case with lambs; it is only more palpably visible in their case, because they are seen in the flock. The mother knows its own lamb, and in two or three days teaches its lamb to know it in return, and in two or three weeks a lamb will sometimes not only distinguish its mother's voice, but even its mother's bell, if its mother is a bell sheep. But at first it knows only the "eidos," the abstract form of its mother's life, and cannot distinguish individuals.

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* Murphy's "Bases of Faith," p. 113.

What interests me especially in the case of the lamb is that it is a case of an impulse to trust and attach itself to a creature of its own kind so manifestly preceding all experience. It is by no means an exceptional, but simply a salient case of an universal tendency.

This parental affection which the young find in their early days, is missed by them, more or less faintly in proportion to the strength and character of their memories, and creates that source of want, "or aching void," which, Cowper says, "the world can never fill." *It is this which condemns the world of want of sympathy;* and it was precisely this want which our Saviour met and relieved to an extent absolutely unparalleled—the mercy which men and women had found in the home, and subsequently missed in the world. I assert—with the belief that my readers will accept the assertion—this to have been precisely the want He satisfied. He had, for those who needed it—for those who *felt* their need of it, precisely that which their early experience of home, or, if they had known no early home, their inherited experience of home love, made them crave. His disciples were as little ones whom He watched with a mother's care and vindicated with a mother's jealousy.

The great want, the aching void, which made society everywhere hungry and wizen, was the need of having awakened between man and his fellow-man that mercy that united the Parent and the Child, and for this was needed the living presentation of a parent who, restricted by no ties of affinity, showed a commiserating spirit for all human need and sorrow.

Natural history points to the fact that this spirit is latent, and only needs awakening.

Natural history shows us that the compassion which is first awakened in the domestic sphere is not a mere bond that binds the progenitor to the offspring.

Natural history shows us that the blood tie is merely a providential accident by which an affection is awakened that is capable of being extended to those whom no blood tie connects.

The changeling, if not known to be a changeling, commands the affection of the parent just as much, or at least almost as much, as its own offspring does.

Parents take *equally* well, I think I may say, or almost as well, to children not their own, and children to parents not their own.

Fatherly affection especially, as a matter of history, does not depend at all, or hardly at all, on the blood tie.

The parent male bird takes to the little ones simply because they are its own, hatched in the nest which it deems its own property.

We see the same fact in the history of savage races.

There are low animal races, the Australians, for instance, who have no sentiment connected with the idea of male consanguinity. The father shows not one atom of care about whether the children he owns are his own offspring. You have only to read Eyre or Oldfield to see that. With the Australians the old maxim (surviving in full force in Aryan India of old [see the Laws of Manu], and in Sparta—traces of whose survival we also see unmistakably in Attic, Roman and Chinese Laws) was this, that lawful possession of the woman made a man possessor of the fruit of her womb. In the words of Manu's laws—Possession of the field made a man possessor of the crop.

And this possession among races like the Australians, who had not an atom of sentiment about paternal consanguinity, awoke all the sentiments of parental love in the male Australian, just as it does in some male birds or mammals.

Little ones put in their power in a defenceless state, placed at their mercy, awoke their mercy. And this proves that the compassion which the sight of infantine helplessness awakens is a latent bond capable of binding together creatures, at least of the same kind, if only the ordinances for awakening it are forthcoming. There are not wanting further tokens that there is a latent bond extending beyond the limits of kind, constituting or pointing to a potential compassion for all things that live and suffer.

Some of our Hindoo fellow-Christians—that is, in all but name—blame us for limiting the sphere of the law of love to creatures of our own kind ; and with perfect abstract justice. No doubt sympathy cannot and will not be limited to creatures of the same species.

But historically, by way of substratum for a wider sympathy, that same great need is not yet transcended which Confucius, and Tih, and Mencius so profoundly recognized, of *awakening by example* in the social human sphere those affections which we find everywhere almost exclusively shut up in the domestic sphere.

These men saw that the salvation of society lay in emancipating the compassion shut up in the family and extending it to the community. If the state was ruled by the same law of love that ruled the good and well-ordered family, then all things would go well.

There were great differences between Confucius and Mencius on the one side and Tih on the other. And Confucius and Mencius were undoubtedly in the right in saying, that it was not by making light of the family tie but by keeping it holy that Nature would best awaken men to love, for when they had learnt well in the family circle to obey the dictates of the law of love, they would have learnt that first lesson without which they could never attain to the second: that unless parental love and filial piety were fully developed in the home they could never be awakened in the state. But I would rather here dwell on what Confucius, and Tih, and Mencius felt in common concerning the needs of society than on their differences.

And what they all agreed about was this, that society needed to be inspired by the example of men who were penetrated with what John and Paul called "agapé" (mercy, and the love of mercy), or, in more concrete phrase, *parental love and filial piety*. They wanted men who had it in their hearts to be parentally good to all who needed help and protection, and who loved and honoured the parental spirit wherever they saw it.

Society did not want, they taught, merely to be *told* this; society needed to be inspired and awakened by the living presentation of this mercy and love of mercy. They needed to see this spirit incarnate in their fellow-men.

But how could they be shown it? It was said the upper classes must show it them. And here was precisely the thing that made the great Chinese philosophy comparatively sterile in moral results. They perceived with great distinctness the thing needed, but they failed to discern the natural ordinance for supplying the need; their power of recognizing the exemplars whom heaven had sent unto them was greatly marred, because they idolized the transitory tentative order of the Chinese Empire, and took it for the eternal order of Heaven. Those highest in the kingdom of China were, as they believed, according to a Divine ordination, highest in the Kingdom of Heaven. They believed, therefore, that it was in *them* to set an example which would regenerate society; they looked to *them* to do it, and so missed those exemplars that were not accredited by any Chinese mark of superiority.

For a like reason did the Scribes and Pharisees fail to see the great Exemplar who came to them. He was not in Holy Orders.

For the same reason we fail to recognize, welcome, and honour men who really have it in them to awaken us to wider sympathies and more generous aims; we do not receive them as our true ministers, because they are not in, what we call, "*holy*" orders, but what are in fact most *vile and unholy* orders if they prevent us from knowing our true heaven-sent teachers.

Now let us set plainly before ourselves the thing needed for the regeneration of society. It was the thing which Jesus of Nazareth supplied at a certain time and place.

Rising above all family ties, and yet sacredly maintaining them, He showed men the Parent and the Child, and showed them their relationship, not shut up in the narrow sphere of the family, but extended to the whole community. He showed men the Parent. To all who were helpless and needy He was Father. And then He showed men the Son,—set them an example of love, of mercy, of filial piety. He came into the world fired ever by the loyal determination not to obey the dictates of self-will but the dictates of mercy. He came not to do His own will but the will of Him that sent Him; to carry out the great Parent's wishes. His example, as is shown in "Ecce Homo," awoke an unparalleled enthusiasm of humanity. We want to find His ministers, men into whom His grace flows, men animated by His spirit. We know that the Creator does not communicate this spirit by episcopal instrumentality; or perhaps, I should rather say, those who will read my essay will think the idea of the general restriction of grace to episcopal channels untenable.

But perhaps we think that our ordination methods, even if they do not convey, yet detect ministerial fitness.

They scarcely even profess to do so. What judges can decide whether a man is really so filled with mercy and the love of it that his intercourse must have a regenerating effect on his fellows?

How can a council of triers point out who are the *élite* of mankind—who have the deepest, truest, widest, best-proportioned sympathies with their fellows?

Fancy men going in for these "trials," with a view of showing that they are really better, and purer, and nobler than their fellow men. What a premium on acting, what a school of hypocrisy it would make!

Then again, men's powers of awakening their fellows to nobler sympathies do not by any means wholly depend on their power of imposing on men a conviction of their own general superiority. I bow to Carlyle's transcendant powers, but am quite sure of one thing, having felt its disastrous effects on myself and seen them in others. I am convinced that hero-worship does not produce heroism, but servility,—not generosity and liberality, but hardness and narrowness. The baleful effects of hero-worship on its great preacher himself, Thomas Carlyle, seems to me to be the great "soul's tragedy" of the present century.

Men's power of awakening others to wider sympathies does not depend entirely on their general virtue. Men are not made better by their Creator by imitating heroes or by having a fancy given them of playing at being bigger men than they really are; and as to imitating those questionable composite beings called great men, such as William the Conqueror, Frederick the Second, Napoleon the First—the effect of such imitation seems to me best described by Æsop's fable of the frog and the ox. No, the Creator moves men onward by another method, namely, by showing them some grievous wrong, some most cruel result of selfishness or stupidity, some unendurable oppression, some chance of good that they cannot bear to see men pass unused.

The Creator is always, by the two-fold operation of memory and oblivion, creating an ideal world in the mind of man which condemns the actual order of society; but this ideal slumbers, and is often—nay, I think, generally—as powerless to move men as our dreams are to move our limbs, unless it is outraged by the sight of something flagrantly at variance with it. Our sympathies, for instance, are asleep to every one out of a very small circle of friends and neighbours till the vision of misery, or oppression, or injustice awakens them. The man to whom such vision comes is awakened for the time being to wider and therefore nobler sympathies.

Such a man may be generally a very average man, but a certain fire has been kindled in him; to speak less metaphorically, a certain power or disquietude has been excited in him which he is capable of exciting in others, for nothing is so contagious as indignation or pity. A man who perceives any wrong, or cruelty, or misery to which others are blind; a man who feels the pressure of a *burden* (see Old Testament, *passim*) of which others are unconscious, is thereby, for the time being, a seer; he is ordained, therefore ordained by Heaven, for the time being, to awaken his fellow-men. He holds his commission, not in virtue of any general superiority, but in virtue of the vision which by seeming accident has been presented to his mind's eye, for the time being. He holds in his hand a brief which gives him the power of awakening his fellows. His brief will not last him for ever. When he has laid his plea before the public he has no more commission to speak, but has, perhaps, to relapse into silent work the rest of his life.

We may say certainly that the power of seeing wrong and misery argues general superiority. Granted, but the power of sympathizing with individual wrongs or woes depends very much upon accidental circumstances. You don't feel a wrong or a misfortune, perhaps, till it touches you, or your wife, or your child; when it comes so near, you see it, and if you are awakened by it to the sense of the general wrong of which it is a particular instance, then your commission comes to you, not wholly by virtue of any general superiority, but through peculiar circumstances. By accident, so to speak, a brief falls into your hands, and that gives you your commission. You have something which you must say and which men must hear.

Can it be doubted that the occasions when the power and authority of a man to speak grave, serious words of generous indignation, or to turn from the business of life to point to the end of all labour—the grand purpose of life,—are few and far between? that the work of awakening men immersed in the necessary routine of work to reconsider their life's work itself, is an enterprise that is very arduous and requires long and thoughtful preparation? The details of even generous and charitable undertakings require organization, and organization consists in making both of men and things instruments for furthering our own ends, and in using men for our ends we have to overlook their interests, and there is *constant* need for men to be reminded that the tools they use are living souls, whose interests mercy bids us consider. So that while we need constant awakenings to the claims of mercy, the supply of this need from any one individual would be rare and intermittent if he waited till zeal for mercy gave him utterance.

Or if we *are* inspired with zeal and indignation, who does not know that it may take months or years to put our message into such a shape that men will not resent our interference? Who does not know that anything of a transcendental nature is at first resented by men as unpractical, because it threatens, they know not how far, to unsettle their plans? Men rarely find the mood, and still far more rarely the opportunity of awaking their fellow-men to nobler aims.

So that if a congregation is dependent on one preacher, there is a most intermittent supply of an awakening power of which there is a constant need: but there will often, perhaps generally, be found some man or other in the mood and with the means of awakening or encouraging others. It is not, however, rebuke only or awakening men need: they need also—and I have not laid near enough stress on it—encouragement in their work; they need sympathizers who may see and remind the wearied worker, immersed in details, of the original enthusiasm that inspired and secretly sustained him; but this expression of sympathy becomes unnatural and unreal when it becomes sustained and professional. Mr. Jarndyce found that all Mrs. Jellaby's friends had a mission except one Mr. Gusher, whose mission was to be in a state of chronic enthusiasm about everybody else's mission.

The needed inspiration is casual, and we cannot make it chronic.

Mr. Cowper-Temple mentioned some place where it was the custom among Roman Catholics for laymen to preach on the occasion of funerals. I am led to this belief as the result of long research, that

Tylor is right, that the sight of death first suggests to a man the existence of a spiritual world, where the dead still live. I think there are more tokens of it than *even he* has enumerated; and as it is that which first suggested, so it is that which most powerfully reawakens, man's spiritual belief. The death of one near and dear to a man often endows him, for the time, with the powers of a true prophet. I have said that what outraged man's native sympathy awoke the spirit of mercy; and what outrages mercy like the coming of death to those we love? What transcendental wrath slumbers in us, only unawakened in cases where we can find none against whom to direct it! Nothing fits a man to prophesy of immortality like the close presence of death.

Here at once is an instance of a rare commission to speak rising out of a rare experience. The events of life that awaken a man and raise him above routine, *are* the rare and casual events. Thus I have very long been irresistibly led to the conclusion, *that the commission by which the Creator makes a man His minister to his fellow-men, is not a lifelong irrevocable commission, but comes now to one, and then again it passes from him and goes to another, and that it is our business, if we would serve the Creator not as antagonists but as servants, to see that our churches and pulpits are open to those, and as much as possible reserved only for those, who have a brief from their Creator, a message of importance to deliver to their fellow-men. To restrict the delivery of the message to professional men is to emasculate it. Nothing is so contrary to the idea of prophecy or inspiration as the suggestion that the words spoken are professional.*

The following I have always thought a striking picture of a man struck dumb at the follies he heard uttered; *waiting for the inspirer to give him something worth saying in reply*:—

Ps. 39.—"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue.

"I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the ungodly is in my sight.

"I was dumb with silence; I held my peace even from good; and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire kindled: then spake I with my tongue."

Who can bear to hear the shallow perfunctory platitudes in the pulpit uttered by men who *cannot* wait for God, while logicians outside are denying God and Immortality. I think the wizard prophet, with all his love of gold, may shame us. He was better than we are: for much as he loved the wages of iniquity there was something in him that made him feel that he did not dare to speak without a divine warrant.

He said to Balak, "Lo, I am come unto thee: have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God putteth into my mouth, that shall I speak."

If Balak would give him his house full of silver and gold, he still could not dare, as he said, to "go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of his own mind" (that is from considerations of utility); "what the Lord said that would he speak." Yes. This is ever the true prophet's feeling. Woe awaits the prophet who should "speak out of his own mind and had seen nothing!" This is ever the true prophet's feeling, and must ever remain so, though we, like Balak, do our best to kill it. "I cannot prose or twaddle about the great questions of faith and duty, I can only speak as the living impulse of pity or zeal for truth dictates." Where lay the source of our Lord's own strength? It lay in this. He waited for the word of the Lord to come to him. What He heard that He spoke. I can do nothing of myself, but as the Father hath taught me I speak these things. He says in one place, "I have not spoken of myself, but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak." Do our prophets, our preachers, wait thus for the divine authority? Are they allowed to wait? Can they afford to wait? No: the Sunday is coming round. They cannot even wait till they have got something to say—they must find something to say, or repeat something they have said already.

The custom of having two sermons a week preached for many years from the same preacher to the same congregation, makes it impossible for a man to wait for the divine authority to speak.

I would not have my readers suppose that I thought that indignation or zeal for suppressed truth, or compassion for the oppressed, gave every man a title to be heard as a preacher. These generous passions act differently on different men. Some are engrossed with the special grievance; they set to work in a business-like way to master its details and to defeat it, without going into the principles that lie at the root of it. These men make useful practical reformers, but they plead their cause as lawyers, men of action, or men of business; while with others, the presence of some special wrong brought home to them opens their eyes to the *universal* wrong, of which the special wrong they feel presents itself as a deadly *symptom*. These are the prophets. By the wrong that has flashed into visibility, their eyes are opened to that hidden wrong to which those around them are blind or asleep; they are awakened for the time being, and their words and demeanour reveal to others what they see, and others become awakened also.

A very important question may be here raised. It may be asked, Do men after all need this awaking process? Is not extended sympathy a natural concomitant of improved organization, that is, of improved methods of co-operation? I reply, it is a natural concomitant. It supplies the oil without which the organization would not work. But if we watch its course historically, we find that it advances intermittently by a succession of oppressions and revivals. Its antagonist, the self-seeking instinct, never sleeps, for if it did men would die. It is always at work, always organizing: that is, making and using the tools by which it maintains itself; while mercy to strangers, being a new and not yet settled instinct of humanity, and not so continually essential to human life, is comparatively weak and intermittent. The self-seeking instincts appear first in the new-born child; they are strengthened by continuous exercise; the weakness of the creature's intellectual capacity renders due sympathy with others impossible; and so the preponderance of the organizing spirit is always threatening to crush the life of the community. The organizing or tool-making spirit makes its tools not only of dead but of living, not only of living but of human beings: it is the spirit of despotism. While mercy sleeps it ever regains fresh undue ascendency. It is the spirit of the world. At last it grows intolerable, and mercy, unable any longer to endure its oppression, bursts forth at last in the shape of fiery indignation, and by its inspiration reforms are carried and equitable laws made to protect the oppressed. I am reminded of what Carlyle says, that nature is full of sleeping electricities ready to flash out into fire at a moment's notice. And I am sure that the progress of the creature towards those deeper and wider sympathies which excite its restlessness is not of the smooth and even character which modern progressists describe.

On the contrary, just as the current of electricity, when interrupted, flashes into light and sound, so the hidden mercy that draws the creature towards wider sympathies flashes into light and sound when its path is interrupted.

Our blessed Saviour's own career illustrates this. His goodness burst into light, and uttered itself in words when the spirit of mercy that wrought in Him met with what wounded it. What were His recorded acts and words but outbursts of pity for the outcasts of society, commiseration for the oppressed, indignant resentment at all that touched or hurt His little ones? The author of "Ecce Homo" notices His forgiveness to those who merely, perhaps in ignorance, attacked Him, but His implacable resentment against all that did despite to the spirit of Love that wrought in Him.

I remember, twenty-two years ago, reading at once Behmen and Law, and Comte, and noticing how much truer to the natural history of man their views of man's moral advance was than his. With him sympathy appeared to be the steady concomitant of co-operation : as one advanced the other would advance too. The antagonism between the two was a fact that seemed to escape his notice altogether, and yet it seems to me to be the permanent fact in man's history.

I have all along found that the theories of Behmen and Law on this point, translated into modern dialect, correspond to the facts of the natural history of man far more than those of the people who call themselves positivists. Comte's definition of religion takes the old time-honoured word "religion," and gives it a wholly new meaning which is no development of the old one.

Religion does not mean all that binds society together,* and never meant anything like it. It is all very well to go back to the etymological meaning of the word, but that is not the true historical method of connecting the new and old. Certainly the word *ligo*, I bind, is the radical of the term religion ; but if on that score I am to interpret *religion* as the equivalent to *all social obligation*, I might as well say that religion means *bondage*. It is on the contrary that element which redeems social obligation, and makes it to be no bondage. It is not organization, but rather it is the living oil that diminishes the friction of the different parts of the organism and makes them work easily and pleasantly.†

Organization is that action of life whereby every living thing subdues its environment to itself. It is the tool-making faculty. It is that faculty in the creature, and especially in man, whereby, as I say, he makes tools of everything alive or dead. Behmen speaks of this self-seeking instinct as the primal dark matrix out of which, as from oppression which has grown intolerable, the gentle spirit of love bursts forth and transfigures its parent. This organizing faculty would make mankind crush itself in suicidal despotism if it was not for that sympathy which organization needs to make it work. *Sympathy is not the result of organization, it is simply the other side of one and the same vital movement.* It manifests itself in the shape of love, in the shape of fiery antagonism to that slave-making self-seeking tendency which would otherwise destroy what it subdues, by crushing it in the grasp of its fierce embrace. It is the element of life that must always be called good, because in the very nature of things, as I showed in my last essay, the creature as long as it remains in isolation, or even retains its separate individuality, must possess it in painful deficiency. Outraged sympathy first feels itself and learns its power under the pressure of those tyrannical self-seeking impulses that threaten to destroy it. There is nothing in all nature so beautiful and yet so awful as the passion of outraged affection and wounded mercy. This passion is the divine element in man; it is the root of prophecy; it speaks with the voice of doom, declaring death, as well as tyranny and injustice, to be things God will never acquiesce in. The prophet now, as of old, is the man in whom the right Promethean fire is kindled by an oppression that is intolerable to it. Where he speaks we must know his voice, and our salvation lies in giving him free utterance.

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* Comte's definition.

† It is, in fact, what Herbert Spencer calls "the religion of amity." I almost look for his assent when I say that the phrase "the religion of enmity" gives the word religion a meaning which is not its bonâ fide one.

We do just the opposite. We will not listen to him till he takes orders, that is, surrenders his liberty to us and wears our harness. We will not let him speak unless he will submit to be taught by us how to pray and how to worship. We will not allow him to prophesy at all unless he undertakes to be a prophet all his life long, and to prophesy to order as long as he lives. We make him surrender his independence, so that, unless he has private means, if he begins to preach out of love he must go on preaching for his bread; we impose on him the impossible task of producing more readable matter than any readable author ever printed. What wonder if he sinks into wearisome reiteration, and if every spark of living fire dies out of his words, and if the exigencies of his congregation compel him to assume a factitious enthusiasm, or a sort of mock-turtle plaintiveness which is not part of himself, but which he puts on and off with his preaching dress?

Reader! I am describing the effect of our ordinances. I know that while they obscure they cannot kill God's ordinances. I know and have seen many a true servant of God who, under these ordinances, has continued a true servant, not through them, but in spite of their heavy oppression. Those who see best the oppression under which he works, honour him most. But to those who do not see the oppressive character of our ordinances, to those who think them divine, his light is obscured, if it cannot be wholly hidden.

Where no vision is, the people perish. Woe then to those who help to obscure the vision, who rob the preacher of his authority by insisting that he shall follow it as the trade by which he makes his bread! I am not for destroying our national institutions, though you may think so. I consider that these national institutions afford us, by a happy undesigned accident, the very means of preventing the necessity of making preaching a trade. If religious teaching has to be left to private enterprise, there is danger that the houses of God which private speculation starts may become more than ever houses of merchandize; and we may come to see men putting themselves up to auction in their own pulpits, to be knocked down to the highest bidders for pews. But we have churches that are free—which are professedly meant for the poor, if they are not always used for the poor; we have ministers of religion in every village maintained by the nation. Let us only recognise their true function: that it is to see that the inhabitants may be brought face to face with those teachers who they find do them good and make them better men.

Men never have rested in the idea of anything short of this in their teachers; they demand men who can communicate grace to their hearers. They will never be satisfied with mere lecturers on the doctrines or the history or the evidences of religion; they want men who report *what they have seen*—men who realize truths concerning the power of the invisible world which they cannot realize, and who by their life and utterance together succeed in communicating their own powers of realization to others.

Take the history of the whole world. Take every cultivated, religious nation first. In what nation do you not see a demand for *inspired* teachers, who, in some way or another, may bring tidings or help from the unseen world, or put men in rapport with the unseen powers?

Look down from them at all the rude, savage, primitive races. What do you find everywhere, from the Horn to Baffin's Bay, through Africa, through the benighted parts of Siberia, through non-Aryan India? You see everywhere—I do not say it without long independent research—two things. You find men everywhere crying for teachers who are inspired—or possessed—perhaps possessed by the spirits of the dead, or in mystic rapport with the dark unseen world, and cognizant of its laws. You see also a hideous crew of professionals that one shudders to read of—wizard-doctors, sorcerers, medicine men, angekoks, rain-makers, greegree men, shamans, tadibes, necromancers, devil dancers, &c., &c., who trade on men's dread of the dark.

The one thing it seems to me we have to do is, as far as possible, not to permit that this great and awful demand of the soul of man to have its darkness lightened, should throw men into the hands of those who make a trade by pretending to supply the demand. I do not say we do; and yet I think I have in the course of my life heard of men going into the Church because there is a family living at their disposal, or turning from some other profession to take orders, because any coat will dye black. I say I think I have heard of such things, and they are very dreadful, or would look so if we were less inured to them.

It would indeed be worth having lived, if one could do something to make the great work of ministering to the spiritual hunger of mankind, and bringing them tidings of immortality, less a matter of trade and more a work of love.

Feeling this very strongly indeed,—I cannot express how strongly,—I greatly hailed Mr. Cowper-Temple's Occasional Sermons Bill, which proposed that the clergyman of a parish, in conjunction with the churchwardens, should admit to the pulpit on some occasions a man not in orders. I suppose he associates the churchwardens with the clergyman, because he thinks that otherwise he would be increasing a discretionary power in the minister, which is already complained of as being too large.

But I can scarcely think that the clergyman, in conjunction with his churchwardens, if these are elected as at present, one by the clergyman and the other by ratepayers, many of whom may be entitled to as much as six votes, would be likely to do *much* to open the church to those whom the parishioners at large would be glad to hear.* It seems as if representatives of the congregation elected by all alike, ratepayers and non-ratepayers, would be needed to make the Church what it professes to be, and ought to be—the Church of the people and the Church of the poor. It is for this that the parish churches are wanted especially, namely, to provide places of religious worship for those who are too poor to provide them for themselves. If the poor have not that voice in choosing their teachers which other communities have, the Church can hardly be called theirs. Still Mr. Cowper-Temple's bill perhaps is as much as can wisely be attempted in a course of which I hope he considers this only the first step. The question would perhaps soon arise whether majorities should have more than a major share, and whether minorities should not have a minor share in the use of the church, if the opinions of the minority were not deemed offensive and profane. The rector or vicar would virtually pass into a local "minister of religion," and I suppose there would be the power left to him of veto on what he deemed offensive or profane. No doubt the question would follow, who was to choose and appoint "ministers of religion," to whom this power of veto might be safely intrusted, and so a radical change would take place in the constitution of our Church government.

I might be asked, Why do you not, like Mr. Wallace, propose a radical change at once with all its details thought out?

For two reasons: one, that the will, and consequently the power, of carrying into effect such a radical change does not show symptoms of existence; and, secondly, because the wisdom of carrying into effect an organic change of so radical a kind, certainly does not exist in me, and, what is more, I feel sure it does not exist in any living man. And I think the nation is awake to the danger of reforms of too radical a kind. Nature herself does not work by radical changes, but by adaptation of old forms to new exigencies. Neither she nor we, her latest creatures, can radically remodel either ourselves or our institutions,—for this reason, that we don't understand the rationale of them; we don't know to what part of them they owe the good they do, or what unforeseen disasters may not accrue from alteration.* On the strength of this undoubted fact there are never wanting those who say, "We admit this or that to be morally indefensible taken by itself, but still we hold it morally defensible in respect of its being part and parcel of a system that works for morality on the whole; if we remove it the whole fabric may fall."

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* If a clergyman might admit no layman to his pulpit without the previous consent of the churchwardens and the bishop of the diocese, it seems to me that little would be accomplished. The clergyman can already offer his pulpit to any brother clergyman without consulting his bishop or his churchwardens, but he can now only offer it to ordained ministers. *What I ask for is simply a removal of this restriction*

My answer is, we never made the fabric by our rational prevision, but in blind obedience to certain imperious needs. Our work is to obey the dictates of the mercy that has built the fabric, and to leave the architecture of the fabric in the hands of the power which sets us to work. Institutions, after all, are tougher than we think. Obliterate an institution by legislation, it is not killed past revival. The men who were its members still remain, their want of it still remains, their faculty for administering it still remains, everything remains, so that when it is put together again it is as much alive as ever. The effect of a too radical remodelling of things is that the new model may not work, but have to be abolished, and so you are thrown back at last on the old unimproved model.

It does not seem to me that modern science supersedes but that it rather enforces with fresh emphasis the old direction: "Trust in the Lord"—the Mercy that is your Lord—"with thy whole heart, and lean not to thine own understanding"—that is to thy purblind foresight—"in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

It might be said three things are overlooked in my essay. First, the importance of regular unimpassioned instruction in matters of faith and duty. In answer, I say I do not overlook this. I say we want *this and more.* Secondly, the Aristotelian dogma, that right sentiments are awakened at last by perseverance in right practice, which practice, of course, is susceptible of scientific teaching. Here again my answer is, I grant the truth of this. My essay ought to show you that I am deeply penetrated with it, but we want *this and more.* Thirdly, it might be said I had not stated the principle on which it was to be determined whether a man had a commission from heaven to be a minister to his fellow-man on the things of heaven. Perhaps I have not done so explicitly. All I have urged is that you must not impose on men who are brought to church by habit or a sense of duty teachers who have lost the power of awakening them or exciting their interest at all, to the exclusion of those who can. Those who cannot interest or impress them *cannot* do them good; those who can *may* do so. Of course those who interest or impress them may do harm as well as good; but who are to judge? what test can prove a man's divine commission? The testimonial of three beneficed clergymen? subscription? the chaplain's certificate? The very questions provoke a smile. It seems to me that we do not nationally profess to be able to do more than to allow men's spiritual hunger to direct them in the choice of food, and that our business is to furnish them with every facility for finding the spiritual food they crave.

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* See Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May 1873, page 805.

I have stated one step which I believe duty bids us take: I have spoken of results that *might* follow: I don't think, however, that any of us know what results would follow, or that it is for us to know: I think wisdom does not lie in forecasting remote consequences, but in doing what mercy (which means duty) bids us do. It will be enough to deal with the consequences when they come.

GEORGE D'OYLY SNOW.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

> *Lighten labour,*
> *And give more room to mind, and leave the poor*
> *Some time for self-improvement. Let them not*
> *Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms*
> *For bread, but have some space to think, and feel*
> *Like moral and immortal creatures. God!*
> *Have mercy on them till such time shall come.*
> P. J. BAILEY. "Festus."

THERE is one problem which ought, more than any other, to occupy the attention of modern Liberalism, but which many social influences now at work are making daily more complex and insoluble. It is that of extending the advantages of culture and refinement to the poor. The barrier of manners and modes of social thought is far more solid and insurmountable than any other which exists between different classes amongst us, and it makes its appearance at a very definite point.

Whatever differences of pedigree, title, and income may exist amongst the landed aristocracy, there are none of any moment in their code of manners and in their ordinary daily habits. Save in the one item of expenditure, and the other item of fashion, there is a far nearer approach to absolute republican equality amongst the upper classes of English society than in any equally large aggregate of persons in any other civilized country. And fashion, so far from weakening this tendency, serves as a powerful redresser of the balance of rank and wealth. A duchess, with an income reckoned by hundreds of thousands, may be absolutely powerless as an arbiter of what shall be done or worn at any time by those who move in the same circle with herself, and an untitled lady, not possessing a fiftieth of her means, may be able to dictate such matters to everybody, with no resistance or appeal. And whatever questions may arise as to the worldly expediency of marriages between persons at the opposite ends of this section of society, there is no thought of misalliance. A duke who marries a country squire's daughter not only is never held to have compromised his position in any degree, but as a fact, he finds his wife as refined and cultivated as his own sisters. She may, perhaps, not possess the very subtlest tone of that society which claims for itself the epithet of "best," but as this consists rather in certain variable and minute conventionalities than in really loftier courtesy, the want is scarcely felt and is soon supplied. From the first there is nothing to be ashamed of; there are no habits, phrases, and ways of looking at things to jar the sense of refinement, and to create worries pettier but more persistent than those which spring from defects of temper or understanding.

This quality of culture—and I am not speaking yet of intellectual or moral development—is found identical in kind, and but little inferior in degree, in the ranks of the upper middle-class. The princes of commercial society, the members of the clerical, legal, and literary professions, often recruited largely by birth or marriage from the social grade technically just above them, do not materially differ, save in their own lower grades, from the standard of the best manners, from the most refined way of regarding the usages of daily life. Of all these Harry May's great axiom in the *Daisy Chain* holds good, that "all white people behave much the same in a room."

But when we step down to the lower middle-class, the atmosphere changes at once, and the lack of taste, grace, and refinement makes itself instantly manifest; and as we descend still further in the social scale, this absence of culture becomes more and more marked, with one interruption, till we come at last to one of the ugliest products of modern civilization, the roughs of our great cities, brutal alike in habits, language, and ideas.

Now, if the matter of personal refinement had to do with mere conventional usages, indifferent in themselves, its presence or absence would be of very little significance, and certainly would not be important enough to be a question of the day. I have seen in years long past, with admiration not unmingled with awe, feats of knife-swallowing at meal-times, performed by foreign ladies of high rank and unquestionable polish, and have simply noted that a minor social test which would be unerring in England did not apply in their country. But a great deal more is connoted by personal culture than observance of a code of arbitrary details which alter from age to age. The high breeding which was practically the same in the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of Augustus, the Constantinople of Justinian, the Florence of Vieri de' Cerchi, the Paris of Louis XIV., and the cosmopolitan drawing-rooms of our own day, is ultimately reducible to the factors of consideration for each other's feelings, which is the social exponent of the Law of Rights, and familiarity with all those matters which set forth the Law of Beauty, whether in literature, art, dress, or personal culture.

Hence there is a peculiar charm in polished society, quite apart from its moral or intellectual level. Both of these may at any given time be very low indeed, and men and women who have had all the advantages of refinement from their cradles may be grossly ignorant and still more grossly depraved. *But they are easy to live with, save when servility has trained them to insolence.* The whole bent of their education, such as it is, has been to inculcate lessons of social tact, of mutual forbearance, of habitual familiarity with graceful, beautiful, and delicate things. Now one practical result of this (save in such epochs of temporary barbarous reaction as gave us the Mohocks of George I.'s time, or the "girls of the period" when Queen Victoria had temporarily abdicated her position at the head of society, and no one else had authority to check their vagaries), is that a powerful curb is put upon violent self-assertion. Men and women who are too loud and pronounced, or who are too much given to narrative, to epigram, or to sarcasm, rarely are accepted as "good style," simply because the tendency of their self-indulgence is to make other guests uncomfortable. A very brilliant story-teller may, indeed, be asked to a heavy dinner-party in order to make it move off easily; but he is there rather as a mediæval baron might have borrowed a neighbouring seigneur's jester or jongleur, than as a recognized craftsman of the freemasonry of good society. By this silent repression the weak are protected against the strong, and the liberty, equality, and fraternity of pleasant social intercourse are made possible. Now, what I have called by the name of the Law of Rights and the Law of Beauty as the foundation of all good manners are, when translated into their Christian equivalents, the love of God and the love of one's neighbour. Wherever these exist in any high degree, the essentials of refinement are present, and a peculiar delicate tact, far more subtle and deep-seated than any mere veneer of conventional manner which may be laid upon a coarse and vulgar soul, will make itself visible. I have met with it in humble artisans: I have missed it in peeresses.

But, as I have said, the lower down we go in the social strata of England, the less do we find of this mutual courtesy and forbearance, this taste for what is refined and beautiful. The too frequent coarse, sullen insolence of the lower-class English man and woman is something startling to any one who has been used to the peasantry of France, of Spain, of Bavaria, of Italy, of Russia. And without descending quite so far, there are vast tracts of sordid suburb about London, especially Kentish Town, Poplar, and Camberwell, where thousands upon thousands of dull, hideous, unwholesome houses, in their dreary uniformity, typify the dull, dreary, unlovely, and stifled lives led by people who, though poor, have not an actual struggle to keep the wolf from the door, and who might, under more favourable circumstances, have some enjoyment of existence. Nor are they unconscious of their hard lot. One of the most ominous growls of that coming earthquake of revolution which I confess I apprehend, is that series of questions which thinking men amongst skilled artisans, shopmen, and others of the same grade are beginning to ask themselves and others — "Why should poverty bar me from every outlet? Why should daily and exhausting toil do no more than just keep myself and my family from exposure, rags, and starvation? Why have I nothing better than the workhouse to look forward to in old age? Why are my children more likely to sink beneath my present level than to rise above it? Why do all lovely and pleasant things find their way into the great seine of the rich man, while not one becomes the capture of my single line?"

It is true that a reply, seeming perfectly cogent and unanswerable, might be given in a great number of cases to complaints of this kind by saying, "You have only yourselves to thank for your difficulties. With a wage-rate often exceeding the incomes of clerks, of clergymen, of young physicians or barristers, you make no savings; you lavish on coarse animal gratification the surplus which remains after your actual needs have been supplied, and you are not ashamed to fall back on the bounty of the State or the alms of the benevolent, whenever slack work, illness, or age may overtake you; while those other persons, compelled to greater outlay in rent and clothing as an item of their position, preserve their independence to the last."

I have said that this reply, based on unquestionable facts, seems unanswerable. But it is not really so, because it leaves the *why* of the whole matter out of sight. And the *why* is twofold. Physical enjoyment is instinctive, and needs no education. The baby who craves a lump of sugar, and admires its own new shoes, is as perfect a votary of the table and the toilet as a Brillat-Savarin or a Beau Brummel. Intellectual pleasures, the only ones which can hope to rival bodily ones, must be acquired by instruction, and the necessary instruction is not tendered to the poorer classes in England: on the contrary, it is being made gradually inaccessible to them.

The other reason for the grossness of humble life amongst us, is the widening gulf between persons of different ranks in society. So long as feudalism was still powerful in this country, it brought about one most salutary result to counteract its many evils. The whole of good society was one great school of chivalry, as the whole of the Church was one great school of Christian ethics. I am not going to draw any fanciful pictures of the Ages of Faith, leaving out of account the robber baronage and the bloody tyrants of petty domains on the one hand, or the profligate prince-prelates and degraded mendicant Orders on the other; but it is only just to point out that intercourse between the various classes was more general and easy than now, so that a nation was in its totality a graduated school. Some great nobleman of reputation for military skill and high character would have committed to his charge the education, as pages, esquires, and future knights, of the sons of his equals, his superiors, his very sovereign. There was an opening amongst these for promising lads, chosen from amongst his vassals and tenants, who might and did often rise by diligence and valour to knightly rank and distinction, learning at the same time all that the age had to teach in the matter of culture. Their book-learning might be scanty enough, but their education was not a bad one, and did at least as much for the bulk of the pupils as any English public school of our day is doing now. This feudal relation was not confined to a few great houses, but nearly every manor-house and castle in civilized Europe had its little group of candidates, forced to obey the same rules and share in the same pursuits. So, too, in an age when it was no rare matter to find princes of royal blood occupying ecclesiastical stations, and queens and princesses wearing the coarse serge of a nun, it was the commonest of all sights to see the descendant of a hundred earls and the child of a serf learning together in a convent school; while intellect had a full and fair chance against rank and influence in winning the highest prizes of the Church. Once more I deprecate the charge of drawing rose-coloured pictures, and of wishing to put back the hands upon the clock of time. But it is quite plain that in the thirteenth or fourteenth century a poor lad might not only rise to military or ecclesiastical eminence, but be made a gentleman in the course of his ascent. And as a similar feudal usage affected girls, as young ladies of high birth were, as now, summoned to the royal court to do personal service and to learn the very highest breeding while acting as maids of honour, bedchamber women, and so forth, about the person of a queen, so the daughters of tenants and vassals ministered in like manner as bower-women in the castle of the local magnate, and the gradation continued down to the household of the poorest independent franklin or vavassor. No one was exempt, from the heir-apparent to the serf, and thus the tendency of society to harden into separate strata was powerfully counteracted, and a higher average level of manners, having regard to the notions of the time, was possible. But now, albeit there are no formal barriers of privilege to prevent men and women in England from rising to any social rank, the more insuperable obstacle of money is daily becoming loftier and stronger.

One practical gain from the universality of the system of personal service in feudal times was that it completely banished the notion of certain acts being "menial," and involving loss of caste on the part of those who performed them. The only true relic of the custom is dying out fast, and will perish unregretted—that of schoolboy fagging for seniors. It had its bad and ludicrous side at last, but only when it began to be restricted to a single object. No one can help smiling at Madame Campan's description of poor Marie Antoinette kept shivering after her bath, because for several minutes fresh ladies of increasingly higher rank kept entering her apartment, and it was the privilege of the highest in station to hand the queen her articles of dress, so that the Duchess of Orleans at the last moment had to give way to the Countess of Provence, as first princess of the blood royal. But so long as personal service was a general usage, it prevented a definite social barrier from being raised between employers and domestics, and facilitated a degree of intercourse and friendship which is unknown in England now. And one outcome of the alteration is, that domestic service has become so lowered as a profession, that no man or woman of refined antecedents can enter it, partly because of the necessary loss of caste, but a great deal more because of the uncongenial company in which it would be necessary to live. It is a favourite remark of strong-minded heroines in novels that they would rather go out as cooks and housemaids than as governesses, because they would have better wages, a more ascertained position, and really lighter work. But no one ever does it, since a lady cannot make an intimate of Betsy Jane, and still less accept those attentions of John Thomas which are welcome enough to young women of his own station. And thus pride on the one part, and bitter revolt on the other, too often represent the relations of employer and servant amongst us, to the great harm of both.

The maintenance of a great crowd of domestics had its useful and practical purpose in days when there was no police and no standing army. Military service was the form in which rent and taxes were chiefly paid, and a strong garrison set forayers and native robbers at defiance. And as I have already pointed out, many of the younger persons in noble and knightly households were simply at school. But now an army of servants means nothing more than coarse ostentation, for the great principle which actuatės nearly all domestics is not to do one solitary thing that does not form pȧrt of the work actually contracted for, either to accommodate the employer or to assist one another. Footman will not help groom, nor housemaid cook, nor lady's maid nurse, because, thanks to the contemptuous distance at which they are all kept by the lords of the household, they have lost all sense of the family tie.

But when the so-called education of young women of the wealthier classes is based on the notion that absolute ignorance of all household work and economy is as much a mark of accomplishment and station as proficiency in the ways of fashionable society,—that perfect idleness and self-indulgence in purely material pleasures, aided by the ministrations of a class set apart for the purpose, is the final result of culture, who can wonder if servants learn the only lesson they are systematically taught, and that coarse greed for physical enjoyment and black envy of those who have it in excess, become as spreading an evil in Belgravia as in Belleville? When there is no high thinking up stairs, how can there be high life below stairs? And wherein lies the moral distinction between *Traviata*, or the *Grand Duchess*, and the sensational drama of a Whitechapel penny gaff? How does a tournament of doves at Hurlingham rise above a tournament of rats in Tiger Bay? And, finally, are Guy Livingstone and Ouida, and all their emulators, better reading than the *Police News* and *Reynolds's Miscellany?*

It is a commonplace to hear it said that any English labourer's son may be Premier, Primate, or Chancellor. Yes, and he may go and take rooms at the Clarendon, and "eat turtle-soup with a gold spoon," if he has the money. As a fact, how many persons have actually risen from the ranks of the unmoneyed classes to high position within living memory? In truth, our whole society is being gradually reconstructed as a plutocracy, and its one scriptural maxim is, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." Under the French monarchy as remodelled by Richelieu, no man not of noble descent could rise to higher than subaltern rank in the army. The first removal of this bar saw such names as Dumouriez, Kleber, Hoche, Kellermann, Ney, Soult, Massena, Marmont, Lannes, and Davoust come to the front. With us, no such technical obstacle is opposed, but the few non-commissioned officers who are given the option of rising usually decline promotion, because they are not allowed to feel at ease with their former superiors, and their advance is regarded with jealousy and distrust by the rank and file. It is most truly said that it is good for the tone and discipline of an army that it should be officered by gentlemen; but my complaint is that the whole army is not what it might be, a school of manners, so that a man could not become a serjeant without also becoming a gentleman in manners and thoughts during the process. So too the literate clergyman is marked off in most cases by a very definite barrier from the University-bred man. He is practically doomed never to rise beyond some small incumbency, because he lacks the social tact reasonably desired in a church dignitary, whose position makes him a link of union between the highest and lowest orders of society. An uncultured clergyman, whatever his piety and zeal, is not acceptable either to the rich or the poor of his flock, for both like a gentleman. But the modern literate parson-factories aim only at teaching particular Shibboleths, and do nothing to inculcate social tact and refinement, to say nothing of higher culture. They do not so much as try to make silk purses out of the bristly raw material at their disposal.

I have spoken so far of the difficulty of rising. But to my mind that is the very smallest part of the evil which I deplore. What I desire to see is that people, without leaving the social grade in which they move, without ceasing to be artisans, farm-labourers, shopmen, what not, shall nevertheless be ladies and gentlemen in all essentials of culture. It is a good thing that men shall be readily able to rise from one class to another, that the stimulus of hope and emulation may do its work in quickening society, but it is an unspeakably better thing to give a dead-lift to a whole class. Now it is plain enough as an economic fact that no great addition to the wage-fund can ever be looked for. In all ages that fund has been no more than a fraction over the sum necessary to support the labourer and his family. A large rise in wages now means only that money is a cheaper article of commerce, and that its purchasing power is lowered, so that the actual condition of the labourer is much where it was and always has been. And where the rise has been so exceptional as to make a great difference in the purchasing powers of the members of a particular trade, the mode of expenditure adopted has not been encouraging to optimists. Consequently, I think that those statists who look to a redistribution of labour and a change in the direction of capital as the means of giving this dead-lift must needs be disappointed. There are a great many things money cannot do, and this is one of them. But money can make the dead-lift a great deal more difficult to effect, and it is actually doing so.

One of the basest of the false gods of our day combines with one of the most insincere of its shams in bringing about this result.

I mean the system of Competitive Examination in its present wide extent, combined with the alleged principle of absolute Religious Equality, which does but mask what underlies it, that which Edmund Burke branded as "that sort of active, proselytizing and persecuting Atheism, which is the disgrace and calamity of our time." *

Now the way in which these two impostures keep down the poor is very easily stated. The action taken at the Universities, and still more lately in the Endowed Schools, of abolishing all tests and claims whatever, save the single one of superior answering in competition, means just this—that the man who can pay for a private tutor to coach his son for the trial will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wrest the prize out of the hands of the lad whose father is too poor for any outlay of the kind, and for whom the pious founders intended their benefaction.

The method adopted by the Endowed Schools Commissioners, proving bad judgment and suggesting bad faith, does but intensify this mischief, by practically limiting all secondary and therefore all tertiary education in England to those who can pay for it without difficulty. It is exactly as if parochial relief were to be confined henceforth to persons occupying houses of fifty pounds rateable value. It will be said, and forcibly, that the old systems now being overthrown were faulty, that the endowments were misapplied and wasted, and that no plan can be devised which shall relieve poverty without directly or indirectly discouraging merit. The two former rejoinders are true enough, but I more than doubt the correctness of the third.

It seems to me that there is a method by which the advantages of secondary education, and the benefits of old endowments, may be brought to bear upon the great bulk of English people, now shut out from them by plutocrat selfishness and official blundering.

My proposal is this: Let every Endowed School which has free scholarships, bursaries, exhibitions, and so forth, tenable either there or at a University, be supplemented by the affiliation of a certain number of the neighbouring National or primary schools.

Let the competition for a certain proportion of the free places be restricted to these schools. This at once distributes them all over the country, and saves them for the poor, because no man who can pay for his child at a better-class school will send him to the village school for the mere chance of a prize.

Let no primary school be admitted to the competition unless the average proficiency of the whole body of pupils is favourably reported after inspection. Thus no master will be tempted to neglect the mass of the children in order to win credit by successful cramming of one or two boys or girls.

Let the best answerers at an examination to be held as periodical vacancies arise, succeed as of right to the exhibitions; and apply the

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* Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, p. 30. Ed. 1792.

same method, with necessary modifications, to sizarships, scholarships, and bursaries at the Universities.

In this manner the whole mass of public schools in England—using the word public in its widest sense, and not in its technical limitation to about a dozen places of education,—primary, secondary and tertiary, would be brought into direct and graduated relation to one another, instead of moving in entirely different planes; and those facilities for higher culture which are now practically restricted to the wealthier classes would be thrown open to all ranks without distinction, and check the enormous waste of brain-power which goes on now for lack of instructing the children of the poor in anything beyond the bare rudiments of learning.

It would be necessary, I think, to keep at first a certain proportion of exhibitions absolutely open, and unrestricted by the rule of previous attendance at a National or School Board school, in order to meet the wants of that class of poor gentry and professional men who desire the best educational advantages for their children, but are not prepared, as things now are, to expose them to familiar contact with the kind of boys and girls who make up the bulk of attendants in the existing parish schools. I am disposed to believe, however, that the enormous stimulus given to all primary schools by the direct relations established between them and the secondary schools, and the utilization of the competitive principle, would so far raise the character and tone of these places that men of various ranks would ere long send their children to mix as freely as they have long done in Scotland and America. As yet, the great difficulty of ethical tone and personal manners bars the way. The code of a public school-boy, however rough and tentative it may be, the whole temper which we call gentlemanly feeling, rises a great deal above the tone to be found amongst even the best boys of an average village school. It has been found, I believe, speaking under correction, in the great system of Shoreham schools, wherein something adumbrating my scheme of affiliation exists, that the tone of public opinion amongst the boys, and the nature of their offences against rules, differ markedly in the three grades of higher, middle, and lower class, much to the disadvantage of the last named. Consequently, there is more than a risk that parents of the more prosperous classes would decline to send their children to grammar schools where they were liable to form intimacies with boys and girls coming from a lower grade of society.

But there are three considerations which appear to me to minimize this risk. First, the free students, being the very pick of the best-behaved and most studious lads of the surrounding district, would not be an element of evil at all, and their past docility would be a pledge of their catching the higher tone of their new associates, instead of lowering it to their own pitch. Next, the necessities of life, making the labour of intelligent boys valuable to poor families, will always keep the number who proceed from the primary to the secondary schools within limits too narrow to make them a powerful factor in any one school; and thirdly, at the very worst, there is no great difficulty in devising such a mode of keeping the two classes apart, as was long practised at Eton to divide collegers from oppidans.

It is further essential to the successful working of the federation of schools that some way of rewarding the teachers of the premiated candidates should be contrived. The head-master of an ordinary grammar school or private school which has been lifted out of the ruck by ability and zeal, as in the case of Uppingham, Tiverton, Repton, and a few others, has his reward not only in reputation but in money, because the roll of pupils is largely increased, and as he can thereby afford to pay his assistants higher, and thus purchase a better article in the scholastic market, his prospects of maintaining the position he has achieved are very encouraging. But a parish school cannot, save in the rarest cases, look for pupils beyond its own local bounds, and hence it is needful to engage the interests as well as the professional sentiment of their masters and mistresses on the side of their pupils' advancement. I am not prepared with a scheme, but it would appear that the reward must take one of three forms—an immediate money bonus, right of promotion to a more lucrative school, or payment into a pension fund.

Even so, little will be achieved unless the secondary schools themselves are pulled up very far above the level to which plutocracy has dragged them down. There is no question whatever that a very large proportion of them, including the most famous and popular, have become little better than mere gymnasia for the cultivation of athletic sports.

The cause of this I believe to be mainly plutocrat influence again. The "shoddy aristocracy" produced by recent commercial developments desires for its children the society of the elder aristocracy which frequents the public schools, but cares little or nothing for the learning it never acquired itself, and which it regards as intended only for poor men who have their way to make in professions. Consequently, all that the parents of this large class look to in the choice of a school for their children, next to the chance of association with young people of high birth, is just *panem et circenses*, "grub and cricket." And the lads, indulged and neglected at home, taught from their cradles the omnipotence of wealth, swarm into these schools, more ignorant than the lowest boys of a National parish school, and devote themselves to the study of cricket, fives, and boating, to the total exclusion of all serious pursuits. The initial force thus generated acts dynamically both upwards and downwards. It not only sets up the great god, Cricket, as the absorbing worship of the lesser schools which swim as humble minnows in the wake of the great Tritons of Eton, Harrow, and so forth, but it exercises an equally baleful influence on the Universities. It is but the slightest, if any, exaggeration to say that plutocracy has so far conquered Oxford and Cambridge that the entire body of students may be divided into two classes—the great majority who come merely to spend money, and make no pretence whatever of study, and the small minority who want to make money, and who test every item of the curriculum by a sordid pecuniary standard, regulating their studies by the one test of the material profit they will bring in the form of prizes, fellowships, masterships in public schools, and so forth, leaving the whole notion of culture and high living—in the spiritual, not the gastronomic sense—entirely out of sight. Those who read for reading's sake, and to make the noble thoughts of the past their own, are an element too small to be even appreciable amidst the sordid money-grubbing which the younger Dons of the new light have substituted for an older and more liberal creed.

Now, as regards the schools, the remedy is obvious and simple. It requires no more than a compact between about twelve or fifteen head-masters of the chief schools of England to enforce two rules, in order to break up the present total postponement of mind to body. They are, the general adoption of an entrance examination, such as is required, I think, at Harrow and Winchester, before a lad can be admitted into the school at all; and what is even more important, the utilization of the mad passion for cricket as a stimulus instead of a hindrance to learning. I can imagine nothing simpler than a rule that while all less popular sports were left absolutely unfettered, three, to wit, boats, fives, and cricket, should be made the reward of diligence.

This would be readily effected by a rule exacting a certain reasonable minimum of good marks for conduct and study each week as a qualification for admission to the cricket-ground, the fives-court, or the boats during the ensuing week; while the boys who did not choose to comply with this condition would find themselves restricted to less popular amusements, though in no way debarred from sufficient exercise and recreation. It would, under such a regulation, be impossible that the greatest dunce in the school and the captain of the eleven should be one and the same boy. And if the combination of nine head-masters was able to force such a thoroughly bad book as the "Public Schools Latin Primer" on the scholastic world —it always reminds me of Heimdall in the Edda, the joint offspring of nine old women—they could certainly enforce such a practical reform as that I have indicated, and draw all other secondary schools into it, at the same time that they would deliver the Universities—which might readily adopt some kindred discipline in the several colleges—from the present incursion of unlettered barbarians, who are as mischievous to the studies of the place as those pious Reformers under Edward VI. who burnt the libraries and emptied the Schools of Oxford and Cambridge.

Until some such revolution as this is carried out, no good result could be produced by a federation of the primary and secondary schools, since a boy promoted from the former into the latter would actually find himself in a less intellectual atmosphere, and discover that nothing ranked lower than knowledge of books in the public opinion around him, while physical strength and activity alone could win plaudits and arouse ambition. And it is the boys, a great deal more than the masters, who decide the tone and bent of a school at any time of its existence.

Nevertheless, an enormous share of the blame for the backward state of higher education in England, and still more for the deterioration of the best culture and manners, rests on the shoulders of the teaching body—the tutors of colleges and the masters of public schools.

One particular type of mind and thought has become of late years dominant in this sphere of action, calling itself Liberal, but seeming to me, who am an Irreconcileable to my inmost fibre, essentially narrow, priggish, and reactionary, and substituting a coarse materialist selfishness for the whole notion of "Duty,"—a word forgotten by all save the clerical members of the clique, and restricted by them to the minimum amount of divine service on a Sunday which will enable a man to retain a living or earn a stray guinea as an ecclesiastical loafer. Therefore, I must not be understood, when pleading for free access to higher culture for the English poor, as holding that book-knowledge and education are the same thing, or that the high thought which I desire to see common is identical with a high place in a University class-list. On the contrary, while I have seen perfect manners of their kind in peasants of more than one country, Eastern and Western, I think that as the worst-mannered people in Europe, perhaps in the world, are the highly-taught Prussians, so the worst manners in England, next to those of a workhouse school, are shared between two groups of people. The first forms that one interruption of which I spoke above, to the gradual decline of culture as we descend in the social scale, and is made up of that thriving shopkeeper class which has neither the simplicity of poverty nor the refinement of wealth, and is the very backbone of British Philistinism. The other is made up of that body I have just referred to, the "Broad" junior fellows of colleges and masters at public schools. I think I may attribute to these no little share in bringing about a phenomenon which was particularly manifest during the London season of 1873, and which has been made the subject of complaint to me by persons of distinction. I mean the insolent discourtesy towards ladies exhibited by young men, not here and there, but at almost every recent social gathering of the upper classes. Their teachers, in ceasing to be Christians, have ceased to be gentlemen also, and their pupils have found their negative lessons the easiest to assimilate and practise. This is the development of something which looks very like an inductive law, and which has been brought before my notice almost simultaneously by two men of brilliant abilities and cultivation, different in country and training, unknown to each other, and parted by more than three thousand miles of land and sea.

They say, both of them, that the standard of popular manners in a Protestant country is always very much lower than in a Catholic one; that the genuine brutal "rough," whether in Berlin, London, Belfast, or New York, is an essentially Protestant product, and that in Catholic countries his congener is to be found only amongst those who are heart and soul sworn to war against Christianity.

I think this is somewhat overstated, and that a very ugly set-off could be found in a Fenian mob or an Abruzzian gang; but there is a great deal of force in David Strauss's remark that the "Protestant nations revolve on the pivot of I." Now where "I" is uppermost in every man's mind, there can be no good manners. There may be, according to rank and temper, either haughty reserve, vulgar familiarity, or condescending patronage; but there will be no true ease or courtesy, as each will be steadily thinking how much he can claim for himself, and how little he need give others. Catholicism, on the other hand, pushes the family and altruistic ideas into the highest place, and therefore, where it has not been artificially counteracted by the misinterpretations of a coarse peasant clergy, it tends to make men thoughtful and respectful of each other's rights, which is the essence of all true politeness.

But a Catholicism on paper will not effect this in any degree. A man may be a profound Scotist or Thomist, a woman may attend three masses a day and empty her purse into clerical pockets, without realizing for a moment the notion of the Christian family, without recognizing true fellowship with a single human being.

This is not only often the case in respect of persons united by ties of blood or affinity, and dwelling under the same roof, but it is almost always the case now in the relations which exist between employers and employed. It is impossible to restore the quasi-patriarchal relation which once existed between the head of a great household, ecclesiastical, military, commercial, or agricultural, and all the subordinate members when, in addition to the kind of apprenticeship already described, the usage of the time assembled all the inmates at the one table, albeit a rigid etiquette marshalled their places at the board, and the "pale spectrum of the salt" rose between noble and vassal. Still, it is to be noted that the amount of intercourse thus brought about made personal sympathy on both sides much more possible than now, and whatever useful lessons could be learnt from the conversation or the demeanour of the high-born guests, were there for the humbler feasters to observe and acquire. But the troglodyte existence to which most domestic servants are limited in the present day is incompatible with any such training. Here and there one does meet a very superior servant of the confidential class,—housekeeper, chief nurse, maid, butler, or valet,—courteous, helpful, and even refined. But I think it will be found where such cases exist, that there has been a long and close personal intercourse with employers of a very superior type. For example, the sort of lady's maid I mean will not be a young woman obtained or obtainable by advertisement, but a girl brought up from childhood in contact with the young lady whose attendant she becomes, and whose refinement she imperceptibly imbibes, and her relation will be from the first rather feudal than commercial. For the most part, the only recognition now of domestic servants as part of the same family, is the custom which obtains in some households of marching them in to family prayer—a usage which they look on simply as a nuisance to be considered in their demand for wages, and which their employers treat as acquitting all spiritual obligations towards them, and as a useful roll-call, especially at night. Thackeray, who saw everything that society has to show, pounces on this sham in the *Newcomes.* "I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house, standing up, reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence; the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotions on the other side of the sideboard; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born, and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled; it is at the rest of the day I marvel, at the rest of the day and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up, and marches to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala-day, those tall gentlemen, at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses, will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you meet some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment) you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary, and, of course, order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind; you are not worse than your neighbours. Nay, perhaps, if you did go into the kitchen, or take tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With these fellow-Christians who have just been saying 'Amen' to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of Charity. They come, you don't know whence; they think and talk, you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versâ*. They answer the bell for prayers as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended."

Here is a picture not in the slightest degree overcharged, and if the separation be so total between classes in the very same household, if the mutual influence exerted be so infinitesimally small, what leavening work can we suppose the educated classes to be doing for those vast masses who do not come into personal contact with them at all? Yet I conceive that the gifts of culture and education are trusts for the community. I am, myself, a reader of ponderous, dry, and learned books, which the general public will not look at, and I hold myself bound to give out again in a more popular form what I have thus taken in, for to read with no end in view save that of personal gratification of literary or scientific tastes, seems to me coarse and thankless selfishness. So, too, I cannot at all see that the grace and refinement of life which civilization makes possible, were intended as the monopoly of a few, that the whole machinery of society can be designed for no better purpose than smoothing the crumpled rose-leaves of a Sybarite's couch.

> "Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
> Men are, or ought to be accountable,
> If not to Thee, to those they influence."

But that the rich and cultured do not communicate, nor try to communicate, their advantages is undeniable. This is evidenced in one very curious way. I have found, by the familiar knowledge I acquired at one time of the ways and habits of a large section of the London poor, that amongst the very worst, laziest, most feckless, and slatternly wives of the artisans, ex-lady's maids and housemaids hold a distinguished place. Those attributes of neatness, order, punctuality, deftness, which secured them good places and high wages, are in their minds the badges of servitude, to be cast rejoicingly aside when the day of freedom arrives, just as an Australian blackfellow, male or female, who has been caught young, and subjected to civilizing influences from babyhood, one day in adolescence strips off every rag of clothing, flings it in a heap, and starts in primeval nudity for the attractive bush. But, my dear ladies, before you begin to cry out against your sometime domestics for such neglect of former lessons, pray let me ask what *you* did with the studies pursued in the school-room with your governesses before you came out. Of course a little strumming and a good deal of dancing are useful for promotion; but what of the early rising, what of the punctuality, what of the arithmetic, Italian, history, and so forth? Don't you pile a heap of your school-room habits too, and make for the bush of dear delightful ignorance and enjoyment? Good-bye to Milton and Spenser,—if your jewel of a governess knows more than their names,—and welcome Alfred de Musset's view of life—

> Je voudrais n'avoir de soucis au monde
> Que ma taille ronde,
> Mes chiffons chéris,
> Et de pied en cap être la poupée
> La mieux équipée
> De Rome à Paris.

It is not only after leaving service that our domestics fail to imbibe the notions of their employers. The stamp of literature which is chiefly acceptable to the basement story, of which the noisome *Police News* may be taken as a not too unfavourable specimen, scarcely comes up in fulness of flavour to the habitual talk of many of the demure personages in neat livery or fly-away caps and ribbons. It is very seldom that we can come at the real facts, owing to the mask they wear; but once, at least, I got a glimpse of them. A lady who had a cook that occasionally had a fit of speaking out, told me that she used to buy wholesome magazines and serials for her servants to read, and once saying a word or two about them to this woman, she herself spoke in condemnation of prints of the stamp of *Reynolds's Miscellany* and others of a still lower character, referring to their absence from her selection. The woman replied that she need not be so very particular about their morals, because the habitual talk of the servant-class amongst themselves was a great deal more outspoken on undesirable subjects than any editor whatever would venture to print. And this habit of eating moral garbage may help to explain the popularity of those productions, even more deadly dull than brutally indecent, which issue from the shops of Holywell Street,

> quæ maxima sacro
> Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim.

Yet it may fairly be alleged in defence of the leisured classes as a whole, that they have no special and obvious responsibilities as teachers of civilization, and that in truth their attention has been scarcely, if at all, called to their duty in the matter. But what are we to say of the clergy? No commonplace is triter than that which glorifies the parochial system as providing that in every parish of the land there shall be a cultivated gentleman found residing, as teacher and civilizer of his neighbours, as the sure and trusted link between rich and poor. Granted that the English rural clergy are collectively the most cultivated and refined body of religious teachers in the world—as I believe is no more than the truth—there stands out against this fact the patent truth that their flocks are very nearly the most boorish, uncivil, and uncultured people to be found anywhere.

There seems a little discrepancy here, and I can account for it only on the hypothesis that the majority of the clergy do not recognize Christianity as a complex life at all, and cannot realize, any more than their congregations, the connexion between Sunday and the rest of the week. The old advertisement is well known:—"There's a new school opened at twopence a week, and them as learns manners pays twopence more." That is the sort of school I want to see set up, and I should care very little about Denison's Act, or Clause 25, or the National Society, or the Birmingham League, if I could get it.

The only manners which the clergyman, still more the clergyman's wife, usually cares to have inculcated, consist in deference exhibited to them and to the squire's family, by nod or bob, or by the repetition of any available title of honour. Manners means, in the clerical mind, the children "ordering themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters," and their "betters" means every person who has got more money than their fathers or mothers, wherein I observe that the plutocrat comes in again. But I have not come on the track of instruction as to how they should behave themselves towards their equals or inferiors; how to be rid always of the mingled awkwardness and roughness, sullenness and readiness to give and take offence, which mark the boor. This ought to make a part of the teaching of every parish school, and a much more important part than the geography of Palestine. But, in order that it may be well taught, the masters and mistresses must be more cultured than they now are. And that culture ought naturally to come to them through the clergyman and his family.

But the clergy do not realize this. By far the most of them keep the schoolmaster as much aloof as the sexton, and the schoolmistress is at a yet greater distance from the mistress of the parsonage; so that the culture of that household is bottled up for "good society," and not kept on draught for local consumption. That is the case even where the parsonage is a seat of refinement; but it must not be forgotten that while there is a too numerous fraction of the clergy who are not gentlemen, there is a still larger proportion of clergymen's wives who are not ladies.

The reason of this is not far to seek. On the one hand, clergymen in England hold, or may hold if they please, a good social position. They include amongst them many men of high birth and large fortune, as well as many of great learning, piety, and capacity. They are usually cultured to some extent, the nature of their calling is a guaranty in most instances against grave misconduct; and they have in a very large number of cases a competent income, with the possibility of great emoluments and more than ducal rank. All these circumstances make them eligible as husbands, and sought even when they do not seek. On the other hand, we must bear in mind the sudden shock of change which comes upon a young, inexperienced lad, just ordained, who has been in the habit at home, at school, and at college, of mixing with abundant and congenial society, and finds himself all at once transplanted to a solitary lodging in a parish where he knows nobody, and where the few there are to know socially as well as professionally are not attractive. Suppose him to have no very literary or scientific tastes, and to be supremely uncomfortable in his lodgings—no very inconceivable combination—then sheer loneliness and weariness will make him apt to propose to the first moderately passable girl with whom he comes in contact, while the scarcity of rivals and the predilection felt for his class will make her almost certainly accept him.

If he had more knowledge of the world, more resources in himself, or a wider range of choice, he would blunder more rarely, but the practical issue is that an enormous number of clergywomen are hopelessly below par. Hence, a lady at the head of a large industrial school told me that she never sends her girls to service in clergymen's families if she can help it, because their wives are, as a rule, the worst mistresses she finds anywhere,—more exacting, ill-tempered, stingy, and inconsiderate than any others. Of course, almost everyone can find exceptions enough in the circle of his own acquaintance, but this experience is based on a wide induction.

We come round again, then, to what I said in a former paper on the Religious Education of Women, that till we teach girls as they ought to be taught, and fit them for other purposes than the marriage-market, we shall never solve the problems which vex society.

I think I can see how a well-managed village club, and regular reception evenings at the parsonage, and at the Hall too, could be made to act as culverts to carry the stream of civilization down from the heights to the depths; how refinement of manners could be taught by contact and example; how frankness and independence might be prevented from running to seed as pertness and familiarity, and social deference to real superiors from degenerating into servility and obsequiousness. But it will need a more genial and liberal theology, a larger infusion of the enthusiasm of humanity, a greater measure of practical common-sense, than I can as yet discover in the average parsonage, before the clergy can take their place as true civilizers.

I have no desire to arrogate or limit the office to men of my own calling, but I may at least point out to ardent secularists that the machinery for my plan is in actual existence, and is working after a fashion, though needing to be improved and cleaned here and there, whereas any other organization for the purpose has to be invented yet, and may never be in gear at all.

It is quite worth while to utilize what is already at hand, and to work the social revolution I propose, easily and gradually, not as the dupes of sounding platitudes, as were Helvetius and Condorcet, but as practical men engaged on a perfectly feasible task, whose achievement would unspeakably regenerate our national life. I do not myself believe that the culture I desire to see general can be separated from religion, because I altogether fail to see any other agency which can inculcate the doctrines of abstract right and perfect beauty so as to knead them as it were into the whole mass of society, instead of thinly varnishing its surface only with a weak solution of them in Comte-and-water, which will crack and peel under either heat or frost. But anyone who thinks otherwise is welcome to try. There are about nineteen millions of bodies and souls in England and Wales on which no one has yet taken the trouble to experiment in this fashion, so there is no lack of pupils for all the teachers that are likely to be forthcoming.

It is all very well for the *Times*, which may be dear, as Propertius says, to old maids of both sexes,

> At si *Sæcla* forent antiquis grata puellis,

to sermonize complacently on the foremost position of England in the earth; but for those who look a little deeper, the coarseness and savagery which so widely prevail are matters of sorrow and alarm, not to be explained away by sonorous platitudes, but to be grappled with by vigorous, calculated, sustained, and unanimous effort,

> "that the mass,
> The millions in all nations may be trained,
> From their youth upward, in a nobler mode,
> To loftier and more liberal ends."

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

> *"Säume nicht, dich zu erdreisten,*
> *Wenn die Menge zaudernd schweift;*
> *Alles kann der Edle leisten,*
> *Der versteht und rasch ergreift."*—FAUST.

IT is the taunt of a celebrated historian that, though England is the freest country in the world, she has always been the one least enthusiastic in the cause of abstract liberty. In the successive struggles by which the rights of the subject have been vindicated from the oppression of the suzerain, the sovereign, or the government, the motive to action on the part of the oppressed has never been the pure love of abstract liberty, but the desire to cast off some galling burden in the concrete. England, according to this authority, has never had that chivalrous devotion to the ideal which enables men to contend for a great principle for its own sake. The only thing that could stir her self-indulgent apathy and stimulate her to salutary effort has been the sense of some actual grievance which weighed all too heavily on the persons or the pockets of her sons. To quote the homely metaphor by which this author elucidates his meaning, she has never had the conception of an ideal shoe, she has only striven to relieve the pressure where the shoe has happened to pinch. Hence her history has been, more even than that of other nations, a history of selfishness—and her constitution is little better than a piece of patchwork which other countries have found it impossible to imitate.

On the other hand, the Englishman is wont to accept such objections as so much covert praise extorted from an envious adversary. He answers that we live not in an Utopia, but in a practical matter-of-fact world, and that, under this circumstance, it is the truest wisdom to leave well alone, and essay to remedy only such things as are obviously and obtrusively detrimental to the comfort and prosperity of the commonwealth. He rejoices that England is in no need of a spick-and-span new constitution, which shall provide for every possible necessity of freedom, and points with self-gratulatory scorn to the abortive efforts made in this direction at the first French Revolution. And he concludes by expressing a pretty confident belief that theorists are always more or less dangerous, and men of practical wisdom the real benefactors and saviours of a country.

Of course, this difference of opinion is as old as the strife between the deductive and inductive systems of philosophy. But it seems at least probable that England loses somewhat by her exclusive admiration of the latter. Since the day when she produced the great Apostle of Induction, the advocates of *à priori* have been regarded almost as the emissaries of a false religion. Abstract principles and lofty theories have been relegated to the same limbo where the Chimæra of the Schoolmen assuages its hunger on "second intentions."

And yet the θεωρητικός—the man of abstract speculation—if not, as Aristotle would have him, the alone blest with true happiness amongst the sons of men, represents at least as true a side of human nature as the φρόνιμος—the man of practical wisdom,—and deserves the same meed of attention from impartial minds. For only by a just harmony between the theoretical and the practical—between the prior type and the posterior development—can any approach to perfection become a matter of reasonable hope.

If we come now, acting upon this belief, to consider what constitutes the ideal of a State, we cannot fail to be struck by certain remarkable analogies. We shall find that God, with that strange economy of type which distinguishes His work to the full as much as its prodigal variety of species, has fashioned society upon one model, and that model the individual. There are three imperishable forms of life, making up the sum-total of humanity, viz.: the individual (ἐγώ), the family (οἰκία), and the commonwealth (πόλις). But, distinct as they are, they have the unity of a common model; that, namely, which is furnished by the duality of the individual. Even as each separate human entity consists of body and soul, so does the family consist (in its first essence) of husband and wife, and the commonwealth of Church and State.

And this is not, as the over-practical Englishman may be tempted to exclaim, a mere fanciful analogy. It is the very mind of God concrete in His visible universe. A perfect commonwealth must consist in an intimate union of these two factors—the temporal and the spiritual—that which answers to the grosser needs of humanity, and that which ministers to the cravings of its subtler and immortal part.

Moreover, if to this argument *à priori*, we add certain facts of experience, we shall find much to support and confirm this view. The example of the United States, which is the only country of any importance without a Church in legal connection with the State, is to the impartial observer the reverse of encouraging. Granted that much of the lawless life and reckless licence of speculation which confer on that country an unenviable notoriety is due to the variety of elements of which the nation is composed, and the peculiar conditions of its development, there will yet remain a considerable residuum which seems in all likelihood to owe its origin to that licentiousness of thought which is naturally engendered in a State where the ties of religion meet no longer with any national recognition. The frightful results of that first severance between Church and State which was accomplished in France by the Revolution of '89, are too well-known to require comment. And the spectacle afforded by Ireland at this moment, where the narrowest types of sectarianism, held no longer in the leash of State control, are engaged in a bitter and unedifying conflict, does not tend to reconcile the mind with the idea of Disestablishment. Whilst, to judge by the conduct of the most practical statesman in Europe—Prince Bismarck—so far from being inclined to let the Church stand on its own basis, he deems it of the last importance to attach it to the State by ties so close that they better deserve the name of shackles.

The Church of England, like all else appertaining to the English constitution, is in its present form the result of gradual growth. Into the question of its first origin it is neither necessary nor savoury to enter. Suffice it, that it was founded by a practical man to meet a particular emergency, and has since then undergone at different times a process of gradual development which has made it what it is to-day. With every effort at veneration, few will be able honestly to assert that its past history is on the whole worthy of either admiration or imitation. Its bloodthirstiness in the reign of Elizabeth, its arrogance under the Stuarts, its slothfulness under the earlier Georges, and its worldliness under the later,* must for ever preclude the impartial historian from according it that praise which the learning and piety of some of its sons would else perchance have secured it. In the main the Church of England, as the creature of a temporal necessity, has not belied its origin. It has been over-apt to serve times and dynasties and classes. Had it been the result of an honest striving after the ideal, its history might have been very different. But it was not. It was from the beginning essentially artificial, and between the artificial and the worldly there is often little more than the separation of a name.

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* "I must signify to you my sentiments, which hold levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient if not unlawful to pass in a residence devoted for many centuries to divine studies," &c., &c.—Letter from George III. to Archbishop Cornwallis, reproaching him for dissipation at Lambeth.

With all this, however, we have now but little to do. "Let the dead bury their dead," is not more an inspired maxim than an imperious necessity of human progress. "Life," says Balzac, and the remark applies as much to institutions as to individuals, "is not possible without frequent tracts of forgetfulness." Let us, then, forget the past of the Church of England as much as possible, and devote ourselves for awhile to the question: How far does she come up to the ideal of a Church in the present day? In what measure does she discharge her responsibilities, and how great is her influence for good? For on the answer to this question, and not on the character of her past history, do the prolonged existence and future usefulness of the Church of England depend.

The first thing that strikes the unprejudiced observer in such a survey, is the humbled position of the Church as a teacher. She has no longer any pretension to her former intellectual supremacy. The Church has in matters of intellect stood still, but the world has moved. Hence there is at this moment a more perceptible discord between them than has ever before existed. Stiff with the traditions of ages, and blind with the blindness of her former unchallenged superiority, the Church has failed to discern the signs of the times and the tendencies of modern thought. Like a kind but foolish mother, she still proffers the grown man the milk that was so grateful to the infant. And when the grown man scarce conceals, out of politeness to his mother, his distaste for the sustenance she proffers, she too often lifts up a voice of cursing and cannot away with such a rebellious son. And yet, the craving for food divine is as widespread and as genuine as of yore—now, as of old, the sons of men are an hungred, waiting and longing for some sufficing spiritual aliment.

God forbid that we should seek the cause of this or any failure in the Christian Religion itself, though it is hardly a matter of wonder that the free-thinkers of the day should suggest such an explanation. The real reason is here, as everywhere, human frailty and not divine insufficiency. The mass of the English clergy are intellectually unequal to their posts. It is idle to allege in answer to this the great names that sparkle on the blazon of the Church. Exceptions prove, but do not make, the rule. It is of the rank and file we speak. No Church in the world can boast men more learned and more eloquent than are some of the living divines of the Church of England. But the great mass are, as they have always been, ignorant. Formerly they were ignorant in respect of learning: to-day they are ignorant in respect of knowledge of human nature, and the tendencies of the age. Granted (though in view of the northern dioceses, the concession is rather generous than just) that all can construe their Greek Testaments, and render the vicious Latin of Tertullian into corresponding vernacular, this is but a small part of what is required of them in the present day. To be of any real use, the clergy must have a keen insight into the workings of the modern intellect, a delicate barometer-like sensibility to change in the atmosphere of human thought, a wide and liberal sympathy with various mental constitutions. They must be closely allied to, and indeed identified with, the people they have to guide—reaching out before them into the realms of scientific discovery and assimilating the fresh treasures thus acquired with the old fundamental truths. They must be eager for verity at any cost, and at least as free from prejudice as their lay brethren. Thus should they be true leaders of men—worthy pioneers of the human race in their onward march of development.

But do the English clergy of the present day, as a body, in any way or degree come up to such a description? On the contrary, are they not, for the most part, notorious for their rancour, their narrow-mindedness, their multiform prejudices, their incapacity for seeing truth in any other aspect than that in which old-world formularies exhibit it? Have they any sympathy with the restless intelligence that marks the age? Do they even attempt to answer the countless problems which an educated public is ceaselessly asking them to solve? Do they not rather, when perplexed humanity is beseeching them for the bread of mental enlightenment, feed these famished ones with what Milton would have called "an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles"—coarse weeds plucked from the barren garden of scholastic divinity?

To all this it is no answer to say, that the clergy are better educated than formerly. True; but then the laity are better educated also, and the question is, has the improvement in clerical kept pace with the improvement in lay education? It is not too much to say that it is an admitted truth that it has not.

Hence arises the different position with respect to the laity occupied by the clergy of to-day, and the clergy of the past. True, a clergyman's social position is far higher now than formerly. He does not dine in the servants' hall, or (as a rule) marry my lady's maid, as he did a hundred years ago. But then the attainment of a good social position, or the filling it when attained, is not the special function of the ideal clergyman. His office marks him out for a far nobler work. To comfort the distressed—to stablish the wavering—to resolve the problems of the doubter—to be the fatherly friend and judicious adviser and guide of those committed to his charge—this is the sublime office of the Christian minister. And, formerly, when a man of good character, he discharged this office with considerable success.

In those days a man went to his clergyman as he now goes to his doctor—to ask advice of one in whose superior knowledge he trusted. Who does so now-a-days? Who, save a few hysterical girls and sentimental boys who are taken with a kind of nympholepsy on seeing a High-Church curate in full canonicals?

And why do the laity thus avoid the clergy? For the simplest of all reasons. Because they no longer have any confidence in their superior knowledge. Or, rather, perhaps, because they know of a certainty that, in all matters save technical divinity, the clergy as a body are not so well informed as the cultivated laity. And they feel that men who profess to retain, or do retain as regards matters of science the opinions of ignorant ages in an age of comparative enlightenment, must be either imperfectly educated or insincere. And with either want of knowledge or want of earnestness, how can those be helped whose one desire (like that of all good men) is for fuller light and more devoted zeal?

In short, the Church and the world are altogether out of joint. Nothing but a radical change in the one or the other can bring them into symmetry again.

One legitimate consequence of this state of things is the constant spread of infidelity in England. To say that more than half of the highly-educated class are Pantheists or Positivists would perhaps be going beyond the truth. To say that the spirit, not of reverent scepticism, but of audacious disbelief, is at work with a directness and extensiveness such as has had no parallel in the history of England since the days of Charles II., would be but a tame statement of a notorious fact.* A Rationalism, which, in the majority of cases, is but the drawing-room disguise of what in the club-room is open infidelity, is everywhere active and obtrusive. Women may still retain their old allegiance to the Christian faith, and men when they meet them respect their prejudices; but when men meet men, religion, if thought worthy of notice at all, is commonly discussed with just such a smile as augur wore when meeting augur in the streets of imperial Rome. Unbelief has eaten a great way into the heart of all that is best and noblest in the nation. The periodical literature teems with incredulity, and but for women and children many of the churches would be well-nigh empty.

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* A curious exemplification of this has been lately afforded by the comments of the daily press on the lamented death of Bishop Wilberforce. An ancient Greek would have been struck by the almost universal omission of any reference to a possible immortality of the soul.

And through it all—through this fretful fever of intellect—in the midst of the sonorous ebb and flow of human thought—the Church of England is still lapped in dreams. Not, it is true, in quite the same degree as a few years since; for the thunder of controversy, and the roar of contending factions, and the bitter expostulations of neglected human hearts have pierced even the dulness of her hearing. And there has been some internal activity in response to the external commotion. But alas! how insufficient. Grave problems are tyrannizing over the agitated minds of millions—the breach between the Church and the world gets wider every day—Christianity itself is on its trial; and, as a remedy, we have one party lighting candles and beclouding their churches with incense—another preaching wearisomely to a world which, according to their own doctrine of Election, no preaching can snatch from the burning—a third announcing, with the smile of one who makes some great discovery, that the Scriptures are not free from certain historical and statistical inaccuracies. And all the while the heart of perplexed humanity is knocking ceaselessly at these repellent portals and the cry of famished multitudes is still for bread.

We have said that one and a principal cause of the diminished authority and influence of the Church of England is the intellectual inferiority of her ministry—their incompetence to grapple with the real problems of the age. The question which comes next in natural sequence is this: What are the reasons of this intellectual inferiority? And the answer to this question will necessarily involve an exposition of some of the many crying anomalies which now disfigure the Establishment.

In the first place the Church, with the dryness of its shibboleths and the keenness of its instinct for persecution, exercises the reverse of a fascinating influence upon great natures and lofty intellects. The man who, imbued with the enthusiasm of humanity, and aglow with the fervour of a philanthropic zeal, would fain devote his energies to the benefit of his suffering race, knows by intuition that he can choose no more narrow—no more cramping—field for the exercise of his abilities than that presented by the titular National Church. He knows that the greater his zeal, the greater may be his condemnation. He knows that no purity of life or singlemindedness of purpose will save him from the persecution, open or secret, of those from whom he happens to differ in opinion. And he knows that the law places in the hands of his persecutors a variety of engines for damping his ardour and curtailing the sphere of his exertions. He will be taught at the outset of his career, that he is a minister of Christ, if you like, but before all things, a member of the Civil Service, and the dry offshoot of a legal system. His ministrations are bounded—inconceivable though this must appear to all reverent students of the Divine Pattern on which Christianity is presumably based — not by the extent of his own strength or enthusiasm, but by the hard, material limitation of local landmarks. His warrant to imitate Christ holds good only for one parish. And if, in the fervour of his zeal, he transgress this and similar regulations, he is theoretically liable to penal consequences, and may actually incur dismissal from his office, with the execration of all legal minds, and to the utter ruin of his professional prospects. In short, the Church of England, founded not in pursuit of a spiritual ideal, but to minister to a gross temporal need, has ever maintained the character thus acquired at the commencement. She remains now as ever, a hard temporal institution rather than a sweet spiritual influence.

But this is only one of the many reasons that combine to deter men of the nobler type from taking office in the National Church. Her system of promotion—or rather the erratic want of system by which her promotions are characterized — is a patent and monstrous scandal. There is absolutely no certainty of reward for any service, however continuous and devoted. Her bishops are appointed at the caprice of an Erastian minister, or at the dictation of aristocratic sectarianism—her incumbents are those who have best known how to ingratiate themselves with their Ordinary or his wife; if not, as is now too commonly the case, the simoniacal purchasers of their own preferment.* No doubt the open and avowed nepotism of former days is no longer rampant. But the advancement of relations has given place to the preferment of sycophants—nepotism has only changed its name, not its nature. The public and the clergy as a body are no great gainers by the change. The stinging fact remains—a fact which each reader may point with his own examples—that it is not only possible, but in the case of many men probable, that a curate may remain a curate to the day of his death, no matter how great his merits or how hard his work. Is there not even a society whose professed object it is to add to the incomes of curates of not less than fifteen years standing, and does it not find the number of such fossilized specimens of episcopal neglect altogether beyond its management? In what sense, we ask, is such a Church a National Church at all? How can men have their heart in their work when their present consists in penury, and their future presents no prospect of preferment? Granted, as is indubitably true, that there are not livings enough for all, it is none the less certain that with a proper system of promotion all would be beneficed after a certain term of service—the new-comers alone would be curates—patriarchal subordinates would become an impossibility—merit would be rewarded, and the Church would reap the benefit of that renewed life which hope always kindles in the human heart.

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* "A clergyman, seventeen years in Holy Orders, &c., &c., is desirous of finding some permanent sphere of Church Work. *With this object he is willing to pay a fair moderate sum.*"—Advertisement in *Guardian*, August 6, 1873.

Assuredly the present attitude of the Establishment in this and similar matters is little less than suicidal. Already weak—already unequal to contend with an intellectual age—she takes the utmost pains to warn off from her ministry men of energy and talent. She offers them the minimum of income with the maximum of expense. She bids them live as gentlemen, and pays them the wages of a butler. She expressly precludes them from augmenting their slender incomes by any extraneous occupation. She proclaims with trumpet-tongue that merit shall rot unrewarded, unless it clothe itself in the garment of the prevailing cant, or stoop to cajole some episcopal dispenser of patronage. She seems to aspire above all things to be the nursing-mother of modest mediocrity, the special patroness of the incapacity which an unfeeling world would laugh to scorn in any other profession.

The fool of the family still finds his way into the ministry—less, one would hope, of deliberate choice than of involuntary gravitation. And the evil waxes greater from day to day. No man conscious to himself of superior ability, and fired with a noble ambition, would dream of entrusting his fortunes to the icy arms of this National Church, unless he had powerful connections to support him—or, if he did, it would be in a moment of boyish enthusiasm which he might spend the rest of a thankless life in embalming with unavailing regrets.

Of course it may be said, and it is said—generally by the most smoke-dried and seared of the sons of ambition—that a man should devote himself to the work of the ministry for its own sake. This argument is sound rather in appearance than reality. The clergy, after all, are but men, and must, in some measure at least, be subject to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. Besides, in permitting, nay, even encouraging a married clergy, the Church of England lends an additional incentive to the natural desire for advancement. If a man cares little for his own prospects, he cannot be indifferent to the present comfort and future welfare of his wife and family. More than all, so long as there are prizes in the Church, it is impossible that, even in the most celestial minds, some sense of injustice should not be stirred when these prizes are conferred as now, haphazard, at the caprice of men whose sense of a candidate's merit is apt to be too closely allied with personal considerations.

Nor is it only in these respects that the Church of England as at present constituted falls immeasurably short of the ideal Church. Let us think for a moment of what has been justly called the "Comedy of Convocation." Perhaps, with less of alliteration but more of truth, it might be called a farce rather than a comedy. For does not all that is ridiculous, all that is calculated to cover religion itself with the mantle of supremest folly, culminate in this grotesque assembly? A body of men, who represent the clergy but partially, and the laity not at all, meet at stated intervals to air their turgid eloquence, knowing all the time that no particle of legislative power waits upon their decisions. What but the verbosest of professions would care thus to occupy its time? Who but those who are content to imitate the harmlessness of the dove with no blending of the wisdom of the serpent, would have the heart to go through so flat and insipid a performance? It may very possibly have been a wise stroke of worldly policy thus to give to a loquacious and influential body a safety-valve for the escape of grievances. But is it dignified on the part of the clergy to accept such a childish and humiliating compromise as is represented by a powerless Convocation? Convocation is either a legislative assembly or a mere clerical club. It is certainly not the former; and if it be only the latter, it would perhaps be well were its transactions veiled in that modest obscurity which waits upon similar debating societies elsewhere. Certainly to the impartial observer there is something sad and humiliating in the spectacle of the tamed lion of the English Church—*sans* teeth, *sans* claws, *sans* everything save constant but impotent roar.

But we have not yet enumerated a tithe of the anomalies which cripple the present usefulness and threaten the future existence of the Church of England. The natural proportion, for example, which should always obtain between wage and labour, is utterly disregarded in the division of her revenues. We do not speak here of the bishops. As long as the absurd legal fiction prevails that they are barons by tenure, and they are thus compelled to incur to some extent the expenses of peers, five thousand a year cannot be considered an extravagant remuneration. We speak of the anomalies of livings. The hard-working incumbent of a thickly-populated and miserably poor town district receives a beggarly stipend of from £200 to £300 a-year as the recompense of ceaseless toil, and to minister to the necessities of otherwise untended thousands. The portly rector of some little village draws, in many cases, on the contrary, an income of from £500 to some thousands a-year for work which in any other profession would be designated leisure.

Now such a state of affairs is, regarded ethically, a monstrosity. And what is even worse, it contributes—it must contribute—in no small degree, to sap the strength of every Church in which it prevails. It needs but the slightest knowledge of political economy to predict the ultimate fate of any institution in which it has from any cause come to be the rule that the rate of a workman's pay shall be in inverse proportion to the amount of his work. And yet such is the rule in the Church of England at this moment.

If anything further were needed to repel men of fine feeling and intellectual ability from seeking Orders, it would be supplied by the theoretical position and actual treatment of curates. Every man must enter the Church through the door of a curacy; and, as we have already said, most men remain curates many years, some till the end of their lives. Now these men are, as a general rule, the equals in birth and education of incumbents—being in fact the class from which incumbents are recruited. But what is their position and what their treatment? It is a statement not more strong than incontrovertible, that they are always theoretically and sometimes actually the serfs and thralls of the bishops. That is to say, that it needs at any moment but a word from the diocesan to withdraw the licence from a curate—to deprive him in fact of his profession—and cast him forth upon the world to starve, unless he have the good fortune to possess private means.

Now, whatever specious arguments may be adduced in justification of such a state of things, common sense and the English instinct of justice must denounce it as a crying enormity. Why, even in the army, in which for obvious reasons discipline is stricter than in other professions, it needs a court-martial, whose finding must be confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief, to cashier an officer. A barrister cannot be disbarred except by a decision of the assembled benchers. But a bishop has only to write a few informal lines on half a sheet of notepaper to ruin a man to whose opinions or practice he may chance to have taken an aversion. This is an exaggeration of despotic power which would be incredible were it not a fact.

Of course this theoretical power is to some extent subject to the practical limitation afforded by public opinion. But public opinion in the present day is not very sensitive to the wrongs of curates, and, with a certain hard worldly wisdom, is apt to exclaim on hearing of such a case: "What a fool the man was to enter the Church!" Moreover, public opinion is as often as not on the side of the bishop, being in religious matters even less impartial than in others. But neither bishops nor public opinion are infallible, and, besides, men have a natural right to be tried judicially, not sacrificed to a sudden rush of the lynch-loving populace, even with a bishop at its head.

It must be considered, too, that in addition to the actual risk of offending in an unguarded moment the bishop of the diocese, and finding himself the next morning cast out of the only profession for which he is suited, and to fit himself for which he has spent the best years of his life, and no inconsiderable capital, the curate has the ceaseless consciousness of being in a degraded position—a consciousness which can never be otherwise than galling to an honourable nature.*

For all this, it is but fair to own that the Church of England has done, and still does, no small amount of good. She has at least kept the forms of religion alive in the nation, and thrown around them the halo so dear to Englishmen of respectability and social consideration. In many cases she has done more than this. In all ages she has produced pious and learned divines, who have fed the flame of sacred virtue in many an earnest heart. And what little religion may be taught to the outcasts of nature—to those whom an evil fortune has dogged from the womb, and who, starving and persecuted, have ever been tempted to "curse God and die"—the Church of England has taught. But in the main she has, to say the least, fallen short of her duty, and is now paying and will probably ere long pay yet more fully the penalty.

Every sign of the times points to the fact that the Church of England is rapidly approaching a great crisis in her history. The movement for her overthrow is steadily gaining in vigour and dimensions. Her destruction or her reform is at hand. So much as this it needs no seer to predict. A few more years may be required to bring the crisis to maturity, but though it may be postponed, it cannot be evaded. The history of all great changes, physical or moral, however sudden they may appear, is really the history of gradual progress. For long tracts of time causes are at work, latent, silent, but steadily developing. Those whose duty it is to note them either note them not, or, noting, despise them. Then, with what seems to the vulgar a surprising suddenness, comes some stern convulsion. Old forms of nature or of convention are shivered into atoms, and a process of reconstruction commences. Thus is it at the present moment with respect to the Church of England. Every day deepens in men's minds the conviction that, as at present constituted, she cannot much longer continue to exist.

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* It is foreign to the argument to bring forward the fact that the anomalous position of curates is due not to any deliberate scheme for their enslavement, but to the peculiar circumstances to which the class owes its origin. As is well known, curates are of comparatively recent growth, and no provisions have been made to meet the exigences of their position. They are, as it were, excrescences of the Church. But it seems, to say the least, not very magnanimous on the part of the episcopal bench to take advantage of this to hold them in despotic subjection. And however such a state of things may have arisen, it is none the less an anomaly and a blot.

Either the monstrous internal anomalies which now mar her beauty and impede her usefulness must be swept away, or her present alliance with the State must come to an end.

How ripe public opinion is for a change in matters ecclesiastical has been shown most clearly in the matter of the Irish Establishment.

For years it was not heard of—it seemed in a safe if ignoble obscurity. But it needed only the voice of a leader to arouse against it the most widespread indignation and uncompromising hostility. And why? Because men's minds were ripe for such a manifestation. Because they were as tinder waiting only for the spark.

And already more than one voice has been raised in Parliament against the English Church. Thus one success begets another. And if the movement still seems weak, we must remember that the possibilities of parents become the actualities of children. The legitimate offspring of the disestablishment of the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland is the disestablishment of the English branch, unless averted by speedy and radical reform.

Already the party of Disestablishment can boast a strong body of allies within the Church itself. No inconsiderable section of the High Church party, tormented by ceaseless persecution, has expressed a wish for greater liberty of action even at the cost of connection with the State; whilst quite lately the avowed lay-leader of the Low Church party has in stronger language given vent to the same desire.

That Disestablishment would on the whole be a calamity for England, we cannot doubt. Believing as we do, that a formal recognition of religion on the part of the State, and indeed an alliance between the two, is involved in the fundamental conception of an ideal condition of society—that without this the State remains half-developed, marred, and mutilated—no longer natural, and therefore not divine—a factitious abnormity, or, at the best, mere phase of social life instead of its complete and perfect development—we cannot but regard with feelings of dismay the possibility of such a disruption. And yet, on the other hand, the anomalies that now disfigure the Church of England are so great and glaring that, unless they be removed or abated, it is hardly possible to desire with any fervour the continued existence of such an institution.

It only remains for us to point out what in our opinion should be the bases of that reformation which is required in order to enable the Church of England to rise to the measure of ideal influence. And these would seem to be as follows:

I. The consolidation and redistribution of revenues. To carry out the latter in accordance with the principles of natural justice and sound political economy, account would have to be taken of:

a. Length of Service.
β. Amount of Population.
γ. Extent of Area.

The ministers of the Church would be divided into classes in accordance with their length of service, much in the same way as at present obtains with respect to chaplains in the army and navy, and their pay would increase in the same ratio as their seniority—working clergymen of five years' standing, for example, all receiving £100 a-year, of ten years' standing £150, and so on.

To this pay would then be added a certain head-money for the souls committed to each incumbent's charge, so that the more populous his district, the greater *ipso facto* his income.

In the case of parishes above a certain area, an allowance would be made in accordance with a graduated scale, as recompense for the additional work thereby involved.

An alteration in the present boundaries of parishes and districts, so as to distribute more impartially the population, though much to be desired, would have to be undertaken very gradually in order to avoid confusion. Meanwhile the fact, that the incumbents of populous districts would always be paid in proportion to the population and area, would enable them to provide additional spiritual help in a way which is at present impossible.

II. For the spiritual government of the Church, Convocation to be restored to the position of a true representative and legislative body. Every diocese to return a certain number of members, of whom half to be laymen. Every man in possession of the parliamentary franchise to have the right of voting in these elections. This would at once conciliate Dissenters and insure the introduction of a sufficient number of liberally-minded men into the Assembly, whilst the stipulation that half of its members must be in Orders would secure a quite sufficient amount of orthodoxy in its decisions.

III. Incumbents to be elected by the suffrages of all adult inhabitants of the various districts, but when once elected not to be liable to deposition except for notorious evil living or false doctrine, and then only in due course of law.

This, it will be perceived, is an equitable compromise between the Church system of forcing, if she will, an unpalatable nominee upon a helpless parish, and the equally pernicious system by which Dissenters muzzle their ministers by holding over them the threat of dismissal. Every man has a natural right to a voice in the selection of his pastor; but on the other hand it is not well for his own soul that he should have the power to dispossess him, should he chance to speak with an unpalatable freedom.

IV. Under the revised system the existing anomalies with respect to curates would cease to exist. All clergymen would be paid in accordance with the length and hardness of their work, and all would be equally secure in their posts as well from episcopal tyranny as from congregational caprice; for—

V. In all matters relating to the temporalities of the Church, the State would be as now supreme. No clergyman would have anything to fear except in due course of law. To this end of course some less cumbrous and expensive legal machinery would have to be devised than that at present in use. But this is a matter of detail.

VI. The appointment to all offices of authority and honour in the Church to be the result of election. Just as each district would appoint its own minister, so would the clergy of each diocese appoint their own Bishop, and so on in other cases.

VII. Convocation alone to define the doctrines of the Church. Of course with a genuine Convocation there would be no longer an adequate reason for the continued session of Bishops in the temporal parliament, where, as it is, their position from day to day grows more untenable.

VIII. A Fund to be established to provide retiring pensions for clergymen disabled, either through age or sickness. This pension of course to be in proportion to length of service.

There are, no doubt, many minor provisions required to fill out this scheme; but it may suffice here to have given a general sketch of its nature. It will not improbably strike some minds as utopian. All reform seems utopian until it has been actually carried out. But there is nothing transcendental or fanciful in its main features. They only imply a recognition of the first principles of common sense and political morality, now utterly ignored in the constitution of the Church. It is a sad thing when an institution whose, *raison d'être* it is to set the world in general an example of light and symmetry and justice, should in its own organization violate the fundamental principles of each and all of these attributes. It is a sad thing when the standard of justice and common sense is absolutely lower in the Church than in the world. Such a state of affairs must provoke retribution. As at present constituted, the Church of England cannot last much longer. It has even become a question whether the time for reform is not already past, and Disestablishment an inevitable necessity. But if reform is still possible, it will have to be carried out upon some such bases as those suggested. There must be a return, in some measure at least, to ideal conceptions and great permanent principles, for the present organization of the Church of England distinctly violates almost every natural law by which institutions develope their utility and reflect the beneficence of God.

AMADEUS LOVART.

CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION.

THE inexperienced traveller who having been wearied by the repeated slow ascents and drag-wheeled descents of a tedious coach road, afterwards surveys from a neighbouring mountain the route he has pursued, may not improbably feel surprise at the inconspicuousness of undulations which, while being traversed, seemed so considerable.

The survey of the path of human social evolution from a stand-point as yet inaccessible to us, would no doubt similarly affect that estimate of the importance of his own epoch which each observer, reflecting on contemporary social phenomena, is apt to form.

Nevertheless, as in spite of the relative evenness of the world's surface as a whole, there *are* here and there exceptional conditions—sheer precipices of both ascent and descent; so history exhibits parallel phenomena which exceptionally demarcate comparatively uneventful areas.

Amidst the grassy plains of North-Western America one region has obtained the title of "*Mauvaise terre*," from the numerous furrows and depressions by which progression is again and again arrested. Further south, the great Rio Colorado has by the secular attrition of its stream worn for itself a course here and there bounded by parallel precipices descending vertically some five hundred feet or more from the level plain above, and forming the celebrated cañons of California.

The slow, secular action of social change has resulted here and there, under special conditions, in the production of more or less sudden and abrupt manifestations serving for all future time as sociological landmarks—cañons on the plain of history.

If a Greek who had watched the solemn procession of the crocus-coloured Peplus to the Parthenon on the great Panathenaic festival, or had laughed with Aristophanes at the tiresome old sophist whose moral obstetrics wearied his ears as his ugliness offended his Attic taste for beauty: or if one of the succeeding generation who having listened in the Pnyx to a philippic from the greatest orator who ever filled the Bema, consoled himself for existing political troubles, with Herodotus or with Homer—if either of these Greeks, reflecting on his surroundings, deemed himself a witness of a social culmination in art, the drama, oratory, history, and poetry, constituting his fellow-citizens the models and the teachers of mankind for thousands of years to come—he would *not* have been in error, would not have over-estimated the significance of his epoch.

A Roman who had just witnessed the decapitation of a criminal for violating the laws and defying the majesty of the state by refusing to burn incense to the Gods and to invoke the genius of the Emperor, might have reflected that the criminal was one of a class possessed by an "*exitiabilis superstitio*" and a certain "*odium humani generis*," who met together at night amidst the dead to sing "charms" and adore with magic rites a crucified malefactor represented with an ass's head, and who were so rapidly and mysteriously increasing that no citizen could feel quite sure he might not even himself be seized unwittingly by this degrading and insane superstition. Had such a Roman, so reflecting, considered his era to be one critical for the Empire, and himself a witness of the commencement of a social cataclysm, he would *not* have exaggerated the importance of the phenomena surrounding him.

A refined Florentine, revelling in the brilliancy of a reviving Platonism (which was beginning to replace what he deemed "narrow scholasticism," as the noble classical architecture was banishing the endlessly repeated details of the latest Gothic), and hospitably entertaining a Spanish Jew whom mendacious conformity had failed to screen from the jealous scrutiny of the Inquisition of 1495, and who in turn regaled his host with strange details of the plants, animals, and men brought from the lately discovered western lands to Castile, —such a Florentine, if he (considering the coincidence of the disinterment of an old world with the discovery of a new) consoled his Israelitish guest with the assurance that they were the beholders of events destined to result in the overthrow of the existing theocratic forms, would in no way have overstated the consequence and meaning of the period in which he lived.

That spectator who in 1789—when witnessing the long train of black-coated members of the "*tiers état*," preceding the plumed nobles and brilliant court on their way to the Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost before the opening of the States-General—exclaimed, "There goes the funeral procession of the French Monarchy," showed a remarkably correct appreciation of the fatal significance of the passing pageant. Not, of course, but that the conditions for the coming explosion had been slowly, almost imperceptibly, accumulating for centuries before—yet the fact of such slow accumulation in no way detracts from the truth that the end of the eighteenth century in France will be for ever memorable as the epoch of the actual occurrence of those changes which had taken so long in becoming proximately potential.

We in England (and, indeed, in Europe generally) may be said to be traversing an epoch likely to be memorable for a long period to come, and one which many deem to be as critical as, even if not more so than, either of the two periods last referred to; and this for two reasons.

First, because it may prove to be the occasion of the open and complete manifestation of latent tendencies which those two periods but imperfectly revealed.

Secondly, because present changes are distinguished from all that have gone before by their intense self-consciousness. As was well remarked by Mr. Tylor in a recent number of this Review *—"Our social science has a new character and power, inasmuch as we live near a turning-point in the history of mankind. The *unconscious* evolution of society is giving place to its *conscious* development."

To perceive that we are living in a critical epoch is one thing, to appraise that epoch and estimate its tendencies correctly, is another and a much more difficult one. No one of course can withdraw himself completely from the special influences of his age and country, however vigorous may be his will or extensive his culture; yet to estimate such phenomena correctly, and with as little bias as possible, is about the most important task to which a thinker can in these days apply his intellect.

It is so supremely important because we are all called upon to contribute to social evolution, and more or less distinctly to take sides, and of course only by rare accident can beneficial action directly result from erroneous judgments.

How easily erroneous sociological judgments may be formed by the most able and generally best informed men recent events make singularly plain to us.

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* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June, 1873, p. 72.

Those who are old enough to recollect the passing of the first Reform Bill, and have sympathetically followed the train of political ideas thenceforward popular, can hardly fail to view with amazement the more recent acts or manifestoes of advocates of Liberalism. Our comic journals were never tired of ridiculing everything military; free-trade and toleration were ideals, and in 1851 idyllic rhapsodies celebrated the speedy end of wars and the apotheoses of Watt and Arkwright.

As to religious liberty, except that feeble persecution might linger in the benighted peninsulas of South-Western Europe, it was treason to doubt its maintenance and triumphant propagation. Lord Brougham—the eloquent representative of the whole school—spoke of the "evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now *gone down the sky*," while there were few of his sympathisers but would have scouted the idea that theological conceptions could again have force to involve Europe in bloody struggles or that the advocates of any form of Christianity would be almost, if not actually, driven to defend themselves sword in hand against the oppression of their persecutors.

This falsification of such benevolent hopes, as also of the pontifical vaticinations of Auguste Comte, is a demonstration that the current liberal conception of social philosophy as applied to recent and contemporaneous phenomena was inadequate, just as the philosophy accepted at the period of the great French Revolution was proved by the event to have been superficial and delusory, and as the ideas which found expression in that most fascinating period, the early "*Renaissance*," gave no warning of dire events to come like the thirty years' war and the bloody and prolonged struggle of the League.

Social and political events being as they are the ultimate outcome of the involved interaction of most numerous, complex, and remote causes, it is evident that such causes must be sought in conditions antedating by many centuries the events we would seek to explain. This truth has been perceived and acted on by all who of late have occupied themselves with the Philosophy of History, and have, like De Tocqueville, sought to trace out such hidden connexions. No writer would any longer venture to explain the crisis of 1789 exclusively by the reigns of the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis, or that of 1688 only by the corruptions and errors of the Restoration.

The great prominence which religious questions have of late assumed is, as has just been remarked, strangely in contrast with the expectations generally prevalent before the outbreak of 1848. Now our daily press seeks again and again to impress on its readers that the fundamental questions and divisions amongst men are religious ones, while every sort of journal remarks on, deplores or exults in, the widespread process of religious disintegration, and predicts or speculates about possible reconstructions.

The very same character of religious excitation marks, however, both the French revolutionary epoch and the period of the Renaissance as well as that in which we now live; nor would it be denied by many of our more philosophical thinkers, that the most striking phenomena of these three periods are but indications of different stages of one prolonged movement, though such thinkers would differ as to the nature and tendency of the movement itself.

Three questions then seem to demand our attention.

I. The first of these is, whether in fact one spirit and tendency has or has not really animated these great movements which have marked the post-mediæval epoch?

II. The second question is, if there has been one such inspiration, what has been its true nature and character?

III. The third question is, what is likely to be the further effect of such a spirit, and is it likely henceforward to increase or to diminish?

Complex and difficult as the first question may appear at the outset, it does not seem difficult to fix upon a leading characteristic whereby to connect together, on the one hand, the period of the Renaissance with that of the Revolution; on the other, the latter event with contemporaneous phenomena.

That wide-spread break-up of definite religious systems, accompanied by a more or less marked tendency to democracy in politics which exists to-day, is generally allowed to be the expression of a spirit similar to, if not identical with, that which predominantly influenced the great French movement of the last century.

Similarly, the affected imitation of ancient Rome, the studious reproduction of classical customs which were practised by so many of the "citizens" of France, as well as by its "Senators" and "Consuls," marks a certain similarity of spirit between the revolutionary movement of the eighteenth century and the elegant and refined period of the "*Renaissance.*"

Moreover, though the last-named period was not, except more or less in Italy, avowedly anti-Christian (like the French Revolution), it was, nevertheless, speedily followed by religious disruptions which are deemed by many who heartily approve them, as but the logical precursors of that absolute negation of Christianity which has, in fact, become so widespread, in Switzerland, Germany, France, and Holland, and is now openly avowed by many of those who lineally represent the initiators of such disruptions.

One spirit then may, at least to a certain extent, be said to have influenced the course of events from the commencing disintegration of mediæval civilization down to the present day. Such, at least appears at first sight, to be the case. Further reflection may, or may not, confirm this view, and may indicate what is the true nature of that spirit.

The persistence of national characteristics, and the strange latent vitality of apparently extinct modes of thought and feeling, frequently cause surprise.

In how many respects do not the Gauls of Cæsar live to-day under the Presidency of the gallant Marshal, Duke of Magenta?

Who can fail to see in Prince Bismarck the representative of one of those Teutons who gained baptism through the sword of Charlemagne, and who in turn now seeks to replace the symbol of the Cross by the hammer of Thor, and the last relics of a Christian polity by an avowed system of "blood and iron."

In the existing Spanish Civil War between the Carlist North and the passionately democratic South with its strong infusion of Moorish blood, we see (whatever may be its result) a reproduction of the struggle between the Mohammedan hosts and those Christians who in the fortresses of the Pyrenees turned the tide of the Saracenic invasion.

In Belgium, the conflict of the sixteenth century in a modified form, still endures, and the very name of "Gueux" is now assumed by those who represent the spirit of the original bearers of that appellation.

We all recollect Gibbon's vivid picture of the complete restoration by Artaxerxes of the old religion of Persia which had lingered on in spite of an apparent interruption dating back from the Alexandrian conquest—a noteworthy instance of persistence in ancient times.

To-day, French missionaries find to their amazement that in spite of a persecution deemed exterminating, Christianity in Japan still flourishes, having been secretly handed down for generations without the aid of a single priest, and with no sacraments but Baptism and Matrimony.

If survival and revival may ensue under such circumstances, surely a system of unknown antiquity, universal in extent and eminently congenial to most men as they actually exist, may be confidently expected to possess a life of extreme tenacity and to show an increasing tendency to revival as impediments and restrictions are successively removed.

Such a system was that Paganism and Nature-worship which Christianity seemed for a time, in Europe, to have so thoroughly succeeded in supplanting.

Even, however, at that period which has by common consent been accepted as representing the culmination of the mediæval theocracy and of the purely Christian monarchy—the epoch that is of Innocent III. and of St. Louis—the spirit of Paganism was far enough from being extinct, as is evidenced to us by a multitude of local superstitions, by such institutions as the *fête des fous,* and by the wide-spread belief in, and practice of, magic rites. Nay, already it showed signs of returning strength and activity in the poetry of Provence, the legend of Héloise and Abelard, and various kindred phenomena, constituting what has been well termed* the "Mediæval Renaissance."

To this very day, according to some writers, the Baal fires of Phœnicia live in the Norwegian bonfires of St. John's eve.

The talismans against the evil-eye, so common in Naples, are almost as expressive of Paganism as the forbidden emblems, sold as late as 1790† in the neighbourhood of the rocky mound with its old round church dedicated to SS. Cosmo e Damiano.

"Even recently an oak copse at Loch Siant, in the Isle of Skye, was held so sacred that no person would venture to cut the smallest branch from it." The pilgrims at St. Fillan's well in 1791, "walked or were carried deasil (*sunwise*) round the well. They also threw each a white stone on an adjacent cairn, and left behind a scrap of their clothing as an offering." ‡

"The Carinthian peasant will fodder the wind by setting a dish of food in a tree before his house, and the fire by casting in lard and dripping, in order that gale and conflagration may not hurt him. At least up to the end of the last century this most direct elemental sacrifice might be seen in Germany at the midsummer festival in the most perfect form; some of the porridge from the table was thrown into the fire, and some into running water, some was buried in the earth, and some smeared on leaves and put on the chimney-top for the winds." In France, at Andrieux in Dauphiny, "at the solstice the villagers went out upon the bridge when the sun rose, and offered him an omelet. The custom of burning alive the finest calf, to save a murrain-struck herd, had its examples in Cornwall in the present century."§

At the Vintage Festival of the Madonna del Arco, signs of practices connected with the old Greek Nature-worship reappear in the leaf-wreathed poles brandished by youths, themselves garnished with strings of filberts on their necks and arms—their juice-smeared faces shaded by wreaths of vine-leaves.

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* By Walter H. Pater, in his "Studies in the History of the Renaissance."

† To Sir Richard Colt Hoare.

‡ Quoted by Sir John Lubbock, in his "Origin of Civilization," pp. 192 and 198.

§ See Edward B. Tylor's "Primitive Culture," vol. ii. pp. 369, 370.

It is not, however, to such mere external practices that it is here intended mainly to direct attention, but to a deeper underlying spirit. Such phenomena are patent survivals likely to long linger amidst an unlettered peasantry, the sons of the Pagani of earlier Christian times. The movements of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries sprang rather from above than from below, and the anti-Christian developments of to-day are mainly due to men of culture and education not generally intent upon a restoration of Paganism, nor consciously imbued with its spirit.

Nevertheless it is here maintained that the deep Pagan spirit with which the Aryan mind was once saturated (which shows itself superficially in the modern practices just referred to), profoundly modifies and actuates not the minds of the poor only, but of the rich and educated, who, from whatever cause, have either failed to master or who (in rare instances) having mastered have deliberately rejected Christian Philosophy and Theology. The result is the assumption of no merely negative attitude towards Christianity, but of a profound and violent antagonism to it springing from a keen, often passionate attachment to an opposed system.

It is happily very possible to attribute this antagonism in the case of many, to a narrow zeal for truth partially apprehended. The beauty, the truth, and the goodness of nature when revealed to some men with a force and vivacity new and strange, seem to them to be incompatible with the supernaturalism of Christianity.

The extreme narrowness and want of flexibility of many minds are nothing less than amazing, and the effects of "bias" have been lately well illustrated by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the pages of this Review.*

It is then little to be wondered at that when, after centuries of comparative neglect, the study of Nature was resumed with energy and passion, an accompanying depreciation of the Christian Supernatural should have manifested itself, and the wonder becomes even less when it is recollected how such revived naturalistic tendencies harmonised with one of the deepest chords in the composition of the Aryan race—the universal, ancient, and persistent worship of the powers and forces of Nature.

The chaos resulting from the break-up of the Western Empire being reduced to order mainly by the action of the Christian Church, at a period when the early germs of Natural Science had withered under the influence of the barbarian invasions—considerations relating to the next world occupied all mental activity not directly employed in ministering to the immediate and most pressing wants of this.

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* See "The Study of Sociology," chapters xi. and xii. in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May and June 1873.

The art of the Middle Ages exhibits, as it were, the petrified embodiment of this spirit. Not only cathedral, church, chapel, religious-house, and parsonage were adorned with religious symbols and imagery, but such imagery all but as exclusively decorated the cottage, the palace, and the market-place. The purity of Christian morality had accidentally resulted in the banishment of the nude, and the vigour and perseverance with which the strongest natures and the acutest intellects devoted themselves to philosophy, bore an inverse ratio to the energy with which traditional physics were almost unprofitably cultivated.

It is no difficult matter even now to realize the joyousness, the feeling of relief with which many minds must have hailed the first blossoming of that sweet artistic spring—the early Renaissance. Soon on each edifice, as if struck by a magic wand, every decorative detail, every niche and pinnacle blossoms out with a new life spreading over the architectural masses (the masses, as in St. Eustache of Paris, still continuing as before), disguising them as some fair creeper may seem to replace the proper foliage of the tree it clasps.

To appreciate the delicacy and refinement, the full charm of the great movement architecturally, we must seek it in the land of its birth—in Italy, where the Certosa of Pavia, that dream of beauty, presents us with perhaps its most perfect expression — still essentially belonging to Mediæval Christian art, yet modified by the movement to come, a maiden with the blush of an approaching revelation—Margaret for the first time essaying Faust's fatal offering of pearls.

This artistic revolution, the changed aspect of Church and Oratory must have reacted on and intensified the very movement which that change expressed. But if a mere modification in the architecture of cities had a tendency to modify men's minds, how much stronger must have been the effect of changed views as to the architecture of the universe (terrestrial and cosmical) induced by geographical, physical, and astronomical discovery!

The discovery of the New World has already been adverted to, and certainly no augmentation of knowledge in our own day—not even the revelations of spectrum analysis—can have had an effect nearly so startling. Yet even the shock of this geographical revelation must have been inferior in degree to that imparted by the uplifting of the solid earth from its foundations and the casting of it forth from its proud physical supremacy to wander through space a globe relatively insignificant—effects which must have seemed to ensue in the minds of men when they first accepted Heliocentric Astronomy.

Yet later, when the full current of physical discovery had set in and the disciples of Descartes and Bacon by diligent investigations and happily devised experiments were daily adding to the accumulated store of accurate knowledge in Biology, in Chemistry and Physics—the passionate pursuit of Natural Science grew by what it fed upon, and investigations which were begun, as Alchemy and Astrology, with utilitarian views only, were continued from pure love of and devotion to Sciences which repaid persevering enquirers with responses definite, trustworthy, and capable of reiterated verification.

The transition which took place at the period of the Renaissance was a change from a social condition in which considerations relating to a future world still, at least apparently, predominated, to one revelling and exulting in nature and in this world as it offers itself spontaneously to our senses and our intellect. Such a change must have been like that which would be induced by passing from within some grand mediæval abbey church into a modern museum. Perhaps no man could, for the first time, so pass without unjustly depreciating the merits and the beauties of the one or of the other, so great seems at first the divergence between the spirits respectively embodied in those two manifestations.

Let us enter an old English Abbey—Catherine of Arragon being still queen! The massive pillars of its nave, in long drawn series, have for five hundred years looked down on worshippers at the daily office. The successive styles of different portions of the fabric speak of the continued zeal for the beauty of God's house in successive generations of its cloistered inmates. Every window glows with colours artistically blended, revealing saintly forms. The light of day struggles in with difficulty, while here and there in deeply shaded nooks twinkling lamps burn before sacred images, and the shrine of the Patron is brilliant with many tapers. On the walls may be seen the legend of his life, his temptations, martyrdom, and miracles. Above the Rood, on the spectator's left, he sees depicted the joyful resurrection to a better life, while on his right the torments of the damned within the gaping "jaws of hell" are forcibly pourtrayed. As the monks give forth the *Magnificat* with sonorous chant, the incense rises before the lighted altar blazing with gold and jewels, and smell, in addition to sight and hearing, ministers to devotion. The daylight fades as, in the closing office of Compline, the choirboys' voices sing—"*in manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum*," and the sweet "*Salve Regina Mater Misericordiæ*" peacefully dismisses the religious to their dormitory, and the faithful to their homes. This world, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, pale before the mind of one who thoroughly sympathises with such a scene; visions of holiness, of loving self-abnegation, of celestial beauty and divine love rise up before him. Well may such a one, full of devout happiness, exclaim with heart and soul, "*Domine dilexi decorem domus tuæ et locum habitationis gloriæ tuæ.*" A mind so influenced may at first tend to appreciate but faintly the merely natural creation, and feel but scanty reverence for its forces, and a qualified admiration for its beauties.

Let us now enter a modern museum. When its multitudinous contents have been so mastered that the intellect can grasp it as a whole, what a marvellous revelation of the physical universe it offers to the intellect attuned to its contemplation!

The organic and inorganic worlds combine to present to the duly instructed mind a vision of majesty and harmony undreamed of only two centuries ago.

In its geological section, even the tertiary fossiliferous rocks speak of an antiquity compared with which the Pyramids of Egypt are but of yesterday. Majestic remains of vast creatures once living but now extinct, exercise the mind in fruitful conjectures which mentally bring back forms passed away for ever, to live again for the wonder and delight of the votaries of science. The crystalline minerals reveal innate laws of symmetry and beauty which, as it were, lend a sort of life even to inorganic nature.

In the section devoted to the illustration of the organic world as it lives around us now, we may note the harmonious organization (so fitted to its needs) of each species of animal and plant, proclaiming a nature instinct with intelligence as well as with beauty. Here also we may learn how slight differences of colour or form may protect the individual life, and what fatal effects may ensue from an apparently trifling defect of structure. Teeming nature is seen to be the mother of myriads of creatures of which but few can reach maturity, and seems to proclaim trumpet-tongued a natural gospel of happiness for the healthy, the beautiful, the strong.

The loveliest tints displayed by birds as well as their springtide melody, the blossom of all flowers as well as their sweetest perfumes, all become known to us as but subordinate agencies ministering to the great reproductive function—spontaneous tributes of organic life to Alma Venus. Such phenomena seem to combine with the evidences of the destructive and apparently cruel processes of nature to inculcate the brief lesson of the grim symbol at the Egyptian festival —"Enjoy."

But in our temple of nature it is not only the creatures of this planet which offer themselves to our scrutiny, but even portions of other spheres; and meteorolites prove to us that similar substances and similar laws to those existing in this earth, pervade regions of space, remote from and inaccessible to us.

How strongly does a nature so replete with interest, with wonder, with beauty, with pleasure and with awe, solicit the devotion of man's faculties! The courts of such a scientific temple tend to produce in not a few minds feelings of delight mingled with a quasi-religious sentiment; and when, instructed by such teaching we wander forth amidst the living products of nature, that feeling becomes intensified indeed.

Tropical scenes full of exuberant organic life are, of course, best calculated to call it forth, but even in our own land there is ample material for evoking it.

When from some smooth-browed, chalky down we, reposing amidst fragrant wild flowers and the hum of busy insect life, look down on the peaceful ocean rippling in sun-lit splendour at our feet —as we mark the sea-fowl sailing in circles with rarely flapping wing, or listen to the lark rising blithely through the summer air—how strong with many will be the impulse towards a joyous cultus of an underlying soul of which such visible beauty is the living and palpitating garment. The Great Pan lives once more, nor is Aphrodite unlikely to receive a mute and mental homage. This world is felt to be lovely and sweet indeed, and visions of exclusively terrestrial joy pass before the mind and tend to produce in it scanty reverence for the forms and but slight admiration for the beauties of Christian supernaturalism.

It is in a sense which the foregoing comparison may serve to illustrate, that the whole modern movement dating from the very first breath of the Renaissance may be regarded as being essentially a return towards Paganism—not of course (at least in the first instance) to the worship of the old Gods, but to much of the spirit which underlay that worship.

The essence of Paganism did not consist in any definite credo, or in any exclusive cultus, else how could the strange Gods of the East have found a home in the capital of the Roman Empire? The essence of Paganism consisted in a systematic contemplation of this world as it is, with a certain religiosity indeed, but without supernatural (as distinguished from preternatural) aspirations or the idea of holiness. Its religious conceptions were drawn from nature, reposed on natural phenomena, and taking nature as she is, logically resulted in rites which answered both to her joyous and to her gloomy aspects.

Before the advent of Christianity the worship of nature had for untold ages entered into the very marrow of the bones of our forefathers. The Christian Church, in spite of its apparent mediæval triumph, had on the masses but an imperfect hold, and in some countries had but the acceptance of a brief tradition from fathers on whom it had been imposed by the sword a few centuries before. What r then if, under the influences brought to bear since the year Christianity is becoming disintegrated over wide areas, and the agan sentiment reappearing like some old classical poem on face of a palimpsest from which the later mediæval superscripave been removed ?

o the Renaissance, its sympathetic historian, Mr. W. H. Pater, f observes : "One of the strongest characteristics of that out- . . . . was its antinomianism, its spirit of rebellion and revolt t the moral and religious ideas of the age. In their search he pleasures of the senses and the imagination, in their care uty, in their worship of the body, people were impelled beyond unds of the primitive Christian ideal ; and their love became ge idolatry, a strange rival religion. It was the return of that t Venus, not dead, but only hidden for a time in the caves of nusberg, of those old Pagan Gods still going to and fro on the under all sorts of disguises."*

then here contended that the whole modern movement from the ists of the Renaissance to the present day has been and is a revival ; the reappearance of a passionate love for and a desire in and thoroughly sympathize with mere nature, accompanied nore or less complete and systematic rejection of the superl, its aspirations, its consolations, and its terrors.

to this position at least two objections may be made. First, be said that many sincere and thorough Christians have been ndly imbued with a love of nature, as was especially the case he Seraphic Father, the Great St. Francis. Secondly, it may ected that the modern period has been largely religious, and e movement of the Reformation has been here unjustly and onably ignored.

the first objection it may be replied, there are two ways of and regarding nature.

rancis, the tenderly beloved and unspeakably revered father of ny saintly followers—he who was deservedly called an *alter us*—was indeed a lover of nature, and, as we read in his life, the res of the forest recognized and responded to his love by familiar ch and ready obedience ; however, he always loved the creature for the Creator ; he would address the insect as "brother fly ;" izing in it an inferior created image of the same personal God chosen servant he was. The divinity he worshipped was no istic soul in nature, but one who was his king as well as He in all things had their being. For whole days kneeling in devout plation, with tears of love he would again and again repeat with fond iteration the words, "*Rex meus et Deus meus*," as well as "*Deus meus et omnia*."

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* udies in the History of the Renaissance." By Walter H. Pater, Fellow of se College, Oxford. Macmillan. 1873.

Such love of nature is profoundly Christian, and thoroughly antagonistic to that love of it for its own sake simply, which is as profoundly Pagan. In so far as our modern poets and other artists partake of this Franciscan spirit, in so far are they in harmony at once with nature and with Christianity. But there is little doubt that the prevailing tone of sentiment has long been increasingly Pagan, until its most hideous features reveal themselves in a living English Poet, by open revilings of Christianity, amidst loathsome and revoltingly filthy verses which seem to invoke a combined worship of the old deities of lust and cruelty.

But even the most innocent and refined minds show, as might be expected, the influence of the prevailing spirit, and Pantheism exhales from the pure lines of Wordsworth, as from the endless painted repetitions of wood and water, moor and sea, which line the walls of our annual exhibitions.

As to the second supposed objection, it may be observed in reply to it, that in the movement of the Reformation two distinct currents are manifest.

One of these flowed in harmony with that previously initiated by the humanists, as its effects on the Church were simply disintegrating. In so far as it tended more or less completely to the negation of Christianity, it certainly aided the great Pagan revival, and may justly claim a place of distinction amidst the agents of such restoration.

But the other current is that with which good people in this country associate the Reformation—that, namely, by which certain remnants of dogma were drifted together in definite but unstable aggregations, labelled "Lutheranism," "Calvinism," and what not.

But this second current was a mere "backwater," and has resulted in no developments. The materials it stranded have remained stationary, or, as in Switzerland and Prussia, have utterly disintegrated, falling into and directly aiding to give impetus to the great stream of the naturalistic Pagan revival. We may not unreasonably suspect that had Luther foreseen the ultimate outcome of his biblical criticisms he would have shrunk back into his cloister and refused to aid a movement which had in no way his sympathy.

Dogmatic Protestantism, as such, is essentially anti-scientific and profoundly anti-naturalistic, proclaiming as it does, the utter depravity and helplessness of our human nature, and M. de Candolle* has recently shown how Geneva has gained its scientific eminence only since it threw off its orthodox Protestant character.

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* Histoire des Savants depuis deux Siècles, par A. de Candolle : Genève, 1873.

It may be affirmed then that Protestantism, *as* Protestantism, has had no *positive* effect, and therefore has no true place in the great humanistic naturalistic revival, in spite of the vigorous self-reliance and generous nobility of character so widely prevalent in much of the area it occupies. Its direct effects have been but negative, and it has only aided that revival in so far as it has accelerated the process of Christian disintegration.

We may now turn our attention to yet another aspect in which the movement of the last three centuries may be regarded—namely, its political effects.

In the Pagan Roman Empire, as before in Greece, the omnipotence of the State was a recognised as well as a logical doctrine. Religion in so far as non-Polytheistic was Pantheistic, as the philosophy was prevalently Monistic. The individual citizen had no sacred god-given rights to maintain, and the will or the welfare of the community rose superior to every plea which any single citizen could put forward.

It was the Jews and Christians who, for the first time, to the amazement of judges who would fain have been merciful, maintained the sacred rights of conscience, and by patient endurance, sufferings, and death, vindicated the claim of each individual—not only citizen but slave—to the freedom of a rational and responsible nature.

As the mediæval Christendom was slowly built up, not only did the rights of conscience, under the shelter and sanction of the Church, find constant recognition, but civil privileges and immunities were gained from rude feudal lords as consequences of such rights.

The Christian Church ever officially respected the rights of conscience, and however much such rights were practically disregarded in Spain or elsewhere, never claimed jurisdiction over any but her own spiritual children—*i.e.* the baptized. Jews were ever protected at Rome, and long met with a shelter there denied them in almost the whole of Christendom besides. Unlike Mahometanism, the Church never sanctioned the use of the sword for the Propagation of the Faith, though asserting the legitimacy of its use for purposes of defence.

Especially was the Church watchful against the assertion of religious authority or control on the part of the State. The religious authorities were the representatives of the people who believed in and accepted their ministrations and submitted to them their consciences, and thus our own great Martyr of Canterbury died for liberty of conscience, for liberty in religion, of the people's chosen guides against the would-be autocracy of a king who sought to lord it over the consciences as well as over the bodies of his subjects.

Coincidently with the first breath of the humanistic spirit, and increasing with the movement of the Renaissance, appeared a revival of State claims over the individual consciences of subjects, and when the destructive portion of the Reformation movement had done its work it left behind it, as a worthy monument, that monstrous rule of German legislation, "*Cujus regio illius religio*," and Paganism reappeared in the political arena.

Religious indifferentism and the rapid multiplication of sects in certain countries have for a time suspended the practical development of this worst of tyrannies, but in *theory* the evil has augmented, and is in our own day beginning to bear bitter practical fruit in Germany and Switzerland.

It has augmented theoretically, because the religious tyranny of the 16th and 17th centuries was at least avowedly based on an assertion of religious truth and a professed care for the souls of subjects. Now, however, we meet with an express negation of such motives, and the naked assertion of the State's right, *qua* State, to dictate to its subjects their religious practices and impose on them its own doctrines—the logical outcome of the philosophy in vogue.

Christians have again imposed upon them the glorious task of maintaining by self-denial and suffering the common rights of all men and the most fundamental and sacred of all liberties—the liberty to maintain, teach and propagate what they believe to be truth revealed to them by their Creator.

We come now to the third question: What is likely to be the further effect of this revived Pagan spirit, and is it likely henceforward to advance or to recede?

It is manifest at once that no one should venture to apply himself to the solution of this problem without great diffidence and an exceptionally earnest desire and determination to render scrupulous justice to views which he does not share, and to assign full weight to forces and tendencies, the actions of which conflict with his own personal desires and inspirations.

Certain classes of persons also are plainly disqualified from forming in this matter an opinion deserving any serious attention.

Thus no one can estimate the action of the opposing forces who has not entered into and more or less sympathetically made his own the spirit which animates each.

For example, no one is qualified who does not really understand Christianity, who does not comprehend what developments are really congruous with it, or accepts the crude and shallow views so widely prevalent on the subject.

Similarly no one is qualified who does not possess not only a certain scientific culture, but also a mind capable of feeling sympathy with, and pleasure at every advance of physical discovery.

Such an enquirer should have both the Theological and the Antitheological bias reduced to a minimum degree, and be capable of taking a broad view of every speculative question.

hus no one nurtured in a narrow school of Theology, and perng to mature life in that position, can hope to attain an accurate of the position, and the same may be said of anyone trained in rrow physical school, or who, with the *naïveté* of my friend Pror Huxley, thinks, apparently, to destroy Christianity from the form of physical science.

r. Herbert Spencer possesses qualities enabling him to grapple a problem with vigour and success, and it is matter of deep et that he has not thought it worth while to qualify himself for congenial task by a preliminary knowledge of Christianity. It is of course meant to imply that he does not possess the ordinary rmation with regard to it common to all men of education in this try. Such information, however, is quite insufficient for the pose, and surely far more than this might be expected from Mr. bert Spencer. As a fact, however, he gives no evidence of having ainted himself with Christian Philosophy, or with the doctrines, epts, and counsels of the Christian Church, and yet it cannot be ied that that institution has occupied and still occupies no inconrable or uninfluential place amongst the factors of social evolu. But Mr. Spencer has more or less distinctly declared himself his matter, and the wide acceptance which his Philosophy has ined on both sides of the Atlantic renders it a matter of interest nquire into the possible future of that Philosophy, in connexion the future course of the great Pagan revival.

t is by no means improbable that such revival may be carried on far greater development than it has yet attained, and assume a more distinctly religious aspect.

he human mind will never rest in the mere materialism of Strauss, n the inane worship of abstract humanity devised by Comte.

r. Spencer himself well remarks* concerning religion, that the ef that its "object-matter can be replaced by another object-matter, upposed by those who think the 'Religion of Humanity' will be religion of the future, is a belief countenanced neither by induction by deduction. However dominant may become the moral sentiment sted on behalf of Humanity, it can never exclude the sentiment, e properly religious, awakened by that which is behind Humanity behind all other things." . . . . "No such thing as a 'Religion Humanity' can ever do more than temporarily shut out the ght of a Power of which Humanity is but a small and fugitive duct—which was in course of ever-changing manifestation before manity was, and will continue through other manifestations when manity has ceased to be."

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* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1873, p. 15.

But if we may expect the evolution of a non-Christian religiosity in harmony more or less with the wants and nature of Man as we find him, in what direction may we look for such development? The deliberate invention of a new religion has been experimentally demonstrated to be a hopeless task, and the age of Myth-spinning has gone by in cultivated Europe and America.

It is not impossible, however, that a new Pagan cultus may, should its need be felt, be one day evolved in connexion with the Philosophy of Mr. Spencer himself.

It is evident that such an evolution is possible, since Mr. Spencer is indeed essentially a Brahman, and his creed Brahmanism, potentially containing a whole Pantheon of cosmical Divinities, the worship of which is not incapable of being justified to the reason and conscience of many of such as really accept his Philosophy. For Mr. Spencer is never tired of telling us that everything is some form of the Unknowable, while of this First Cause itself we must predicate nothing save bare existence; to attribute to it even intelligence and will would be, according to him, to speak derogatively of it.

Now, in Brahmanism, "Para-Brahm" "is literally an unknown God. He has no qualities, no attributes, no activity. He is neither the object of hope, fear, love, nor aversion." *

We read in the *Upanishad* as follows: "How can anyone teach concerning Brahma? He is neither the Known nor the Unknown. That which cannot be expressed by words, but through which all expression comes, this I know to be Brahma. That which cannot be thought by the mind, but by which all thinking comes, this I know is Brahma. That which cannot be seen by the eye, but by which the eye sees, is Brahma. If thou thinkest that thou canst know it, then in truth thou knowest it very little. To whom it is unknown he knows it; but to whom it is known, he knows it not." . . . . "One cannot attain to it through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. It is only reached by him who says, 'It is!' 'It is!'" †

Surely if the doctrine of Metempsychosis were true, Mr. Spencer must be no other than the author of the *Upanishad* himself reappearing in the nineteenth century! The passage quoted harmonizes remarkably with the teaching of our English Philosopher, who is no decrier of religion; but as we have seen, postulates the necessity of its existence, however modified its forms, as long as Humanity endures.

But if such views of the First Cause ever become generally diffused and popular in a country in which the instinct of worship is strong and accompanied by a cultivated taste sure to develope itself in a more or less elaborate ritual, a strange result would not be far off.

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* See James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." Trübner, 1871, p. 84.

† Op. cit., p. 117.

All things, beauty, light, sound, morality, love, justice, &c., are modes of the Unknowable—forms of Brahma. The Unknowable cannot be thought, but its *modes* can, and they are worthy of reverence, because they are ITS modes.

Mr. Spencer complains that the reverence Christians show to God is unworthy, does not properly express the extreme awe and reverence due to the Unknowable.

But the Unknowable, though not an object of direct worship, may be—nay, should be—worshipped in and through its modes.

Thus we come to a God of beauty, a God of light, a God of harmony, &c., each being a form of the Unknowable, and worthy of separate worship.

But this worship would be quite unlike that which the Christian Church everywhere pays to its Canonized members, since the subordination of these latter is fully recognized and their intercession alone sought. But the modes of the Unknowable would not be subordinate, would not be mere creatures to intercede, but coequal and independent powers, one with that of which they are modes, and therefore divine. In other words we have at once a restored Polytheism.

And indeed, in the absence of Revelation, what more worthy symbol of beneficent modes of the Unknowable could be selected for an object of worship than the Sun? Science teaches us that it is, in fact, not only the agent by which the material world around us is clothed in beauty and in joy, but even that by which alone beauty, goodness, and truth themselves are manifested to us.

For its worship some revival of antique rites might be gradually engrafted on existing forms—for the principle of continuity must be recognized and acted on—while glowing passages from the works of Professor Tyndall may well supply antiphons and suggest hymns for its ritual.

Hereafter, then, in the worship of the First Cause, not as revealed to us by His own act, but as manifested in the material world alone, we may find a fuller development of that Pagan revival which for more than three centuries has been gathering life and energy. But we shall not yet have reached its culmination.

To be logical, we must not ignore *any* side of nature which is equally in every aspect a mode of the Unknowable. If acts prompted by the devotion of a mother's love are to be reverently recognized as one mode of that which alone Is, not one bit less is the traffic of the courtesan another such mode; and if the chastisement of the assassin may claim ITS sanction, so the assassin may also equally claim it for the act on account of which he is chastised.

The Christianity which yet remains diffused amongst us, and the refinement of modern manners, render the open practice of licentious and sanguinary rites as yet impossible, but the spirit which prompted them finds in this system its complete and logical justification, as it has found in a contemporary poet its distinct lyrical expression. The tendency of the movement is to approach little by little towards this worst phase of Paganism, as the corruption of morals gradually increases, through the temporarily decreasing influence of Christianity upon the outer surface of society.

Already we hear openly advocated the murder of the unborn, the sick, the suffering and the old, as well as self-murder. Free-love has not only its advocates but its avowed votaries, and a hatred of marriage and the family is one of the sentiments common to those political enthusiasts who claim for themselves, *par excellence*, the title of "advanced."

When such views come to be mastered and accepted by many of those who adopt the religious system here sketched, they will doubtless powerfully reinforce but also strongly affect the religious system itself—possibly even its ritualistic expression. Thus the revived Paganism of the future may be as calculated to startle the Rationalist of to-day, as the revived Paganism of to-day would have startled a Reformer of the time of Luther.

It remains to consider the effect on Christianity of the further development of the great movement we now witness, and to endeavour to predict the result of the renewed conflict between such a modified Christianity and a so revived Paganism.

For this there is no space in the present article.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

THE STATESMAN TURNED THEOLOGIAN.

Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe. From the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent. By John Earl Russell. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1873.

Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism. By The Duke of Somerset, K.G. James Bain. 1872.

"*Ecce Homo.*" By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Strahan & Co. 1868.

The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll. Strahan & Co. 1870.

Why am I a Christian? By Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, P.C., K.G., G.C.B. Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

IT is a remark of Lord Bacon's often quoted that religion and government are the only two subjects worthy the attention of a wise man. They embrace together the whole circle of speculation and duty. Under one or both of them must be correlated almost every science. They are so related to each other that it has never been possible in the history of the world to separate them. Religion is a power which asserts its existence in every state. It is either hostile to government and requires to be controlled, or it is auxiliary and requires to be protected and nourished. A statesman may be irreligious, but he cannot be indifferent to religion. The study of it is part of the study of politics.

Some of the authors whose books we have mentioned write expressly as statesmen, and with a special cognizance of the influence of religion and religious parties for good or evil on the state. Earl Russell's chief object seems to be the advocacy of unlimited toleration, which means secular education for all children and the utmost freedom of thought and speech for the whole nation. The Duke of Somerset mentions as one of the present evils of our differences that "religious education is impeded and the wisdom of Parliament perplexed." Viscount de Redcliffe laments "the prevalence of a distemper which seems in its progress to imperil the settlement both of Church and State."

It is not, however, mainly from a political standpoint that any of these authors treat Christianity. They have each for themselves a life-and-death interest in the subject. They represent the spirit of inquiry which at present is everywhere at work, and each is making his own contribution according to his ability towards the solution of the great questions which at present disturb the theological world. Two of these writers—Earl Russell and the Duke of Somerset—have met but little favour at the hands of the clergy and what we may call the religious world. The clerical mind has a natural dislike to inquiry. From the very nature of their office the clergy must be conservative. Those who have to teach the multitude must deal mainly with things of the truth of which they feel assured. The habit of deep questioning seems to unfit a man for the ordinary duties of a clergyman. He must speak positively and dogmatically. A little mystery is rather a help than a hindrance. He lives best in the atmosphere of authority. This ought not to be the normal condition of the minister of the Christian Church, but so far as history or experience reaches it seems ever to have been the condition. It is, therefore, of great importance to theology as a science that we get the help of men who do not hold a brief for any previously defined set of opinions. Their judgment is likely to be free from any motives of self-interest, and the chances are at least fewer of their being biassed by education.

The books of these five authors have each a very distinct individuality. There are few things in which they are agreed, in fact the views of Christianity set forth by them are very different. There are only two points in which we have marked a general agreement. The first is negative. They advocate none of the follies which have made great bodies of our clergy a reproach to the intelligence of England. They are all rational to the extent of excluding the subjects which generally form the chief part of ordinary sermons. Reason is preferred to authority, and conscience is never overawed by mystery. Even Viscount de Redcliffe, the most orthodox of them all, accepts Augustine's words that "what we now call the Christian religion existed among the ancients," as applying to the Pagans, maintaining that Christ's doctrines are identical with those which the human conscience had previously recognised.

The second point in which they are all agreed is in regarding

Christ's words as the light and the life of men. All that was known to the ancients shone in Christ with a lustre that has never been dimmed. Whatever becomes of historical Christianity, of arguments from miracles or prophecy, the life and the lessons of Jesus are regarded as a stream of spiritual strength that will enrich the world for all time. Earl Russell quotes and endorses what the late Dean Milman said in his "History of Latin Christianity," that "the words of Christ and His words alone, the primal, indefeasible truths of Christianity, should not pass away," but that rather their meaning will become brighter and fuller as men progress in science and civilization. The Duke of Somerset says "that when we survey the great results, we see the divine and beneficent influence of Christianity impressed in indelible characters on the annals of the world, the words said to have been spoken by Jesus on the shores of the lake, on the slope of the mountain, or in his journeyings through Palestine, fermented in the human heart, stirring the deepest feelings and kindling the aspirations of mankind. They did undoubtedly convulse the world, and change the whole fabric of human society, supplying a new basis for civilization, a new framework for human thought, and a new motive for human actions. The early history of Christianity may be in many respects inaccurate, exaggerated by credulous devotees, and even falsified by legendary traditions, but some divine and indefeasible truths must be contained within its doctrines. These could not have lived through so many centuries,—spread through such various forms of civilization, if they had not their undying roots in the heart of man."

Earl Russell's book might be described on one side as a history of dogma, that is, a history of human opinions concerning Christianity or of human definitions of the doctrines of Christianity. The original doctrines of the gospel are set forth in their simplicity, and the object is to set aside the authority of the dogmas which have been the cause of all the intolerance, bigotry, and persecution which have sunk the professedly Christian world almost to the level of Paganism. Earl Russell takes his motto from Dr. Jortin, that Scripture is the only rule of faith, and that "there is no other certainty than this, no other centre of unity than this." The motto indicates the whole argument. Scripture simply as it stands, without interpretation, is to be the rule of faith. Of the truth of the principle as opposed to those who rely on a living authority, or who lose themselves in the bewilderment of tradition, we have no doubt. Whatever else in our modern Christianity is to be swept away, we must have done with the whole system of Church authority, whether vested in Fathers, Popes, or Councils. We must at least go back to the Scripture alone.

But here two questions arise which Earl Russell has not discussed. The discussion of them may have been beyond the scope of his book, which does not profess to be exhaustive on the theological side. But they must be discussed at some time and by somebody. The first concerns the origin, the authority, or the nature of the authority, of the sacred books. The second concerns the application of reason to the Scriptures. We cannot understand Scripture without understanding it. Its meaning to us must be that which it has to our reason.

On the first question we do not at present care to enter. As to the second, Earl Russell seems to us to condemn the normal use of reason in the study of theology. He calls the theology of the Fathers and the Schoolmen a compound of Plato, Aristotle, and Christ. But if reason cannot be excluded as a factor in the interpretation of Christianity, how do we know that Plato and Aristotle can be excluded? These two philosophers represent the reason of the ancient world, that reason to which Christianity appealed, and on which it depended for the apprehension of its meaning. If the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, or that commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius be fairly drawn from Scripture by the exercise of reason, their authority must be the same as that of Scripture. We must reason if we are to put a meaning on anything which is addressed to us. The error of the Fathers and the Schoolmen was not in making use of the speculations of Plato and Aristotle. Christianity did not forbid speculations concerning the nature of God and His relations to the universe. These speculations may have been true, or if not they were still exercises of the reason which tended to give it strength and purity. The error began in supposing that these speculations which were only inferences of imperfect reason were absolute truth. The Church decreed as dogmas necessary to salvation propositions which were only the reasonings of fallible men. This is true not merely of the Church of Rome, which professes infallibility, but of all Protestant Churches which regard their scholastic creeds as constituting Christianity.

Earl Russell has clearly marked out the great defection of modern Christianity in substituting articles of belief for a righteous life. He has traced the history of Christianity from its first commencement as a living spirit of love to God and man, until it became encrusted with dogmas. It is easy to notice this transition. It is easy to trace its history, and to declare definitely that it is the great error of the Christianity of the present day. But that which is really difficult to do Earl Russell has not done. He has not shown how Christianity can exist without intellectual conceptions of its meaning, or if it cannot, how we are to hold these conceptions without regarding them as absolute truths. In other words, we do not know how we are to avoid the error into which most Christian churches have fallen. For instance, Earl Russell tells us that the religion of Christ has three main foundations:—(1) God is a Spirit, Maker of heaven and earth; (2) Christ was sent from God, and revealed to man the message of God; (3) Christ died for mankind. Now nothing could be easier than to maintain that there are other "main foundations." Under the second article, for example, it might be maintained that Christianity does make a revelation concerning the relation of Christ to God. This relation is not only something very important to know, but it is as clearly revealed that Jesus is the Word or Wisdom of God, and that that Word or Wisdom is in some sense very God as it is revealed that God is a Spirit. Moreover, how Christ could be God is a matter not more incomprehensible to us than how God is a Spirit. The three propositions which Earl Russell calls the main foundations of Christianity, are as much dogmas or articles of belief as the propositions in the three creeds or the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion. And the same objections which might be made to the propositions in the creeds and the articles, might be made to those three "main foundations" of the Christian religion. The most that can be said of any of them is that they are inferences made by the intellect from what is supposed to be taught in the Scriptures.

In strict reasoning only three theories of Christianity are possible. The first is that of taking dogmas on trust, without the exercise of reason, but leaving all to the authority of the Church. The second is that of trusting to the authority of Scripture regarding it as infallible. In this case we must reason and admit that our inferences even as to primary facts and doctrines will be uncertain, or we may refuse to reason and receive the Scripture simply as an unintelligible book. The moment we interpret it we make dogmas, definitions, intellectual conceptions. If neither of these theories will meet the facts, there is another. We may regard Christianity as a free spirit breathed into the world, an impulse to that which was already in the reason and the conscience of man—an ideal of perfect goodness realized in Christ. In this view the understanding of Christianity must have been imperfect from the beginning. The very language in which it was first clothed was human, and as incapable of expressing the greatness of the ideas as the mind was of grasping them. The Gospel did not come in carefully defined sentences. It was first preached in parables and by metaphors. It was as Frederick Robertson says,—"A Divine poetry, overflowing with truth, truth too large for accurate sentences." The kingdom of nature was employed to shadow forth its meaning. The Duke of Argyll says,—"No verbal definitions or logical forms can convey religious truth with the fulness or accuracy which belongs to narratives taken from nature." "We must," said Edward Irving, "speak in parables, or we must present a wrong and deceptive form of truth, of which choice the first is to be preferred, and our Lord adopted it. Because parable is truth revealed not demonstrated, and as the eye of the understanding grows more piercing, the veil is seen through, and the truth stands revealed." Christianity is a revelation of which the truths revealed are perceived by the heart, and the highest work the intellect has to perform is to perceive that it cannot perceive them, that all its definitions are imperfect, and therefore requiring continual revision. This in substance agrees with Earl Russell's conclusions, that Christianity is love rather than belief, a life rather than a creed.

The Duke of Somerset's book is unlike Earl Russell's in many things. It is more thorough in dealing with principles. It is less reverent, more sceptical, and more dogmatic in its scepticism. We use the word scepticism in a good sense, especially as applied to Earl Russell. We object less to some of the Duke of Somerset's conclusions, than to the tone in which he announces them. We do not like, for instance, such an expression as "the Scripture furnished the devil with his credentials," or where the subject is the present unbelief in diabolic possessions, such words as "the devil and his works have been renounced in a more peremptory manner than the Catechism requires." This is not the spirit in which any religious question ought to be treated. Even granting that there is no personal evil spirit, there must have been a truth underlying the popular belief, and this truth is likely to be missed when the subject is approached in the spirit which these passages indicate. The mere fact that there are so many questions utterly beyond the reach of our faculties, is a sufficient reason for a reverent treatment of every belief that has been widely received.

We have said that the Duke of Somerset is more thorough than Earl Russell in the discussion of principles. He lays down without reservation the rule that we must "apply to the records of revealed religion the same spirit of investigation which has already re-opened sources of history, and extended the domain of science." To this principle we entirely subscribe. But the application of the principle does not require the whole of the Duke of Somerset's conclusions. He is determined to assault St. Paul and to impeach the accuracy of some of the books of the New Testament, as if this were necessary for the vindication of the principle of free inquiry. We see no foundation for the theory that St. Paul was the first corrupter of Christianity. If we take due notice of the character of St. Paul's mind, and make proper allowance for the kind of learning in which he was trained, for his love of fanciful allegories and the Rabbinical character of some of his arguments, we shall not find that his theology is materially different from that of the four gospels. If we suppose St. Paul to have been infallible, we shall of course be compelled to adopt his views of doctrine as the just expression of the doctrines of Christ. But we are forbidden to do this by the difficulty at the very threshold which declares it impossible in many cases to ascertain St. Paul's meaning. If we suppose him fallible, then his doctrines must be interpreted in the sense in which we understand Christ's doctrines. Whenever there is a difference, real or apparent, that difference will be regarded as due to St. Paul's intellectual conception, and as having no more authority than any other dogma or defined article of faith.

But we do not believe that St. Paul differs essentially from Christ. If allowance is made for his illustrations—that is if they are not overstrained so as to make the illustrations the things illustrated, St. Paul's doctrine will be found to agree with that of Christ. On this subject, Earl Russell is much to be preferred to the Duke of Somerset. "It has been said," he writes, "that as St. Paul was the Apostle of Faith, St. John was the Apostle of Love. But this is not the true distinction. St. Paul said that all the Commandments were condensed in this: 'Love one another;' and when he said 'These three, Faith, Hope and Love,' he added, not the greatest of these is Faith; but the 'greatest of these is Love.'" Here, on the very ground of what the Duke of Somerset calls one of the most prominent tenets of Christianity, St. Paul is at one with Jesus. Love to man is placed before all knowledge and all mysteries, and much as St. Paul delighted in deep speculations, every careful student of his Epistles must see that he valued them only as they served to enforce the chief precepts of the law of love to God and love to man. We have no hesitation in admitting that St. Paul owed a great deal to the Septuagint version of the Scripture, where it differs from the Hebrew, to the Apocrypha, to Philo and the Hellenistic Jews. But we do maintain, notwithstanding the introduction of many things which were due to the philosophical ideas of the time that all the writers of the New Testament are agreed in preferring love to faith, and a righteous life to an orthodox creed.

The Duke of Somerset's fundamental error is his misunderstanding of St. Paul's theology. We do not believe that St. Paul's mind was haunted with "visions of an angry God demanding from the feeble, half reasoning beings whom He has created an atonement for their imperfections." If there is anything in St. Paul's writings which seems to indicate vindictiveness in the Deity, we have a right to say that he is not stating a complete or absolute truth, but is only employing the language and ideas of his time and country. It is true that he does often seem to use the word sacrifice in its first and most literal meaning. This is one of the perplexing things in his Epistles, but the perplexity is due to the many and varied senses in which the word had been used. We have no right to say that St. Paul's mind was not divested of all improper or degrading ideas that may have been connected with sacrifice when he spoke of the sacrifice of the cross. The word sacrifice may originally have meant appeasing the gods, but it was so far divested of this meaning in the days of Hosea that he speaks of offering to God the calves of the lips. The writer of the most sacrificial book in the New Testament—the Epistle to the Hebrews—echoes the words of Hosea when he says, "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name." If we refuse to allow an extreme doctrine to be drawn from some of St. Paul's misunderstood illustrations, we should much more prevent him being misinterpreted when the object is to prove him the great corrupter of Christianity.

We believe the Duke of Somerset to be entirely wrong in ascribing to St. Paul the doctrine that matter is by nature evil. The explanation of evil given by Plato was generally received by all the philosophers of that age. Plato's language and his ideas are often vague and indefinite enough in his own writings, and still more vague and indefinite with his disciples in the schools of Alexandria. St. Paul writing on the same subjects could scarcely avoid using the Platonic terms, but it does not follow that he must have used them in the same sense as those who traced to matter the origin of evil. He speaks of the flesh and the spirit as antagonistic powers, but he is evidently speaking of them as representing the principles of good and evil, and not as identical with them. The doctrine ascribed by the Duke of Somerset to St. Paul was held in a definite form by the Gnostics whose principles St. Paul refutes in many parts of his Epistles. They regarded the flesh as unclean, but St. Paul set honour upon all the works of nature, regarding them as the works of God. The relations of earthly life were impure to the Gnostics, but they were pronounced holy by St. Paul. The whole doctrine of the New Testament writers on this subject was so essentially different from that of the prevalent philosophy that it formed the ground of a great controversy between the Christians and the Philosophers. The Neo-Platonists believed it impossible that anything divine could come in contact with the flesh. The central Christian idea on the other hand was the Incarnation of the Son of God. St. John was only teaching Neo-Platonism in the beginning of his Gospel till he came to the words,—"The Logos was made flesh." Then came the stumblingblock to Plato's Alexandrian disciples. Celsus, who is called an Epicurean philosopher, but whose arguments are those of a Neo-Platonist, taunted the Christians with believing that the Eternal Logos had become incarnate in a wretched man who had been crucified on a cross. Origen, who had come over to Christianity from the philosophers, and still retained a great deal of his philosophy, defended against Celsus the Christian doctrine of the incarnation of the Divine Word.

This misinterpretation of St. Paul's doctrine of matter is the least pardonable error in the Duke of Somerset's book. But we have also very grave objections to his interpretation of St. Paul's view of faith. This subject we admit to be a very difficult one. There is scarcely a view of Christianity that can be taken in which this word faith can be put in a clear light without apparently doing violence to the obvious meaning of some texts. Indeed a right view of faith would imply a right view of Christianity. Some of the persons on whom Jesus wrought miracles were commended for their faith before the miracles were wrought. They believed in His power to heal, and it was done unto them according to their faith. But in another place it is said, "These things were done that they might believe;" and Jesus tells those who saw His works to believe for the very works' sake. The first inference from this would be that a view of faith is not to be taken from only one use of the word. It is true that in St. Paul's Epistles the use of the word faith is very perplexing, and this is only another lesson for us to beware of imposing our definitions or our inferences as if they were absolute truth. St. Paul never discusses systematic theology. The meaning of any word which he uses must be found, if it can be found at all, from the way in which he uses it in different places. "Sometimes," says the Duke of Somerset, "St. Paul uses faith in the simple sense of belief, sometimes faith means obedience to the divine will. Sometimes the word signifies the Christian religion in the sense which he attached to Christianity." Again, "faith is a divine grace given only to Christians; while in other passages faith has a more mysterious sense, and must be interpreted to mean a spiritual union with Christ." It is added that in the Pauline theology faith is the centre round which the whole system revolves and by which it is held together. But to find what this faith is is the perplexity to be removed.

The Duke of Somerset shows considerable penetration in his remarks on this subject. He has evidently thought over it carefully and honestly, and yet we think he has missed the right conclusion. He wants to fasten on St. Paul the origin of that dogmatic theology which Earl Russell finds in the Fathers and the Schoolmen, which ended in subordinating love to belief and a moral life to a speculative creed. He shows that this kind of faith is rapidly losing its hold over the minds of men. This he calls the natural result of education and inquiry. The inference is that faith is credulity, and to be found only among the uninquiring and uneducated. It is not to be denied that St. Paul often uses faith in the sense of belief, and sometimes seems to make salvation to depend on it. But in the face of the different views of faith which the Duke of Somerset finds in St. Paul's Epistles it is surely not warranted to fix on this one because it alone will serve the object proposed. Faith, says the Duke of Somerset in conclusion, has "one unassailable fortress to which she may retire—faith in God." This he identifies with the theology of Christ, and asks, in the climax of his argument, "Is faith in God the faith which Jesus taught? or is Christian faith more complex in its manifold requirements?" Here Christian or Pauline faith is still assumed to be merely dogmatic belief. But how the one "fortress" remains after the others are taken away is not explained. To believe as an intellectual proposition that there is a God is quite as difficult as to believe many other things respecting the nature of God and His relations to man. If it is to be believed on the ground of reason, there are other beliefs quite as reasonable. If it is to rest on authority, we have as good authority for other matters of faith. The conclusion to which the Duke of Somerset ought to have come is that there are kinds of faith which have no merit—that the faith required and commended in the New Testament is a faith which has its value in the disposition of the person believing. In the words of the author of "Ecce Homo," "Faith is an instinctive loyalty to goodness." The highest form of it is the consciousness of personal union with the Deity, such as gives reality to that which is invisible according to the old Hebrew saying quoted by Philo and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which makes it "the evidence of things not seen."

This faith becomes identical with love. It is that which produces the highest and most disinterested love, and which cannot be conceived as existing without fruit. This is obviously not the faith which St. Paul describes as not the highest of the Christian graces. It is not that of which St. James speaks when he says of the devils that they believe and tremble. It is a state rather than an act, but a state which may be the result of acts. The continual cultivation of this "loyalty to goodness" may result in the perfect consciousness of the reality of the unseen. It is by faith as a right disposition that a man is justified, and in its higher form of consciousness of union with Deity, he feels and knows that he is justified. Christianity, therefore, even including Pauline Christianity, does not make intellectual conceptions the object of faith. It is not chargeable with the dogmas that have been added by theologians, nor is it responsible, as Earl Russell rightly maintains, for the persecution of heretics and unbelievers. That began in later times. History first shows it prominent at the Council of Nice, when "the test of faith" was not love to God and our neighbour, but "metaphysical doctrines, inculcated by sophistry and defended by unintelligible argument," when for the command that all men were to be loved, was substituted "the precept that men who were mistaken in their arguments and wrong in their conclusions, according to the prevailing opinion, were to be hated, proscribed, and punished."

That there are difficulties connected with faith in Christianity it is useless to deny. These difficulties, as Bishop Butler said, may be part of our probation. The great thing required of us may be integrity in all our inquiries. We should have a fixed resolution never to receive a feeble argument, though it seems to make for our side. Like a mistake in an addition column in arithmetic, it may seem at first sight to be to our advantage, but we may depend on it as a certainty that it will stand against us in the end of the reckoning. Accuracy and honesty are the only helps that are wanted for any good cause. Christianity is such a cause, and though we believe the Duke of Somerset is wrong in some details of the reckoning, yet he is right in his larger principles. We repeat his words, "Who can doubt that, whenever Christianity is more fully understood these difficulties will be removed?" The pressing difficulty at the present hour is that which gives Divine authority to definitions of doctrines made by fallible men and which threatens everlasting fire to those who cannot receive a chain of metaphysical reasoning not always intelligible even to intelligent men. It would be a great point gained for Christianity to be able to show that even the most correct views of doctrine are subordinated to the great demands of the moral law.

In saying this we do not mean that personally we object to a single clause relating purely to doctrine in any of the three creeds. What we advocate is that Christianity should be considered as independent of any of the definitions which these creeds contain, that no man shall be bound to their words, which are but the words of men, as if they were the words of God. The ordinary plea is that the Church has a deposit of faith, and that this faith is necessary for the root of the Christian life which is but the fruit. The whole statement is a fallacy resting on ambiguous words and an abuse of figures of speech. If the Church has any faith committed to it, it can only be that which the Scripture sets forth and as the Scripture sets it forth. Every interpretation of Scripture—every inference from Scripture is made by reason, and is therefore fallible. To make out the contrary the Church must pretend to authority to interpret Scripture, and this pretence can never be established. Whatever be the nature of Christ's perpetual presence with His Church, it can never be proved that that presence gives authority to Councils to make creeds, and to anathematize and proscribe those who refuse to believe them. Christ's Church is not bishops and clergy met in Councils to make dogmas, but those who are animated by His Spirit, and who regulate their lives by His precepts.

Earl Russell notices that the centurion whose faith Jesus commended was probably a Pagan. He was not required to believe that "the Father is God, and the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God; and yet they are not three Gods." He was not cautioned about the danger of confounding the persons and dividing the substance. To the scribe, who said that keeping the moral law was more than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices, Jesus answered, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Many of the philosophers who did not embrace Christianity vied with the Christians in the purity of their lives. It is impossible to read the life of Plotinus without feeling that he was more truly in the kingdom of God than many who were Christian in name. Earl Russell says, "The purity of Paulus Æmilius and Marcus Aurelius may vie with the charity and benevolence of Gregory the Great." Paula and her daughter are matched by Volumnia and Cornelia, while the fortitude of Agatha and other female martyrs of the Christian Church finds its parallel in the sublime phrase of Arria—"It does not hurt, Pætus." On the other hand, the perversion of the moral sense by those who held the Catholic faith in the integrity of the Church's "deposit" has been as great as in the Pagan world. "Never," says Dean Milman, "in the history of man, were the great principles of justice, the faith of treaties, common humanity, so trampled under foot as in the Albigensian war. Never was war waged in which ambition, the consciousness of strength, rapacity, implacable hatred, and pitiless cruelty played a greater part." This was the prototype of the wars of the Church against subsequent heretics. The monk who records the atrocities of the siege of Berniers, says, "Our people put to the sword all whom they could find, slaying them with fire and sword. For which blessed be the Lord, who delivers to us some of the wicked, although not all." After quoting this passage, Earl Russell adds, "Such was the religion of Christ, as explained by the monks." The logic was inexorable, that if not to believe the Catholic faith was to perish everlastingly—it was better that there should be a wholesale extermination of heretics than that they should be suffered to propagate their heresies among those who believed as the Church wished them to believe. The heretics who were put to death may have been mistaken in many points of faith, yet they certainly had more of the Spirit of Christ than those who persecuted them.

Mr. Gladstone's book is a plea for free inquiry from the orthodox side and a vindication of the method pursued by the author of "Ecce Homo." That method was to begin with Christ's humanity, and from that proceed to establish His Divinity, or at least to try if, in this way, the transition was possible. If Christ's Divinity were established, the divine origin of Christianity would be established at the same time. But the proof of Christ's Divinity is difficult if we set aside authority. The necessities of free inquiry demand a beginning with facts that are within the reach of examination. Such facts we have in Christ's humanity. From these we may make inferences which tend to prove that Christ was Divine. Mr. Gladstone, as a believer in Christ's Divinity, has his fears that "if this doctrine is not received there can be no definite Christianity left. The Church for centuries has regarded this as the central dogma of the Christian faith. If we do not receive the authority of the Church as at least a commentary on the teaching of Scripture, that opens up the whole question of the meaning of Christianity." This is just what is done, and is required to be done, by the method of inquiry which is now received. In the Duke of Somerset's words, already quoted, we "must apply to the records of revealed religion the same spirit of investigation which has already re-opened the sources of history and extended the domain of science."

This is no new conflict. It is but the old question of the provinces of authority and reason. From every other field but theology authority has been expelled. Here it is supposed to have its rightful sovereignty. The author of "Ecce Homo," and indeed all liberal Christians, believe it possible to receive Christianity as a divine revelation without the necessity of falling back on authority. They believe that the spirit of inquiry which has been fruitful in other regions will be fruitful here also. Mr. Gladstone does not set aside authority, but he is not afraid of the spirit of investigation. He finds that the method adopted by the author of "Ecce Homo" corresponds to the method followed in the New Testament of revealing the Divinity of Christ after the humanity. Jesus first appears as a messenger from God. In the synoptical gospels there are mysterious intimations of His Divinity. In the fourth gospel it is manifest. The same method is traced in the discourses of Jesus. The great Christian ideas are not given forth simultaneously, but gradually, and in a studied order. The full splendour and majesty of Christ are in the background, and the disciples are taught such lessons as at different times they are able to bear. Mr. Gladstone knows that in the history of the Church the great truth of Christ's pure humanity has often been lost or overshadowed by the mind being kept too close on the doctrine of His Divinity. "That Divinity of His," Frederick Robertson once said, is "the fatal key by which we unlock all mysteries, and thus lose the precious humanities of His heart and life." Christ's humanity is nearer to us, is more within our comprehension, and concerns us quite as much as His Divinity. His human life reveals the same upward path which we have to tread, from feebleness to strength, from ignorance to knowledge, and from imperfection to the All-perfect. A reverent study of Christ's humanity might lead to a better apprehension of His Divinity, and instead of the hard dogma of Ecclesiastical Councils and scholastic theology, it might be found a living and a life-giving truth.

The author of "Ecce Homo," speaking of Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness, says, "We are to conceive Him, therefore, as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers." After quoting this passage, Mr. Gladstone adds, "such words may, at the first sight or hearing, send a chill through the blood of some. It is so far *now* to travel back from the glory of His triumph and His reward, His everlasting Priesthood and government in heaven, to the dark, and depressed career, and to the earliest and most depressed stages of the depressed career on earth. But if He did not despise the Virgin's womb, if He lay in the cradle a wailing infant, if He exhausted the years of childhood and of youth in submission to His mother and to Joseph, if all that time He grew in wisdom as well as in stature, and was ever travelling the long stages of the road to a perfection by us inconceivable; if, even when the burden of His great ministry was upon Him, He has Himself told us that His divine power was placed in abeyance, so likewise a bound was mysteriously set upon His knowledge—what follows from all this? That there was accession to His mind and soul from time to time of what had not been there before; and that He was content to hold in measure, and to hold as a thing received, that which, but for His humiliation in the flesh, was His without limit, and His as springing from within. And if so, might it not well be, that in this crisis of the temptation, when His normal use of miraculous power had not yet begun, the wicked suggestion to abuse it might give rise to a void consciousness in His mind, such as had not been there before? So considered, perhaps, this declaration is really within the limits marked out by the Sacred Text itself, where it tells us that Christ was straitened in spirit at the view of the baptism that He was to be baptized with, until it were accomplished; and that His soul grew heavy, and sorrowful, even unto death, as the dread image of the Passion came upon His nearer view, and thus the revulsion in our minds, upon the first perusal of such words, will have been a proof, not of their irreverent use, but of our too narrow acquaintance with the great truth of our Lord's humanity, and will itself have been a discipline for which we have to thank our author."

The Duke of Argyll, we might also describe as writing, like Mr. Gladstone, from the orthodox standpoint, and yet in favour of rational inquiry. "The Reign of Law" relates more to natural religion, as it called, than to revelation. But the order which is visible in nature is traced also in Christianity. Belief in the supernatural is identified with belief in the existence of God. Supernatural working is not contrary to law, or in disregard of law. M. Guizot has said that belief in the supernatural is the special difficulty of our time, and is the form taken by all modern assaults on Christian faith. The Duke of Argyll answers that Christianity is supernatural only in the sense that God is its Author. "The intellectual yoke," he says, "involved in the common idea of supernatural, is a yoke which men impose upon themselves. Obscure thought and confused language are the main source of difficulty." The Divine mission of Christ on earth implied the necessity of the use of means to an end. Many passages in the New Testament plainly indicate the universal reign of law in the moral and spiritual, as well as in the material world. Theologians are generally suspicious of this doctrine, and yet, as the Duke of Argyll shows, all systematic theology is built upon it.

Viscount de Redcliffe's treatise is of a humbler character than the other books we have noticed. It is neither profound in argument nor diffuse in learning; but it has a peculiar interest as exhibiting the religious convictions of an earnest, intelligent, and practical man. It is written confessedly with reference to the prevailing spirit of inquiry. The author does not wish to annihilate this spirit; but he fears that it is often rash and irreverent. He is conscious at the same time that it is frequently goaded into extravagance by the follies of such defenders of Christianity as "the members of Convocation," and those "whose spiritual faith is starched into outlines of substance by retributive forms and damnatory creeds." Viscount de Redcliffe regards the "broad foundations" on which Christianity rests as carrying with them "an overwhelming conviction of its truth." Scepticism rests on the difficulties of those who see "a camel in every gnat, a mountain in every mole-hill." A more comprehensive view of the landscape he thinks would give a juster estimate of the microscopic character of the difficulties in the way of faith.

Along with some good remarks with which we entirely agree, Viscount de Redcliffe gives some reasons for faith which we do not think of any weight, and advocates some positions which are not tenable. The grounds given for belief that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah are sixteen. The first is "the probability of an after revelation, deducible from the imperfect nature of man, and the relation in which he stood from the beginning towards his Almighty Creator." Whatever validity there may be in this reason, and we confess we do not see any, it surely ought not to have been put in the front of the battle. If addressed to Jews it might, perhaps, have a meaning, but addressed to sceptics it assumes the very thing which they deny, viz., that the record of the origin of man in the book of Genesis is to be taken for a literal history. The Viscount argues from this history as if there were no question of its being authentic. He even adduces for the truth of the Scripture record of the deluge, such exploded arguments as traces of a flood or floods being found in every country. The second reason is "the manifest want as proved by later circumstances of such a revelation." We do not think this reason of any more validity than the first. The want of a thing is no evidence of its being given. We are in greater darkness at present than we like to be, but this is not an argument that light will come suddenly, or in any other way than that of gradual discovery, even if it should come at all. We are not judges of the measure of light which it may please the Divine Being to give us, or which may be suitable for our present circumstances. Another of the Viscount's reasons is Christ's miraculous powers. This might be valid if some other things were proved; but it cannot be put in the foreground as proof. The evidence that Christ wrought miracles at all only comes to us at second-hand. The argument is not of great service which depends on the history of transactions that took place eighteen hundred years ago. The subject of prophecy also requires wider treatment. In giving his reasons for faith, Viscount de Redcliffe does not seem to have sufficiently weighed the force of the objections from the other side.

We have read the five books mentioned at the head of this paper with great interest. Every student of religion must be thankful for them as the honest expressions of sincere men with very different views of Christianity, and yet all agreeing that in some way Christianity is an unveiling of God to the mind of man. Some of the views set forth are startling. We have expressed our judgment that they are not all tenable, but at the same time we believe it impossible that the prevalent view of Christianity can long keep its ground. Laymen generally take the lead in any great changes affecting the religious thought of a country. The general tone of these books—mostly by eminent statesmen—indicates a wide departure from the theology commonly received by the clergy. But we are not ignorant that many of the clergy are also on the highway of progress. The Bishop of Ely mentioned the other day at his Diocesan Conference that in examining the candidates for ordination he rarely found any bias to Romanism, but "oftener some little tendency to Rationalism or extreme liberalism." This is good promise for the character of the rising generation of the English clergy. It is scarcely conceivable that an intelligent man at the present hour can accept what is called the Evangelical theology, and only those who have a twist in their understandings can attach themselves to the other extreme party.

In our reasonings about religion we too frequently forget the naked facts with which we have to deal. All inquiry is commonly denounced as scepticism, and scepticism is identified with unbelief. But it is simply impossible that our faith can be anything but credulity if it is not preceded by inquiry. If there are reasons for faith, our faith must be reasonable. But so long as it has anything to do with reason in this sphere it must be accompanied with that uncertainty which is inseparable from inquiry. This result is inevitable, not merely as to religion, but to all things that depend on reasoning. We never by this process get certainty. As uncertainty in what concerns religion is a burden on our minds we fly to authority. We reason that though we do not apprehend the truth with certainty yet the Church does, and then we rest on a figment of our own invention. If we see the futility of this we conclude that though we do not understand what is revealed yet all is revealed with certainty in the Scriptures. To meet this we invent doctrines concerning inspiration, and suppose ourselves obliged to defend every word and letter in the Old and New Testaments. Instead of this, what we ought to do is to acknowledge the light which is given us, and to wait patiently for more. Faith, that truth is, though we have not yet apprehended it, will serve us better than inventing theories about where it is to be found, when, after all, it is evident that we can only receive truth as we have capacities to receive it.

Christianity, in its external form, comes to us as history, and we can never in this way have a greater certainty of its truth than we can have of the truth of any matter which depends on history. The certainty, in fact, is less, as the more unusual the things recorded the less credit is the human mind likely to give them. To meet this a theory of infallible inspiration is invented which is found incompatible with the facts recorded, and the whole tone and character of the books themselves. We have gone on "proving" Christianity by doubtful evidences till men have doubted of Christianity, when the only thing to be doubted was the form in which it was presented. We have put historical arguments in the foreground as proofs, when they should only have been used to confirm what was otherwise believed. On this subject the words of the Bishop of Peterborough deserve to be carefully weighed. "Who," he asks, "that has ever gone through a regular course of the 'Evidences' does not know, as we do, the painful effect of such a study upon his own spirit,—how, as we begin, for instance, with the historical proof that miracles were wrought and prophecies fulfilled eighteen hundred years ago; and then proceed to the discussion as to what miracles, when themselves proved, can prove; and then plunge into all the historical and physical and metaphysical questions that surround this question of the evidences, and so fight our way slowly, syllogism after syllogism, from proving God to proving Christ, and then to proving Christianity,—somehow Christ Himself seems to be very far off, seen through the far distance of eighteen hundred years, hidden by the smoke and dust of centuries of strife? The present Christ, 'our very present help in time of trouble,' the life of our own life, seems to have gone far away. We stand in the presence of the empty tomb from which we have syllogistically demonstrated that Christ has risen; but somehow we feel like one of old who said, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.' We long to meet once more the living Christ, to walk with us along the weary path of life, to reveal Himself to us by the burning of our hearts as He talks to us by the way, or breaks for us the daily bread of life, or won by our entreaties to abide with us when our day is far spent and our night is nigh at hand. Well for those whom their Lord, in pity to their need, visits again with His loving presence! Well for those who can hear the voice which asks, 'Why seek ye here the living among the dead?' The living Christ lives not in the dead past, but in the present. Seek Him and find Him here. Christ dwells in His Church. If ye cannot find Him there, where He has said He will ever be, ye will never find Him."* By "Church" we of course suppose Dr. Magee does not mean bishops, priests, or deacons, but all those who have realized in themselves the power of the Christian life. We commend the Bishop's words to the members of the Christian Evidence Society, and to all who are spending their well-meant energies in "proving" Christianity instead of preaching Christ. We have not, and cannot in the nature of things have, from any external evidence, absolute certainty concerning the truth of Christianity. With a competent remembrance of this, our clergy would be more rational, our theology not so dogmatic, and our worship less in danger of being degraded to superstition.

JOHN HUNT.

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* See a Sermon preached in Norwich Cathedral on the meeting of the British Association, in 1868.

ENGLISH SONNETEERS: MR. CHARLES TURNER.

Sonnets. By the Rev. CHARLES TURNER. (Macmillan & Co. 1864.
Small Tableaux, &c., &c. Macmillan & Co. 1868.
Sonnets and Lyrics, &c., &c. Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

THE conditions which determine the selection of Form are more undefined as respects Poetry than any other of the arts, doubtless because it is of all the least imitative, the most arbitrarily ideal and symbolic. Nevertheless, by the common consent of artist and critic, the fitness and unfitness of certain forms and measures to certain themes and moods have been universally recognized. The limits of this agreement are wide enough to admit of abundant variety and free invention. An attempt to narrow them, such as was made when the "unities" were enforced in Drama, is sure to provoke reaction, but they cannot be violated with impunity. A writer, for example, who should compose a ballad in heroic metre or an elegy in dithyrambic verse, would excite only contempt or disgust. The rational explanation of the pleasure derived from obedience, and the repulsion aroused by disobedience to any Art-canon, is probably not far to seek. Where, as in the last case supposed, the musical element of poetry is in question, the explanation obviously rests upon that relation between emotion and its vocal expression, which is one of the ultimate facts of human nature. In the earliest ages, Poetry and Music were scarcely distinguishable as arts, and however they have since been separated by the force of national or individual tendencies, the forms and names of both retain traces of their original alliance. Ode, Lyric, Madrigal, Sonnet, Ballad, Canto, Strophe, in the one art; Symphony, Chaunt, Anthem, Rondo, in the other, are prominent examples. The most legible record of such alliance is preserved in the Sonnet, of any poetic form still in use. Generated in Italy, the singer's land *par excellence*, its metrical structure is of music "all compact." Without disinterring, in proof of this, the forgotten learning and speculation that have been lavished upon its history, it may be sufficient to quote the definition given by one of its most agreeable memorialists :—

> "It derived its name, like the composition called a *Sonata*, from being sounded or played ; that is to say, accompanied by a musical instrument. . . The fourteen lines of the Sonnet proper, or what is called the Legitimate Sonnet, that is to say, the one written according to the laws which have prevailed in Italy ever since the time of Petrarca, are divided into two distinct portions, major and minor, each of which is subdivided into two also. The major division consists of eight lines, called the *Octave*, which possesses but two rhymes ; the minor, of six lines, called the *Sestette*, which possesses never more than three ; and the subdivisions, or halves of these eight lines, are called *Quatrains*, and those of the six lines *Terzettes*. . . . A sonnet is, in fact, or ought to be, a piece of music as well as of poetry, and as every lover of music is sensible of the division of even the smallest air into two parts, the second of which is the consequent or necessary demand of the first, and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences, which have similar sequences and demands of their own, so the composition called a Sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided in like manner, and as quatrains constitute the one strain, and terzettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became, not a rule without a reason, but an harmonious necessity."—(Leigh Hunt's "Book of the Sonnet," vol. i. p. 8—13.)

Probably the musical character of its structure first commended the Sonnet to the regard of English poets, and has maintained it in their favour. Continental critics to the contrary notwithstanding, we have a right to boast that we have always been a musical nation, and appreciated to the full the harmonies and modulations of which our language is capable. Chaucer, our earliest singer, has a music of his own to whomsoever has ears to hear it, and from his time to the present, a succession of poets so eminently tuneful as Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Collins, Coleridge, Shelley, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne, may challenge comparison with that of any literature in the world. Coeval with other significant traces of the influence of the Renaissance in England, is the first appearance of the Sonnet, introduced therein by Wyatt and Surrey, the earliest writers seriously affected by Italian culture. Since then, there has been no period in English poetry (the desert of the eighteenth century partially excepted) wherein the Sonnet has not been in use. Almost every poet of the highest rank has employed it, and by three or four it has been made the vehicle of their noblest thoughts.

Sidney's chivalrous devotion and graceful conceits, Shakespere's ripe thought and rich emotional mystery,[*] Milton's sonorous indignation and ponderous satire, Wordsworth's chastened fervour, Keats's exalted reverie, Mrs. Browning's passionate mysticism and luxuriant tenderness, Mr. Rossetti's exquisite, if too pedantic and sensuous fancy, have each in turn flowed through this select channel.

The Sonnet's thirteen requisites of "legitimacy," enumerated by Leigh Hunt,[†] may practically be reduced to three, of which two relate to form, and the third to substance; viz., that it be composed of two quatrains and two terzettes, that the rhymes be duly varied, and that it express one leading idea. There is no doubt a special charm in the perfect observance of these rules by a skilled hand, that of Mr. Rossetti for example, whose "House of Life" testifies in a remarkable manner to the tenacity of national characteristics in a writer who has yet completely mastered the literary idioms and traditionary usages of an alien tongue. He is the only English sonneteer, so far as we remember, who has followed the Italians in indicating the break between the "Octave" and the "Sestette." In compositions so academically correct, the absence of all appearance of constraint is a noteworthy-feature of art. To certain poets, perhaps, at all events to Wordsworth, no small part of the Sonnet's attraction has lain in voluntary subjection to its constraint. "In sundry moods," as he tells us, when "the weight of too much liberty" became oppressive,

> "'Twas pastime to be found
> Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

Any one can herein sympathize with him who has ever felt a need for clipping the wings of fancy, or providing the intellect with "something craggy to break itself upon," such as Byron found in the study of Armenian. The Alpine attraction of these mechanical difficulties, however, has not lured many of our poets to grapple with them. The impatience of restraint characteristic of the *genus irritabile* has been abundantly shown in the "illegitimate" forms they have invented, or borrowed from Italian precedent. Some of our best English Sonnets are simply quatorzains, and bear little or no justification upon their face for the adoption of the form at all. When it is remembered, however, that all Shakespere's fall within this condemnation, the irregularity will not seem to call for a very lively regret. A similar observation applies to the inattention which sonneteers too often show to the requisite variety of rhyme. Who will affect judicial severity in a case where Milton is a notorious trespasser, and his great Sonnet on the Piedmont massacre is the *locus in quo?*

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[*] A mystery likely to survive Mr. Gerald Massey's laborious explanation of it, which, however ingenious and even plausible in certain features, is as often baseless, and sometimes dishonouring. The inconsistency that rejects, on the ground of its irreverence and moral incredibility, the "personal theory" of the Sonnets, which makes Shakespere the chronicler of his own shame, only to substitute a "dramatic theory," which makes him the pandar to a patron's shame, carries its own confutation with it. Many readers would prefer a blissful ignorance to the worthless knowledge conferred by such a theory, were there any evidence to support it. In the absence of any, it is more reverent, at all events, to regard Shakespere as not less impersonal in his Sonnets than his plays, and be content to read them for their abstract beauty, than, by seeking to be "wise above that which is written," pursue the by-way of assumption and surmise into such a slough as that wherein Mr. Massey has foundered.

[†] "Book of the Sonnet," vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

Apart from any question of form, one obvious attraction of the Sonnet lies in its artistic completeness. Its limits necessitate terseness, and invite a choice of subject and a mode of treatment whereof this is an essential element. Stricter than any lyrical shape, yet less narrow than the epigram, it offers itself to the expression of such thoughts as are single in their essence, which admit of illustration but sparingly, and would be spoilt alike by lavish diffuseness or extreme condensation. A single-thoughted character will be remarked in almost every good Sonnet. An extension of the thought into a second mould, or over a series, generally proves fatal to its vigour and beauty. The exceptions occur in cases where the theme is essentially many-sided or Protean, such as Love and Life. Of the one in the hands of Shakespere, Sidney, or Mrs. Browning, of the other in the hands of Mr. Rossetti, no repetition can make us weary; but how many readers can honestly say as much of Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sketches," the Sonnets on the Duddon, or on Capital Punishment? These, especially the last, which Leigh Hunt pithily satirized as the efforts of "a nightingale to encourage the vigils of a hangman," are not at all events the examples by which so great a master of the English Sonnet is likely to be remembered.

A special advantage conferred by its single-thoughted character is the facility which the Sonnet affords, as a medium of expression, to poets who rank below the highest, in capacity of imagination and sustained power of execution, but the spirit and individuality of whose conceptions and language entitle them to sing and ensure them an audience. The "best sonnet in the English language," as Coleridge pronounced it, "in point of thought, standing supreme, perhaps, above all in any language," according to Leigh Hunt, is the only poetic essay of its author, Blanco White, which has retained vitality.* It is easy to understand the preference which poets of this calibre, conscious at once of their power and its limitation, have shown for a form of art which offers brevity without pettiness, dignity without pretentiousness. Such ideas as are too frail for elaboration, or of which the substance would be weakened by expansion in a prolonged lyrical flight, here find "ample room and verge enough." Restricted as the structure is, there is practically no limit to its variety of compass. "Every mood of mind," it has been well said, "can be indulged in a Sonnet; every kind of reader appealed to. You can make love in a Sonnet, you can laugh in a Sonnet, you can lament in it, can narrate or describe, can rebuke, can admire, can pray."* The inevitable drawback to this adaptability lies in its provocation to excess: a skilful sonneteer is apt to become so enamoured of the fitness of the fabric to enshrine his passing observations as to be blind to their triviality, and careless of his own reputation. Wordsworth's propensity to turn the smallest incident of life to poetic account is most noticeable in his lyrical compositions, but the poverty of the theme in such Sonnets as "Calais Fishwomen," and "Sheep-washing," contrasted with the beauty of the form, gives them an unenviable distinction as "flies in amber."

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* "Mysterious Night."

No contemporary poet has shown a more persistent preference for the Sonnet as a mode of artistic expression than Mr. Charles Turner. Since the first appearance of a volume with his name, in 1830,† to the present year, when we welcome a fourth, his thoughts have rarely been crystallized in any other shape. Though far less known than they deserve to be, these volumes have not escaped the recognition of discerning eyes. A copy of the first which came into the possession of Coleridge was liberally scored with his marginal annotations, and his high opinion of the poetic promise it displayed is recorded in his "Table-Talk."‡ Although, for more than thirty years afterwards, Mr. Turner took little pains to keep his name remembered, it was not forgotten. A second volume, issued in 1864, and a third in 1868, were greeted as gifts from an acknowledged benefactor, and must have prepared a larger audience for the reception of his newest offering. The dominant charm of all these Sonnets is the pervading presence of the writer's personality, never obtruded, but always impalpably diffused. The light of a devout, gentle, and kindly spirit, a delicate and graceful fancy, a keen, if not very broad, intelligence, irradiates their thoughts, while to the language in which these are condensed, Art lends a power that

> "Consolidates the flame,
> And keeps its colours, hardening to a gem."

Within the contracted scope of that most idyllic of lives, an English village pastor's, "bound by duties and constraints" which ordain him to "move in modest round" among his neighbours, Mr. Turner finds a thousand scenes of daily interest, memories of the past, and aspirations for the future, that stimulate his imagination, without distracting him from any paramount claims, but rather enhancing their obligation. Obedient, whether deliberately or unconsciously, to the Essayist's wise counsel, that "a sense of the honest likings and dispositions most peculiar" to the individual poet, "whatever they may be, should predominate above every other consideration in the choice of subjects to write upon,"* he has not restrained the utterance of any genuine impulse evoked by his own experience, or by sympathy with the outer world. The aims and trials of a pastor's life; his succession of grave toils and precious seasons of repose; the incidence within his little circuit of observation of every action or passion that deeply affects humanity, Love, Hate, Sorrow, Death; reverberations from the greater sphere beyond, often more keenly heard by the distant recluse than by the citizen within earshot of the sound; the year's seasonal changes in their countless aspects of beauty; recollections of childish association and academic study; ethical meditations, historic retrospects and religious forecasts,—are all recorded in these pages. The writer's undesigned self-portraiture in such Sonnets as relate to the tenor of his pastoral ministrations, is extremely charming, and recalls the lineaments, so tenderly drawn by his brother's pencil, of the good monk Ambrosius,† but it would be doing modesty an injustice to call attention to this more precisely than by reference to the pages where its illustration may be found.‡

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* "Book of the Sonnet," vol. i. p. 6.

† Three years before, he contributed to the "Poems by Two Brothers," so prized by book-collectors as containing Mr. Tennyson's earliest verses, but the volume includes no sonnets.

‡ "Table-Talk," p. 57.

The expression of devotional feeling is a more legitimate subject of comment, as having an abstract as well as a personal side. The following breathes a kindred spirit to George Herbert's, without the excess of quaintness which so often mars his utterances:—

"THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

"As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
'Thanks be to Heaven,' in happy mood I said,
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,

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* "Book of the Sonnet," vol. i. p. 90.

† "Idylls of the King—The Holy Grail."

‡ "Sonnets and Lyrics," pp. 56, 54, 50, 51, 11; "Small Tableaux," p. 93; "Sonn [illegible] cts." pp. 23, 24.

> To bid us feel and see! We are not free
> To say we see not, for the glory comes
> Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
> His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
> And at prime hour, behold! He follows me
> With golden shadows to my secret rooms!'"—(Sonnets, p. 69.)

The Sonnet entitled "Silent Praise," and that beginning "O God! impart thy blessing to my cries" (Small Tableaux, pp. 76 and 111), are scarcely less beautiful. We have but one regret in connection with the series of which these form part, viz., that Mr. Turner should ever be persuaded to convert his holy Muse into a Britomart, and set her to cope with such doughty champions of unbelief as Renan and Strauss. We are not deceived by his fiercest fulminations into believing that he has an ounce of the true *odium theologicum* in his nature. The large-heartedness that can conceive how the blind aspirations of heathen piety, with its

> "scroll of prayer,
> And life as pure as His Egyptian air,"*

and "all those rich presumptions that reprieve" the soulless existence of the brute,† may be embraced within the Divine Fatherhood, cannot ignore the possibility of its embracing also the aberrant earnestness of heresy or the honest negations of philosophy. His polemical blows lack the downright savage intensity and clear metallic ring of a good priestly hater's. When he designs to be most severe upon the "*Leben* and the *Vie*," he only succeeds in lapsing into prose. Setting aside any question as to the truth or falsehood of the opinions he assails, we would entreat him to believe that the arena of Art is not that upon which it must be fought out, and that if it were, he is not the Artist who ought to enter the lists.

In his poetic philosophy, Mr. Turner is a disciple of Wordsworth, faithful to the great "Tintern Abbey" manifesto upon the moral influence of Nature, and diligent in reading her as a Sibylline book fraught with inexhaustible meanings. If not wholly exempt from the tendency of the school to be insufficiently receptive and over-didactic, to wait too seldom till the Divine silence is self-broken, and obtrude too often the presence of human consciousness, he shows ample evidence of discernment and humility. A truthful perception of natural analogies, without undue strain, will be found in such poems as "The Harvest Moon" (Sonnets and Lyrics, p. 34), and "The Bee-wisp" (Small Tableaux, p. 51); a graceful tone of monition in "The Butterfly and the Rose" (Sonnets and Lyrics, p. 2); a modest fancy in "The Gold-crested Wren" (Small Tableaux, p. 4). These should be read in their entirety, but the writer's prevalent vein of apologue may be favourably illustrated in a briefer compass, as in the lines from "My Time-piece,"—

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* "Sonnets and Lyrics," p. 10.

† "Sonnets," p. 10.

"The hour has struck its advent and farewell,
And hark! another hour begins to beat!
As when a crier stops, and rings his bell
To tell a loss, then on with busy feet
To raise the cry elsewhere."

Mr. Turner's rare skill as a painter of landscape is the characteristic that will be likely to excite most attention. With an eye prompt to catch the rich varieties of form and gradations of colour in Nature, he unites a hand apt at rendering either her breadth or delicacy. As illustrations of the one, how life-like are the following descriptions :—

WIND ON THE CORN.

"Slowly and sweetly, like a growing smile—
A smile that ends in laughter—the quick gale
Upon the breadths of gold-green wheat descends;
While still the swallow, with unbaffled grace,
About his viewless quarry dips and bends—
And all the fine excitement of the chase
Lies in the hunter's beauty: In the eclipse
Of that brief shadow, how the barley's beard
Tilts at the passing gloom!"

TWILIGHT.

"It is a summer twilight, balmy-sweet,
A twilight brightened by an infant moon, . . .
The lonely garden echoes to my feet,
And hark! O hear I not the gentle dews
Fretting the silent forest in his sleep? . . .
The bat is hunting softly by my door,
And noiseless as the snow-flake, leaves his lair;
O'er the still copses flitting here and there,
Wheeling the self-same circuit o'er and o'er."

A FOREST LAKE.

"In the frore sweetness of the breathing morn,
When the loud echoes of the herdsman's horn
Do sally forth upon the silent air
Of thy thick forestry, may I be there,
While the wood waits to see its phantom born
At clearing twilight, in thy glassy breast;
Or, when cool eve is busy on thy shores,
With trails of purple shadow from the West,
Or dusking in the wake of tardy oars."

As truthful to the minuter as these to the larger outlines and tinting of English scenery are such touches as those which describe how the "gossamer light" with its

> "Wavering lance
> Tilts at the midges in their evening dance—
> A gentle joust set on by summer airs;"—

how,

> "The wind clove and the sunset warmed
> The amber-shafted depths and russet ears"

of the red-wheat; how, when the evening wind awakes,—

> "The bowery ash
> Goes storming o'er the golden moon, whose flash,
> Fills and refills its breezy gaps and breaks;"—

and how, after the clearing of the storm,

> "A lingering breeze allowed
> The sight to catch 'mid play of wind and sun,
> The uncertain shadows of that woodland nook
> Swallowing the silent shafts of light that run
> Along the spider's thread."

In vignettes such as these the Sonnets abound.

No student of them will fail to seek for traces of the writer's intellectual resemblance to Mr. Tennyson, the brother in conjunction with whom his juvenile volume was written, and to whom the first on our list is affectionately inscribed. They will be found, we think, rather in internal than external signs, an affinity of habitudes rather than features, such as that which enables us to apprehend the relation between the Cedar of Lebanon and the Deodara. The contemplative didactic mood which predominates in Mr. Turner is one of many moods with Mr. Tennyson, rarely indulged, but apparent in certain passages of "In Memoriam" and a few briefer poems. Among the traits common to both may be noted an affectionate yearning of the imagination towards early associations,* and a passionate sensitiveness on the score of national honour.† Of that supreme faculty which the Laureate distinctively possesses of selecting the most pregnant or significant of all available epithets, and condensing a picture into a phrase, these volumes occasionally remind us; in such *nuances* of expression, for example, as the description of a consumptive girl,—

> "With Death's disastrous rose upon her cheek;"—

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* Compare, *e.g.* the lines in "The Dream of Fair Women," beginning "The smell of violets," and the passage "I past beside the reverend walls" (In Memoriam) with Mr. Turner's "Time and Twilight" (Sonnets, p. 73), and "On a picture," &c. (Small Tableaux, p. 18)

† Compare "Maud" (S. 1 and 26) with Mr. Turner's "England's Honour" and "Dishonourable Peace" (Sonnets and Lyrics, pp. 20—22).

such a happy touch as that which paints the rippling wheat-field's "golden laughter;" or the approach of evening over the lake,—

> "With trails of purple shadow from the West."

This last line and many another as musical, with here and there a passage of delicate structure and tender cadence, such as the lines on a child's eyes,—

> "Disks of two living flowers, that rooted far
> Within thy spirit, do report its joys,
> And pass its half-hour sorrows on to heaven
> To sun themselves and vanish,"—

recall, like the tones of a family voice, memories of the consummate melody and faultless accent for which Mr. Tennyson stands unapproached among English poets.

What has been said above respecting the mingled fascinations and difficulties of sonnet-writing receives sufficient illustration from the study of these volumes. Mr. Turner's best sonnets are almost uniformly those wherein, to adopt his own words, he is "poising one bright thought." A perceptible slackening of the flight is the penalty he generally pays for violating this rule. That he is less faithful to the metrical conditions of the form in his later than in his earlier sonnets must be explicable upon some other supposition than a failing in artistic accuracy, and may probably be due to a theoretic heresy as to the value of such restrictions. Whatever be the cause, we think the result is to be regretted, and should be glad to see the poet return to his first love. Now and then he has been tempted to lavish good workmanship upon material scarcely worthy of it. Weeded of any such examples, and of the polemical sonnets, his three little books might well be collected into one, and brought within the reach of a wider circle. That such poetry needs only to be known to be welcomed, we cannot doubt, since it appeals to a healthy national taste to which Chaucer, Spenser and Wordsworth have successively ministered, and which no infection of

> "Poisonous honey stolen from France"

has yet succeeded in vitiating.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

THE NONCONFORMISTS AND THE EDUCATION POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IN a speech recently delivered at Nottingham the Marquis of Hartington is reported to have said : "We all know that there is a section of the Liberal party, and it is a section for whom I have the largest respect, who entertain extreme views on two or three questions, and more especially on the question of education—(cheers)—and who have announced that rather than concede one tittle of their views they will risk the destruction of the Liberal party. That is, in my opinion, a real danger to the Liberal party. I have not a word to say of rebuke of such men. If they believe, as I have not the smallest doubt they do, that the principles for which they contend are more important than any party ties, they are not only justified in taking, but they are bound to take, the course which they indicate ; but I do hope that they will reflect on the full importance and bearing of the action they are bound to take. Justified they may be in the course they are going to take, but let them recollect that this is not the spirit which has hitherto pervaded the councils of the Liberal party, and which has produced the Liberal victories of which I have been speaking. The Liberal party cannot from its nature be so united as the party to which they are opposed, and *mutual concession and mutual forbearance* must be shown in every way if it is to remain a united party."

This language is perfectly reasonable and fair. If the leaders of the Liberal party had at any time, during the last three years, shown an inclination to act in the spirit recommended by the Marquis of Hartington, the Revolt of the Nonconformists would have been averted. If they will act in that spirit now, the Nonconformists will return to their allegiance. It is alleged by the Nonconformists that from the night that Mr. Forster introduced the Elementary Education Bill into the House of Commons, their objections to it, except on one or two points of infinitesimal importance, have been persistently disregarded. They believe that the principles of religious equality have been violated and the educational interests of the country sacrificed, in deference to the clergy of the English Church. If the Liberal party is to remain united there must be "mutual concessions and mutual forbearance;" but, as yet, the whole policy of the Government appears to have rested on the principle that the spirit of "mutual concession and forbearance" should be illustrated in the relations between the Liberal leaders and the Conservative opposition—not between the Liberal leaders and their supporters below the gangway.

The recent changes in the Cabinet encourage the hope that Mr. Gladstone and the leaders of the Liberal party are disposed to reconsider their position. The Marquis of Ripon, who is understood to have been resolutely opposed to any change of policy, has retired. His successor, Lord Aberdare, is probably inclined to conciliation. Mr. Bright, who a very few weeks before his acceptance of office declared that "The Education Act of 1870 is the worst great measure which the Liberal party have passed since 1832," will be certain to use his great influence to prevent the further development of the Denominational System, and to encourage the extension of School Boards, and the multiplication of schools under the direct control of the rate-payers. His accession to the ministry is regarded by many of those who are most hostile to the Government, as a sufficient reason for the temporary suspension of that particular form of agitation which at Bath, at Shaftesbury, at Greenwich, and at Dundee, has been fatal to ministerial candidates. Before the present number of this REVIEW is issued, it is probable that the Executive of the League, and the representatives of the Nonconformist Committees of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, meeting at Crewe, will have called a truce. Whether hostilities are renewed will depend upon the future action of the Government. Meanwhile, in the temporary lull of the conflict, it will be well for all parties to review the questions at issue, and the history of the struggle.

And, first of all, it is necessary to consider the relation of the Nonconformists to the National Education League, and to explain the principles for which the League has contended.

The National Education League did not originate, as many persons seem to suppose, in Nonconformist hostility to the Church of England. Its founder and president, Mr. George Dixon, is a Churchman. Politically, he has been thrown very much among the Nonconformists, but his religious sympathies are with the Church. Except on one occasion, I never heard of his being present at a Nonconformist service. He has contributed largely, and within very recent years, to the building of churches; he has never contributed to the building of chapels. He has never taken part in Nonconformist movements. He has voted with Mr. Miall because he believes that disestablishment would be an act of political justice, and would be favourable to the religious strength and development of the Episcopal Church; but, so far as I know, he has never been present at a meeting of the Liberation Society. When he became a candidate for Birmingham he appealed to the constituency on the ground of his general Liberal principles and his solicitude for the education of the people.

Long before he became a member of Parliament the education question had received his special attention. Several years ago, at a series of private meetings convened by himself at his own house, men of all parties met to consider what could be done to extend the area of popular education, and to improve its quality. The questions which created the greatest interest and received the fullest consideration were the questions of compulsory attendance and of the establishment and management of schools by municipal authorities. Clergymen as well as Nonconformist ministers, laymen of various churches and of none, were present and took part in the discussions. At one of the meetings I well remember that the present Bishop of Exeter, then Head Master of Rugby, delivered a long and forcible speech. No one supposed that the meetings had any relation to controversies between Nonconformists and the Church of England.

The general conclusion at which Mr. Dixon and his friends arrived was a very practical one. They felt that, whatever legislation might be ultimately necessary to secure the effective education of all the children in the country, an immediate effort should be made to secure the attendance of a larger number of Birmingham children at the existing schools. The schools were known to be insufficient, and in many respects extremely unsatisfactory, but if the children who within a very few years would be beyond the school age were to be taught at all, these were the schools to which it was necessary to send them. It was, therefore, determined to establish the Birmingham Education Society. Mr. Dixon, who is now the President of the League, was elected president; Mr. Jesse Collings, who is now the Secretary of the League, was elected secretary.

The writer of this paper, now a member of the Executive Committee of the League, was one of its vice-presidents. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League, was a member of the committee, and one of the largest contributors to its funds. That the movement was a purely educational one is evident from the fact that one of the vice-presidents was the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, Rural Dean of Birmingham, and that there were several clergymen on the committee who have since become members of the Education Union. The Society collected statistics which confirmed the worst fears of its founders concerning the educational destitution of the borough; it appointed visitors who succeeded in inducing a large number of parents to send their children to school; and it paid the fees on behalf of several thousand parents who were unable to pay the fees themselves. The experience acquired by those who were most active in working this Society strengthened their conviction that very little could be accomplished unless they could obtain a law making attendance at school compulsory. After considerable deliberation, they determined to establish an association for the purpose of asserting and propagating the principle that every child has a right to be educated as well as to be fed, and that it is the duty of the State to protect this right. This was the fundamental principle of the National Education League, and from this principle the whole programme of the League was developed.

For if the law requires that every child should receive education, the law is also bound to provide that an efficient school shall be placed within the reach of every child in the country. It was, therefore, proposed that the whole country should be divided into School Districts under the government of School Boards, which should be charged with establishing and maintaining schools wherever they were necessary. It was further believed that there would be the gravest difficulty in enforcing attendance unless school fees were universally abolished in public elementary schools, and therefore the League proposed that Education should be free. Finally, the founders of the League believed that with the existing divisions of religious opinion in the country it would be unjust and impolitic to attempt to enforce the attendance of children at school, if the schools were used for the propagation of sectarian forms of religious faith, and they therefore contended that the education given in the schools to be established by School Boards should be Unsectarian. The Creed of the National Education League consisted of four articles: it contended that Education should be *Compulsory*, *National*, *Unsectarian*, and *Free*.

The definition of Unsectarianism which the League adopted is a sufficient proof that the men who founded it were thinking very much more of the practical work of education than of abstract principles. They agreed that Unsectarianism should be interpreted as permitting the reading of the Bible without note or comment. Some of them were very anxious that the Bible should be read in the schools for the sake of its moral and religious influence upon the children. Others consented to the proposal because they acknowledged that the English Bible is the greatest of English classics, and that the secular education of a child who knows nothing of the story of Joseph, and of David, and of the miracles and parables of our Lord is seriously incomplete. Others again, though objecting on abstract grounds to the provision of any kind of religious teaching at the public expense, accepted the scheme because they were anxious to get the children of the country educated, and did not want at the very outset of their enterprise to provoke strong religious antagonism by proposing the establishment of purely secular schools. The proposal was found to be unacceptable and untenable, and was ultimately withdrawn.*

The chief difficulty of the League in constructing its scheme arose from the existence of the large number of schools which were receiving assistance from the Consolidated Fund, but which were under private, irresponsible, and sectarian management. The quality of the education given in many of these schools was known to be extremely unsatisfactory. In small parishes the schools were too small and their resources too limited to make it possible to secure effective masters. A very large number of them had been established with the avowed object of teaching the faith of the Church of England or the Church of Rome, and to compel children to attend them might create serious difficulties in working a compulsory law. But they were in existence. Their managers had been encouraged to establish them by the policy of successive Governments extending over more than thirty years. Suddenly to withdraw the grants on which they depended for their very life would look very like a breach of faith, and would be an ungenerous return for the services which their promoters had rendered—many of them at the cost of great personal sacrifices—to the education of the people. It was, therefore, concluded that while the further development of the system of assisting denominational schools from public funds ought to be arrested, the grants to existing schools, if they were willing to accept a conscience clause, should be continued, and that such changes should be made as would enable them to receive the children without fees; it was hoped that in time the managers might be induced to place them under the control of School Boards.

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* The League now proposes that before or after the time for secular instruction in School Board Schools—*i.e.*, during the time permitted by the present Conscience Clause—religious denominations should be permitted to provide religious instruction for the children whose parents are willing they should receive it.

I have given this account of the origin of the League for the purpose of showing that it was established with no other object than to promote the cause of education. Antagonism to the Church of England was not in any sense or in any degree the motive of its founders. None of them imagined that its objects were distinctively Nonconformist. Some of the recognized leaders of the Birmingham Nonconformists, political and personal friends of Mr. Dixon, hesitated at first, on educational grounds, to give in their adhesion to the new association. Churchmen contributed to its funds; clergymen were placed on its executive committee. A Churchman was elected treasurer of the League, and he is its treasurer still. One of its ablest and most influential officers, the chairman of one of its most important committees, is a member of the Church of England and opposed to disestablishment. The League is not a Nonconformist organization: the sole intention of its founders was to extend and to improve popular education. — secular?

The public discussion of the subject which the League originated awakened the intense interest of large masses of working people in the large towns; in great public meetings the proposal of a universal compulsory law was received with enthusiasm. Very soon, however, the clergy of the Church of England and of the Church of Rome, with some conspicuous exceptions, began to denounce universal compulsion as un-English, and to brand as irreligious and atheistic those who proposed to limit religious instruction in Rate Schools to the reading of the Bible. Indeed, the whole scheme for the establishment of schools under the control of the ratepayers provoked strong clerical antagonism. The Conservative party sustained the clergy in their hostility to the new movement, and the Conservatives were joined by a considerable number of moderate Liberals. But in the teeth of this fierce hostility the League created sufficient popular enthusiasm, and won a sufficient number of converts, to make it more than probable that within a year or two it would secure the general support of the Liberal constituencies. Mr. Forster appears to have believed that the controversy was getting so hot that it would soon become impossible to carry any Education Bill through Parliament, and accordingly he prevailed upon the Cabinet, of which at that time he was not a member, to permit him to lay his Education Bill before the House of Commons early in the session of 1870.

The Bill was a sufficient proof that the League had already made a strong impression on the country; but its concessions to the

Conservative and clerical opponents of a national system of education were of the most pernicious character. It provided for the establishment of School Boards, but they were not to be universal; it conferred on School Boards the power of enforcing attendance at school, but that power was permissive, and School Boards might decline to use it. The Bill, as originally drawn, contained a very inefficient conscience clause, and it permitted the School Boards to make their schools intensely sectarian; there was nothing to hinder the teaching of the Church Catechism or the formularies of the Church of Rome. It enabled School Boards to give assistance to denominational schools from the rates. It placed no limit on the time during which new denominational schools might obtain building grants; nor did it prevent new denominational schools from receiving the same annual grants that were made to existing schools.

That the Government should have determined to make additional provision for the education of the people, and especially that the principle of a compulsory law should be recognized, however inadequately, in a Government Bill, afforded the friends of the League considerable satisfaction. But they soon came to the conclusion that the Bill would augment the difficulty of creating a really national system of education. They tried to induce the Government to amend it. A few slight changes were conceded; but these were accompanied with new concessions to denominational schools, which made the scheme more objectionable than ever. With one hand the Government gave a little to the advanced Liberals who belonged to the League; with the other it gave much more to the Conservatives. This was the way in which, during the passing of the Bill, the Government interpreted the obligations to "mutual concessions and mutual forbearance" if the Liberal party is not to be broken up.

The only unqualified concession to the advanced Liberals was the Time-Table Conscience Clause: the concession was a very slight one. Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. Disraeli's Vice-President of the Council, told the House that he liked the Time-Table Conscience Clause better than the old form; and although Sir John Pakington and Mr. Gathorne Hardy offered some opposition to it, their opposition was not very vigorous. This concession to the League was one which could be made without inflicting any great annoyance on the Conservatives, and it was therefore granted.

What is known as the Cowper-Temple Clause was declared by the friends of the League to be altogether unsatisfactory. It provided that in School Board schools "no religious catechism, or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination, shall be taught in the school;" but it left the Board and the schoolmaster free to arrange for the full and explicit teaching of theological opinions. The clause forbids the teaching of the Church Catechism, but it permits the teaching of Baptismal Regeneration and of every other doctrine of the English Church. The amendment of which Mr. Winterbotham had given notice, limiting the religious instruction to the reading of the Bible, was not pressed, as it was known that the Government was resolved to resist it. The friends of the League, therefore, gave their support to Mr. Jacob Bright's amendment, providing that the religious teaching in Board schools "should not be used or directed in favour of or against the distinctive tenets of any religious denomination;" this was supported by a clear majority of the Liberal members that took part in the division, and was defeated by a coalition between the Ministers and the Conservatives.

The power conferred on School Boards in the original Bill, enabling them to subsidise denominational schools out of the rates, was withdrawn; but to compensate the denominationalists for the loss of *possible* aid from School Boards, Mr. Gladstone announced on June 16, 1870, that the Government had determined to increase the Parliamentary grants: the maximum increase might, he said, be taken at 50 per cent. The supporters of the League heard this announcement with amazement and consternation. Mr. Dixon, in supporting a motion for the adjournment of the debate, entreated the Government "to allow a little time to elapse before asking the House to approach the discussion of these new propositions, lest they should give utterance to feelings and opinions which might afterwards be painful to themselves as well as unjust to the Government." It was clear that the Government had resolved to do its utmost to strengthen and extend the denominational system, under which the education of the country was practically entrusted to the clergy of the Church of England; and that the policy of the League for rendering popular education more efficient, and universal compulsion equitable and inoffensive, by providing for the gradual transfer of the management of schools from the clergy to the representatives of the rate-payers, was wholly rejected.

In the course of the discussion on the Bill, Mr. Mundella asked whether it would not be better that building grants to denominational schools should be stopped at once; the Government declined to accede to this proposition, and the Act permitted applications for building grants to be sent in as late as the last day of 1870. The result was what might have been anticipated. During the year 1870 there were no less than 3,230 applications for building grants, and of these 2,852 were on behalf of Church of England schools.

While the Act was before the House of Commons, I repeat that the

Government illustrated the spirit of "mutual concession and forbearance," by conceding nearly everything to their opponents, and by refusing nearly everything to their friends.

After the Act came into operation, new causes of offence arose. It is affirmed that the Inspectors have discouraged the formation of School Boards, even in districts in which the school-accommodation was insufficient, and have endeavoured to stimulate the clergy to cover the ground. The Department itself has been suspected of delaying the creation of School Boards where they have been applied for, in order to give the Denominationalists the opportunity of rendering them unnecessary. Charges like these are easily made and very hard to prove. I pronounce no opinion on their accuracy. That in very many localities well-informed men are convinced that the Department and its officers have endeavoured to obstruct the extension of the School Board system, I know. The conviction has been expressed in a very large number of letters from different parts of the kingdom addressed to those who have taken a prominent part in the League agitation. Facts have been alleged which, if they can be established, perfectly justify this conviction. The conviction, whether well-founded or not, has done very much to strengthen the impression that the Department habitually uses its influence for the support and extension of Denominationalism.

Mr. Forster declares that this impression is false and unjust; but nothing has done more to create and to deepen it than his own action in reference to the 25th clause. Singularly enough this clause provoked no opposition from the supporters of the League when the Bill was before the House. For once their "watchful jealousy" slumbered; they did not anticipate how it would work. But as soon as School Boards were established it was discovered that the Denominationalists were far more eager to pay the fees of children attending denominational schools than to provide additional school-accommodation. The 25th clause opened a new source of income for the managers of schools connected with the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and in every part of the country they tried very hard to avail themselves of it. Mr. Forster sustained them. If School Boards provided in their Bye-laws for remitting the fees of poor children attending their own schools, but not for paying the fees of poor children attending denominational schools, the Bye-laws were approved, but the approval was accompanied with a strong letter bearing Mr. Forster's own signature, and declaring that Justice required that the Boards should enable the poor parent to send his child to a school where it would receive the theological teaching the parent desired. On this principle the League joined issue with him. Had Mr. Forster contended that where the Board school was distant from the child's home, and the denominational school near, it would be reasonable to pay the fees, the controversy would have assumed a very different character. Had he said that where there was no Board school at all within an easy distance, it would be impossible to enforce compulsion unless the Boards were willing to pay the fees for attendance at a denominational school, there would have been no grave difficulty. But these were not the grounds on which Mr. Forster contended that School Boards were bound to use the powers which the 25th clause conferred on them. There might be a Board School within twenty yards of a poor child's home, the denominational school to which, probably under the instigation of a clergyman, a priest, or a Scripture-reader, the parent desired to send it, might be far less efficient, and might be half a mile away, but Mr. Forster contended that Justice required that the Board should pay the fees at the denominational school, in order that the child might receive denominational teaching. To accept denominational schools as a temporary necessity, and to send poor children to them in cases where there are no other schools in which they can be taught, is one thing; but to claim as a matter of justice that these schools should receive aid from the rates, when the children might be taught as well or better in schools under the control of the ratepayers, is a different thing altogether. The members of the League, though very reluctant to strengthen denominational schools by granting them fresh assistance from public funds, would have listened to any compromise founded on the educational necessities of the country; but no such compromise has ever been offered them. Mr. Forster's "principle" did not permit him to propose any "concession" or to show any "forbearance," and that principle appeared to the League fatal to the development of a system of education worthy to be called national.

During the earlier part of last session the members of the League hoped that the Government was at last disposed to pursue a different policy. While Mr. Forster continued to hold the office of Vice-President of the Council, they could not expect that the principle on which he had defended the 25th clause would be surrendered, or that any serious effort would be made to arrest the development of the denominational system. But they supposed that a Bill which seemed to the Government of sufficient importance to be promised in the Queen's Speech, would attempt some considerable reforms, and they hoped that it would provide for the universal establishment of School Boards, with a general charge of the educational interests of their districts, even though it might not require them to create schools of their own; and, above all, they hoped that it would establish universal compulsion. But these hopes were miserably disappointed.

The Amending Act is not without its merits. It facilitates the working of compulsory bye-laws, where these bye-laws have been adopted, and effects some minute administrative improvements. The proposal to repeal the 25th clause, and to require guardians to pay the fees of poor children attending denominational schools in cases where the parents are not out-door paupers, need not be discussed, as it has been withdrawn. That Mr. Forster could have imagined that this might conciliate those who had agitated for the repeal of the original clause would be incredible, if we had not his own assurance for it. Whether the payment is made from the education rate or the poor rate, by the School Board or the Board of Guardians, can make no difference in its character; and payment by the guardians is open to the special objection that it would tend to break down the honourable reluctance of the independent poor to come into contact with the relieving officer. The principal clause remaining in the Act is that which imposes on guardians the duty of requiring that the children of all parents receiving out-door relief should receive elementary instruction, and provides that wherever the parents are unable to pay the fees, the fees should be paid out of the poor-rate. This extension of the principle of compulsion is, of course, regarded by the League with satisfaction. It is estimated that it will secure the education of 200,000 additional children. But even this concession is made in a form which is unacceptable to the discontented Liberals, though extremely acceptable to the Conservatives and the clergy. The principle of the 25th clause re-appears. Had Mr. Forster proposed that the children whose education had to be provided entirely at the public cost should be sent to Board schools where there are Board schools within an easy distance of their home, and that in other cases the fees should be paid for them at denominational schools, he would have shown that disposition which the Marquis of Hartington recommends so earnestly as essential to the union of the Liberal party. But this would have been to break with his Conservative allies in order to conciliate his Liberal opponents. It would have been to sacrifice the principle underlying the whole of that policy which has provoked Liberal discontent. But so long as this principle is with Mr. Forster an article of faith, it is unreasonable to expect him to surrender it, and equally unreasonable to expect that the union of the Liberal party will be restored.

I have hitherto discussed the policy of the Government in its relation to the principles and aims of the National Education League. It is now necessary to consider how it affects the Nonconformists. I have said already that the League was not founded in the interests of Nonconformity, and that notwithstanding the severe hostility which it has provoked among the clergy of the Established Church, some of its present leaders are Churchmen. Gradually, however, a very large number of Nonconformists have adopted its principles and policy, and the persistent refusal of the Government to make concessions to the League has aggravated Nonconformist discontent. But there are special grounds, which the League, as such, can hardly recognise, on which the Nonconformists complain of the manner in which the Liberal leaders have dealt with the education of the people.

The position of the Nonconformists of this country is seldom accurately appreciated even by their political allies. Their struggles and sufferings for the ecclesiastical and theological principles which they profess extend over more than three hundred years. Their fathers felt that the convictions which compelled them to separate from the Church of England were sufficiently grave to require them to submit to fine, imprisonment, exile, and death, rather than remain in its communion. Through the greater part of a century, under Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and Charles II., to be a Nonconformist was to incur the active hostility of the hierarchy and the Crown; but neither harsh laws harshly administered, nor all the splendid temptations offered to them by the Establishment, induced the Nonconformists to abandon their position and renounce their faith. It may seem to many that there was nothing in the principles of Nonconformity that required the sacrifices to which our fathers submitted; but to them these principles appeared a sacred trust which they could not betray without unfaithfulness to conscience and disloyalty to Christ.

Modern Nonconformists have inherited these principles. If sometimes we seem to hold them with a grasp less firm, and to maintain them with an enthusiasm less fervent, it is chiefly because Nonconformity no longer involves us in the sufferings which were endured by our ecclesiastical ancestors. We regard the Church of England more charitably, partly because the Church of England treats us with more charity. We appear to be less earnest in maintaining our protest against the Church from which we have separated, partly because our earnestness is less severely tested. But the articles, and liturgy, and polity of the Church of England remain what they were in the time of Elizabeth, and in the time of Charles II., when our fathers endured the loss of all things rather than be conformists; and if our antagonism to the Church is less violent than theirs, we inherit nearly all the convictions which obliged them to provoke its hostility; and in its present condition we see additional reasons for believing that some of its Services, and many of its clergy, are inflicting the gravest injury on the religious faith and life of the country.

For nearly two hundred years we have been "tolerated;" the toleration which was at first very imperfect, and fettered with many unjust and irritating limitations, has gradually become more generous. It is supposed that now we ought to be perfectly contented.

But all over England, in great towns and in obscure villages, the State assumes a position of hostility to those very religious convictions for the sake of which our fathers endured severe persecution, and for which, if occasion arose, we should be ready to endure persecution not less severe. The State tolerates us, protects us in our worship, does not fine us or send us to prison for Nonconformity; but it declares itself antagonistic to our characteristic theology, to our ecclesiastical polity, and to the mode in which we think it right to worship God.

Some of us are Congregationalists, and believe that Episcopacy corrupts the life and enfeebles the energy of Christian churches: in every parish throughout England there is an Episcopal clergyman authorized by the State to give religious instruction to the parishioners. Some of us are Baptists, and believe that infant baptism is an unauthorized ceremony, and that the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is not only false, but most perilous to the religious life of the community: in the neighbourhood of every Baptist chapel in the kingdom there is a clergyman, who is supported by national property, who celebrates religious rites in a national building, and who, under the authority of an Act of Parliament, gives thanks for the regeneration of all baptized children. Some of us are Unitarians; and there is not a corner of the country where the State has not appointed a minister of religion to read the Athanasian Creed, condemning all Unitarians to eternal perdition, and a Liturgy which is penetrated through and through with the [principles of Trinitarianism.

Personally we are "tolerated;" but our religious convictions have to be asserted and vindicated in the presence of the systematic hostility of the State, which has endowed with national property and invested with its authoritative sanction the clergy of the Church from which we dissent.

It is not to be supposed that we can look with indifference upon any legislation the direct effect of which is to surround the ecclesiastical establishment with new defences, and to consolidate and extend its power. That the Liberal party as a whole was not prepared to deal as justly with the Nonconformists of England as it has dealt with the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians of Ireland we knew. In this country it is probable that for many years to come the State will continue to take sides with the Episcopalians against Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Unitarians. The Nonconformists have never been disposed to make hard terms with their political leaders and allies. They have loyally served the

Liberal party without insisting that the party should pledge itself to do them perfect justice. But they have always imagined that the spirit and traditions of Liberalism were friendly to the principles of religious equality, and that the Liberal leaders would never pursue a policy calculated, if not expressly intended, to increase the disadvantages inflicted by public law on those who cannot conform to the Established Church. They allege that this must be the certain result of the education policy of the Government.

It is urged, indeed, with a great show of plausibility, that the grants towards the maintenance of elementary denominational schools are distributed with perfect fairness among all who choose to apply for them; that they are given to Nonconformist schools as readily as to the schools of the Church of England. But there is an old fable which illustrates the fallacy of this argument. When the stork invited the fox to dinner, the fox, though hospitably pressed to do justice to the entertainment, found it impossible to get a scrap of food because the dinner was served in a long-necked bottle which was extremely convenient to the host, but quite inaccessible to the guest. The Church of England, notwithstanding its internal divisions, has a very compact organization. All the Churchmen in a parish can unite without difficulty to erect a school and to contribute to its maintenance. The school buildings can be used for Church purposes—for Sunday Schools, for evening Bible Classes, for Mothers' Meetings, and for all the religious organizations which the Church sustains. The Nonconformists in the parish may be more numerous than the Churchmen, and may be equally zealous for education. But the Wesleyans may not be strong enough to support a Wesleyan school, nor the Congregationalists to support a Congregational school, nor the Unitarians to support a Unitarian school. If they suppress their religious differences and agree to establish a school in which there shall be no religious teaching to which Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or Unitarians can object, the obvious result is that the buildings cannot be used by any of them for religious purposes, and that while, from the conditions under which the State makes its grants for educational purposes, the Church of England has a school in which Church of England doctrine is taught, the various Nonconformist churches are precluded, even if they desire it, from teaching their own faith in the school which they assist to maintain. Except in large towns, where individual congregations are large and wealthy, and can maintain schools of their own, all that the Nonconformist churches can do is to secure a school with no theological colour at all, while all over the country the Church of England can have schools in which its catechisms and formularies are taught with all the fulness that its most zealous adherents can desire. In the large majority of the rural parishes the position of the Nonconformists is still worse. The population is too small to supply children for more than one school. As a matter of course, if the school is a denominational one it is connected with the English Church; and it therefore happens that throughout large districts the policy of the Government practically provides that it shall not be possible for children to receive education except in schools under the control of the Episcopalian clergy. In these districts it is through Episcopalian schools, and through Episcopalian schools alone, that the whole of the Government assistance to popular education is inevitably administered.

The more closely the operation of the system is examined, the more obvious will be its flagrant injustice. If it provided that the religious teaching given in a school should be determined by the wish of the majority of the parents whose children are taught in it, there would be some show of fairness. But the wishes of the parents are absolutely ignored. There are parts of England and Wales in which the majority, and even the large majority, of the poor, whose children attend public elementary schools, belong to various Nonconformist denominations. Not one of these denominations, however, is able to support a school of its own. There are practical difficulties which hinder them from uniting to build a school in common. The clergyman, with the assistance of the squire, or the squire's lady, makes himself responsible for the building of a school-room, fulfilling the conditions which the Department imposes, and which he can use for various Church purposes. He also becomes responsible for the subsequent maintenance of the school. On application to the Government he obtains annual grants which may cover one-half of the annual cost of maintenance, and he relies on the school fees for nearly the other half. If there is any deficit, he engages to make it good. The nature of the transaction is very simple. The State *sells* the annual grants of Parliament in aid of popular education to whatever Church is rich enough to buy them, and the Church which is able to purchase them obtains the religious control of the schools. The wishes of the poor parents are altogether disregarded. As the religious work of the Nonconformists has been done chiefly among the poor, this inequitable policy is a Nonconformist grievance.

That the schools of the Church of England are founded and maintained for the express purpose of increasing the strength of the Church is notorious. The Monthly Paper of the National Society bears on its cover the announcement that the Society was founded "for the promotion of the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church." Every number of the Monthly Paper demonstrates that the Church of England schools are being used not merely for purposes of general education, not merely for the inculcation of the great principles of the Christian faith, but for strengthening the ecclesiastical and political position of the Establishment. The educational leaders of the Church of England are even dissatisfied with what the schools have done already, and are anxious to make them still more effective institutions for the destruction of Nonconformity. It is unnecessary to refer to innumerable speeches which have been delivered by prominent Churchmen during the last two or three years, or to back numbers of the Monthly Paper of the National Society; the July number supplies sufficient confirmation of this statement. "These children," says one writer, "will one day be householders, and the maintenance of the Church's position and endowments will depend chiefly upon their votes. If the Church has made a proper use of her schools, her grown-up children will know how to make a proper use of what they have learnt and will manfully defend her." In a paper contained in the same number, by the Reverend Principal of the Training College at Battersea, the reverend gentleman says,—"It is to be feared that in some schools the religious instruction is stripped of its distinct Church character in order that Dissenters might be conciliated." This he regards as a serious mistake. "I question," he goes on to say, "whether any such by-end would justify us in refusing to the children of Church parents"—[he ought to say "withholding from the children of any parents who have not the courage to appeal to the Conscience Clause"]—"the full and complete teaching of Church doctrine. *There is indeed no reason now why Church schools should be maintained at all, if the instruction is of that unsectarian character which is given in our Board Schools.*" The same number of the Monthly Paper contains other illustrations of the Nonconformist allegation that the schools of the Church of England are not merely or mainly schools for the education of the people, but an important element of the ecclesiastical organization of the Established Church. A Vicar advertises for a master and mistress to take charge of his schools; but the master is "to teach singing at school and play organ at church," though the latter qualification is "not indispensable." A certificated master is wanted for a village school in Cumberland, and "harmonium in church" appears in this case to be quite indispensable. A certificated master is required in Herefordshire, and he too must undertake "organ and choir." A master and mistress are wanted for village schools in the West of England, and they must teach not only during the week, but also in the Sunday-School. In the centre of England a certificated master is required who "must be able to play the harmonium in church and train the choir." Only a few days ago a mistress who was a candidate for a Board School brought a testimonial from a Vicar in which, after bearing handsome testimony to her efficiency in the Day School, he added that the only reason why he parted with her was that she lived so far away from the church that she was unable to teach in the Sunday School.

Nonconformists struggling for their own religious principles against the enormous influence which the Episcopalian Church derives from its connection with the State, are amazed that their Liberal allies should advocate a policy by which the State, after giving to the Established Church national buildings, and supporting its clergy with national property, assists to provide them with day schools in which the dominant creed is taught, and with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who as part of their duty have to teach in the Church Sunday School, play the Church harmonium, and train the Church choir.

But I may be reminded that the schools which receive the Grant are obliged to accept a Conscience Clause. That Liberal politicians should suppose that this is a conclusive demonstration of the justice of the denominational system is one of the most remarkable and surprising phenomena connected with the education controversy. A very few years ago the whole of the Liberal party affirmed the injustice of Church Rates, and Church Rates were abolished. Nonconformists were not compelled to attend the services of the Church of England; they had not even to express their wish to the rector of the parish that they might be exempted from attendance; the "Conscience Clause," which liberated them from the necessity of being present at church and listening to the Vicar's sermon and the Morning Service, was complete; they stayed away without asking anybody's leave. The injustice consisted in their being compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the church fabric while they disapproved of the polity of the Church and its doctrine. They complain of the same injustice when they are compelled to contribute to the support of schools established for the defence of the same polity and doctrine, and of schoolmasters who are obliged as part of their duty, and in return for the salary which Nonconformists help to pay, to be Church organists and choir-masters, and to teach in Church Sunday Schools.

If a Parliamentary vote were proposed to assist the Church of England to employ additional curates or additional Scripture readers, no one would say that because Nonconformists would be under no compulsion to listen to the curates at church, or to receive the Scripture readers into their houses, they had no right to complain. Or if grants were voted by Parliament to assist the clergy to pay choir-masters and organists, it would be of no avail to allege that Nonconformists were not obliged to listen to the organ or the choir. Or, if a vote were asked for to enable the clergy to pay for the services of well-trained teachers in their Sunday Schools, it would be no adequate defence to allege that Nonconformists need not send their children to be taught. Nor when Nonconformists complain of a system under which Sunday School teachers, organists, choir-masters, and religious teachers in Day Schools are provided for the Church of England, partly at the public expense, can they see that the injustice is remedied by a Conscience Clause which enables them to withdraw their children from the religious instruction of which they disapprove.

The Church of England schools are declared by zealous clergymen to be "bulwarks of the Church of England;" Nonconformists are not willing that the "bulwarks" should be erected and kept in repair at the expense of the nation.

This is the root of their objection to the 25th clause. Under that clause the rates are appropriated to the maintenance of schools whose very *raison d'être* would cease if they ceased to teach the special theological creed of their managers.

The present condition of the English Church intensifies the unwillingness of Nonconformists to contribute to the extension and augmentation of its power. Whatever divisions of theological opinion exist among us, we regard with the strongest hostility the characteristic theology and the sacerdotal pretensions of the Ritualistic clergy. To have been compelled to support the religious teaching and the religious services of the Church of England when Evangelicalism was in the ascendant was sufficiently distasteful to most of us. But when, in parish after parish, from one end of England to the other, doctrines are taught by the clergy which are separated by the very thinnest lines from those doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church against which the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Germany have uniformly and most vehemently protested,—when the public services of the Church are assimilated as closely as possible to the sensuous services of the Church of Rome,—when 483 clergymen, representing in their sympathies and tendencies perhaps ten times as many, petition for trained confessors in the English Church,—when, year after year, it becomes more obvious that the Church of England is drifting farther and farther away from its Protestant traditions, and rendering the restoration of this country to the Roman communion less and less difficult,—the ancient spirit of irreconcilable hatred of Romanism, which through all vicissitudes of theological thought has descended to us from our Nonconformist ancestors, compels us to declare that at whatever cost we will resist a policy by which the influences and resources of the Church of England are being enormously increased at the public cost. If in innumerable parishes children are to be taught the doctrine of the Bishop of Lincoln that Nonconformists are guilty of the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and if in parishes almost as numerous they are to be trained to regard Protestantism with abhorrence, we protest against the work being done at the expense of the nation.

We do not ask that our own faith should be taught in schools at the national cost; but we ask that we should not be compelled to assist in maintaining schools which teach a faith which we regard as hostile alike to Christian truth and to the social and political interests of the community.

We are not insensible to the difficulties with which all legislation on this question is encumbered. The denominational schools *exist*. So long as it seemed impossible to provide for popular education, except through the agency of the various Churches of the country, there was the strongest reason for encouraging the development of the denominational system. Mischievous as it would be to administer through the clergy, whether of the National Church or of the Nonconformist Churches, the funds levied for the relief of the poor, in a time of Famine it would be the obvious duty of the nation to accept their services if no other agency for administering the relief existed. The urgency of the physical necessities of the destitute would constitute a sufficient excuse for the temporary employment of the clergy as the administrators of public charity. And while there was no other agency for administering the national assistance given to elementary education, there was an adequate reason for placing it in the hands of the Churches and the clergy. But the necessity has now ceased, and we ask that the development of the old and vicious system, which was miserably ineffective for educational purposes, and which involved great practical injustice to the less wealthy Churches, should be arrested. If grants are not withdrawn at once from existing schools, we ask that no grants should be made to schools which do not receive them already. We further believe that, without inflicting any injustice on those whom the State has encouraged to establish denominational schools, arrangements might be made by which the control of the schools during the hours of secular instruction should be vested in School Boards, the buildings being reserved at other times for the use of the denominations to which they belong. At least one school free from any theological and ecclesiastical bias should be within the reach of every child in the country. We are not at all disposed, as the Marquis of Hartington affirmed, to insist as the condition of our allegiance to the Liberal party, that its leaders should concede all the claims that we might justly urge; but we ask that the tendency of their legislation should be to alleviate, not to increase, the present inequalities from which we suffer.

Meanwhile, I believe that the urgency with which we press our own claims will not make us oblivious of the supreme necessities of the country. I cannot speak authoritatively for the whole body of the Nonconformists of England, but I can speak for myself and for at least many of those who during the last three years have been most hostile to the policy of the Government. We are anxious, above all things, that the right of the children of the nation to receive the best possible elementary instruction should be efficiently protected. We believe that this should not be left to local authorities; it is an imperial duty. That a universal compulsory law would, in the present position of affairs, greatly strengthen the schools of the Church of England is no doubt true; but I would infinitely rather that the children received the ineffective education given in most denominational schools than no education at all; and the training even of the Ritualistic clergy would be less pernicious than the training of the streets. If, indeed, it were at all probable that, during the next year or two, schools under the immediate control of the representatives of the people would take the place of schools under the control of private, irresponsible, and sectarian managers, to delay the passing of a universal compulsory law might be favourable to the real educational interests of the nation as well as to religious equality. But this is not probable, and whatever additional strength such a law, if passed at once, might give to the Church, which is already buttressed and defended by the wealth and favour of the State, it would be the duty of all liberal politicians to do their best to pass it. This, at least, is my own conviction. I believe it is the conviction of the leaders of the National Education League. I believe it is the conviction of the vast majority of those Nonconformists who are most bitterly disappointed and most vehemently provoked by the policy of the Government. If our protest as Nonconformists against the aggrandizement of the National Establishment cannot be listened to, let the Government listen to our protest as Leaguers on behalf of neglected and uneducated children, and give us early next session Universal School Boards to carry out the principle of Universal Compulsion.

But they will do more than this. It is incredible that a Ministry of which Mr. Gladstone is the chief and Mr. Bright an important member, should continue to pursue the disastrous policy of the last three years; they will not, through fear of the Conservatives and the clergy, perpetuate the injuries which the legislation of 1870 has inflicted on the Nonconformists, impede the development of an effective system of National Education, and destroy all hope of reconciliation between themselves and their most loyal and trustworthy supporters.

R. W. DALE.

ERRATA

IN PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ARTICLE ON "PRINCIPAL FORBES AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS," IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

Page 501, line 16 from bottom, *for* p. 411 *read* p. 496.
„ 502, line 13, *for* p. 411 *read* p. 496.
„ 503, line 13, *for* p. 411 *read* p. 496.
„ „ line 14, *for* p. 412 *read* p. 497.
„ 507, line 15, *for* p. 419 *read* p. 504.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

NO. XVI.—CONCLUSION.

OF readers who have accompanied me thus far, probably some think that the contents of the work go beyond the limits implied by its title. Under the head, *Study of Sociology*, so many sociological questions have been incidentally discussed, that the science itself has been in a measure dealt with while dealing with the study of it. Admitting this criticism, my excuse must be that the fault, if it is one, has been scarcely avoidable. Nothing to much purpose can be said about the study of any science without saying a good deal about the general and special truths it includes, or what the expositor holds to be truths. To write an essay on the study of Astronomy in which there should be no direct or implied conviction respecting the Copernican theory of the Solar System, nor any such recognition of the Law of Gravitation as involved acceptance or rejection of it, would be a task difficult to execute, and, when executed, probably of little value. Similarly with Sociology—it is next to impossible for a writer who points out the way towards its truths, to exclude all tacit or avowed expressions of opinion about those truths; and, were it possible to exclude such expressions of opinion, it would be at the cost of those illustrations needed to make his exposition effective.

Such must be, in part, my defence for having set down many thoughts which the title of this work does not cover. Especially have I found myself obliged thus to transgress, by representing the study of Sociology as the study of Evolution in its most complex form. It is clear that to one who considers the facts societies exhibit as having had their origin in supernatural interpositions, or in the wills of individual ruling men, the study of these facts will have an aspect wholly unlike that which it has to one who contemplates them as generated by processes of growth and development continuing through centuries. Ignoring, as the first view tacitly does, that conformity to law, in the scientific sense of the word, which the second view tacitly asserts, there can be but little community between the methods of inquiry proper to them respectively. Continuous causation, which in the one case there is little or no tendency to trace, becomes, in the other case, the chief object of attention; whence it follows that there must be formed wholly-different ideas of the appropriate modes of investigation. A foregone conclusion respecting the nature of social phenomena, is thus inevitably implied in any suggestions for the study of them.

While, however, it must be admitted that throughout this work there runs the assumption that the facts, simultaneous and successive, which societies present, have a genesis no less natural than the genesis of facts of all other classes; it is not admitted that this assumption was made unawares, or without warrant. At the outset, the grounds for it were examined. The notion, widely accepted in name though not consistently acted upon, that social phenomena differ from phenomena of most other kinds as being under special providence, we found to be entirely discredited by its expositors; nor, when closely looked into, did the great-man-theory of social affairs prove to be more tenable. Besides finding that both these views, rooted as they are in the ways of thinking natural to primitive men, would not bear criticism; we found that even their defenders continually betrayed their beliefs in the production of social changes by natural causes — tacitly admitted that after certain antecedents certain consequents are to be expected—tacitly admitted, therefore, that some prevision is possible, and therefore some subject-matter for Science. From these negative justifications for the belief that Sociology is a science, we turned to the positive justifications. We found that every aggregate of units of any order, has certain traits necessarily determined by the properties of its units. Hence it was inferable, *à priori*, that, given the natures of the men who are their units, and certain characters in the societies formed are pre-determined—other characters being determined by the co-operation of surrounding conditions. The current assertion that Sociology is not possible, implies a misconception of its nature. Using the analogy supplied by a human life, we saw that just as bodily development and structure and function, furnish subject-matter for biological science, though the events set forth by the biographer go beyond its range; so, social growth, and the rise of structures and functions accompanying it, furnish subject-matter for a Science of Society, though the facts with which historians fill their pages mostly yield no material for Science. Thus conceiving the scope of the science, we saw, on comparing rudimentary societies with one another and with societies in different stages of progress, that they *do* present certain common traits of structure and of function, as well as certain common traits of development. Further comparisons similarly made, opened large questions, such as that of the relation between social growth and organization, which form parts of this same science;—questions of transcendant importance compared with those occupying the minds of politicians and writers of history.

The difficulties of the Social Science next drew our attention. We saw that in this case, though in no other case, the facts to be observed and generalized by the student, are exhibited by an aggregate of which he forms a part. In his capacity of inquirer, he should have no inclination towards one or other conclusion respecting the phenomena to be generalized; but in his capacity of citizen, helped to live by the life of his society, imbedded in its structures, sharing in its activities, breathing its atmosphere of thought and sentiment, he is partially coerced into such views as favour harmonious co-operation with his fellow-citizens. Hence immense obstacles to the Social Science, unparalleled by those standing in the way of any other science.

From considering thus generally these causes of error, we turned to consider them specially. Under the head of Objective Difficulties, we glanced at those many ways in which evidence collected by the sociological inquirer is vitiated. That extreme untrustworthiness of witnesses which results from carelessness, or fanaticism, or self-interest, was illustrated; and we saw that, in addition to the perversions of statement hence arising, there are others which arise from the tendency there is for some kinds of evidence to draw attention, while evidence of opposite kinds, much larger in quantity, draws no attention. Further, it was shown that the nature of sociological facts, each of which is not observable in a single object or act, but is reached only through registration and comparison of many objects and acts, makes the perception of them harder than that of other facts. It was pointed out that the wide distribution of social phenomena in Space, greatly hinders true apprehensions of them; and it was also pointed out that another impediment, even still greater, is consequent on their distribution in Time—a distribution such that many of the facts to be dealt with, take centuries to unfold, and can be grasped only by combining in thought multitudinous changes that are slow, involved, and not easy to trace. Beyond these difficulties which we grouped as distinguishing the science itself, objectively considered, we saw that there are other difficulties, conveniently to be grouped as subjective, which are also great. For the interpretation of human conduct as socially displayed, every one is compelled to use, as a key, his own nature—ascribing to others thoughts and feelings like his own; and yet, while this automorphic interpretation is indispensable, it is necessarily more or less misleading. Very generally, too, a subjective difficulty arises from the lack of intellectual faculty complex enough to grasp these social phenomena, which are so extremely involved. And again, very few have by culture gained that plasticity of faculty requisite for conceiving and accepting those immensely-varied actualities which societies in different times and places display, and those multitudinous possibilities to be inferred from them. Nor, of subjective difficulties, did these exhaust the list. From the emotional, as well as from the intellectual, part of the nature, we saw that there arise obstacles. The ways in which beliefs about social affairs are perverted by intense fears and excited hopes, were pointed out. We noted the feeling of impatience, as another common cause of misjudgment. A contrast was drawn showing, too, what perverse estimates of public events men are led to make by their sympathies and antipathies—how, where their hate has been aroused, they utter unqualified condemnations of ill-deeds for which there was much excuse, while, if their admiration is excited by vast successes, they condone inexcusable ill-deeds immeasurably greater in amount. And we also saw that among the distortions of judgment caused by the emotions, have to be included those immense ones generated by the sentiment of loyalty to a personal ruler, or to a ruling power otherwise embodied.

These distortions of judgment caused by the emotions, thus indicated generally, we went on to consider specially—treating of them as different forms of bias. Though, during education, understood in a wide sense, many kinds of bias are commenced or given, there is one which our educational system makes especially strong—the double bias in favour of the religions of enmity and of amity. Needful as we found both of these to be, we perceived that among the beliefs about social affairs, prompted now by the one and now by the other, there are glaring incongruities; and that scientific conceptions can be formed only when there is a compromise between the dictates of pure egoism and the dictates of pure altruism, for which they respectively stand. We observed, next, the warping of opinion which the bias of patriotism causes. Recognizing the truth that the preservation of a society is made possible only by a due amount of patriotic feeling in citizens, we saw that this feeling inevitably disturbs the judgment when comparisons between societies are made, and that the data required for Social Science are thus vitiated ; and we saw that the effort to escape this bias, leading as it does to an opposite bias, is apt to vitiate the data in another way. While finding the class-bias to be no less essential, we found that it no less inevitably causes one-sidedness in the conceptions of social affairs. Noting how the various sub-classes have their specialties of prejudice corresponding to their class-interests, we noted, at greater length, how the more general prejudices of the larger and more widely-distinguished classes, prevent them from forming balanced judgments. That in politics the bias of party interferes with those calm examinations by which alone the conclusions of Social Science can be reached, scarcely needed pointing out. We observed, however, that beyond the political bias under its party-form, there is a more general political bias—the bias towards an exclusively-political view of social affairs, and a corresponding faith in political instrumentalities. As affecting the study of Social Science, this bias was shown to be detrimental as directing the attention too much to the phenomena of social regulation, and excluding from thought the activities regulated, constituting an aggregate of phenomena far more important. Lastly, we came to the theological bias, which, under its general form and under its special forms, disturbs in various ways our judgments on social questions. Obedience to a supposed divine command being its standard of rectitude, it does not ask concerning any social arrangement whether it conduces to social welfare, so much as whether it conforms to the creed locally established. Hence, in each place and time, those conceptions about public affairs which the theological bias fosters, tend to diverge from the truth in so far as the creed then and there accepted diverges from the truth. And besides the positive evil thus produced, there is a negative evil, due to discouragement of the habit of estimating actions by the results they eventually cause—a habit which the study of Social Science demands.

Having thus contemplated, in general and in detail, the difficulties of the Social Science, we turned our attention to the preliminary discipline required. Of the conclusions reached so recently, the reader scarcely needs reminding. Study of the sciences in general having been pointed out as the proper means of generating fit habits of thought, it was shown that the sciences especially to be attended to are those treating of Life and of Mind. There can be no understanding of social actions without some knowledge of human nature ; there can be no deep knowledge of human nature without some knowledge of the laws of Mind; there can be no adequate knowledge of the laws of Mind without knowledge of the laws of Life. And that knowledge of the laws of Life, as exhibited in Man, may be properly grasped, attention must be given to the laws of Life in general.

What is to be hoped from such a presentation of difficulties and such a programme of preparatory studies? Who, in drawing his conclusions about public policies, will be made to hesitate by remembering the many obstacles that stand in the way of right judgments? Who will think it needful to fit himself by inquiries so various and so extensive? Who, in short, will be led to doubt any of the inferences he has drawn, or be induced to pause before he draws others, by consciousness of these many liabilities to error arising from want of knowledge, want of discipline, and want of duly-balanced sentiments?

To these questions there can be but the obvious reply—a reply which the foregoing chapters themselves involve—that very little is to be expected. The implication throughout the argument has been that for every society, and for each stage in its evolution, there is an appropriate mode of feeling and thinking; and that no mode of feeling and thinking not adapted to its degree of evolution, and to its surroundings, can be permanently established. Though not exactly, still approximately, the average opinion in any age and country, is a function of the social structure in that age and country. There may be, as we see during times of revolution, a considerable incongruity between the ideas that become current and the social arrangements which exist, and are, in great measure, appropriate; though even then the incongruity does but mark the need for a re-adjustment of institutions to character. While, however, those successive compromises which, during social evolution, have to be made between the changed natures of citizens and the institutions evolved by ancestral citizens, imply disagreements, yet these are but partial and temporary—in those societies, at least, which are developing and not in course of dissolution. For a society to hold together, the institutions that are needed and the conceptions that are generally current, must be in tolerable harmony. Hence, it is not to be expected that modes of thinking on social affairs, are to be in any considerable degree changed by whatever may be said respecting the Social Science, its difficulties, and the required preparations for studying it.

The only reasonable hope is, that here and there one may be led, in calmer moments, to remember how largely his beliefs about public matters have been made for him by circumstances, and how probable it is that they are either untrue or but partially true. When he reflects on the doubtfulness of the evidence which he generalizes, collected hap-hazard from a narrow area—when he counts up the perverting sentiments fostered in him by education, country, class, party, creed—when, observing those around, he sees that from other evidence selected to gratify sentiments partially unlike his own, there result unlike views; he may occasionally recollect how largely mere accidents have determined his convictions. Recollecting this, he may be induced to hold these convictions not quite so strongly; may see the need for criticism of them with a view to revision; and, above all, may be somewhat less eager to act in pursuance of them.

While the few to whom a Social Science is conceivable, may in some degree be thus influenced by what is said concerning the study of it, there can, of course, be no effect on the many to whom such a Science seems an absurdity, or an impiety, or both. The feeling usually excited by the proposal to deal scientifically with these most-complex phenomena, is like that which was excited in ancient times by the proposal to deal scientifically with phenomena of simpler kinds. As Mr. Grote writes of Socrates—

> "Physics and astronomy, in his opinion, belonged to the divine class of phænomena, in which human research was insane, fruitless, and impious."*

And as he elsewhere writes respecting the attitude of the Greek mind in general:—

> "In his [the early Greek's] view, the description of the sun, as given in a modern astronomical treatise, would have appeared not merely absurd, but repulsive and impious: even in later times, when the positive spirit of inquiry had made considerable progress, Anaxagoras and other astronomers incurred the charge of blasphemy for dispersonifying Hêlios, and trying to assign invariable laws to the solar phenomena."†

That a likeness exists between the feeling then displayed respecting phenomena of inorganic nature, and the feeling now displayed respecting phenomena of Life and Society, is manifest. The ascription of social actions and political events entirely to natural causes, thus leaving out Providence as a factor, seems to the religious mind of our day, as seemed to the mind of the pious Greek the dispersonification of Hêlios and the explanation of celestial motions otherwise than by immediate divine agency. As was said by Mr. Gladstone, in a speech made shortly after the publication of the second chapter of this volume—

> "I lately read a discussion on the manner in which the raising up of particular individuals occasionally occurs in great crises of human history, as if some sacred, invisible power had raised them up and placed them in particular positions for special purposes. The writer says that they are not uniform, but admits that they are common—so common and so remarkable

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* *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 498.

† *Ibid*, vol. i. p. 466.

that men would be liable to term them providential in a pre-scientific age. And this was said without the smallest notion apparently in the writer's mind that he was giving utterance to anything that could startle or alarm—it was said as a kind of commonplace. It would seem that in his view there was a time when mankind, lost in ignorance, might, without forfeiting entirely their title to the name of rational creatures, believe in a Providence, but that since that period another and greater power has arisen under the name of science, and this power has gone to war with Providence, and Providence is driven from the field—and we have now the happiness of living in the scientific age, when Providence is no longer to be treated as otherwise than an idle dream."*

Of the mental attitude, very general beyond the limits of the scientific world, which these utterances of Mr. Gladstone exemplify, he has since given further illustration; and, in his anxiety to check a movement he thinks mischievous, has so conspicuously made himself the exponent of the anti-scientific view, that we may fitly regard his thoughts on the matter as typical. In an address delivered by him at the Liverpool College, and since republished with additions, he says:—

"Upon the ground of what is termed evolution, God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world."

This passage proves the kinship between Mr. Gladstone's conception of things and that entertained by the Greeks, to be even closer than above alleged; for its implication is, not simply that the scientific interpretation of vital and social phenomena as conforming to fixed laws, is repugnant to him, but that the like interpretation of inorganic phenomena is repugnant. In common with the ancient Greek, he regards as irreligious, any explanation of Nature which dispenses with immediate divine superintendence. He appears to overlook the fact that the doctrine of gravitation, with the entire science of physical Astronomy, is open to the same charge as this which he makes against the doctrine of evolution; and he seems not to have remembered that throughout the past, each further step made by Science has been denounced for reasons like those which he assigns.†

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* *Morning Post*, May 15, 1872.

† In the appendix to his republished address, Mr. Gladstone, in illustration of the views he condemns, refers to that part of *First Principles* which, treating of the reconciliation of Science and Religion, contends that this consists in a united recognition of an Ultimate Cause which, though ever present to consciousness, transcends knowledge. Commenting on this view, he says:—" Still it vividly recalls to mind an old story of the man who, wishing to be rid of one who was in his house, said, 'Sir, there are two sides to my house, and we will divide them; you shall take the outside.'" This seems to me by no means a happily-chosen simile; since it admits of an interpretation exactly opposite to the one Mr. Gladstone intends. The doctrine he combats is that Science, unable to go beyond the outsides of things, is for ever debarred from reaching, and even from conceiving, the Power within them; and this being so, the relative positions of Religion and Science may be well represented by inverting the application of his figure.

It is instructive to observe, however, that in these prevailing conceptions expressed by Mr. Gladstone, which we have here to note as excluding the conception of a Social Science, there is to be traced a healthful process of compromise between old and new. For as in the current conceptions about the order of events in the lives of persons, there is a partnership, wholly illogical though temporarily convenient, between the ideas of natural causation and of providential interference; so, in the current political conceptions, the belief in divine interpositions goes along with, and by no means excludes, the belief in a natural production of effects on society by natural agencies set to work. In relation to the occurrences of individual life, we displayed our national aptitude for thus entertaining mutually-destructive ideas, when an unpopular prince suddenly gained popularity by outliving certain morbid changes in his blood, and when, on the occasion of his recovery, providential aid and natural causation were unitedly recognized by a thanksgiving to God and a baronetcy to the doctor. And similarly, we see that throughout all our public actions, the theory which Mr. Gladstone represents, that great men are providentially raised up to do things God has decided upon, and that the course of affairs is supernaturally ordered thus or thus, does not in the least interfere with the passing of measures calculated to achieve desired ends in ways classed as natural, and nowise modifies the discussion of such measures on their merits, as estimated in terms of cause and consequence. While the prayers with which each legislative sitting commences, show a nominal belief in an immediate divine guidance, the votes with which the sitting ends, given in pursuance of reasons which the speeches assign, show us a real belief that the effects will be determined by the agencies set to work.

Still, it is clear that the old conception, while it qualifies the new but little in the regulating of actions, qualifies it very much in the forming of theories. There can be no complete acceptance of Sociology as a science, so long as the belief in a social order not conforming to natural law, survives. Hence, as already said, considerations touching the study of Sociology, not very influential even over the few who recognize a Social Science, can have scarcely any effects on the great mass to whom a Social Science is an incredibility.

I do not mean that this prevailing imperviousness to scientific conceptions of social phenomena is to be regretted. As implied in a foregoing paragraph, it is part of the required adjustment between existing opinions and the forms of social life at present requisite. With a given phase of human character there must, to maintain equilibrium, go an adapted class of institutions, and a set of thoughts and sentiments in tolerable harmony with those institutions. Hence, it is not to be wished that with the average human nature we now have, there should be a wide acceptance of views natural only to a more-highly-developed social state, and to the improved type of citizen accompanying such a state. The desirable thing is, that a growth of ideas and feelings tending to produce modification, shall be joined with a continuance of ideas and feelings tending to preserve stability. And it is one of our satisfactory social traits, exhibited in a degree never before paralleled, that along with a mental progress which brings about considerable changes, there is a devotion of thought and energy to the maintenance of existing arrangements, and creeds, and sentiments—an energy sufficient even to re-invigorate some of the old forms and beliefs that were decaying. When, therefore, a distinguished statesman, anxious for human welfare as he ever shows himself to be, and holding that the defence of established beliefs must not be left exclusively to its "standing army" of "priests and ministers of religion," undertakes to combat opinions at variance with a creed he thinks essential; the occurrence may be taken as adding another to the many signs of a healthful condition of society. That in our day, one in Mr. Gladstone's position should think as he does, seems to me very desirable. That we should have for our working-king one in whom a purely-scientific conception of things had become dominant, and who was thus out of harmony with our present social state, would probably be detrimental, and might be disastrous.

For it cannot be too emphatically asserted that this policy of compromise, alike in institutions, in actions, and in beliefs, which especially characterizes English life, is a policy essential to a society going through the transitions caused by continued growth and development. The illogicalities and the absurdities to be found so abundantly in current opinions and existing arrangements, are those which inevitably arise in the course of perpetual re-adjustments to circumstances perpetually changing. Ideas and institutions proper to a past social state, but incongruous with the new social state that has grown out of it, surviving into this new social state they have made possible, and disappearing only as this new social state establishes its own ideas and institutions, are necessarily, during their survival, in conflict with these new ideas and institutions—necessarily furnish elements of contradiction in men's thoughts and deeds. And yet as, for the carrying-on of social life, the old must continue so long as the new is not ready, this perpetual compromise is an indispensable accompaniment of a normal development. Its essentialness we may see on remembering that it equally holds throughout the evolution of an individual organism. The structural and functional arrangements during growth, are never quite right: always the old adjustment for a smaller size is made wrong by the larger size it has been instrumental in producing—always the transition-structure is a compromise between the requirements of past and future, fulfilling in an imperfect way the requirements of the present. And this, which is shown clearly enough where there is simple growth, is shown still more clearly where there are metamorphoses. A creature which leads at two periods of its existence two different kinds of life, and which, in adaptation to its second period, has to develop structures that were not fitted for its first, passes through a stage during which it possesses both partially—during which the old dwindles while the new grows: as happens, for instance, in creatures that continue to breathe water by external branchiæ during the time they are developing the lungs that enable them to breathe air. And thus it is with the alterations produced by growth in societies, as well as with those metamorphoses accompanying change in the mode of life—especially those accompanying change from the predatory life to the industrial life. Here, too, there must be transitional stages during which incongruous organizations co-exist: the first remaining indispensable until the second has grown up to its work. Just as injurious as it would be to an amphibian to cut off its branchiæ before its lungs were well developed; so injurious must it be to a society to destroy its old institutions before the new have become organized enough to take their places.

Non-recognition of this truth characterizes too much the reformers, political, religious, and social, of our own time; as it has characterized those of past times. On the part of men eager to rectify wrongs and expel errors, there is still, as there ever has been, so absorbing a consciousness of the evils caused by old forms and old ideas, as to permit no consciousness of the benefits these old forms and old ideas have yielded. This partiality of view is, in a sense, necessary. There must be division of labour here as elsewhere: some who have the function of attacking, and, who, that they may attack effectually, must feel strongly the viciousness of that which they attack; some who have the function of defending, and who, that they may be good defenders, must over-value the things they defend. But while this one-sidedness has to be tolerated, as in great measure unavoidable, it is in some respects to be regretted. Though, with grievances less serious and animosities less intense than those which existed here in the past, and which exist still abroad, there go mitigated tendencies to a rash destructiveness on the one side, and an unreasoning bigotry on the other; yet even in our country and age there are dangers from the want of a due both-sidedness. In the speeches and writings of those who advocate various political and social changes, there is so continuous a presentation of injustices, and abuses, and mischiefs, and corruptions, as to leave the impression that for securing a wholesome state of things, there needs nothing but to set aside present arrangements. The implication seems ever to be that all who occupy places of power, and form the regulative organization, are alone to blame for whatever is not as it should be; and that the classes regulated are blameless. "See the injuries which these institutions inflict on you," says the energetic reformer. "Consider how selfish must be the men who maintain them to their own advantage and your detriment," he adds. And then he leaves to be drawn the manifest inference that were these selfish men got rid of, all would be well. Neither he nor his audience recognizes the facts that regulative arrangements are essential; that the arrangements in question, along with their many vices, have some virtues; that such vices as they have do not result from an egoism peculiar to those who uphold and work them, but result from a general egoism—an egoism no less decided in those who complain than in those complained of. Inequitable government can be upheld only by the aid of a people correspondingly inequitable, in its sentiments and acts. Injustice cannot reign if the community does not furnish a due supply of unjust agents. No tyrant can tyrannize over a people save on condition that the people is bad enough to supply him with soldiers who will fight for his tyranny and keep their brethren in slavery. Class-supremacy cannot be maintained by the corrupt buying of votes, unless there are multitudes of voters venal enough to sell their votes. It is thus everywhere and in all degrees—misconduct among those in power is the correlative of misconduct among those over whom they exercise power.

And while, in the men who urge on changes, there is an unconsciousness that the evils they denounce are rooted in the nature common to themselves and other men, there is also an unconsciousness that amid the things they would throw away there is much worth preserving. This holds of beliefs more especially. Along with the destructive tendency there goes but little constructive tendency. The criticisms made, imply that it is requisite only to dissipate errors, and that it is needless to insist on truths. It is forgotten that, along with forms which are bad, there is a large amount of substance which is good. And those to whom there are addressed condemnations of the forms, unaccompanied by the caution that there is a substance to be preserved in higher forms, are left, not only without any coherent system of guiding beliefs, but without any consciousness that one is requisite.

Hence the need, above admitted, for an active defence of that which exists, carried on by men convinced of its entire worth; so that those who attack may not destroy the good along with the bad.

And here let me point out specifically, the truth already implied, that studying Sociology scientifically, leads to fairer appreciations of different parties, political, religious, and other. The conception initiated and developed by Social Science, is at the same time Radical and Conservative — Radical to a degree beyond anything which current Radicalism conceives; Conservative to a degree beyond anything conceived by present Conservatism. When there has been adequately seized the truth that societies are products of evolution, assuming, in their various times and places, their various modifications of structure and function; there follows the conviction that what, relatively to our thoughts and sentiments, were arrangements of extreme badness, had fitnesses to conditions which made better arrangements impracticable: whence comes a tolerant interpretation of past tyrannies at which even the bitterest Tory of our own days would be indignant. On the other hand, after observing how the processes that have brought things to their present stage are still going on, not with a decreasing rapidity indicating approach to cessation, but with an increasing rapidity that implies long continuance and immense transformations; there follows the conviction that the remote future has in store, forms of social life higher than any we have imagined: there comes a faith transcending that of the Radical, whose aim is some re-organization admitting of comparison to organizations which exist. And while this conception of societies as naturally evolved, beginning with small and simple types which have their short existences and disappear, advancing to higher types that are larger, more complex, and longer-lived, coming to still-higher types like our own, great in size, complexity, and duration, and promising types transcending these in times after existing societies have died away—while this conception of societies implies that in the slow course of things changes almost immeasurable in amount are possible, it also implies that but small amounts of such changes are possible within short periods.

Thus, the theory of progress disclosed by the study of Sociology as science, is one which greatly moderates the hopes and the fears of extreme parties. After clearly seeing that the structures and actions throughout a society are determined by the properties of its units, and that (external disturbances apart) the society cannot be substantially and permanently changed without its units being substantially and permanently changed, it becomes easy to see that great alterations cannot suddenly be made to much purpose. And when both the party of progress and the party of resistance perceive that the institutions which at any time exist are more deeply rooted than they supposed—when the one party perceives that these institutions, imperfect as they are, have a temporary fitness, while the other party perceives that the maintenance of them, in so far as it is desirable, is in great measure guaranteed by the human nature they have grown out of; there must come a diminishing violence of attack on one side, and a diminishing perversity of defence on the other. Evidently, so far as a doctrine can influence general conduct (which it can do, however, in but a comparatively-small degree), the Doctrine of Evolution, in its social applications, is calculated to produce a *steadying* effect, alike on thought and action.

If, as seems likely, some should propose to draw the seemingly-awkward corollary that it matters not what we believe or what we teach, since the process of social evolution will take its own course in spite of us; I reply that while this corollary is in one sense true, it is in another sense untrue. Doubtless, from all that has been said, it follows that, supposing surrounding conditions continue the same, the evolution of a society cannot be in any essential way diverted from its general course; though it also follows (and here the corollary is at fault) that the thoughts and actions of individuals, being natural factors that arise in the course of the evolution itself, and aid in further advancing it, cannot be dispensed with, but must be severally valued as increments of the aggregate force producing change. But while the corollary is even here partially misleading, it is, in another direction, far more seriously misleading. For though the process of social evolution is in its general character so far pre-determined, that its successive stages cannot be ante-dated, and that hence no teaching or policy can advance it beyond a certain normal rate, which is limited by the rate of organic modification in human beings; yet it is quite possible to perturb, to retard, or to disorder the process. The analogy of individual development again serves us. The unfolding of an organism after its special type, has its approximately-uniform course taking its tolerably-definite time; and no treatment that may be devised will fundamentally change or greatly accelerate these: the best that can be done is to maintain the required favourable conditions. But it is quite easy to adopt a treatment which shall dwarf, or deform, or otherwise injure: the processes of growth and development may be, and very often are, hindered or deranged, though they cannot be artificially bettered. Similarly with the social organism. Though by maintaining favourable conditions there cannot be more good done than that of letting social progress go on unhindered; yet an immensity of mischief may be done in the way of disturbing and distorting and repressing, by policies carried out in pursuance of erroneous conceptions. And thus, notwithstanding first appearances to the contrary, there is a very important part to be played by a true theory of social phenomena.

A few words to those who think these general conclusions discouraging, may be added. Probably the more enthusiastic, hopeful of great ameliorations in the state of mankind, to be brought about rapidly by propagating this belief or initiating that reform, will feel that a doctrine negativing their sanguine anticipations takes away much of the stimulus to exertion. If large advances in human welfare can come only in the slow process of things, which will inevitably bring them; why should we trouble ourselves?

Doubtless it is true that on visionary hopes, rational criticisms have a depressing influence. It is better to recognize the truth, however. As between infancy and maturity there is no short-cut by which there may be avoided the tedious process of growth and development through insensible increments; so there is no way from the lower forms of social life to the higher, but one passing through small successive modifications. If we contemplate the order of nature, we see that everywhere vast results are brought about by accumulations of minute actions. The surface of the Earth has been sculptured by forces which in the course of a year produce alterations scarcely anywhere visible. Its multitudes of different organic forms have arisen by processes so slow, that, during the periods our observations extend over, the results are in most cases inappreciable. We must be content to recognize these truths and conform our hopes to them. Light, falling upon a crystal, is capable of altering its molecular arrangements, but it can do this only by a repetition of impulses almost innumerable: before a unit of ponderable matter can have its rhythmical movements so increased by successive etherial waves, as to be detached from its combination and arranged in another way, millions of such etherial waves must successively make infinitesimal additions to its motion. Similarly, before there arise in human nature and human institutions, changes having that permanence which makes them an acquired inheritance for the human race, there must go innumerable recurrences of the thoughts, and feelings, and actions, conducive to such changes. The process cannot be abridged; and must be gone through with due patience.

Thus, admitting that for the fanatic some wild anticipation is needful as a stimulus, and recognizing the usefulness of his delusion as adapted to his particular nature and his particular function, the man of higher type must be content with greatly-moderated expectations, while he perseveres with undiminished efforts. He has to see how comparatively little can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little: so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm.

HERBERT SPENCER.

AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1874.

ENGLAND, from her position and from the genius of her people, has always been prone to maritime discovery and adventure, and during the last three centuries she has been foremost among the nations of Europe in exploring the unknown parts of the earth. Britons have been further north and further south, and to greater heights above the sea on mountain peaks, than any other people. The sources of the Nile and the Niger, of the Ganges and the Oxus, were discovered by Britons; and their innate love of geographical discovery is as fresh now as it was in the days of Cabot. Moreover, this tendency is not confined to a limited number of adventurers in each generation, but is shared by the whole nation. All England watches, with intense interest, the movements of Baker and of Livingstone, and warmly approves any act of the Government, such as the fitting out of the *Challenger*, which has for its object the advancement of scientific and especially of geographical discovery. Hence the expeditions to the Arctic regions have always been warmly advocated in England; and while no service is more popular than that connected with the exploring of unknown regions, no measures have always been more heartily applauded than those which have led to the despatch of expeditions of discovery. A generation has, however, grown up since the last Arctic expedition was fitted out; and this once adventure-loving people has looked on, with varying feelings, while others have been busily striving to complete the work in the far north which we have left unfinished. This temporary inertness can easily be accounted for. The sad disaster of Sir John Franklin and his gallant following enabled the croakers, who are to be found in England as elsewhere, to raise the cry of danger with wearisome iteration. There was a war, too, which rightly absorbed the attention of the country, for some years, and other events have since filled the public mind. But now, at last, the efforts of gallant men of other countries and of a few English yachtsmen, have drawn public attention to Arctic discovery, and a very healthful feeling is springing up. There is no conceivable reason why the useful and honourable work of our ancestors in the Arctic regions should not be continued by this generation. The risks and dangers are now much less, while the value of the results to be attained are enormously enhanced. It seems, therefore, most important that the reasons for advocating continued North Polar research should be generally known, and that the character of the service should be understood.

Arctic expeditions have been despatched from two distinct motives during two epochs of our history. At first they were undertaken entirely for commercial reasons, to discover new routes to the east, and to open up new sources of wealth. In the latter object they were abundantly successful. It was an Arctic expedition that discovered Russia, and led to the lucrative trade of the Muscovy Company; and the voyages of Hudson and Davis gave rise to those whaling ventures which materially increased the wealth and resources of Great Britain. But during the last century the main object of Arctic expeditions has been to make scientific researches, and to increase the sum of human knowledge. Every year the connection between science and practical utility becomes more close, and hence the importance of research in the unknown parts of the earth, apart from purely scientific interests, increases year by year. It has often been said that the search for a North-West Passage was absurd because ships could never use it. Never was there a more ignorant fallacy. It has never, during the last hundred years, been supposed that a North-West Passage could be a highway for trade. The search was undertaken, and eventually achieved, for the sake of geographical discovery, for the sake of all the numerous valuable observations in every branch of science: a thoroughly practical and useful object.

It is now just a hundred years since the second and nobler epoch of Arctic adventure commenced; and the heartiness with which the Government and people of England then, and long afterwards, adopted and carried out the proposals of men of science is a thing that ought, in these days, to be pondered and laid to heart. In all that is good and unselfish, and has a tendency to produce measures alike honourable and useful, we of this generation should gladly turn for precedents to the administration of our ancestors. It is now 1873. Let us turn for a noble precedent to 1773. In that year the Royal Society applied to Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to obtain his Majesty's sanction for an expedition to be fitted out to explore the North Polar area, urging that such discovery would be of service in the promotion of human knowledge. The wishes of the society were immediately complied with, and the Government of that day ordered that an Arctic expedition should be undertaken "with every encouragement that could countenance such an enterprise, and every assistance that could contribute to its success." Captains Phipps and Lutwidge, with the future Lord Nelson as a midshipman, sailed to the Spitzbergen seas, and returned with a goodly store of scientific observations, though unsuccessful in their main object of reaching the North Pole. But their comparative failure did not damp the ardour of the English nation, and in 1776 Captain Cook was ordered to make another attempt on the Pacific side. Then followed the long war, but as soon as peace was restored, the consideration of the best means of prosecuting Arctic discovery was resumed. The men had changed since 1773, another generation had risen up, but the Government was still animated by the same noble sentiments as regards maritime enterprise. A letter was addressed to Lord Melville by Sir Joseph Banks in 1817, and the reply was that "the Government had deemed it their duty, in conformity with the suggestion of the Royal Society, to give orders for the fitting out of four suitable vessels with a view of the important objects of Arctic discovery." In a scientific point of view these expeditions were fruitful of results, including Sabine's most important magnetic observations; as were those which followed them in the subsequent years: and in 1826 Lord Melville again sanctioned Parry's gallant attempt to reach the Pole by boats and sledges. Then there was an interval of inaction, but in 1839, when an Antarctic expedition was proposed, the President and Council of the Royal Society threw themselves unreservedly and with their whole weight into the scale, with immediate and decisive effect. James Ross was despatched on his memorable four years of fruitful discovery and research. In 1845 the Royal Society again urged the importance of Arctic research upon the attention of Sir Robert Peel's Government, and a scientific expedition was fitted out under the command of Sir John Franklin.

The gallant explorers who sailed with Franklin performed one of the most remarkable Arctic voyages on record, and doubtless collected a rich store of observations. The catastrophe which led to the loss of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* is not one which can possibly again befall an expedition in those regions. It was not of the nature of a hurricane or other unavoidable danger. Subsequent experience has taught lessons which enable future explorers to provide against a similar mishap with certainty. The fatal omission was the want of proper depôts of provisions so as to cover the retreat of the crews in case of necessity—a measure of precaution which, since that disaster, has always been carefully provided for. In Lady Franklin's own words:—

> "It would, indeed, be unreasonable, and much to be deplored, if the fate of my dear husband and his companions were to be made an official objection to all future Arctic exploration. They met with the unhappy end which too often befalls the pioneers of tentative and dangerous enterprise. Every succeeding expedition sailed with better ships, better equipments, better charts, better supports, and with ever-increasing knowledge; and thus it has happened that no naval service on the face of the globe exhibits, on the average, so few casualties as that in the Polar seas."

The expedition of Sir John Franklin was the last scientific expedition sent by Great Britain into the Arctic regions. During the thirteen following years, no less than fourteen public and private expeditions were employed in the work of searching for the missing explorers; and it is thus that an amount of knowledge and experience in Arctic navigation and Arctic travelling has been accumulated, which will serve materially to diminish the risks of any future enterprise. But scientific exploration has ceased since 1845.

The time has now arrived for resuming this truly English work. Mr. Gladstone formed one of the Ministry which, in 1845, wisely despatched the last scientific expedition to the Arctic regions; and now the infinitely stronger reasons for fitting out one more expedition with the same great object, but with more knowledge and less risk, are about to be submitted to him.

The considerations of public policy which render these expeditions so important will doubtless have their full weight. They are most popular among all classes of the people. The expenditure they involve is trifling in amount, while it is incurred for objects which ensure the hearty approval of the public. Above all, Arctic service is most advantageous to the navy. But the actual work to be done, the tangible results, are what it will be the duty of men of science to place before the Government and the country.

The unknown region is of vast extent, and it is impossible that its examination can fail to add largely to the sum of human knowledge. It will be represented that the Polar area affords exclusive opportunities for observing the condition of the earth's surface under certain extreme and singular circumstances, due to the relation of this area to the position of the axis of revolution of the terrestrial spheroid, and which have to be considered, not only with reference to the present time, but to the earth's past history. It may be received as certain that discoveries will be made in all branches of science, the exact nature of which cannot be anticipated. Geographers will urge that a problem of great importance and interest will be solved by completing the circuit of Greenland, ascertaining the extent and nature of its northern coast, and of other land within the unknown area; while the hydrography of the undiscovered seas has a most important bearing on the general question of oceanic currents. Meteorologists will show that the present state of their science requires a more thorough investigation of the motions of the earth's atmosphere than has yet been undertaken, and that for this important object the less frequented parts of the earth's surface must be studied, as well as the more frequented. The climate of Europe in no small degree depends on the atmospheric condition of the Polar area; so that additions to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic region, accompanied by observations of its meteorology, will afford improved means of understanding the meteorology of our own country, and of the earth generally. The extension of research into the phenomena of magnetism and atmospheric electricity, in the vicinity of the Poles, can be shown, by physicists, to be of much scientific importance; while investigations in all branches of physics in the proximity of the Pole, where so many of the forces of nature operate in an extreme degree, either of excess or defect, will certainly be followed by the acquisition of knowledge which can only be obtained in such exceptional localities. Mr. Norman Lockyer has further pointed out that the study of the Aurora, which is among the most striking phenomena visible on our planet, is almost impossible in low latitudes; while the advance of spectrum analysis has given the means of determining the chemical elements involved. All that is now needed is the means of applying this description of observation; and this can only be got near the Pole.

Geologists can demonstrate that a more complete investigation of the geology of the Arctic regions is extremely desirable, both for its scientific importance, and the value of its practical results. It is certain that a luxuriant and highly-organized vegetation of miocene age once existed within the Arctic regions, and its more complete examination will throw light on some very important inquiries. These questions are the geographical distribution of the miocene flora as indicated by the agreements and differences between the miocene plants of the Arctic regions and of Southern Europe; the relation of the miocene flora to previous and subsequent vegetation, and its bearing on the present geographical distribution of plants on the globe; and the evidence derived from these plants as to the physical conditions of the globe in past geological epochs. It is certain that additional localities for fossil plants will be discovered, and of necessity additional species be brought to light, for, in the past, such remains have been found as far as explorers have penetrated. It will also be of much value to have exact observations of the effects produced on the rocks by intense cold, with reference to the important part extreme cold must have played in the last geological period; and of the extent, height, and range of glaciers, their effects on the surface of the country, and on the different classes of rocks. New Arctic fossils may open a new chapter in the history of our globe, and the mineralogy of the Greenland continent is most important.

In the opinion of Dr. Hooker, the President (elect) of the Royal Society, a complete knowledge of the vegetation of the Arctic regions will throw great light upon the geographical distribution of plants on the surface of the globe. It would be of great interest to ascertain whether the miocene vegetation once extended to the Pole; and there is nothing that would give greater assistance in solving this problem than the expedition to explore the region north of Smith Sound. The existing flora of Greenland, though one of the most poverty-stricken on the globe, is possessed of unusual interest. Dr. Hooker has shown that it presents the following peculiarities:—

1. The flowering plants of Greenland are, without exception, natives of the Scandinavian peninsula.

2. There is, in the Greenland flora, scarcely any admixture of American types, which nevertheless are found on the opposite coast of Labrador and the Parry Isles.

3. A considerable proportion of the Greenland plants are nowhere found in the New World.

4. The parts of Greenland south of the Arctic Circle though warmer, contain scarcely any plants not found to the north of that circle.

5. A considerable number of Scandinavian plants, which are not natives of Greenland, are nevertheless natives of Labrador and the Parry Islands.

6. Certain Greenland and Scandinavian plants which are nowhere found in Labrador or Canada, re-appear at considerable elevations on the White, Alleghany, and other mountains in the United States.

No other flora known to naturalists presents such a remarkable combination of peculiar features as this, and the only solution hitherto offered is not yet fully accepted. Botanists, therefore, look anxiously to further explorations in the northern parts of Greenland for more light on the subject, and especially for evidence of rising or sinking of the land up Smith Sound, and of ancient connection between Greenland and Scandinavia; also for observations on temperature, on direction and depth of transporting currents, and on the habits of ruminant migrating animals, which may have influenced the distribution of the vegetation by transporting the seeds. Dr. Hooker has also pointed out that the existence of ancient forests in what are now Arctic regions, and the migration of existing floræ over land bound fast in perpetual ice, appear to call for vaster changes than can be brought about by a redisposition of the geographical limits of land and sea, and to afford evidence of changes in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, and perhaps of variation in the ellipticity of the orbit itself. Great interest also attaches to the minute forms of vegetable life which swim in polar areas, affording food to Cetaceæ and other marine animals, and which colour the surface of the ocean and its bottom likewise. Of land plants the lichens and mosses require much further collection and study, and the Arctic marine flora is most imperfectly known. Thus in the field of botany the researches of an Arctic expedition would bear most important fruit.

The specific results in zoology which may be expected from the proposed expedition are equally numerous and valuable. It is known that the Arctic Ocean teems with life, and that of the more minute organized beings the multitude of kinds is prodigious. These play a most important part, not only in the economy of organic nature, but in the formation of sedimentary deposits, which in future geological periods will become incorporated with those rock formations, whose structure has only lately been explained by the joint labours of geologists and zoologists. The kinds of these animals, the relations they bear to one another and to the larger animals to whose food they contribute, the depths they inhabit, their changes of form at different stages of their lives, and their geographical distribution with reference to currents, are all subjects of which very little is known. With regard to the larger animals of the arctic zones, a knowledge of their habits, and anatomical and physiological investigations will be most valuable. Interesting questions will also be solved by the examination of the unknown area, with regard to the migration of birds. For example, Professor Newton has drawn attention to one class of birds, the knots (*Tringa Canutus*) which come south in vast flocks towards the end of summer, and go north in the following spring. But they do not stop in any known part of the Arctic regions, but fly still further north; and the place of their nidification is still unknown.

It is certain, also, that tribes of men have wandered into the unknown area, for traces of them have been found everywhere along its verge. They may have perished or they may survive in the far north, but there is no doubt of their having entered the unexplored region from more than one point. The condition of such isolated tribes, deprived of the use of wood or metals, and dependent entirely upon bone and stone for the construction of all implements and utensils, is a subject of study with reference to the condition of mankind in the Stone age of the world; and a comparison of the former, as reported by explorers, with the latter, as deduced from the contents of caves and tumuli, will be useful.

This very brief sketch of some of the results of Arctic discovery proves that its objects are of sufficient value and importance to justify the despatch of an expedition. These objects are more definite now than they ever were before, because the advance of knowledge enables men of science to point out, with more exactness and precision, the observations and researches which will be of the greatest scientific as well as practical utility. On former occasions it could always be said, and with perfect truth, that no unknown area of the world's surface could be entered by intelligent observers without an important addition to the sum of human knowledge. This argument must also be used now, and it is unanswerable. But besides these general grounds for Arctic research, specific investigations of vast interest can be pointed out, such as the advance of knowledge in the various branches of science has shown to be needed. There are investigations within the unknown Polar area which must be made, and without which human knowledge in the departments of geography, hydrography, physics, meteorology, geology, botany, zoology, and ethnology will be incomplete. These can be specifically enumerated and pointed out, over and above the numerous discoveries that cannot be anticipated.

Thus the reasons for the resumption of Arctic research are clear and important. The only argument that ignorant writers have hitherto raised against this national undertaking is that the dangers of Arctic navigation are so great as to render an expedition unjustifiable, even for the attainment of these scientific results, with the additional advantage of giving useful employment to the navy. In other words, that this generation of Englishmen is so degenerate that work which was eagerly sought for by their ancestors, and gallantly performed in the days of Hudson, Frobisher, Davis, and Baffin, as in those of Parry, Ross, Franklin, and Back, and still later in those of McClintock, Collinson, McClure, Osborn, and Richards, must now be abandoned on account of the imaginary perils invented by timid and ignorant alarmists: that although it is right for fleets of whalers annually to face these dangers to obtain supplies of oil for those jute manufactories which furnish forth cheap carpets and sham cocoa-nut matting, they are too terrible for naval men and too great to justify their being incurred in the pursuit of knowledge.

This line of argument is as discreditable as it is baseless. In the first place, supposing the dangers of Arctic navigation to be as great as they are untruly represented to be, life lost in the serious pursuit of knowledge, is at least as worthily sacrificed as in fishing for whales, or in any other human occupations which involve similar dangers. But it can be proved that, owing to the accumulation of experience in previous expeditions, and to the application of steam and other appliances, the risks are much less now than they ever were at any previous time, and that they are not of a character to deter a Government from despatching exploring expeditions to face and overcome them.

Of all the seas visited by men-of-war, the Arctic have proved the most healthy. The precautions necessary for guarding against the few evils which man encounters in the far north are thoroughly understood. Of the diseases classed as zymotic, which swell the bills of mortality in England, none are known; and it is a circumstance worthy of note that persons who suffered from bronchial affections every year in England, were exempt from them whilst serving in the Arctic regions. Out of eight expeditions employed in the search for Sir John Franklin, including 1878 men, the percentage of deaths was only 1·7 per cent. The risk by climate and disease which is, therefore, run in a voyage to the Arctic seas is not greater than that which any of Her Majesty's ships incurs while serving on any other naval station. As regards those catastrophes which involve the loss of all hands, one has occurred in the Arctic regions to a Government expedition during the last century, and that was caused by the absence of precautions which always can and will be provided in future. During the same period, dozens of such catastrophes have occurred on every other naval station, over and above those caused by the operations of war. Facts, which cannot be gainsayed, prove that Arctic expeditions do not incur undue risks.

In order to secure the great objects of Polar research, it is now the unanimous opinion of Arctic authorities that two well-fortified steamers should proceed up Baffin's Bay, and as far to the north as possible up Smith Sound, whence travelling parties would explore the unknown area. As regards the passage through the ice of Baffin's Bay to Smith Sound, thirty-six out of thirty-eight discovery ships that have taken that route since 1818 have succeeded in overcoming the obstructions, and the failure of the other two was solely due to their having sailed too late in the season. Baffins' Bay is now annually navigated by ten or a dozen whalers, and, since the introduction of steam, no casualties have occurred. So much for the voyage to the entrance of Smith Sound. Here one of the steamers would remain as a depôt vessel, while the other pressed onwards to the north; and thus all possibility of any calamity, in the improbable event of an accident to the advanced vessel, would be obviated. The navigation of Smith Sound is now known to be feasible. In

1852 Captain Inglefield reached the entrance, and saw an open sea, apparently unencumbered with ice, stretching through seven points of the compass. Dr. Hayes, in 1860, was not stopped by ice, but by a gale of wind. English whalers have since been to the entrance of Smith Sound, and have seen an open navigable sea extending to the horizon. In 1871 Captain Hall, in the "Polaris," sailed up the long strait or channel, to the entrance of which alone the name of Smith Sound is now given, and reached a latitude of 82° 16′ N. without meeting any obstruction, where there was still a water horizon to the north-east. The "Polaris" is a river steamer of small power, and ill-adapted for ice navigation. If she could make such a voyage without difficulty, it may fairly be anticipated that a properly equipped English expedition, under equally favourable circumstances, would do more. Moreover the "Polaris" was safely drifted out again into Baffin's Bay, from a high northern position in the strait. This proves that the ascertained current keeps the ice in motion, and carries it south, thus preventing any prolonged interruption of the navigation. From her advanced position, in 83° or 84° N., where the exploring steamer would winter, travelling parties would radiate in all practicable directions over the unknown area. The North Pole will be reached, the northern coast of Greenland will be explored, and the desired results of an Arctic expedition will be secured.

It is in the art of Arctic sledge-travelling that modern explorers excel their predecessors. This art may be said to have been brought to perfection by Sir Leopold McClintock. With the old voyagers it was barely in its infancy. The discoveries of a ship in the Arctic regions are confined to a dotted line of coast on the chart, and to a landing here and there at long intervals. But the sledge traveller lays down the outline of the land correctly, investigates its geology, flora, fauna, and ethnology, and observes everything that is worthy of record. The two methods will not bear comparison for a moment. The distance from a winter harbour in 83° N. to the North Pole would be 420 miles, or there and back 840 miles. This is a distance which has often been exceeded by Arctic sledge parties belonging to the expeditions in the search of Franklin. A sledge party led by McClintock walked 1210 miles in 105 days, and Mecham went over 1157 miles.

It is, however, essential that any efficient Arctic expedition should be fitted out by the Government and officered by naval men. A private expedition may go up without much risk on a summer cruise, but such enterprises are of little use. A winter is necessary for a lengthened and valuable series of observations, and for the examination of an unknown land by sledge parties. In the case of large bodies of men passing through an Arctic winter, naval discipline and naval *esprit de corps* are absolutely necessary. English Arctic authorities have always been convinced of this; and the story of Captain Hall's voyage in the "Polaris" has confirmed the authorities in the United States in the same opinion. After closely and carefully investigating that story, Mr. Robeson, the Secretary of the United States Navy, has emphatically recorded his opinion "that there is little of either success or safety in any trying, dangerous, and distant expedition, which is not organized, prosecuted, and controlled under the sanctions of military discipline." But it has been shown that there is no undue risk or danger to a carefully prepared naval Arctic expedition, and that the scientific results of such an enterprise are numerous and important.

There consequently only remains the question of expense. It is of course difficult to draw an exact line between work that ought, and work that ought not, to be executed at the public expense. But it is very certain that, on many grounds, the cost of great maritime discoveries comes within the line. They do so, first, on the ground of invariable precedent, and because they can only be efficiently achieved with the aid of naval discipline, and consequently under Government auspices. They also come within the line because while there are frequently differences of opinion respecting other items of expenditure, the people of England have invariably and cordially approved of the despatch of voyages of discovery. Moreover the cost is insignificant in amount, and amply repaid by the results. The total naval expenditure per ton of British shipping is £1 1*s*. 11*d*., and the proportion of this expenditure on surveying and scientific investigation is 2*d*., and this at a period of profound peace. By making it 4*d*., the cost of an Arctic expedition will be covered twice over. When it is considered that this trifling cost will give additional employment of a most useful kind to the navy, will promote objects which have always been popular in England, and will add largely to the sum of human knowledge, it seems incredible that any considerations should be strong enough to withhold the necessary grant. Mr. Gladstone, who is now the Prime Minister of England, was also a member of the ministry which despatched the last Arctic scientific expedition. The reasons which influenced that ministry, in its enlightened policy in 1845, now have tenfold force; because subsequent experience and improved appliances have reduced the risk; while increased knowledge in every branch of science has given precision to the directions which investigation should take. The leading scientific societies are preparing to make another appeal to Her Majesty's Government with a view to a resumption of that truly national and most useful work, the exploration of the unknown region around the North Pole; and the subject is sure to receive careful and mature consideration. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

COMMODITIES *VERSUS* LABOUR.

IN the works of most Political Economists the element of time is allowed to remain very much in the background, and this partial oversight gives rise to the possibility of much misunderstanding, especially with reference to the important doctrine that a demand for commodities does not constitute a demand for labour.

The wealth of a country at any epoch consists of fixed capital, that is to say of commodities such as houses and machinery, which take a long time to wear out or be used up; and of commodities such as food and clothes, which are consumed quickly; along with the latter one may class raw materials, which require more or less work to be done on them, before they can come into use. There is, however, no hard and fast line between the one class and the other,—they blend into one another, so that it may be said that all the wealth of a community consists of commodities which are destined to be consumed with greater or less rapidity.

It is clear that no internal changes in distribution can produce any change in the total wealth of a country; for a community possesses what may be termed, in analogy with the physical sciences, a certain amount of "Potential Energy" in the shape of wealth. It was formerly maintained that the luxurious expenditure of the spendthrift benefited the working-classes as much as, or more than, the investment of the prudent. The "conservation of energy" shows at a glance the fallacy of this view; since all that the spendthrift consumes is subtracted from the potential energy of the country. At any given time, then, the action of individuals can only influence slightly the manner in which the commodities constituting wealth shall be consumed. Each commodity, already in existence, is adapted to the wants of a particular class in the community, and will therefore be almost exclusively used by that class; and the action of individuals can only have its effect in changing to some extent the rate at which the consumption shall take place. With respect to the necessaries of life, this rate of consumption does not admit of much variation, since a man can clearly only vary within narrow limits the amount of bread he eats, of clothes he wears out, and of wear and tear which he puts on houses and machinery. But he can greatly vary the rate of his consumption of luxuries.

The action of individuals has also great influence on the course of production; it may, at will, direct industry into various branches. Production is not an instantaneous process, but takes place in cycles,—thus a year is the cycle for corn—and as a rough rule, those products which have taken long to make take long to consume. The cycles into which industry is directed, may be either long or short; and thus, after the lapse of one or more cycles requisite for the production of the chief necessaries of life, individual action may have considerably increased or diminished the wealth of the country available for the support of labourers. Thus, supposing irrigation-works are instituted in the place of a cultivation of corn or a breeding of sheep, it is clear that labourers must suffer for many years from a less supply of corn or meat. If, however, the alternative has been between the irrigation-works and the making of some article of luxury, there will have been no loss of necessaries to the labourers, who will further reap an ultimate benefit. In the former case the labourers will have suffered an equal immediate loss, whether the works are ultimately productive (as in the case of irrigation) or not.

Individual action may then affect the prosperity of labourers in two distinct ways:—First, by the direction of labour into productive or unproductive branches of industry, as is pointed out with great clearness in all works on Political Economy; and secondly, by its direction into branches of long or short cycle of production. The prosperity will, of course, be the greater, the longer the cycle of consumption,—that is to say, the more the period is postponed at which fresh labour is requisite to replace the products consumed.

It appears to me that Political Economists have been led into a method of exposition which has given rise to a good deal of misconception, by a want of attention to this cyclic nature of production and consumption; and by a partial oversight of the element of time. Mr. Jevons is the only writer whose works I have read, who appears fully alive to the importance of this element, and this seems due to his mathematical way of looking at the subject.

In that part of Mr. Mill's book (p. 99, vol. i.) in which he treats of the doctrine that a "demand for commodities is not a demand for labour," he maintains a thesis which may be made to appear at direct variance with what may be called "Economical Conservation of Energy." This section was long a stumbling-block to me, and others, with whom I have discussed the question, have acknowledged a like difficulty. The confusion is, I fancy, to a great extent due to the fact that Mill is probably here tacitly combating the particular economical heresy above referred to, with respect to the effect of the expenditure of the spendthrift. He illustrates the theorem by supposing the existence of a man (whom I will call the capitalist, for shortness), who has the alternative of employing his income in directly paying labourers to dig him an artificial lake, build him a summer-house, &c., or of buying some luxurious commodity, such as velvet. He then maintains that the capitalist has it in his power to determine, by the course he pursues, whether a greater or less sum shall reach the labouring classes; he thus apparently maintains that by a sort of juggle the potential energy of the country is capable of increase or diminution. Mill says that from the choice of the first alternative (the direct employment of labour) a greater sum reaches the hands of labourers than from the choice of the second,—a sum greater by exactly the amount, which in the first case the capitalist pays directly to the labourers. Mill expressly guards against the supposition that a change of demand takes place suddenly, and supposes that full notice is given of the manner in which our capitalist intends to employ his fund,—so that if he determines for the lake, the velvet is not produced. I propose now to show that Mill's illustration, if examined according to its apparently natural interpretation, contradicts the doctrine that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour.

Suppose that a capitalist and a manufacturer have each a fund represented by an equal quantity of commodities, adapted for the support of labourers; then, since they cannot consume them personally, and since no hoarding is supposed to take place, these commodities will both, in any case, reach the hands of the labourers. The mode in which they will reach the labourers will be as follows: Supposing that the capitalist chooses to have the artificial lake, he will employ his commodities in feeding the labourers who dig for him. The manufacturer, on the other hand, finding no demand for velvet, will direct his commodities to the production of something for which there is a demand. If this industry is productive, the labourers will ultimately reap the benefit at a later date. Thus the commodities both of the capitalist and of the manufacturer reach the hands of the labourers.

Secondly, suppose that the capitalist settles to barter his commodities for velvet; then the manufacturer uses *his* commodities in feeding the weavers whilst the velvet is being made. But pending the completion of the velvet, the capitalist does not by hypothesis hoard his commodities, and must therefore employ them in the production of something of the same cycle as velvet-making, and which will restore to him at least an equal value of commodities at the end of such cycle. Practically the capitalist invests his money, and at the end of the period sells out, and has a fund equal to that which he had at the beginning. But in our illustration the capitalist will find himself at the end of the velvet cycle, not in the possession of the commodities which he had initially, for these have been consumed, but in the possession of some commodity, which he will be able to barter with some third person for the precise articles, which the manufacturer is desirous of receiving for his velvet. During this process the initial commodities of the manufacturer have been consumed by the velvet weavers, and the initial commodities of the capitalist by the labourers in that industry, which he has selected for his interim investment. Thus, in this second case also, both sets of commodities reach the hands of the labourers. It is indifferent whether or not the capitalist invests his commodities in the interim in a productive industry, for in either case at the end of the cycle he will have in his possession some commodity, which he may barter with some third person for the precise articles required as the price of the velvet; if the investment has been in a productive industry, it is so much the better for the community in the future, but it does not affect the immediately present prosperity.

According to a straightforward interpretation, the truth of the illustration ought not to depend upon credit; for if we suppose the capitalist to order the velvet with a mere prospect of having sufficient to pay for it by the time it is finished, he would, having nothing by him, be unable to exercise his option, and to have the lake dug, even if he wished to do so.

Thus, notwithstanding that the supposition which I have made appears perfectly legitimate, it leads to a result directly at variance with the doctrine under discussion. I take it, however, that Mill's real idea is, that if the capitalist settles to have the lake he will employ labourers for a certain time, but if he settles to buy the velvet, he gets it at once; so that in the second case the cycle of production has taken place before the determination of the capitalist, and in the first case it takes place afterwards. To illustrate this view, suppose that the manufacturer possesses commodities as before, but that the capitalist merely knows that at the end of a certain period he will have in his possession a similar value of commodities. Now suppose that the capitalist thinks that, when this period arrives, he would like to have some velvet, and orders it accordingly from the manufacturer. Let us fix our attention on two successive cycles. During the first cycle the manufacturer feeds his weavers with his commodities, and at its end the capitalist transfers to the manufacturer the commodities which he has by then acquired. During the next cycle the manufacturer employs these commodities in making more velvet, if there is a continuing demand, and if there is not, he employs them in some industry where there is a demand. Thus, during the first cycle the manufacturer's commodities go to the labourers, and during the second the capitalist's.

Again, suppose that the capitalist thinks that, when the period arrives, he would like to dig an artificial lake. Then, during the first of the two cycles, on which our attention is fixed, the manufacturer employs his commodities in some industry other than velvet-making, in which there is a demand; and during the second cycle the capitalist is feeding the agricultural labourers. Thus equally with the first case, do two sets of commodities reach the labourers in two successive cycles respectively. It is clear, however, that if during the first of our two cycles, the manufacturer had employed his commodities in some productive industry, that during the second cycle there would be *two* funds available for the support of labour, viz., that generated by the productive investment of the manufacturer, and the fund of the capitalist. Now this I take to be Mill's meaning, and if it is so, I entirely agree with him. Mill is, as I believe, here combating the belief before referred to, that the spendthrift benefits the working classes as much as the prudent investor. He therefore has before him throughout this illustration, the image of the spendthrift capitalist, who would consume his luxuries entirely on himself, and of the prudent manufacturer who would engage such of his funds as were liberated from the manufacture of luxuries, in making necessaries for the support of labour. Thus he assumes that the manufacturer on finding his capital free, would direct it towards the increase of the labour-supporting power of the country. There is nothing, however, in the illustration which goes to show that he would not hold that a greater sum would also reach the labourers, if the investment by the manufacturer of his free capital had been in an unproductive industry. In fact, to say that the demand for commodities is not a demand for labour, seems an involved and misleading way of explaining the increased amount which would fall to the labourers,—since it is in reality merely due to the fact that the industries into which the manufacturer would direct his fund, would increase the supply of such commodities as are usually in demand amongst the labouring classes. The whole distinction between the two alternatives then, lies in this,—that a man may consume an article of luxury entirely himself, whereas he cannot do so with any equal value of commodities which ordinarily go to the support of labour.

It appears to me that my second supposition (that the capitalist has only a prospect of a fund) is not the one which any unsuspecting reader would make. Moreover, if the capitalist's prospect arises from his having invested his money at some previous period, we virtually return to my first supposition, since at the beginning of our two cycles both capitalist and manufacturer may each be held to have had a fund, and the capitalist to have invested his until the velvet was made. If, however, the capitalist expects his money from such a source as a royalty for coal, there appears to be a real distinction between the two suppositions, since the royalty does not arise from any previous investment by the capitalist.

I now proceed to a consideration of some of the remarks, which occur in Mill's argument. He begins by saying that the demand for commodities merely determines the direction of labour, and that a demand without capital is ineffective, since it merely amounts to a desire on the part of the would-be purchaser. Without a demand also, capital will not be employed in the manufacture of the commodity (velvet) in question, but will be employed to make something for which there is a demand. And here, I conceive, follows the tacit assumption, that the commodities for which there is such a demand will, on the average, be those required by the labouring classes. He then guards himself against the idea that he is speaking of a sudden cessation of demand after the velvet is actually made. He says, "I apprehend, that if by demand for labour be meant the demand by which wages are raised or the number of labourers in employment increased, demand for commodities does not constitute demand for labour. I conceive that a person who buys commodities and *consumes them himself*, does no good to the labouring classes." I am here quite in accord with him, but maintain that the words which I have put in italics, have not been kept sufficiently prominent in his illustration. He adds that a consumer may expend his income either in buying services or commodities; that he may employ labourers to dig an artificial lake, or that he may buy velvet. In either case, however, what the capitalist really buys is surely a service, and he consumes the artificial lake on himself, exactly in the same sense as he would consume the velvet. But the distinction really lies in the fact, that the capitalist will consume the velvet entirely personally, whereas, when he digs the lake, he buys commodities which he consumes through his *employés*. Again, "the consumer does not with his own funds pay to the weavers and lace-makers their day's wages. He buys the finished commodity, which has been produced by labour and capital, the labour not being paid, nor the capital furnished by him, but by the manufacturer." It is here, as I maintain, that he first puts the element of time into the background. If we suppose the capitalist and manufacturer each to start with an equal value of commodities, he neglects that during the velvet cycle the capitalist will have invested his capital in some other industry. And if we suppose that the manufacturer starts with a fund of commodities, and the capitalist with the prospect of attaining an equal fund at a future epoch, he neglects that during the second of the two cycles, on which our attention was fixed, the capitalist's fund will in any case reach the labourer's.

The capitalist, as before stated, is assumed at one time to purchase velvet, and at another to dig an artificial lake, and the comparison is then made between the effect on the labourers of the two operations. I quite agree with Mill when he says that "there is nothing in the consumer's change of purpose which makes the capital of the country greater than it otherwise was." In fact it is with the apparent neglect of this principle that I charge him.

He says further, "There was capital in existence to do one of two things,—to make the velvet, or to produce the necessaries for the journeyman bricklayer, but not to do both. It was at the option of the consumer which of the two should happen; and if he chooses the velvet they go without the necessaries." Considering this on the assumption that both manufacturer and capitalist start with an equal fund, I object to the word produce. Production is not instantaneous, and if the consumer intends to employ the bricklayers or labourers, their necessaries must be already in existence; if they are not so, the bricklayers cannot begin work until one cycle later in time than the velvet weavers, because their necessaries have to be produced. But to institute a fair comparison the operations should be simultaneous. Therefore for the word "produce" we should read "buy," and then the two alternatives would be seen to be on the same footing. The capitalist has it merely in his power to determine whether it shall be weavers or labourers who consume his fund. Thus by a confusion of cycles and by a neglect of the tacit assumptions involved, it would appear that the capitalist, by a mere exertion of his will, can determine the existence of a double or single fund of commodities.

On the assumption that the manufacturer starts with a fund, and the capitalist with a future prospect of a like fund, let us consider it in the following light:—The manufacturer finding that there will be no demand for velvet, employs his fund in making the necessaries for the bricklayers, which the capitalist buys when he comes into his fund. Then, as I before pointed out, there is certainly an increased quantity of commodities available for the support of labour, but it is merely due to the fact that our manufacturer has chosen to invest his fund in a productive industry instead of in an unproductive one, and that therefore the "potential energy" of the country is of course increased. And this I take to be Mill's real meaning; but he has not guarded himself against the possibility of my first assumption. The result can hardly be said to be due to "a demand for commodities not being a demand for labour," but merely to the inherent difference between the manufacturer's productive and the capitalist's unproductive consumption of these commodities. The same remarks will also apply to the following sentences: "The very sum which the consumer now employs in buying velvet formerly passed into the hands of journeymen bricklayers, who expended it in food and necessaries . . . The labour and capital therefore which formerly produced necessaries for the use of these bricklayers are deprived of their market, and must look out for other employment; and they find it in making velvet for the new demand." On the supposition that the capitalist chooses the lake, he says that there were two funds where before there was only one. Yes, but the second of the two funds arises from the fact that the manufacturer would invest his fund in the production of commodities, which he could not, or at least would not, consume personally. In another place he says, that in the purchase of the velvet, the fund of the capitalist "only served as a wheel in the machinery;" but the commodities constituting this fund must be either consumed at once, or not so consumed; if consumed at once they serve as something more than a wheel in the machinery; and if not so consumed, they are hoarded, which is excluded *ex hypothesi.*

In the latter part of this section Mr. Mill might be held to change his ground, for he makes the whole difference to lie in the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, as indeed is the fact. It is surely unnecessary to envelope such an obvious distinction in a form, which has apparently so little to do with it, as a statement that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour."

Professor Fawcett gives several very clear illustrations of our doctrine in his Political Economy, but, as it seems to me, in his final illustration on p. 27, he falls into precisely the same mistake of exposition as that which I am here attempting to point out.

The same line of argument appears in McCulloch's "Political Economy" (p. 355). The following is an abstract of the passage. A demand for labour always differs in a less or greater degree from a demand for commodities—the extent of the difference depending principally on the description of the commodities for which there is a demand. If a sum be expended on commodities wholly produced by labour, its influence will, in so far, be nearly the same as if it were directly expended upon labour. The influence of an increased demand for commodities over the wages and condition of the labouring class depends materially on their nature, and the uses to which they may be applied. Suppose that A buys articles that can neither be used as food nor as capital in industrial undertakings, and that B buys articles that may be and are intended to be so used, it is evident that their means of employing labour will henceforth be different. A has his vases, gems, &c., but the possession does not give him the power of supporting a solitary individual; B, on the contrary, has it plainly in his power to employ an additional number of work-people. The expenditure of the latter must, therefore, have a different effect upon wages, and be more beneficial to the labouring classes than that of the former. It therefore results that any circumstance that should tend to change a preference for products of the fine arts, &c., and increase the demand for gardeners, grooms, footmen, and other servants, would add proportionally to the employment of the labouring classes.

The doctrine is here stated with far greater lucidity than it is by Mill. Until we come to the passage on the effect on wages the argument depends entirely on the difference in effect of the purchase of commodities, such as a man can consume personally, and of such as he can only consume through his *employés*. That which I hold to be the omission is glided over so imperceptibly, that it is difficult to detect. The transition at first sight seems perfectly legitimate from the change in the powers of A and B for the employment of labourers, to the effect on wages, that is to say to the change in this power in the whole community. It easily escapes notice that a change in the power of A and B does not necessitate a corresponding change in that of the community at large.

McCulloch says that B's expenditure has a different effect upon wages to that of A, and this would no doubt be true if A's fund was absolutely destroyed, because he has exchanged it for gems, &c. But in considering this question we must look at the whole community as one farm and manufacture, and trace what becomes of A's and B's funds after their respective purchases. To clear the case from the effects of the intervention of money, let us suppose that A and B each possess commodities capable of supporting labourers, and that A barters his for gems and that B retains them himself. Then A's and B's individual powers of employing labour are from that moment changed, but the total power of the whole community is unaltered; for whereas before the barter the dealer in gems had only the gems, and therefore no power of employing labour, after the barter he has commodities which enable him to employ labour: so that the dealer's power is augmented in exactly the same degree as that of A is diminished; and it is the total labour-supporting power of the whole community which determines the wages of labour. The omission appears to lie in the following point. If the dealer had notice that A would not buy the gems, as was his habit, he would not manufacture them, but would turn his capital to account in some other industry, and if that industry were productive, the labour-supporting power of the whole community would be augmented at the end of the cycle of production. The tacit assumption is therefore involved, that the investment of the dealer would be of the nature pointed out. The increment of power would not then depend on a demand for commodities not being a demand for labour, but merely on the distinction between productive and unproductive industry.

Thus either form of the argument may be made to appear equally fallacious, when the assumptions involved are overlooked.

I hope that I have shown, then, that the doctrine that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour," is, when baldly stated, extremely misleading, and in some of its possible, and indeed most straightforward interpretations, absolutely wrong. The proposition might with advantage be modified thus:—"Any demand for commodities which has the effect of directing industry away from the production of necessaries towards that of luxuries, diminishes the labour-supporting power of the community; but any demand which has the opposite effect increases such labour-supporting power." And this should be supplemented by the following: "A person does good to the labouring classes not by what he consumes himself, but only by his abstinence from consumption." I apprehend that these two statements contain all that is intended to be conveyed by the doctrine under discussion; and although I have been compelled by my criticism to have recourse to somewhat complicated considerations, these propositions contain a truth which must be obvious to anyone who has paid even the slightest attention to Political Economy. Any indistinctness of ideas, on a point which lies at the threshold of the science, must have a most injurious effect on the power of grasping all that follows. The careful consideration of the subject, which the analysis of Mill's argument has necessitated, has certainly cleared away from my mind the misconceptions and haziness of ideas which previously enveloped the point; and I trust that I may have discussed this subject with sufficient clearness to produce a like result in the minds of my readers.

George H. Darwin.

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Australia and New Zealand. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
2 vols. London : Chapman and Hall. 1873.

WHEN we take into consideration the extraordinary and unprecedented rapidity of the rise, and the development of the varied riches of the Australian colonies (and pre-eminently the colony of Victoria) since the year 1852 ; when we cast a broad glance over the wonderful progress of many kinds tending to practical wealth, and the marked degree of importance that has already exercised powerful and unmistakable influences upon several great countries besides the United Kingdom, startling and disturbing some of the old traditions—from those of the hard-headed, busy-handed Teutonic wanderer from his dear *Vaterland*, and the solemn cautiousness of the omnipresent Hebrew, even to the petrified assuetudes and porcelain effeminacies of the Chinese ;—it must seem surprising to most people, that so very few good books have ever appeared on so pregnant a theme as the gigantic infancy, and first use of its limbs, displayed by the crude genius of this fifth portion of the globe. It should be understood, that I am taking New Zealand into our view in these remarks, its inherent resources and rising importance,—not to speak of the yet un-written history of the Maories, with our countless difficulties, disasters, expenses, and, must I not add, our discomfiture by those injured and unconquerable savages. It may be smartly and somewhat hastily said, that the paucity of good books concerning these colonies, is because so few good people have visited them; but that would be a very erroneous opinion, because there is no other country upon the face of the earth in which, proportionate to the numbers of their several populations, there are so many men, and women too, of more than average intelligence, general attainments, and energies both of body and mind. If, by the term "good," there should be intended a side-blow at the moralities of certain numbers of these enterprising young colonists, and especially among the denizens of Melbourne and Sydney, I would merely suggest that the "travelled" reader's imagination should take into view the parti-coloured moralities of London and New York, of Paris and Vienna, and allow us, with a vacant nod, to drop a subject which would at once become generally unpleasant. It is but too true that some eighty or a hundred works have been published about Australia since 1840; but there have been scarcely a score out of the whole that could be regarded as valuable contributions to the knowledge that was so eagerly sought for, craved for, throughout the United Kingdom, and other great countries, after the year 1852. The deadly-lively mediocrities of "Guides," "Popular Accounts," "Useful Hints," "Advice to Emigrants," "Recollections," "Perils," "The Babes in the Wood," "Reminiscences," "Lands of Promise," "Advice by an old Colonist," something similar "by a Clergyman," "by a Lady," and by an "Old Boomerang," we have seen, in succession, to disappear for ever, after a very short life, and not always a merry one. Then we have had ill-written, scrambling diaries of disappointed "diggers," and poor-spirited adventurers, prosy mercantile details, dry and more than doubtful statistics, mistaken or evanescent politics, half-true half-false accounts of the gold-fields, meagre or turgid attempts at being extremely vivacious and marketably graphic (for which the writers ought not to have been figuratively paid, but hung), and the usual batch of private letters and gossip of "peeping," "glancing," and "scampering" tourists, vamped together and incubated for the market of the hour; these, and all the family of such publications, including the original landscape sketches of gentlemen who never learned to draw, we have had in plenty; but as for good standard books, a small shelf, without a groan, could hold them.

It is not, however, at all true, as I have already shown, that there have been so few good books because there were so few good people to write them, but because there have been so few men who could write well, and who thought it worth while to devote their precious time to a task of very doubtful profit. This latter remark brings us to a second reason, viz., that the progress, and therefore the changes, have been so rapid that nobody could expect to write any book which could be likely to have a permanent interest, except as a record. A practical illustration of this may be not unamusing. Wishing to obtain a certain book published in 1859, for reference on some matters in the present paper, a hasty note was written to a friend who was the manager of the publishing department of the firm at that time. The reply was as follows . . . "I have searched through the corpses of the defunct books; and the catacombs where the 'mighty dead' lie in sheets, have been explored without success. So I fear there are no remains of your lost one,* unless it should be contained in that modern Valhalla, the British Museum." Such has been the fate of all those we have already glanced at, and a great many more on the same subject. It has also been the fate of some which, in certain important respects, have deserved a longer life above ground. And these merit special mention.

The books which first advocated throwing open the unoccupied lands of the colony, particularly after 1852, when the rush of a rapidly increasing population, and the sudden acquirement of wealth presented so unexampled an opportunity for settlement upon land, deserve the first place among those good books which serve as records of efforts in the best direction. Among them we must also place those records of efforts, parliamentary and otherwise, to bring to a legitimate close, the tenure of the enormous domains of the old squatterdom, so as to throw open to the people those portions suitable for agriculture, and other general benefits of residence. The first Governor (Mr. La Trobe) persistently held fast locked all the lands, not so much, perhaps, from the recognition of a squatter's right to hold a domain for sheep larger than many a German principality, as from a vague alarm at the sudden ingress of population, when ships, loaded with hundreds of emigrants, arrived in Hobson's Bay every week, from 1852 to 1853, and some time beyond. He seemed to apprehend plague, famine, or rebellion—probably all three; and while we must admit that such things were quite possible in a hot climate, with chokingly over-crowded towns, greedy and turbulent passions, insufficient police, lax laws, a glut of wealth among men who had never looked upon gold before, and who said that "Jack was as good as his master, and a great deal better," one must still believe that to keep so large a number of the mass seething together, instead of distributing them over the vast tracks as speedily as possible, was by no means the best or safest method of preventing the dangers he feared. And here we should do honour to the names of Mr. William Westgarth and Mr. William Howitt, and all those who have advocated the same views.

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* Australian Facts and Prospects. By R. H. Horne. London: Smith and Elder, 1859.

"A perpetual squatterdom," says Mr. William Howitt, in his 'Two Years in Victoria,' "would be a perpetual disgrace to our science of colonization. As soon could the present (1855) condition of Victoria exist in its future, as Nimrod or Hercules find room for themselves and their sports in London."

In his work on "Victoria," we learn from Mr. Westgarth that, when he was in Sydney at the time when the idea of procuring squatting leases of long duration was first started, it was treated with general laughter. But the British Government knew so little of the real condition of Australian property "as not only to offer these leases, but such leases that if the Colonial Government had not been more prudent than the Imperial one, would have made over in perpetuity the whole of New South Wales and Victoria to about two thousand individuals." These books were written twenty years ago, and more. "If the squatters are wise," wrote the *Argus*, "they will lead the movement they cannot resist. It is not the first time that a measure, seemingly most democratic, has proved truly conservative." To this very judicious, and perhaps rather too friendly suggestion, the squatters turned a deaf ear, and fought a vigorous battle for what they regarded as "their own," which lasted not only during the twenty years since the above books appeared, but only showed signs of coming to a satisfactory conclusion at a comparatively recent date. It may here be mentioned that one of the earliest benefactors to Australia, never wrote a book at all. I allude to Mrs. Caroline Chisholm. But as she too sanguinely anticipated the throwing open of the lands, her efforts at promoting emigration were crippled, and in a very great degree thwarted.

Of special importance also—startling no less—was Mr. F. H. Hargrave's book on "Australia and its Goldfields," which was one of the earliest practical works on that wonderful fact (though it had been scientifically predicted some years previously), which greatly enhanced that attraction across the globe which had already so irresistibly set in. We must pass over the various publications which followed on "Goldfields," "Rich Discoveries," "Auriferous Regions," &c., as of minor value, though good as records; but, being desirous of rendering this paper as nearly exhaustive as our space will permit, we must by no means forget the earnest writings of Dr. Lang of Sydney, "On Freedom and Independence," (in 1852); of Sir T. L. Mitchell; of Mr. Thos. McCombie in his "Arabin," his work on the Aborigines, and his seasonable advice on Colonial Government, addressed to Sir Robert Peel, in 1845; of Mr. William Westgarth, who was among the most sincere and trustworthy, in works ranging from 1842 to 1861; of Mr. Richard Howitt (in 1845) and of Judge Therry; of Dr. Thompson, R. G. Jameson, Mr. W. Fox, and many others on New

Zealand; of "Land, Labour, and Gold," by William Howitt, published in 1855; of Mr. James Bonwick, in his Historical and Geographical Works (in 1856), his "Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days," and his charming book entitled "The Last of the Tasmanians," and "The Black War of Van Diemen's Land," published in 1870; of Lord Alfred Churchill, in his letters, and the pleasant unpretentious narrative of two French noblemen, the Duke de Penthièvre and the Marquis de Beauvoir. We must take note of the "New Zealand Missions" by S. Leigh, and by the Rev. R. Taylor;* also a little book by Mr. Edward Wilson on "Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand," some years earlier,—and a very pleasing unaffected little book it was, full of earnest general information. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Edward Wilson's long personal experience, and earnest efforts for the good of Australia, have not been extended into a larger volume; this, however, has been, in several respects, well supplied by Mr. E. Carton Booth, whose single volume, entitled "Another England," may fairly be said to contain the substance of more than half of the tours and guides, descriptions and narratives that have been published between 1853 and 1860, with this advantage that, although the style is as dry and bare as a pikestaff, the wide-ranging facts are all taken from actual experience. He was *there*, and he did it, or he saw it. Mr. Booth's book is a piece of British hardware in literature; but it should be kept on the library shelf as the sterling record of a great variety of unexampled facts that took place during an extraordinary period at the other side of the world.

It only now remains to devote a few lines to those brave and persevering explorers who enabled Australians to comprehend the full value of their vast continent of land, and we shall then have worked our way through the main body of books down to the Australian and New Zealand portion of the "Greater Britain" of Sir Charles W. Dilke, in 1868, the "Journal" of the two French noblemen above mentioned, the "Station Life" of Lady Mary Barker, and the present volumes of Mr. Anthony Trollope.

"Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia," from 1828 to 1831, by Captain Charles Sturt, 39th Regiment, must rank among the most remarkable journals of travels through unknown regions. There he met with salt and brackish springs, running towards a river in which the fish were of a kind unknown elsewhere, and coated in an armour of large strong scales. Their horses refused to drink the water, and the explorers were compelled to give them each a pint a day from their own supply. At another part of the river all this was different. The horses, at times, trembled from head to foot with the intense heat. Some notion of the heat of the Australian wilderness may be formed from Captain Sturt's narrative of his subsequent "Expedition into Central Australia, during the years 1844, '45, and '46," when he tells us that in a spot where a previous explorer (Mr. Oxley) had camped, the grass had not grown on the pathway towards his tents, though ten years had elapsed; and that he found one of the horse-shoes of that party, which was still bright, and with no signs of rust. His thermometers were only graduated up to 127 degrees, which was too low for that region, as the heat sometimes nearly amounted to that in the shade. When set in the sun, one of them burst.

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* Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh. 1855.

To the heroic efforts of various early exploring parties, little more space can here be afforded than suffices for the mention of their leaders' names with due honour,—such as Oxley, Gregory, Hume and Hovel, Cunningham, and Kennedy. The expeditions of Major, afterwards Lieut.-Col. Sir T. L. Mitchell, into the interior of Eastern Australia, were accomplished in 1831—2 (when they made discoveries of regions where the native blacks, especially the women, were accustomed to eat "grilled snakes,"); and again he sallied forth in 1835 to explore the course of the river Darling, where the fare was often much better, as they often discovered secret stores of honey by adopting the native method of catching a bee and gumming to it a tiny white puff of swan's down or owl's down, and then letting the bee fly. Journals were next published of "Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia, by George Grey, Esq. Governor of South Australia, during the years 1837, '38, and '39"; when the party made their way to Prince Regent's River, where they found ants' nests larger than many of the native huts, and where the trees had fat, gouty-looking stems, which seemed not to be a disease, as they were all alike. These accounts bring us to the journals of "Expeditions and Discoveries" of Edward John Eyre (subsequently attaining a celebrity of a very different kind), who made his way into Central Australia, and overland from Adelaide to King George's Sound in 1840—1 and 1845. Some of these dates may be not accurate to a year or so, referring sometimes to dates of publication of the diaries and journals. We thus come down to the gallant "Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in search of a route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria," by Sir T. L. Mitchell; together with the melancholy fragments of the record of the attempt at an overland journey by Leichhardt (1847), who was lost in the wilderness, no certain remains of him or his party having ever been found. Of the exploring energy and perseverance of Mr. Stuart, no praise can be too high.

We thus, at length, arrive at the Expedition in 1860 of the heroic explorers Burke and Wills, who, together with the accomplished Dr. Ludwig Becker, left the bones of their starved bodies to whiten in the broiling solitudes, the two former having successfully made their way right across the vast continent of Australia, even to the weedy borders of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and half way back again, when they sat down at Cooper's Creek to die—the victims, partly of the stupidest blunder ever made in such circumstances by others, and by themselves, and partly from the mind's exhaustion with the living skeleton that held it, rendering them incapable of any further thought. Their colossal statues in bronze, worthily executed by Charles Summers, stand in the most conspicuous site in Melbourne, where a grand public funeral took place, after their melancholy sun-baked relics had been discovered and brought back by Mr. Alfred Howitt. This gentleman is the eldest son of the time-honoured authors, William and Mary Howitt. Their youngest son, poor Charlton Howitt, was drowned in endeavouring to cross a lake in New Zealand.

The travelling energies of Sir Charles Dilke, his breadth of observation, his political aptitude, his eye for character as well as sense of humour; the clearness, brilliancy, and remarkable conciseness of his descriptions of men and things—institutions, local scenery, and social prospects—not omitting his self-reliance, impartiality, and moral courage; all these qualities rendered him a likely man to have given us the very best work on the Australian Colonies that had been produced up to the time he wrote. But the plan of his "Greater Britain" was too extensive, or, at any rate, required more volumes as well as years than he devoted to it. Of the books by Mr. William Howitt, Mr. W. Westgarth, Mr. Carton Booth, and others, as excellent records for reference, there can be but one opinion; and the books of several other persons will need to be mentioned as we proceed. It must, however, be admitted, I think, by all those most competent to judge of the matter, that up to the present day, the volumes of Mr. Anthony Trollope, now under examination, taken as a whole, are the best that have appeared on these the most extensive and important of the British Colonies.

Mr. Trollope's "Introduction," which might have been written by an able clerk in Downing Street who had never set foot in Australia (and this is not said in disparagement, so far as it is really able), together with his "Conclusion," and his general remarks on the two grand questions for the future, viz. Federation of the Australasian Colonies, and Separation from the Mother Country, I shall reserve for notice before closing this paper.

Our author finds it most suitable to his travelling arrangements not to commence with the colonies according to their age or importance; and without pausing to offer any objections to this, we at once commence our tour in his good company through Queensland, of which extensive colony a large and handsome map is given, that will take a great many people on this side of the globe by surprise, even if they have previously been clear as to its geographical position. It is as large as the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and several other small states, all taken together. Nevertheless, it was originally a part of New South Wales, from which it was separated only as recently as 1859. The capital at present is Brisbane. As a separate colony, Queensland has never received convicts. Our author arrived there early in August, 1871, and begins by remarking that the heat is not great, even in October, as we understand him, when the hot weather really commences. But he has evidently not yet got fairly "into the saddle," as he subsequently finds it hot enough. The fact is, that the days of intense heat in any part of Australia, except in certain portions of the bush, and the uninhabited if not uninhabitable wilderness, seldom exceed a few days at a time, but while they do last, at their highest degree, the heat is of a kind more exhausting and difficult to endure than in most tropical countries. Still, taking the question broadly, we quite agree with our author, that no Englishman in good health need feel any hesitation in facing it, even though "sugar is produced largely, and will probably become the great rival of the wool trade,"—which shows what sort of a sun shines upon the summer days of Queensland, though it may be called only semi-tropical from being bisected by the tropic of Capricorn.

The all-important question of the "Occupation of Land," is at once discussed, and this is treated comprehensively as well as minutely, and with perfect fairness here and elsewhere in these volumes. The expressive term of "free selecters" is first elucidated:—

> "In this great question between the squatter and the free-selecter of land,—for with its different ramifications in regard to immigration, agricultural produce, and pastoral success, it is the greatest of all questions in Australian life,—it is almost impossible for the normal traveller not to sympathize with the squatter. The normal traveller comes out with introductions to the gentlemen of the colony, and the gentlemen of the colony are squatters. The squatters' houses are open to him. They introduce the traveller to their clubs. They lend their horses and buggies. Their wives and daughters are pretty and agreeable. They exercise all the duties of hospitality with a free hand. They get up kangaroo hunts and make picnics. It is always pleasant to sympathise with an aristocracy when an aristocracy will open its arms to you. We still remember republican Mrs. Beecher Stowe with her sunny memories of duchesses. But the traveller ought to sympathize with the free-selecter,—always premising that the man keep his

> hands from picking and stealing his neighbour's cattle. He, we may say, is the man for whom colonial life and colonial prosperity is especially intended, and without whom no colony can rise to national importance. The pastoral squatter occupying tens of thousands of acres, and producing wool that has made Australia what she now is, has done great things for the infancy of the country. But in all discussions on this question it must be remembered that he has no right to the permanent occupation of the land on which his flocks wander. Even though he may have purchased the use of his present run and purchased it for a high price, the land is not his. It belongs, in the language usually used, to the Crown;—or, in more rational language, to the people of the colony; and should be sold or leased or retained as may be best for the public advantage. The squatter's run, in ordinary colonial language, has been taken up by some original squatter who has driven his sheep or his cattle on it when it knew no other occupant than the black man."

That is, no other occupant but the aboriginal lord of these mighty deserts, whose claims have been disposed of in the usual way, though our author treats this matter also very reasonably :—

> "The area open to squatters in Queensland is so vast, and genuine free-selecters unfortunately are so few in number and so limited in means, that there need be no fear that the squatter will be banished from the face of the colony. Of his own condition I shall speak in a further chapter; but in the mean time it should be understood that the encouragement of the free-selecter,—of the genuine free-selecter who intends to cultivate and reside upon the land,—is and should be the first aim of colonial government. A race of men, who will people the earth at the rate, say, of *a soul to ten acres*, must be more important to a young community than an aristocracy which hardly employs one man permanently for *every ten thousand acres.* Population is the thing required, and, above all, an agricultural population."

The squatter's argument in opposition,—to the effect that many large tracts of land will not yield wheat, or other valuable agricultural produce, answers itself, for where that is the case, the free-selecter is either to be pitied for wasting his time and means in the attempt, or he ought to fix on a more suitable spot. Mr. Trollope commences with the above remarks, feeling that on a right view of the tenure and purchase of land depended his capacity for understanding "the present and future position of these colonies." The tenure of land in England has become so complex in the course of centuries that it is very difficult to arrive at first principles. In the colonies the matter is simple, but the simplicity, he rightly says, should be understood and recognized. "The land belongs to the people." This puts the argument of the whole of this vast continent into a nut-shell.

The towns of Maryborough, Rockhampton, and Gladstone, are visited, and well described. The latter has been spoken of as likely to become the capital in place of Brisbane. With reference to Rockhampton, our author says that "it has been seized with the ambition to become a capital, and therefore hates Brisbane." "It is *so hot* that people going from it to an evil place are said to send back to earth for their blankets, finding that evil place to be too chilly for them after the home they have left." We thus, every now and then, obtain a pretty neat admission of the heat which was smiled at in the first instance.

The great loyalty of the people towards Old England, and their love for the Queen, is described; and when they talk of "separation" they only mean that the colony is of such stupendous dimensions that it might easily be made into two; in which case there would be two capitals, and thus quiet the heartburnings of Rockhampton, as well as the sugar-growers of Port Mackay and the North. Of the far greater importance of exporting preserved meat, than the wasteful (not to say hideous) system of boiling down sheep for their tallow, we have the following passage:—

> "With mutton at 10*d.* a pound in England and 1½*d.* a pound in Australia there seems to be a large margin for expense and profit, if only the thing can be done so as to make the meat popular in England. If there be one thing that England wants and cannot get,—or at any rate has not yet gotten,—it is cheap animal food for her working classes.
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> "Before I left England I bought some Australian preserved meat as an experiment, and for that I then paid 6*d.* a pound. It was sweet and by no means unpalatable, but was utterly tasteless as meat. Whether it did or did not contain the nutritive qualities of meat I am unable to say. Servants in my house would not eat it,—because, no doubt, they could get better. With such of the working classes as can afford themselves meat occasionally or in small quantities,—as to whom a saving in the cost of meat would be a matter of greatest consequence,—I could never find that it was in favour."

There are many families in England at whose tables the master and mistress often use the Australian meat, especially cold and with good pickles, while the servants at the kitchen tables will not touch it. The refusal is not only from prejudice, not only from the admitted fact that the flavour is not yet equal to fresh meat, but far more because they fancy it will be a saving to their master, and that by these means their wages are indirectly lowered. But this "amiable" state of things will come to an end, together with the British prejudices.

> "There is another plan of preserving meat by artificial freezing, which, if successful, will send meat home in such a condition that the Australian roast leg of mutton will not be known from the English roast leg of mutton,—unless, as my informant the freezer suggested, by its manifest superiority,—of which I am not now speaking, as the scheme belongs to New South Wales and not to Queensland.
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> "But meat is not only preserved. There is another operation by which

> beef or mutton is converted into essence, and this trade seems to thrive well. The essence is sold at 5*s.* a pound, and I was assured that it was sold as quickly as made. By means of this operation the traveller may carry an entire sheep, or all the nutritive part of his sheep, done up in a small parcel, in his coat pocket. On board ship, in hospitals, and for commissariat purposes, this essence,—which I presume owes its origin to Liebig,—is invaluable. For purposes of soup I declare it to be most excellent. I was once induced by a liberal manufacturer to put as much into my mouth as I could extract by thrusting my thumb into a can of it, and I felt as though I were pervaded by meatiness for many hours. I believe in the tallow. I believe in the essence. But I shall not believe in the cooked preserved meats, till growing science and increased experience shall have lessened the expense and raised the merit of the article. And yet how grand a thing it would be to have Australian meat in our markets, palatable and nutritive, at, say 4*d.* a pound; how grand a thing for our carpenters and masons,—and how grand a thing also for the Australian wool-grower."

Chapter IV. is devoted to the "aboriginal" inhabitants, and as our author saw a greater number at Maryborough than elsewhere, he says here all he wishes "on this very disagreeable subject." Of course it must be so with us all; for whatever number of the white settlers were killed by the blacks whose land they had invaded and seized, it is declared by Colonel Collins, the judge advocate who is quoted, "there is reason to believe that it was scarcely a tithe of the number of aborigines whose lives were sacrificed in return." When the blacks robbed or burnt the homesteads of the settlers, it was regretted that the latter could not have foreseen this wickedness to be "their natural temper," and have kept them at a greater distance.

> "Of course it was their natural temper. The land was theirs and the fulness thereof, or emptiness as it might be. The white man was catching all their fish, driving away their kangaroos, taking up their land, domineering over them, and hanging them in chains when they did that which to them was only natural and right. The white man, of course, felt that he was introducing civilization. But the black man did not want civilization. He wanted fish, kangaroos, and liberty. And yet is there any one bold enough to go back to the first truth and say that the white man should not have taken the land because it belonged to the black man;—or that if, since the beginning of things, similar justice had prevailed throughout the world, the world would now have been nearer to truth and honesty in its ways than it is?"

It is but too true that the arrival of the white man has done little or nothing towards civilizing or improving the aborigines. They have learnt all his vices; why have not, either the men or the women, "learnt also some of the virtues?" They have no idea of shame for any wrong they may do you, and no idea of gratitude for any kindness you may do them. Mr. Trollope asks if we should have abstained from taking possession of the land when the first flag was planted by Captain Cook, because we found that it was peopled? Should we have served the cause of humanity better by so doing? Mr. Trollope doubts this, on the grounds that they would not have been at all likely to have fared better under Dutch or French masters, which would otherwise have been their fate. Be it as it may, they are dying out.

Of "Cobb's coaches," and yet more of the "drivers," further mention must be made in another place. The account also of the "gold" at Gympie will be best deferred till we come to the rich gold-fields of Victoria; nor need very much be said anywhere in these pages about the gold-mines, and their working. It is quite right that Mr. Trollope should tell of all he saw, because many intending emigrants will be anxious to know how matters stand at the present time; but for the thing itself, it has become "an old story." The same may be said of the chapter on "Squatters and their Troubles," as of their isolated enjoyments. Their troubles, no doubt, are many. As for great flocks of sheep, they become "quite a fascination as a subject of conversation." We can well understand this; it is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Trollope did not often ask a squatter in a casual innocent way how many sheep he had upon his run. We once were so unfortunate as to put this question, which is so natural for a visitor to do. The squatter turned red in the face, and his eyes shone out. It was after dinner, and he had perhaps imbibed a little indiscretion. "Why, sir," said he, "you might as well ask me what money I have got in my pocket!" An apology did not seem at all to quiet him. The next morning while riding through the bush, my companion who had been present observed in explanation, "That foolish man has betrayed himself. There is a tax of so much a head on sheep, and sometimes a squatter of the unscrupulous kind, as some are, will drive half his flock over to the adjoining district. He then gives the number of those at home to the assessor. A few days after the intruding official has departed, the shepherds drive back the balance."

The description of life on a sheep-station is very clearly and fully given, and will be invaluable for young men of energy and otherwise suitable capacity who may intend to emigrate with a view to becoming squatters themselves in due time. As for the management of sheep in general, and in detail, I am not aware of any book of travels in such countries that gives so much information. It is amusing, in fact, quite delightful in its way, to find an English novelist telling you how a sheep is born, washed, and shorn; of drought, floods, foot-rot, wild dogs (dingoes), or flying grass-seed, which injures the wool, and works its way through the skins of the lambs, sometimes destroying "the poor little bleaters;" of grass that is overgrown and rank, grass that won't grow, poisonous grasses, too much grass, no grass—

and 'a panic in the wool trade.'" He was astonished to find that "the practice of washing and shearing varied very much at different stations, and that very strong opinions were held by the advocates of this or that system, so that the science" (what follows is delicious)—"the science of getting wool off the sheep's back in the best condition must be regarded as being even yet in its infancy." But he has not done yet; for the reader is fully instructed in all the mysteries and sufferings of washing huge flocks of 100,000 or 200,000 sheep by "raining" or "spouting" upon them, and he adds that he thinks "he is justified in saying that the sheep does not like it." Even the question of whether a sheep should be washed at all, and the wool be shorn "in the grease," is discussed with all the gravity so serious a question merits; and our sheep-farming novelist bravely winds up by declaring—"For myself, I am dead against washing altogether; but if sheep are to be washed, then I am dead against warm water. The sheep becomes cold after it, &c." All this is exquisite, and not the less sound. And he goes on with the "combing," or "clothing," —first combing or second combing, first clothing or second clothing, the "broken wool, greasy-wool, ram's-wool, hogget's wool, lamb's-wool, &c." We really cannot give any more of it.

The chapter on "Sugar, and Labour from the South Sea Islands," is of great value, as showing the necessity of such labour being imported for such work, and that those importations are equally for the good of the poor Polynesian labourers, who are fairly hired, duly fed, duly paid, well cared for during their period of service, and then duly taken back to their own islands. After the recent accounts of the abominations committed by certain slave-vessels, with regard to the Fiji and other unfortunate kidnapped islanders (all no doubt too true), it is consoling to read such statements as Mr. Trollope makes, and the admirable arguments he adduces. The document he quotes, entitled "Instructions to Government Agents appointed to accompany vessels employed in carrying labourers between the South Sea Islands and Queensland," ought to go far towards quieting the feelings of the philanthropists on this hitherto misunderstood question. If the labour of the white man is in this business undersold, it may be regarded as no great injury, because "hoeing canes within the tropics" would probably be the death of him in a very few years, "the best sugar-ground in Queensland being north of the tropical line." Exeter Hall orators should not be unacquainted with all these things.

The government being very nearly the same in all the Australian colonies; the working of the gold mines being nearly the same; the methods of sheep-farming, in its main features, being nearly the same; the case of the squatters; the question of the occupation of the land by the people; the kind of labour most needed, and the excellent new field offered to British emigrants, being much the same in all the colonies, I have devoted more space to Queensland than could otherwise have been afforded. Such is the natural consequence of our author's arrangement in taking this colony first. There will be no need, therefore, to go over the same matters with the other and more important colonies, but only to take their most striking characteristics. Besides, the public has already had no small number and variety of books concerning them, not to speak of pictures and prints. One more brief extract, which we commend to the serious attention of all working-men :—

> "For a labouring man, such as I have described, life in Queensland is infinitely better than life at home. It is sometimes very rough, and must sometimes be very solitary. And Queensland is very hot. But there is plenty to eat and drink ;—work is well remunerated ;—and the working man, if he can refrain from drink, may hold his own in Queensland, and may enjoy as much independence as is given to any man in this world."

Of the "beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles" of New South Wales not much is said, the chief objection to most of the wild creatures being the unconsciously cruel one that they are nearly all harmless, and innocent of any intentional offence. He "assisted in killing a snake nearly ten feet long, but he was a carpet snake, and as abject and innocent as a frog." Of course the snake ought to have been the death of some of them. Of the poor little, soft-eyed, and naturally tame opossum, we are told "there is no fun in killing him, for he neither fights nor runs away." The kangaroo, and the wallabi (which is exactly like a small kangaroo) will afford sport in being hunted, but our author is ungrateful enough to traduce them after death as not very good to eat. But being roasted—without prejudice—and with a little salt, pepper, and red currant jelly, the edible portions of them are really not unlike an inferior kind of not-of-the-youngest rabbit, or even hare. To the romantic charm of the bell-bird at night, especially in the loneliness of the far bush ; and to the undaunted courage, strangely melancholy yet most melodious voice, general talents, and peculiar humour of the magpie—the native witch of Australia—our author does no adequate justice. He has never had the advantage of any prolonged acquaintance with them. It is obvious also that he knows nothing of the emu, and that the Murray cod, being not the same as the British cod, has been literally thrown away upon him. Of the bullocks, wild or working, he appears to know little or nothing ; and although he is evidently quite "at home" among sheep, he certainly does not adequately value the horses, or admire the horsemanship.

The early history of New South Wales, concerning which Mr. Rusden of Melbourne has written a carefully prepared account, is no doubt a subject of permanent interest, as the great pregnant centre from which so extraordinary a progeny has emanated. Mr. Trollope accords all honour to "the unpicturesque heroism" of Governor Phillip, the early ruler of the colony, environed as he was with the raging and furtive movements of convicts, aborigines, excited settlers, famine, floods, and drought.

As every voyager and tourist with any faculty of word-painting has tried his hand at giving the world an idea of the extraordinary beauty, romantic variety, and commodious magnitude of Sydney Harbour, Mr. Trollope modestly flinches from the literary easel, gives a few touches, and leaves it; but only to return presently, and finally to present us with one of the best descriptions yet seen. In Sir Charles Dilke's "Greater Britain" there is also a finely-coloured sketch of one view of this matchless harbour. It has the fault of all his descriptions,—it is too short. Yet when all has been done in this way that can be done, there will still remain a new series of most beautiful sketches to be made, viz., when you enter Sydney Harbour by night. On a fine dark night, the countless lights, from all sorts of elevations, and coming close down to the water, besides the reflections in the water—one luminous panorama floating forward, as another glimmers and glides away—would furnish a special series; and on a fine moonlight, or starlight night, there would be another series, concerning which I dare not in this place venture a word more.

The city of Sydney is united to the town of Wooloomooloo, the latter being the more fashionable for private residence, very much like South Yarra with respect to Melbourne, where nobody resides who can help it, proud as Victorians may be of such a city. In the same way the rich denizens of Sydney have villas all round about, quite after the manner of Londoners, only with far more beautiful views close at hand. All this, together with the general hospitality and kindliness of the denizens of Sydney, is very pleasingly narrated by Mr. Trollope.

The account given, in vol. i. p. 234 to p. 242, of the "Border Duties," merits the close attention of British statesmen. That one Australian colony should be obliged to levy duties on the imports of her neighbouring sister is indeed preposterous. To save trouble, a lump sum of £60,000 was agreed to be paid by Victoria to New South Wales, when Sir James Martin, the premier of the latter, attempted to raise it to £100,000 :—

> "Mr. Duffy, on the part of Victoria, absolutely repudiated the idea of an increased payment. 'We are allowing you to send wine and grain in without duty,' said the Victorian prime minister; 'wine and grain which are clearly subject to duty; and by raising our hand we can put a tax upon your cattle and sheep. Where would your squatters and graziers be if we put a duty on your mutton and beef? Would not £40,000 a year be nearer the mark than £60,000? As for any increase, that is altogether out of the question. don't know how you can look me in the face and ask it.'"

The result was that the Victorian minister gained a signal victory, and the premier of New South Wales had his government dissolved, and lost his seat besides,—and had a difficulty in obtaining another. He seemed to have forgotten that he was measuring swords with a veteran of potent practice. "The only cure," says Mr. Trollope, "for this anomaly and confusion, is to be found in a customs union throughout the colonies, and the first step to such a union will be an alteration in the British law which forbids the colonies to exercise each its own discretion as to the free intercourse of their own produce." Our author proposes to return to this subject, and we would respectfully call the attention of Mr. Gladstone to his arguments, as also to the following extract from an official letter to the Governor of Victoria:—

> "No attempt can be more hopeless than to induce free self-governed States to adopt exactly the same opinion on such questions as free trade and protection which the people of England happen to entertain at that precise moment. They were protectionists when they thought it their interest to be protectionists, and they are free-traders when they think it their interest to be free-traders; and in these respects small and large communities bear a close resemblance to each other. I trust your Excellency will assure the Secretary of State that the desire to which he alludes of seeing the connection between the colonies and the mother country maintained and strengthened is nowhere more active than in Victoria; but a people who have founded a great State, who have built great cities, and established a commercial navy larger than that of many kingdoms in Europe, who have maintained order and protected property as strictly as they are maintained and protected in any part of the United Kingdom, and who have done these things without asking assistance from the Imperial Government, are naturally impatient at being treated as persons who cannot be entrusted to regulate their own affairs at their own discretion.
>
> "C. GAVAN DUFFY.
>
> "*Government Offices, Melbourne, Oct. 7th.*"

In the foregoing contest Mr. Trollope considers that Sir James Martin was "doubly wrong." But with regard to "protection" in Australia, the views of Sir Charles Dilke were more broad and reasonable than usual with political economists, Mr. Trollope included.

Of Newcastle, which takes rank next to Sydney, and is "a city of coal," and of Paramatta, which is a region of fruit (especially oranges, gathered "ripe throughout the entire year"), as of the railways of New South Wales, costing in some places £13,000 a mile for a distance of 124 miles, and in other localities £25,000 a mile, we must refer our readers to Mr. Trollope's first volume; as also for "roads," "metals," new methods of "preserving meat by freezing," his "descent into a gold mine," "scenery"—particularly his account of the Hawkesbury River, which he thinks finer, in some respects, than that of the Rhine or the Mississippi—of country life in the bush, "wash-pools and wool-sheds," and again of the "land." In another part of his book, our author humorously says he had better confess at once that a pamphlet on these colonies has been dedicated to him, and also that he has a personal interest in the matter, in case somebody should "find him out" as having a son who possesses a station in the bush—(a sheep-farm, if we may make so bold?); but this was not necessary, as our author on all such great public questions, is fairness itself. With the like politic frankness the writer of these pages admits that he has some small interest in land on the banks of the Goulburn River, in Victoria, and trusts it will be seen that he also writes with fairness. And surely there is enough for everybody, and to spare? In New South Wales alone, "the length of the colony along the seaboard is 900 miles, and its mean breadth about 500 miles. It is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and larger than any state in Europe except Russia." Among the settlers who have emigrated, and have made farms, the majority are Scotch and Irish; and of these Mr. Trollope says that the Scotch, for the most part, make money, and the Irish do not. This, I think, is not exactly stated; for the Irish, in all the colonies, make money; only, while the Scotch keep it, the Irish generally spend it. They very often send it over to help some poor relations to come out and join them.

The reader should give a close attention to the chapter on "The Riverina." This district is excellent for pastoral occupations, chiefly from the absence of forests, rocks, and gullies, which render it difficult for a shepherd to muster his sheep, and also for the presence of the saltbush, a shrub which is good for sheep. Nothing like sheep. "In a salt country," says Mr. Trollope, "though it seems as bare as a board, sheep will keep their condition,—on a fat sheep wool will grow long and thick, while on a thin sheep the wool also will be thin." This is worth knowing. There is nothing like wool. Our author considers it a more permanent source of Australian wealth than the gold, and he is probably right. Deniliquin is the capital of Riverina, but its inhabitants are not much over one thousand, and in a region the boundaries of which are so difficult to be defined.

We now come to the colony of Victoria. Several matters must be passed over hastily in the ensuing pages because our author's previous visit to other colonies has compelled us to consider them in those places; but enough additional matter can easily be found for Victoria.

For the early history we must refer the reader to the various books already published on that subject, and for a good condensed view in the book now before us. Due mention is made of the extraordinary energy and perseverance of Mr. John Batman and Mr. J. P. Fawkner, but the chief mover, or, at the very least, the associated spirit of Batman—viz., Joseph Tice Gellibrand,—is almost entirely overlooked. As he was killed and eaten in the service, by the blacks, during one of the first excursions round the present site of Melbourne, it is scarcely fair to confine his memory to the seaward "Point" that bears his name. And now for the gold :—

> "In 1851 gold was struck at Ballaarat or the neighbourhood. As I shall devote a chapter in this portion of my work to the fortunes of Ballaarat, and others to other gold-fields, I will not here tell any of the tale, which were I now to do I should be driven to repeat. But it is necessary to point out that the entire condition of the colony was changed by the success of the gold-finders, and that Victoria, as she is now and has been since we first began to talk about Melbourne at home as one of the great cities of the earth, was made out of gold. Gold made Melbourne. Gold made the other cities of Victoria. Gold made her railways ; gold brought to her the population which demanded and obtained that democratic form of government which is her pride. Gold gave its special value to her soil, —not only or chiefly from its own intrinsic value, not only or chiefly to that soil which contains it,—but to surrounding districts, far and wide, by the increased demand for its product and the increasing population which required it for their homes."

Truly our author says that "gold upheaves everything, and its disruptions are those of an earthquake ;" and he then gives some of those pictures which have been given from time to time by all manner of writers since the discovery. It is strange, however, that he has omitted to speak of "Canvas Town," where some nine thousand people once lived under little tents, when every room, yard, and passage, in every house in Melbourne, was filled almost to suffocation. We can never think of that period without wondering, as we did in our own tent at the time, how the constantly arriving crowds escaped famine and fever. As to society then, and for a year or two afterwards, "everything was disordered, and out of place. All that had been at the bottom was at the top. All which had been at the top was at the bottom." This being true of the people, it is no wonder that an equal disorder should be true of the place. Not only were there no roads through bush and bog, but the bush itself was close down upon the northern outskirts of Melbourne, and the bog was also there in degree, and after any heavy rain the storm-water rushed irresistibly down several of the main streets. Mr. Trollope alludes to a child being drowned in the streets, as something surprising; but this happened sometimes with men and women, and on one occasion a man with a horse and cart was carried down Swanston-street, and man and horse were drowned in the Yarra. Bullock drays were often bogged at the northern top of the town, where they remained for weeks. In the bush a bullock dray has often been bogged on its way to the diggings so hopelessly that it was unloaded and left there for months, to be dug out when the dry season came. In the town of Kilmore, I have good reason to remember what the bog was in the main street. This was early in 1853. A bullock once sank quite out of sight, just opposite the post-office, and a man on horseback coming through soon after, his horse was literally staked on the horns of the bullock. In the main so-called road through the new gold-field at the Blue Mountain (Victoria) a fight took place one dark night between two drunken miners. Their weight and struggles soon took them down, so that absolutely nothing was seen of the men except four muddy arms with slush-dripping fists rising and falling as continuing the fight even while the combatants were being suffocated below. Crowds of diggers with lighted boughs of the red gum-tree stood on each side of the bog, shouting and applauding. Apart from all vulgarizing associations, the scene to my thinking was not unworthy of a page in Homer. The bodies at length were hauled out—scraped down—and brought to life with some difficulty.

The visit of Mr. Trollope to the Yarra Bend Lunatic Asylum appears to have been too hurried, or he would never have omitted mention of the shrubberies, and the tastefully romantic gardening, created out of a savage wilderness by the late Dr. Bowie, entirely through his humane and judicious management of the patients. The Victorian Government showed the usual "gratitude."

The account given by our author of the golden metropolis, Ballaarat (long since vulgarized, as it was sure to be, into Balla*rat*), is as good and complete as could well be accomplished by a tourist tied to time. It is pretty clear that Hargreaves and Esmond were the earliest practical discoverers of the gold. There were a few other claimants, but they could not make out a much better case than some of the old shepherds who asserted they had often found a rich nugget while strolling after their flocks, because they saw something shiny, when they kicked it before them with their hob-nailed boots.

What Mr. Trollope says of the Chinese quarter of the gold metropolis has but too much truth in it. If any "extenuating circumstances" can be adduced they will be, first, in the fact that Chinese women are not allowed to leave their country, and the smuggling of such goods is very difficult, expensive, and dangerous; secondly, that the girls of "twelve to fourteen" found among them, whom he calls "children," are in most cases as much women as they will ever be (the Australian climate placing puberty earlier by two years, or three years, than with us); and thirdly, that the Chinese have sometimes married imported young emigrants, to whom they have behaved very well indeed, and in a few months were robbed and deserted by the incarnate young emigrant aforesaid. As for the rest, we are quite of Mr. Trollope's mind. But he does not appear to know the Chinese quarter in Melbourne, where there are some respectable merchants who deal in tea, and many other things. Some of their transactions are to the extent of from 10,000*l*. to 15,000*l*. a year, or far more. The dealings of Kong Meng, for instance. The only Chinese lady known to be in Australia, is the carefully-secluded Mrs. Kong Meng.

We submit that Mrs. Trollope should have paid her a visit in her elegant bird-cage.

Some pains have been devoted to the gold mining in Sandhurst (the "ancient" Bendigo of our early time), as also to Gipps' Land, Walhalla, and Wood's Point, which he bravely visited at the risk of breaking his neck, or every other bone in his skin. But what else could we expect of a man who, being mounted on a small cob at one of the Melbourne hunts, rides hard at a strong post and rail fence of four feet and a half high, while doubting if the small cob can carry sixteen stone clean over? Touching upon Wagga Wagga, and some other places, Mr. Trollope amuses himself with the trail of the poor "Claimant," in whose story he found so many Australians, including one of their most learned and acute judges, very much disposed to believe.[*] Of the matchless coach-driving in the most dangerous parts of the bush, a true account is given, and we can but admire the firmness of our author in not frequently insisting upon getting down and walking while the wheels ran close to the edge of frightful rocky descents, if not precipices; nor are we quite sure that we should not have equally, if not more, admired his firmness had he insisted upon getting down, because his life was probably worth far more to other people than the rest of the coach load.

The old vexed consideration of the land, and the struggles of the free-selectors with the wealthy and wary squatters (see vol. i. p. 461), is again made prominent in treating of Victoria; but from all this, and finally the Duffy Act, carried out stringently by Mr. Grant in its original intentions, whereby the old grasping monopolies are at an end, Mr. Trollope extricates himself with a good merry bound, and we breathe free air once more among the fields of the people. They may have to go further off for them, but there they are for selection.[†]

With regard to literature in Australia, our author seems to have assumed that there were no writers there, or none who could write except on colonial topics. He does justice to the *Argus* newspaper, as also to the *Sydney Morning Herald;* and in his closing sentence about Victoria, he just mentions one gentleman's name—and that is all. But even in the Melbourne Club he might have heard from more than one of its members, that there were men of learning, science, and art, as well as men of literature, in the City of Melbourne, and elsewhere in these colonies. It looks as if he had assumed there was nothing of the kind, and the thought of the omission having occurred at the last moment, he had just tacked on a closing sentence. True, he mentions the name of Dr. Badham of Sydney as a great Greek scholar, but he should also have heard of Mr. Stenhouse and his library of 20,000 volumes, and of other gentlemen in New South Wales; of the late Dr. Evans, of Melbourne—a man of high classical and oriental learning, and of other remarkable attainments; of the late Mr. Deniehy, whose library accumulated in the bush till it required three bullock-drays to bring it down to Sydney; of Mr. David Blair, of Melbourne, who carries a library in his head, as do Mr. Tulke, and Mr. James Smith; of Mr. Richard Birnie—not because he is the son of the famous Sir Richard Birnie, or because he took the highest honours in two of our Universities, but for his writings and his eloquence; of Professor Wilson (a senior wrangler), Dr. Halford, Dr. Neild, and Captain Irving, and other members of the Melbourne University, as well as various men of letters. There were, not very long ago, three senior wranglers resident in Melbourne, which could not be said of any other city out of London; and there are still two. It is true enough that no adequate value is set upon these men in the places where they reside, for the old reason of too much familiarity and "nearness;" but a tourist of Mr. Trollope's brain, ready sympathies, and power of appreciation, ought to have discovered them, instead of apologizing for their absence in a juvenile colony. That very few of these men ever write a book, or are so disregardful of their time and labour as to think of such a thing, is simply accounted for by the fact that no book written by a resident in the colonies is ever purchased in the colonies. This is too well known. The people—most of the "fine people" included—do not as yet know one man from another, except as he is wealthy, or in a position to add to their wealth. As to the fine arts, they have had a Woolner and a Chevalier (both now in London), and they have still got a De Bouvelot (one of the finest living landscape painters), and may possibly (though I hope not) again see the sculptor, Charles Summers. Can Mr. Trollope point to any public statues in London equal to the colossal bronze group in Collins Street East?

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[*] Among the many ingenious suggestions at the first trial, none were more striking than the attempt to identify the "Claimant" with Morgan, the famous bushranger. The writer of the above pages, in company with Dr. Neild, saw Morgan's head floating in a sink, beneath a jet of cold water, in Professor Halford's laboratory, at the Melbourne University; so that Sir Roger must have had two heads—and two very remarkable and dissimilar heads—by this part of the "evidence."

[†] For the most complete account of the tactics of the false-swearing "mediums" and "dummies" during the last struggles, *vide* E. C. Booth's "Another England;" and the Rev. J. Ballantyne's "Homes and Homesteads" (though he should have acknowledged his obligations to Mr. Booth), for the best handbook of Victoria.

It may have chanced that some complimentary mention of such men may have reached our author's ears at the dinner-table of Menzies, or the Melbourne Club, or Scott's; and that he fancied the eulogists were "blowing," and determined to hold his peace. He admits that he adopted this reticence with regard both to Melbourne and Ballaarat. When he was told that in the metropolis of the gold fields, which was a lonely desert bush only twenty-two years ago, there were now 3 town-halls, 56 churches, 477 hotels, with other things to match, why should he have considered it was "blowing," and held his peace? Had he doubted the truth, there was no great difficulty in driving about for a morning or two, and counting them. Even the "Ballaarat Star" obtains no mention from his pen. When in Melbourne, which he knew to have been a wild bush untrodden by a white man's foot forty years ago, and some friendly bear-leaders, or, to put it more properly, lion-leaders and good voluble street-guides, were anxious that he should set a right value upon the great facts before him, why should he have considered this as "blowing"? Suppose the figures of speech were rather glittering, why receive them upon his shield—an unreflecting non-conductor—and even boast of this unamiable reticence? The provocations were hardly adequate; yet Mr. Trollope's volumes continually have such grudging expressions as "I feel bound to admit"—"I must confess"—"It is only just to declare"—"I should do wrong not to mention"—"I am bound to say," &c. If these admirable facts are true, why should our admired author listen to them "like a sheep before his shearers"? As for the frequent egotism, the boasting, the self-assertion and self-sufficiency of many of the young men and women, especially among the wealthy, and even the best classes, it is all true enough. Whatever they don't know is not worth knowing. They ignore or smoke at all high reputations. Their ignorance is better than your knowledge. A phrenologist would search in vain for wonder and veneration. And it may also be true, generally, that the Melbournites will not submit to be "patronized;"—but what has the Town Hall done?—the Mayor and Mr. Fitzgibbon might exclaim,—what have the cathedrals, post-office, houses of parliament done?—and the blue-stone, bricks-and-mortar, plate-glass, and rich mouldings in the streets at large, that any great tourist should bury his head in his wool, and be dumb?* The only good that comes of this is, however, worth attaining; for when such a man really does praise with enthusiasm, we may feel quite sure that the object deserves it. Sydney Harbour and public gardens, for instance; the public gardens of Adelaide; the grapes and other fruits of South Australia; the cherries and mulberries, and the jam of Tasmania, the magnificence of the Banks in Melbourne, and, here and there, the superfluity of the mutton,—these are the occasions which inspire an involuntary eloquence.

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* Between the years 1851 and 1853, the value of building sites in Melbourne rose a thousand per cent. The value at this time [1873] may be estimated from the following extract from the Melbourne *Argus*:—"The block of land, about an acre and a half in extent, in Spring Street, and opposite the Treasury, was put up in fourteen lots, and twelve lots realised a total of £20,040. Another property consisted of land and buildings in Bourke and Swanston Streets. The frontage to Bourke Street was 59 feet, the Swanston Street frontage being 65 feet. This property was sold by auction, and realised the enormous sum of £30,800, being at the rate of £517 per foot frontage, or £372,680 per acre."

Of Tasmania (the early Van Dieman's Land, of very bad odour), the whole description is in the most charming style, and reads like an essay of Charles Lamb's grafted upon the most reliable facts and practically benevolent politics. He places in the strongest light the cruel irrationality of the tariff which presses upon her commerce with the sister colonies, "especially of Victoria." Nevertheless, let the working-classess of Great Britain read the following sentences,—

> "I must say of this colony" (Tasmania), "as I have said and shall say of *all the others*, that it is a Paradise for a working-man as compared with England. The working-man can here always get enough food, can always clothe and shelter himself, and can also educate his children."—(Vol. ii. p. 42.)
>
> "Were it my lot to take up my residence in Australia, and could I choose the colony in which I was to live, I would pitch my staff in Tasmania." —(Vol. ii. p. 76.)

These volumes contain very clearly-printed maps of each of the colonies, as accurate perhaps as the scale permits, though we have searched in vain for two of the principal towns in Tasmania, viz.: Launceston and Port Arthur,—while in the map of Victoria the usual confusion exists with regard to the *Wird Kruik* (Blue Mountain) as to its position, if found at all, with regard to Daylesford, Trentham, and Mount Blackwood. Some of these maps have several foldings, and we will defy the most careful reader to open them out twice without tearing. If you do not tear them they will tear themselves. They should be lined, or else carefully cut out previous to unfolding.

In spreading out before us the great yellow map of Western Australia, blank as to words, signs, or tokens of life beyond the borders, and along some of the river-banks, we are struck with the remark of the Yankee that "it was the best country he had ever seen to run through an hour-glass." Mr. Trollope bears witness to the sandiness, and found that "from Freemantle, the sea-port, the road up to Perth, the capital, lies through sand." There is also a great run upon sand in many places, but there is also some very good land in large and isolated patches. The land must certainly be good for something, as "grapes of an enormous size are sold at a penny a pound, and mutton averaged twopence a pound in 1871." Great numbers of convicts have been sent here, and in Albany, at King George's Sound, the inhabitants are already regretting an importation which they brought upon themselves. They also complain of the class of women that have been sent out as emigrants, declaring them to be of the lowest character. But, says Mr. Trollope, with much gravity, this is unreasonable; "the women in question were sent that they might become the wives of convicts, and could not therefore have been expediently selected from the highest orders of the English aristocracy." The convict element is a bad one for the progress of the colony, particularly when there is no gold. Wool is at present the chief article of commerce, and grapes would also be so if a market could be found for them. Why they are not converted into raisins, one does not clearly understand.

At Albany, on King George's Sound, our author met an old schoolfellow who was resident magistrate there, and acted as judge "for a district about as big as Great Britain." Intending emigrants are informed they may do very well in Western Australia, provided they can bring with them a small capital of 200*l.* or 300*l.* The area of this colony, is "about one million square miles, or about eight times the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," so that the emigrant desirous of settling upon land will find a pretty large space to select from.

The map of South Australia, which home-readers will best know by the name of Adelaide, the capital, when opened at full length, looks like a strip of land cut out of the middle of the globe, or, at least, in the most uninhabited section of it. But the greatest thing to wonder at, and admire, is the line of a telegraph running right through the entire extent up to Port Darwin, through arid deserts of sand, and forests, and rocks, and swamps, and creeks, and scrub or barren plains, with here and there an oasis. The names of the heroic explorers, Captain Sturt, of Hovel and Hume, of Stuart, and of Burke and Wills, are almost the only signs of human life for hundreds of miles at a stretch. The account of the construction of this telegraph will be found highly interesting; and there is actually a project for constructing a railway at a cost of 10,000,000*l.* the entire distance up to Port Darwin. For "another young colony," see vol. ii., p. 241.

Mr. Gibbon Wakefield's admirable theories of settlement on colonial lands is very fairly discussed; and we are next shown, in the words of the late Mr. Sinnet, how the emigrants rushed away to Victoria on the breaking out of the gold mania in 1851.

The great public buildings in Adelaide are admired by our author in a full out-speaking tone, particularly the post-office, town-hall, and "the grandeur of the banks." He liked the people of Adelaide. It is clear that they did not shut him up by such "blowing" as he experienced in certain other places, where the flowers of speech ruffled the "London pride." As to population, Adelaide "contains very nearly a third of the whole community of South Australia," and he confesses that "it is about the hottest city in Australia south of the tropics," and that in December "men and women sigh for 95° in the shade, as they within the tropics sigh for the temperate zones." We knew it would come to this; but each colony, at times, can be about as hot as another. Altogether he is very complimentary to the institutions of Adelaide, and "cannot refrain" (which is a pity) "from bestowing his meed of admiration." And "the Farinaceous City" well deserves all he says of it.

Briefly but clearly treated are the various topics of "wheat," "red trust," "cockatoo farmers," the rich "copper mines," the "salt bush," and of course the sheep. One of the stations he visited had about 120,000 sheep, who wandered over a run of 1,200,000 acres. For the whole of this extent it has been necessary to dig deep wells to obtain sufficient water; so that it will be seen that sheep-farming upon a large scale needs some capital, and is not all profit.

In treating of the agricultural products of South Australia, our author says, "I should be wrong not to mention the vineyards of the colony." Wrong indeed, and it would also be absurd. One feels surprised that the great foresight displayed in several other important matters should in this respect fall so short, even while the author's intellect compels him to admit the centuries that have been required to produce the best wines of France, Germany, Hungary, and other old countries. He found the South Australian wine "heady" and "unpalatable." He preferred the Victorian wine, made at Yering. But he evidently did not much like the wines of New South Wales, or in fact Australian wines generally. He fancied a second or third glass of some of the light-coloured wines would have made him tipsy. But this is not the right word. They cause a pleasing form of *exaltation*, or a soft, sprightly *délire*, but it soon passes off; and this is only the case with a few of the wines. He makes no mention of the Reisling, the Cawarra, Kaludah (the pale, or the Rosie Kaludah), the red Hermitage, or the Shiraz. His friends assured him he was prejudiced, and that his palate had become injured by the brandied wines of the old country. No doubt the nose also had been injured, or the exquisite flori-vinous bouquet of some of the Australian wines would have surprised and delighted him. As to the flavour of some of the wines, especially the pale straw-coloured, or light golden-tinted wines, probably the taste for them has to be acquired. Most people will remember, as children, their first impression of port and sherry, as a sort of physic; and grown-up people may remember that when they first tasted a glass of genuine high-flavoured hock, that it was unpalatable—not to allude to the first taste of olives, which many persons can never acquire as others do. Some of the Victorian wines have been almost as luscious as a liqueur, yet without any sugar having been added. What then must be the extraordinary inherent qualities of the grapes that shall be so sweet entirely from their own saccharine properties, or so heady from their own natural alcohol? Here is a foundation for future vignerons to work upon! Here are the elements and means for the production of wines which, in process of no distant time, will rival the finest wines of the old continent—that will cure the labouring classes of their habitual drunkenness, as Mr. Trollope does, I think, foresee—and that will eventually, as he does *not* foresee, become a commercial export that will as surely supersede more than half the wines of the old countries now drank in England, as the Australian and New Zealand preserved meats will bring down the price of butchers' meat produced in the United Kingdom. As to the Australian working-men, how very much better, as our author says of the wines as they now are, would be such a beverage than the filthy, hot, and hocussed brandies they habitually drink. Disappointments as to gold send many men to the Lunatic Asylums, but far more are sent there by the filthy brandies.

The first Wine-growing Company projected in Victoria was the "Noorillim," some ten or eleven years ago,—the grapes to be grown on the land of a squatter named Sinclair, on the banks of the Goulburn River. Mr. Sinclair came down to Melbourne to arrange terms with the proposed Company. He was a bush-gentleman who liked the usual sort of brandy, caring nothing for wine but wishing to make the most of his land. On the first day of his arrival, being at dinner at Bignel's Hotel, some colonial wine was recommended to him as being very fine. It was one of the pale golden Kaludahs. He drank the first glass, and looked thoughtful; then a second glass, and looked round, as though he fancied we were all laughing at him. Somebody asked what he thought of it, for it was really a beautiful and delicate wine. "Well," said he, "I think that a glass of sherry in a bucket of water, would represent all its qualities,—so far as *my* taste is concerned." A day or two afterwards Mr. Sinclair was missing. Nobody knew what had become of him. "Off on the spree!" it was said. At the end of two or three weeks the unfortunate genman's body, disfigured by insects, reptiles, and the native cat, and dissolving in the sun, was discovered in the scrub of the sea-shore near St. Kilda, where it appeared that he had wandered after having been hocussed by some brandy he had drank at one of the evil villas of the suburbs. The projected Company was then handed over to the proprietor of the contiguous station—the "Tabilk;"—a million of vine-cuttings were ordered by the promoter and hon. sec. from the different colonies, which were planted, after rejecting all the doubtful sticks, by a French vigneron from Burgundy (Ludovic Marie), and in the first year 700,000 cuttings had taken root and produced grapes. In the second year the grapes were very fine, and in the third year some of them, being left on the vines as late as possible, became raisins of the richest quality. The hon. sec. and the vigneron were both treated in the usual way; the chief proprietor "took to brandy," and died in a private asylum.

A division of Mr. Trollope's second volume is devoted to Australian Institutions, under the heads of "Schools, Libraries, Poor Houses, Armies, and Church," also "Legislatures and Sports." The schools are given with some care; the libraries with no care at all. No mention is made of the Melbourne Library, which, besides being well and largely stocked with standard books, has this feature, which is unique among public libraries, viz. all the chairs and tables are of the richest woods and leathers, and the binding, tooling, and gilding of most of the books is so rich that in countless cases their outsides must have cost quite as much as the books themselves, and sometimes more. To my thinking, all this is prodigal, and therefore unnecessary, pompous, and ridiculous, and should not have been overlooked. Some sharp criticism is passed upon legislative speakers, but some deserved compliments are also paid. The "Sports" are very poorly described, or, rather, evaded. There is no word about foot-ball, boat-racing, the (to my thinking) stupid mania for cricket, the good gymnastics, or the first-rate swimming at the "bathing-ship" at St. Kilda, the largest enclosure in the world for such feats. No mention is made of the Caledonian Games, at which thousands of people always attend, and concerning which Mr. Pond (Spiers and Pond) could have furnished our tourist with abundant information. Still, in one of the sports our author really comes out, not in scarlet, it is true, but with all the plucky honours of the "cloth," and his description of how he once joined the "Melbourne Hunt," is quite delightful. He had previously been kangaroo-hunting in New South Wales, and described how the male, called an "old man kangaroo," when hard pressed will turn and fight with his fore paws. There is not much danger in this; but if he used his immense and powerful hind legs, he would rip up or strike dead one dog after another, with his back set against a tree. But the poor old man of the woods seldom thinks of this, and is torn to pieces as he stands, with little real resistance, and in silence. There are people who coming in at one of these unresisting silent deaths, have been so touched by the sight, that they could never feel comfortable in hunting an old man of the woods from that day. With a good wild boar or a tiger, it is a very different matter; but Australian wild animals, even the bears, are disposed to be tame and friendly with man—and we see what follows. The Marquis de Beauvoir gets half crazy with the safe excitement.

We now take the sea for New Zealand, and whoever may have found a peculiar sensation in the Baltic or the Bay of Biscay in winter, will appreciate Mr. Trollope's pleasure in approaching these stormy and dangerous coasts. As some four hundred books, pamphlets, and other writings about New Zealand have already appeared at one time and another, it may be imagined there is not much more (except of the Maories) to be said. Still, it is good to have the present work in its completeness; good to have Mr. Trollope's views; and good to have the most recent accounts from an eye-witness.

Mr. Trollope could not at first have seen very first-rate specimens of the Maories, for he says "the men average 5 feet 6½ inches in height, and are almost equal in strength and weight to Englishmen." The average Maori may not be taller than that, or weigh more than average Englishmen, but the weight of the latter may be a good deal in fat, while the weight of the former is from bone, muscle, and sinew. As to strength we are inferior, and in activity and endurance we are (except with trained men) literally "nowhere," in comparison. How should it be otherwise when their whole life has been one of the finest physical training? Our soldiers, brave as they are, soon found out their own inferiority. Touching the early deeds of cannibalism, Mr. Trollope is often unjust—though he is never unjust consciously, but through error or misinformation. When foes were taken in battle, no doubt they were often devoured, and our tourist says he "does not think that human beings were slaughtered for food in New Zealand." Certainly they were not; and the real meaning of the horrid fact in their tribal wars, and their battles with white men in 1774 and other years, whom they naturally regarded as invaders, and who undoubtedly were nothing less than invaders, is that it was a custom, a rite, a hideous orgie, to roast and devour their enemies, as a final act of vengeance. This is obvious in the Maori war-song quoted—"Such is *my hatred* that I will fill myself fuller with the brains of Pau, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of *the hated* Te ao!" In these wars our author admits that they openly "threatened each other with cannibalism, and boasted of the foes they had devoured," just as the North American Indians used to boast of the human scalps they had taken in battle, and who wore the frightful remains as ornaments. Let us be just to all men—savages as well as Christians—particularly where the Christians have been admissibly unjust to the savages.

It is shown how enormous tracts of land were "bought" from native chiefs who owned, or said they owned those districts, in exchange for a number of old muskets, gunpowder, bullets, red night-caps, pocket-handkerchiefs, shaving-brushes, sealing-wax (!), jews-harps, &c. And in exchange for more than 45,000,000 of acres! It is no wonder that these capital bargains were subsequently repudiated by other chiefs, and the natives of other tribes, when they came to find what such purchases involved. After this came contests and battles, in which the Maories were generally victorious, often signally so, and then came the Treaty of Waitangi, signed by forty-six chiefs, and many Maories of the two main islands.

> "It stipulated,—first, that the united tribes of New Zealand owned the Queen of Great Britain to be their Queen; secondly, that the Queen of Great Britain owned that the land of New Zealand, for all purposes of possession, *belonged to the native tribes*; and thirdly, that the Queen would protect the tribes."

Can anything be clearer?—and has not the violation of this treaty by the invading whites been equally clear? "This treaty," says Mr. Trollope, "is still law, and is the basis on which Great Britain really founds its claim to the possession of New Zealand." What the Maories must have thought of our subsequent doings need not be discussed. "The natives," writes our author, in explaining our "easy" principles of colonization, "the natives are supposed to possess nothing, and therefore nothing can be taken from them." This is not cold irony, but only said in cool humour. Subsequent events demonstrated, however, that the "nothing" they possessed has cost us very much blood and treasure to take away from them, while some things—their valour, skill, continuity, and endurance—we have never taken from them; and we never can. That they are gradually dying out is another matter, and this only will finally settle the question in our favour.

The theories of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield on the principles of colonization, as to the proper purchase of land, are well set forth, and commented upon; there are concise notices of the gold-fields, the wheat, the coal, and the wool. Our tourist went at the wrong season for pleasant travelling, as it was in winter, and the winters in New Zealand are very cold; nevertheless Mr. and Mrs. Trollope braved all weathers and saw very much of the grandeur of the rock and forest scenery, although the pictures would have had beauty mingled with their power had the summer lights been upon them. We are sometimes reminded of the wayfaring difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens in the humorous descriptions that occur in the "American Notes." The bogged coach before the former couple reached Toko-mairiro on their way to Dunedin, is highly characteristic and amusing. Dunedin is the capital of Otago, the most flourishing of the New Zealand provinces; but our author regards Auckland, on account of its old and early history, as being "the representative city." Dunedin he designates as a "Scotch town," and Wellington "the chosen site for a parliament,"—but Auckland is redolent of New Zealand. Her streets are still traversed by Maories and half-castes, who avoid most of the other towns, and so Auckland still considers itself as the rightful capital of the colony.

The descriptions of the Kauri forests, of the pahs (or Maori fortresses and stockades), of the Rotomahana terraces, and of bathing in the lakes and hot wells of Auckland, are all clearly given, and will be found extremely interesting, as will also the account of the gigantic bird, the moa, long since extinct. Of the grapes and the sheep, in fact of station life in general, our tourist has by this time got pretty well tired, and those who wish for information of this kind had far better seek it in the charmingly familiar narrative of the "Station Life" of Lady Mary Barker.

Our tourist is unfortunate in never having seen a genuine *corroboree* of the Australian aborigines (what he did see was merely due to brandy and tobacco); but he is far more unfortunate in never having seen the Maori *war-dance*. It is a sight never to be surpassed, of its kind, and never to be forgotten. An English soldier, sitting just behind me at one of these war-dances, suddenly exclaimed—"It's no wonder the British ran away the first time they saw that! They're not like men!" Like devils, he meant. And so they were. The expression on several of the faces was as terrible as any in Michael Angelo's "Fall of the Damned." The defiance and the menace were demoniac. The war-dances of the North American Indians were, to my thinking, tame in the comparison. A party of early settlers on first arriving, were "complimented" by one of the Maori war-dances, which so dismayed the whole party that they at once left New Zealand, and crossed over to settle in Victoria.

The principal authority of Mr. Trollope for his statements and opinions with respect to our wars with the Maories, and the native customs in war time, is the book by Mr. W. Fox, A.M. (late Minister of the colony); and Mr. Fox frankly admits that for his account of the military campaign "he has relied for the main facts chiefly on the despatches of General Cameron." Very good; but as opposite parties usually see things with different eyes, we now require some account of the same battles, and events leading to them, from Maori chiefs engaged in those contests, or relatives who have survived them. Throughout his work we cannot fail to perceive that Mr. Trollope has been, very naturally, influenced in many respects (certainly not in all) by friends and others to whom he had letters of introduction. In Victoria, especially, his acquaintance with leading men was much too narrow, and so were his excursions, his observation, and his reading. He would have derived considerable advantage by consulting the "Statistical Essay" of the Registrar-General, the works on Gold-fields and Minerals by Mr. R. Brough Smyth, and several of the books of certain authors who have preceded him. With regard, however, to our battles with the natives, it is clear that we need some further information as to what could have caused General Cameron frankly to declare "that 200 Maories could stop 500 of the Queen's troops, and that it was altogether 'unsafe' for the latter to follow the former to the bush!"

We cannot venture into the Maori wars, and will merely remark that it is in vain to seek the appearance of superiority by calling names—as savages, cannibals, rebels, and all that. The Maories are a most remarkable race of savages, whom we have much wronged (as Mr. Gladstone recently admitted when demurring to the annexation of the Fiji Islands); they have long ago abandoned their cannibal form of vengeance; they were no more rebels than were any brave patriots of Switzerland, or the Scottish Highlands, or of certain periods in Ireland, or any mountain races who have been driven from their native fields. Those we call the "friendly" natives, the patriot Maories call traitors. That they are all patriots and traitors, or consistently friendly half-castes, is true; and Mr. Trollope evidently thinks that it is best to rest in this conviction. But he does not at all disguise the fact that in most of the battles we were beaten, even when we outnumbered the Maories by two or by three to one; that the valiant chief Te Kooti has cost New Zealand in the repeated attempts to take him prisoner, even with two thousand men upon his track, "the incredible sum of half a million," and that he is at this very time living on the Mokau river, the northern boundary of Taranaki, "every inch a king;" and we are informed that "the pursuit of him has now been abandoned as hopeless."

> "If they were to continue their attempts to retake Te Kooti, the Kingites would surely fight, should we practically assume dominion over the small portion of the Northern Island still left to them. Some time since the Governor thought it would be expedient that he should meet the King on friendly terms. But the King thought otherwise,—'What have I to do with the Governor, or the Governor with me!' So there was no meeting."

And with this reply of the Maori hero—outlaw, savage, rebel, or whatever one-sided names we may call him—the reader arrives at the close of Mr. Trollope's work. His New Zealand portion is the most hurried, and the least valuable. He seems offensively haunted by a defunct cannibal. No one reproaches Londoners of the present day with the human heads that were seen upon Temple Bar some sixty years ago, or the human bodies hanging in chains on the banks of the Thames. Neither do foreigners pick out some of our most horrible murders from the newspapers, as marked signs of our Christianity and civilization.

To give a condensed summary of these two massive volumes, I must say that they are certainly calculated to do great and extensive good. All the subjects have been handled before in hundreds of books—many worse, very few better—but none so well collectively; and besides, we have here the most recent accounts. Every library of any pretensions should have these volumes, down to the smallest mechanics' institute; and the close attention of the working classes of the United Kingdom—and, indeed, the working classes of every over-populated country—should be expressly directed to those portions which show them new and unsurpassable fields for profitable labour to an almost unlimited extent for the next hundred years at least. (Young gentlemen and young ladies had better stay where they are.) Many an industrious emigrant and his family, after a few years, will drink the native wine, perhaps of their own growing, to the health and memory of Anthony Trollope.

Our author's Conclusion is very brief, and very unnecessary after his Introduction, and his occasional remarks on Federation, and ultimate Separation from the Mother Country. It is an old subject in Australia, and cannot now be very fresh in England. Still, we are glad to have Mr. Trollope's views after his observant tour. There is no doubt as to the loyalty towards our Queen, the love of the old land, and the pride that Australians take in their lineage; but the enormous dimensions of the districts still unoccupied, and rarely visited by human feet; the great attraction for emigrants and consequent increase of population, added to the antipodean distance (even though now annihilated to the mind by the electric spirit of the Telegraph), together with the inevitable movements of the human sensibility as children and children's children come forth beneath the Southern Cross and feel their own immediate mother earth beneath their feet,—all these things, if nothing else should intervene through European [or American embroilments, or the talons of "the night-black double-eagle of the North," lead us to the direct conclusion that a separate and independent Empire of the British race will be established in Australasia. It is most probable, as it is certainly most desirable, for both parties, that the separation should be upon the most loving terms of consanguinity. The very first steps towards this must be in the abrogation of all antagonistic tariffs—in short, a *customs union*, as Mr. Trollope so strongly advocates, between the sister colonies; to be followed by a genuine and heartfelt Federation, as I endeavoured to show in my previous article "On the United States of Australia." To this most rational, imperative, natural, yet not the less difficult, union of perversely adverse interests, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has for some time devoted his energies, and from his clear political foresight, undeviating continuity, and unconquerable patience, the ultimate Federation may be anticipated. Whenever this becomes fixed upon the permanent basis of a full sense of blood-relationship and mutual reliance, these far-off colonies will be seen to gleam all over as with a fresh and expanding light, and commence a new career, not sudden and blazing as at the outbreak of their auriferous earth, but more steady in its beams, more enduring in its beneficence and its power.

R. H. HORNE.

PURGATORY, HEAVEN AND HELL.

THE conclusions which I am about to urge in the following pages, unwelcome as they may at first sight appear to many persons, are not in reality inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the more moderate of any of the three schools of theology which exist in the Church of England. These schools differ, in some respects fundamentally, in their conception as to the instrumentality by which the soul is prepared for a future life during her existence in this world. Their differences are, indeed, so fundamental as to constitute, in fact, three different religions. According to the Evangelical and the High-Church schools, the wrath of God towards the sinner must be appeased by the substitution of a victim to suffer in his stead, and that victim was found in the person of Jesus Christ, who was both God and man. The natural relationship between God and man, it is held, is one of alienation, man committing incessant acts of disobedience which God would punish with eternal sufferings were it not that the sufferings of the God-Man, Jesus Christ, had been offered in their stead.

So far these two schools agree. But they rapidly part company when they come to define the conditions on which each individual sinner is enabled to avail himself of the benefits of this sacrifice of Christ. The Evangelicals, following the guidance of

Luther, maintain that faith is the one sole instrument by which the soul appropriates these benefits, and delivers herself from eternal damnation. This faith is itself the direct result of a divine influence upon the soul, and, strictly speaking, is not even to be termed the condition of salvation. A good life is believed to follow this appropriation of Christ's merits, and by many of the school is held to be its necessary result, and even to grow out of it. Others hold that good works are nothing more than the token of the presence of this faith within the soul; and that in order that she may be prepared for a future life in the presence of God, she must be made partaker of Christ's own personal righteousness, which is infinitely extensive, and is imputed to the believer as his own, just as the sufferings of Christ are imputed to him. This doctrine of imputed righteousness is, indeed, not so common as it was in former days with the Evangelical party in the English Church. But it seems to be the necessary corollary of their theory that no such idea as that of conditions of salvation is to be admitted into the gospel scheme.

The High-Church doctrine is very different, and substantially is identical with that of the Roman Church, though differing from it widely as to details. It maintains that repentance, followed by a good life, is as necessary to the appropriation of the merits of Christ's death, as is faith in the all-sufficiency of those merits for the pardon of sins. It upholds the idea of conditions of salvation, asserting at the same time that such an idea by no means derogates from a recognition of the nothingness of man, and his helplessness apart from the supernatural operation of divine grace. It holds, further, that this grace is ordinarily communicated through the instrumentality of certain outward bodily acts which it terms sacraments; not that there is any inherent virtue in these sacraments, but that it simply pleases God thus to bestow his grace upon men; just as the Evangelicals maintain that the ordinance of preaching, or the reading of the Bible, is a species of sacrament, which is accompanied by a Divine affluence, which converts the alienated and sinful soul. The validity of the sacramental principle is obviously not affected by the precise number of the ordinances to which a special grace is supposed to be attached, so that there is no essential difference between the High-Church and the Roman creeds, as religions. Further still, both High-Church and Roman theologians have a tendency to soften the extreme statements of the Evangelical school as to natural human depravity, though both alike hold the necessity of a Divine grace, not natural to man, for the performance of all good works. On the whole, in fact, it cannot be denied that the Evangelical and the High-Church forms of Christianity are in reality two different religions.

The Liberal school in the English Church hold views which are in some respects fundamentally different from their fellow-churchmen, whom custom designates as their fellow-Christians, each party claiming to hold the real gospel taught by Jesus Christ. Individually, they differ largely from one another, according to each man's character, philosophical views, and disregard for the authority of traditional creeds. But, as a body, they deny the doctrine of the Atonement of Christ as ordinarily taught, maintaining that it imputes to the Divine nature the most shocking of human passions, and that God forgives all sin, on the condition of our true repentance, without demanding the substitution of any victim in our place. They also deny the necessary truth of the whole of the text of the Bible, holding various theories as to the nature of "inspiration" and its extent, some of them alleging that the Bible is nothing more than a collection of purely human writings. On the question of the necessity of supernatural grace, they are not distinguished by any special characteristics, probably because the old controversies as to grace, free-will, and predestination, which once agitated the Christian Church with the most violent storms, are now, at least for the present, lulled to rest. Here, then, again is a third religion sheltered, like the High-Church and the Evangelical, in the ample fold of the Established Church. In practice, these creeds often melt into each other with a vast variety of modifications, and it is because of these modifications that I have said that the conclusions I am about to advocate are not necessarily antagonistic to the doctrines of the moderate members of any one of the number. In the case, indeed, of the High-Church and Liberal schools, I do not see why their extreme as well as their more moderate thinkers should necessarily reject the opinions I offer for their consideration. It is only with the consistent, or extreme, partizans of the Evangelical theology that I am profoundly at issue; and from them I can hope for nothing but the most resolute opposition.

That which appears to me, in fact, to be the fundamental principle of all religion, is contradicted by the doctrine of justification by faith alone, without good works. According to the only conception which I can form of the nature of the life we are passing here upon earth, this doctrine is the equivalent to the most absolute irreligion. There exist among the various races of men an endless variety of idolatrous or immoral creeds, which are stigmatized by the extreme Evangelical party as soul-destroying falsehoods. But amongst them all I can detect nothing so purely irreligious as the notion that the sole condition of eternal happiness is this apprehension of the merits of Christ by faith alone without good works. That we have nothing to do but to lay hold of the atoning merits of Christ by an act of faith, and that Christ's righteousness is imputed to us in place of any goodness of our own, in order to fit us for heaven, is surely nothing less than an utter repudiation of the belief that this life is a period in which we are personally prepared for the future life, and is more immoral than the most debased of Paganisms. The notions of Pagans concerning the nature of God, and their invention of a multitude of gods and goddesses, together with their debased ideas of morality, are monstrous enough. But I never heard of a Pagan theology which professedly denied the necessity of some sort of conformity to the nature of the idols worshipped, or the importance of this stage of existence as the period in which the soul is personally made ready for the life to come. Undoubtedly, the believers in this most immoral of professedly Christian dogmas are happily often inconsistent with themselves, and while with their lips they preach justification by faith without works, in their own conduct they adopt the doctrine of justification by faith with works. But, nevertheless, their favourite dogma is so deeply ingrained into their very natures, that they can never really regard this life as essentially a period of moral preparation for an existence which is to last throughout eternity, and they will therefore repudiate the unfamiliar conclusion which I venture to draw from the conviction that life is such a preparation and nothing else.

The great truth, then, which, as I hold, lies at the root of all true religion, and which alone can give a clue to the tremendous mystery of our being, is this, that there is an organic connection between our present and our future existence, and that the spiritual laws under which God now governs us are continued beyond the hour of death. The practical forgetfulness, or positive denial, of this great truth is, I make bold to maintain, the one chief cause of the failure of Christianity to reform the world, and it produces that utter unreality which is the bane of the religious life of all Christendom alike. In the Roman Church, indeed, a feeble but wholly inadequate and self-destructive attempt is made to neutralize the unhappy effects of the universal error. The doctrine of Purgatory, though not so absolutely irrational and antichristian as the nearly universal Protestant theory as to the connection between the present and the future life, is nevertheless wholly inadequate to solve the terrible problem of sin and misery, and contradicts that principle which I am upholding as certainly as does the commonest Protestantism which is preached in Protestant pulpits and taught in Protestant books, and in which Protestants in general pretend to believe when they think of their own deaths and the deaths of those whom they love.

It should be added, also, that a doctrine very similar to the Roman doctrine of Purgatory has always been held by the more learned of the High Church school in the Church of England. Prayers for the dead, based upon a belief in this doctrine, are unquestionably lawful in the English Church, as decisions in the courts of law have established. How or why such prayers are beneficial is, indeed, not very accurately defined by those who believe in their efficacy. Like many another devotional practice which commends itself to what may be called the pious instincts of the mind, this conviction of the lawfulness of praying for those who have left us is held in a vague, undefined shape, rather than as a clearly understood conclusion from the essential truths of our religion. It is plain, from many indications, that even the English Burial Service is often regarded by simple, non-controversial minds as embodying some species of these pious and tender supplications. Multitudes of persons think that a prayer for the departed, as well as for the living, is included in the entreaty "that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of God's holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in His eternal and everlasting glory." At such moments they forget the false theology in which they have been nurtured, and rejoice in believing that in some unknown way the erring souls that are gone may still be made fit for that eternal happiness and that presence of God for which they had made such slight preparation during their earthly career.

The doctrine, then, that is nearly universally taught in our pulpits, and which English society, whether high or low, pretends to believe, is to the effect that at the moment of death the soul enters into a new state of being, in which the moral and intellectual conditions under which she is to exist are totally different from those under which she exists here, and which have been essential to her growth and to the fulfilment of the end for which she was created. This, we are told, is the case with every human being that is born into the world. It is true of the Pagan and the Christian alike, of the old and of the young, of the godly and of the godless. It is as true of the man who has passed a whole life in the most obstinate irreligiousness and who has sincerely repented half-an-hour before he dies, as of the Christian whose lifelong energies have been devoted to self-discipline with the view to the following the example of his Divine Master. In order to enter into instant happiness, it is enough to have begun a truly religious life just before the last sigh is breathed. All is ended, one one way or other, for every one, *and for ever*. That such a belief should ever have taken possession of the Christian world, with few exceptions is, as I think, one of the most irrefragable proofs of the marvellous slowness with which the most elementary ideas of religious truth make their way with mankind. The idea seems to me to be simply monstrous. I can see no trace of a foundation for it in the life about me, nor in the deductions of pure philosophy, nor in the teaching of Jesus Christ. Of course I once believed it myself, or thought I believed it, because I was brought up to believe it, as we almost all are. Thus brought up, we accept this and other doctrines solely on the authority of a baseless tradition, without being startled either by their inconsistency with one another, or with the facts which we know to be true. We do not ask ourselves anything about them; but having been always told that it would be wicked, or shocking, to doubt them, and that good men who are much wiser than ourselves believe them, we also accept them, and, according to the habits of our minds, try more or less to realize them and make them a portion of our religious life.

In some cases we accept what we are told, never attempting to understand the actual meaning of the phrases which we are assured are the embodiment of divine and mysterious truths. We repeat them, and uphold them, and imagine that we associate certain definite conceptions with them, while in reality we are simply reiterating the same words over and over again, or dividing phrases into smaller sections, and pleasing ourselves with the notion that we are thus analyzing their meaning and expressing what we are pleased to call our faith. But in this particular instance the self-delusion is different. Here is no question of incomprehensible mysteries, shrouded in technicalities, which by dint of much labour we learn by heart, and so plume ourselves upon the orthodoxy of our creed. Here is a plain, practical matter, which is forced upon our thoughts every time that we think upon the death of any person in whom we are specially interested, and whose manner of life has been really known to us beforehand. A child can understand what we are then called upon to believe, either one way or other. There is no need for our attempting to grasp the mystery of an invisible eternity, to follow the departed soul into the regions of an unexplored mode of being, to settle the perplexities which beset those who have studied the relationship between the thinking soul and the material brain. The one question is this: Is the fate of the soul that is just gone, now absolutely settled for ever, so that she is, at the very moment we are thinking of her, either in a state of perfect happiness or perfect misery, just as she has passed away, either repenting of her sins, or heedless of her obligations to God her Creator? There is no more difficulty in comprehending the meaning of such a question, and in deciding it one way or other, than in comprehending any question as to the ordinary occupation of our daily life. We are not bade to form any conception of the place to which the departed soul is now consigned, or to hold anything more than some simple practical belief as to her being freed or not from all the responsibilities which attached to her as long as she was lodged in the body that now lies lifeless before us, and which we hasten to bury out of our sight.

How is it, then, that we all of us, or nearly all of us, consent to acquiesce in this traditional assertion that the soul's destiny is then settled for ever; involving, as it does, these two convictions,—first, that the most wretched of life-long sinners, if he has only repented before death, is now in the enjoyment of eternal happiness, and secondly, that if he has not repented, he is instantly consigned to agonies that will last throughout eternity? When we come to think seriously as to what such a belief means, we shrink in horror and bewilderment from the thoughts which rise up in our minds; or we take refuge in some vague generalities which, if they mean anything, are in direct contradiction with the belief we profess; or else we drive the whole subject from our minds, as too mysterious or too terrible to be allowed to dwell in our thoughts. Professing to believe in a future life, and to regard this life as directly leading to such a futurity, and to shape our conduct in accordance with such a belief, the moment we are brought face to face with death in all its awfulness, we either shrink from realizing our professed convictions at the moment when such a realizing is most urgently called for, or we complacently satisfy ourselves with resting in a dogma whose absurdity is only surpassed by its indescribable horribleness.

For consider what we mean when we say that no change whatever can take place in the condition of the dead, after the moment of death has passed. In the case of those who are supposed to enter at once on the full enjoyment of a happy eternity, it means that God has suddenly adopted a law in His treatment of them, which is in absolute contradiction with the law to which they have hitherto been subjected. He is supposed be one God to the dead, and another to the living. The God who thus treats the soul at her death is totally unlike the God who has made the earth and the heavens, and who has fixed laws, which are never to be broken, for the guidance of the soul living upon earth. For if there is one fact which is undeniable in the divine method of preparing us for a future life, it is the gradual and frequently painful formation of habits of thought and feeling, resulting in the completion of a completely harmonious character. Call it by whatever name you please, this life, when it is not thrown away in utter self-indulgence, is an education by which the composite nature with which we are born is trained towards the perfection of which it is capable. We come into the world with almost boundless possibilities of good or ill; with capacities for loving, thinking, suffering, and enjoying, whose depths it is well nigh impossible to fathom. The mind is enshrined in a body which is at once its servant and its tyrant—its necessary instrument and its deadliest enemy.

Its reasoning and imaginative gifts are denied all opportunity for their adequate use while we live, and are for the most part wasted on false and debasing objects, and fail of accomplishing their obvious ends. Above all, we possess the capacity of entertaining the idea of duty, of placing ourselves in our just relation towards God who made us, of comprehending our relations towards our fellow-men, and of sacrificing all our inclinations in order to act up to our conceptions of duty, obedience, and love.

At the same time, as a matter of fact, all seems to be confusion, anarchy, and failure. From the earliest years, everything seems to go wrong, and all this wonderful apparatus of thought and imagination and emotion, this union between the soul and its bodily habitation, to be used as an inglorious device for moral and intellectual suicide. We prove ourselves to be neither the servants of God, nor the friends of our brothers, nor the masters of ourselves. And it is only by a slow process of training that this tumultuous chaos is reduced to order, and the rational and loving man begins to accomplish the end of his being. The process varies in different individuals, both in its slowness and its severity; but in principle it is the same in all. We are born with passions, and not with habits; and the history of our life is the record of the formation of these habits—that is, of that permanency of character of which we are destitute when we are born. This is true of every human being, whether the character thus formed is good or bad. There is an old saying which is among the most undeniable of psychological truths, that *nemo repentè fuit turpissimus*; and it is equally true that *nemo repentè fuit sanctissimus*. There are often sudden changes in the lives of men, when a decided step is taken in one direction or another, either for good or for evil; but such steps are totally distinct from the actual transformation of the whole nature into any permanent condition of perfection or debasement.

It is, indeed, through a misconception of the character of this occasional sudden change that the Christian world has come to adopt its favourite notions concerning the change resulting from a passage from the visible to the invisible world. That men are sometimes suddenly "converted," as it is termed, as they are sometimes suddenly debased, is a certain fact. But this conversion is nothing more than a change in their mode of viewing their duty towards God, and in the principles of conduct on which they resolve to act for the future. It is nothing more than a change of intention; it is not a change in the whole nature of the mind itself. That nature remains just as it was before, and has to be subjected to the disciplinary process, as the necessary law of its advancement. Passions and desires of every kind have to be checked and controlled by thousands of resolute acts of self-control, before the mind itself is permanently affected, and the man is really in any adequate sense a new man in the depths of his nature. Undoubtedly it is a most unwelcome thing to the beginner in the religious life to learn that this bitter process of self-education is before him, and must be continued as long as life lasts. We cannot, except by a rare effort of self-examination, bring ourselves to believe in the perpetuation of the inner conflicts which are really before us. Knowing the sincerity of our good resolutions, and the abhorrence with which we regard the self-willedness of the past, it is a terrible thought that every morning we are beginning a day in which the old struggles have to be repeated, and that the law which God has laid down for our growth can never be repealed. We could nerve ourselves, we think, for some great heroic act of self-sacrifice ; but as for this wearisome renewal of the interminable little conflicts between the old self and the new self, it often seems more than we can endure ; and we cannot forbear complaining of the hardness of our lot. Still, such is the fact. The reducing of the warning elements of our nature to a harmonious activity is a labour that can only be accomplished by a toil, ordinarily as painful as it is enduring.

And thus it is that the Protestant world has been induced to acquiesce in this singular illusion concerning the instantaneous change in the soul's condition the moment the heart has ceased to beat. It cannot bear the idea that the pains of this life are prolonged into the next ; and so it has devised this marvellous fiction, which confounds the destinies of all persons who die repentant in one common confusion, and imputes to the unchangeable God a sudden abolition of the fundamental law which He has laid down for the growth of the soul in her labours for the end for which He created her.

In all truth, indeed, how can we dare to assert that God governs us upon a method after death, which is diametrically in contradiction with the method on which He now rules us ? What knowledge have we of the laws by which God will regulate our eternal existence, except that which is gathered from our experience of His mysterious ways in the past and the present ? An impenetrable veil shrouds the future from our eyes, and the realities beyond that veil can no more be ascertained by considering what we, in our desires for satisfaction, should wish them to be, than the past history of our race can be constructed out of the fragments of a fairy tale. God is eternal and immutable ; thus far we can understand. And when we have learnt what is His system of government in this life, and what is the law of spiritual progress which He has laid down for us here, we have not the shadow of a ground for imagining that this system and this law will not continue in force when our soul enters upon the next stage of her existence. On this truth I would insist with all the urgency of which I am capable. God governs the universe by laws, whose character we can only ascertain by observation and experience. He governs our souls by laws, as certainly as He governs the movements of the planets, and every change that takes place in the movements of the physical world. He thus governs all things, because He Himself is unchangeable, and has foreseen all His own works from all eternity. When His works seem inconsistent or out of harmony with one another, it is only because we discern only certain limited effects of their operation; and when they issue in unexpected results, it is only because we have miscalculated their force, or misunderstood the manifold elements which concur in the fulfilment of His Divine and adorable will.

When, then, we desire to know something of our coming destiny, we have but one rational means of inquiry: How does God deal with us now? Is there any evident law which governs the history of the human soul in the advances she makes towards the harmonious development of the complex faculties with which she is endowed? Apart from all subtle metaphysical investigations, which are beyond the reach of the vast multitude of men and women, are there any simple, tangible facts, which all can understand, and which are clearly intensely practical in their nature? Scientific speculation as to the nature of light and heat are beyond the comprehension of a very small section of humanity; but all can learn the practical effects of light and heat on human life and on vegetation from their early years. And such is this primary practical fact in the development of our natures, that we change, whether for the worse or the better, by slow degrees, and by the reiterated repetition of intentional acts and thoughts and the reiterated indulgence or repression of emotions. This, I say, is the law of our moral being, which is as certain as that fire burns, and that without light we cannot see.

Moreover, it is equally the fact that the formation of these habits, when it is for the harmonious development of our nature, is for the most part accompanied with pain. The emotions that we seek to reduce to habitual obedience, cannot be controlled without a sense of distress, more or less keen and agitating. Our good intentions, too, are ordinarily kept up to the mark of a practical activity by the pressure of sorrow and disappointment. Without the pangs that are the lot of us all, few persons make any progress whatsoever in their spiritual development. Talk as we may about the delight of the service of God, and the instant peace that follows upon a resolute devotion to His will, in reality it is suffering, in some shape or other, which is usually the immediate or indirect cause of everything that is good within us. God Himself, who, by His influence upon our souls, is the source of every good thought, emotion, and action, employs this suffering as His instrument. I do not say that nothing that is not worthless ever grows up within us without suffering; but I do say that suffering is the means which for the most part forces us, as it were, along the path that leads to perfection. This is a fact which is acknowledged by every person who has tried for any length of time what it is to strive to reduce his rebellious nature to obedience. He knows that he is engaged in a long and weary labour, and that pain, of some sort or other, is the instrument by which, above all other means, he is enabled to master the fiery and the obstinate "self," which it is his work here to subdue.

And this function of human suffering, as the chief incentive to spiritual advancement, is quite distinct from the mere toil of self-control, which is in itself so often a wearying and disheartening thing. The pain involved in the perpetual crossing of one's inclination is one thing; the sorrows by which we are impelled to continue this perpetual self-denial is another. And the distinction is one of the utmost practical importance, if we would solve the problem o human life, even in its existing transitory condition. For there are few facts more surprising, as well as more unexpected, than the comparative ease with which some persons seem to master their wayward inclination, as compared with the terrible self-crucifixion without which others seem to be unable to control the daily and hourly movements of their passions. No assertion was ever more wildly wide of the mark than the popular saying that all men are born equal. The inequalities of disposition begin to show themselves even in infancy. Whatever may be the foundation for the common idea that infants never show signs of distress except when they are suffering from some sort of bodily pain or discomfort, it is undeniable that they early betray the signs of the varieties in their future tempers and characters. So again, it is unnecessary to form any opinion as to the earliest age at which young children can recognize the differences between right and wrong, in some inchoate or imperfect form. Certain it is, that these differences do show themselves at an early age, and that the germs of the principles of action which will guide the future life begin to grow at an age when too many persons imagine that all strictly moral action is impossible.

And, indeed, these differences between young children often suggest the most distressing thoughts. I think there are few sights more saddening than the sight of a child in whom the intensity of the selfishness of after-years is already foreshadowed, when the innocence of childhood seems to exist only in name, and when it is plain that the coming life will either be a most sharp and bitter and perpetual conflict between high principle and obstinate self-indulgence, or an unbroken course of odious selfishness. And as years go by, the same differences between one character and another grow more and more striking. Some children and young men and women seem to be so fashioned that good thoughts and actions are more easy to them than evil, while others seem hopelessly doomed to be their own tormentors in every circumstance of life.

Yet sorrow comes to all alike. Or if it comes in different degrees, its severity is far from proportioned to the variations in character of those who suffer. Who can explain why it is so? Who can say why the very best and habitually self-denying of men and women should often be torn with the most agonizing pangs, and be placed in circumstances which seem a long series of disappointments and griefs? We cannot detect, so to say, the principle on which adversity and prosperity, sickness and health, family wretchedness and happiness, are apportioned to the varying characters among whom we live. Only one thing is certain, that pain and disappointment are the chief agencies by which spiritual advancement is accomplished within us. Our will, poor, feeble, and vacillating, is unequal to the task set before it, and succumbs to the incessant snares and seductions without and within us, unless it is frequently roused to renewed energies by the shattering of our hopes and the wounding of our tenderest affections, or the infliction of constant or piercing bodily suffering. It is useless to attempt to close our eyes to the universality of this law of our moral life. All persons of any experience are agreed as to the facts. Setting aside a few exceptions in whom the healthy growth of the character seems to be effected without any very severe discipline, as a rule it is through a process of disenchantment with this life that we are induced to bend our whole energies towards the controlling of our selfish natures. It is the experience of men and women of all ages, races, and creeds. The cultivation of those habits which end in the formation of a complete and perfected character, is scarcely to be achieved without this same clasping of the cross to our hearts, in willing and cheerful obedience to the divine law. The cross of Christ, as it is known to Christians, is the one significant type of our present human life, and sorrow is and always has been the one ordinary instrument by which our understanding is enlightened and our will made strong.

Such, then, being our knowledge of the method of the divine dealings with us in this life, the inevitable conclusion follows, that God will deal with us in the same method after death, unless we have some overwhelming proof to the contrary. All that we know of God, from His works, leads to the same conviction that death is not the introduction of new laws of spiritual growth, but only the commencement of a new stage of existence, organically one with our life that now is. The popular conception of death as the moment of the reversal of the system on which God has governed us, and led us on from step to step in the harmonious development of our nature, appears to be in reality a baseless fabrication of the fancy. It has no more foundation in the facts of the past than has the wish we fondly entertain that the rest of our lives on earth may be free from the pains and trials which are the lot of all humanity. It is an invention of the mind, flying for refuge to its own dreams, because it is weary of sorrow, and cannot bear the thought that eternal happiness is not to be granted in its fulness through the simple acts of repentance and faith. I know well how utterly repugnant is such a belief to ordinary Protestant feelings; but I also know that the popularly preached Protestant idea is equally repugnant to large numbers of thinking persons who have been brought up in the prevalent belief, but whose common sense and practical experience assure them that it is impossible that it should supply the real key to the mystery of life and death. When the mind has once grasped the true nature of our present moral training, and has emancipated itself from the tyranny of the English pulpit and platform, and has at the same time attained to some more adequate conception of the immutability of God and of the essential nature of moral growth, it looks upon this Protestant belief as the most unreal of fictions, and a mockery of the soul in her struggles to pierce the veil that hides eternity from her sight.

Surely there is but one rational belief as to the condition of the soul that departs in an imperfect state of preparation. The discipline of the past must be continued through the future, until its nature attains its highest possible development, and the end for which the soul was created is fully accomplished. If the inventions of the pure materialist are false, and our soul is an existent, reasoning, feeling being, apart from the molecular movements of the brain through which it now reasons and feels, that moral nature which is of the very essence of the soul must work out its end through some process which is essentially a moral process. God, through whose never-ceasing assistance we attain our present measure of success, is not about to treat us as having no longer any moral capacities, such as we now possess, simply because the fabric of our bodies is dissolved, until moral perfection is accomplished, and being made perfect we are released for ever from all possibility of sinning. That the time will some day come when we shall be released from all such possibility we may indeed fervently hope, and believe it to be in the highest degree probable. But that such a marvellous change should be wrought in us at the moment of death, simply because we have sincerely repented and entered upon the commencement of a reformed life, dying with all our passions practically unsubdued and our hearts scarred with all the wounds of a life of self-will and ungodliness, is, I think, one of the wildest of suppositions that ever took possession of reasonable men.

Nor does the Roman doctrine of purgatory supply any adequate solution of the problems of eternity. It is better than the popular

Protestant idea, but it is defective in that it sets aside the essential nature of all moral progress. Moral action, by its very nature, implies the power of choice between one course of action and another. If we have no longer any capacity for doing wrong, as well as for doing right, no further improvement is possible. The mere infliction of suffering can work no amendment, or tend to the growth of more permanent habits of mind. So it is with millions around us to-day. They suffer with scarcely an interval of refreshment, without advancing one single step in the way of spiritual health. Suffering, in fact, is like fire in its action on various material substances, which, when it does not melt them, usually hardens them. And the Roman doctrine of purgatory overlooks this essential truth. It asserts that at the moment of death all possibility of moral choice is ended, and the repentant soul simply submits, without any power of resistance, to the action of the purifying pains. It is true that in the Tridentine decree concerning purgatory nothing of this kind is asserted; but the opinion which I am maintaining is certainly condemned in the bull "*Exsurge Domine*," issued by Leo the Tenth in the year 1520.[*] And the whole Roman moral theology adopts this theory, thus to a large extent nullifying the practical benefits of the doctrine that it is necessary that the soul that dies imperfect should undergo a further purification hereafter. So far from tending to solve the awful problem of our future destiny, the Roman purgatorial theory, through the addition of the doctrine of indulgences, has not only clouded it in more hopeless obscurity than before, but has introduced an element of absurdity into the whole conception of moral action, which is as mischievous as it is ludicrous. The entire theory of the "superabundant merits of the saints," out of which, as from a treasury, the Pope draws those relaxations of purgatorial pains which he grants in the shape of "indulgences," is so monstrous in its very conception, that one almost overlooks its moral obliquity, in one's sense of the daring folly that could invent such a dream, and of the marvellous credulity that could accept such "indulgences" as having the smallest influence on our spiritual relationship towards God.

When, on the contrary, we have once brought ourselves to face and to accept the one reasonable conviction that our moral life is continued hereafter, until the great end of our creation is accomplished, then, too, we find ourselves in possession of the key to the mystery of the future life of all mankind. If death does not introduce those who are desiring to reduce their passions to an habitual conformity to the Divine will into a radically new relation towards God, it necessarily follows that the eternal destiny of no man is finally settled by his mental condition at the moment of death. Once let us grasp the perpetuity of moral action in its very essence, and all the crushing horrors of the dogma of eternal misery vanish away. This life is only a stage in the moral and intellectual progress of all human beings. So far as we can see, it is spiritually a failure in the case of the enormous majority who are born into the world. Think of the mystery of the death and sufferings of infants. Who can explain it? Why are they born, only to live a brief animal life, often torn with pains, and then perish? What preparation for eternity have they undergone which is in the faintest degree analogous to that which their fathers and mothers undergo? We talk of their innocence; and they are surely innocent, if innocence consists in the absence of any capacity for choosing between right and wrong. But, so far as moral character is concerned, they are no more innocent than the birds in the air. What is the meaning of all that undeveloped treasure of gifts with which they come among us, when it is never brought into exercise in this world, and not even the first elements of moral training are accomplished? I do not attempt to answer such questions; but I cannot hide my eyes to the fact, that while those who live only attain to a moral growth through long-continued struggles, those who die in their infancy never are capable of any moral struggle at all. When, however, my eyes are opened to the organic connection between the present and the coming life in the case of those who live to maturity, the enigma of infant death is solved, and I rest in the conviction that the spiritual and intellectual development, which was here impossible, commences and is completed in a new existence of boundless possibilities.

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[*] See Denzinger: Enchiridion symbolorum et definitionum, quæ à conciliis œcumenicis et summis pontificibus emanarunt: Sec. lxxxi.

It is the same with those who are condemned by circumstances to an utter ignorance of God and of the nature of duty, or who apparently from wilful perverseness fling themselves into the most debasing indulgence of their passions, and thus die, as it is said, in their sins. We cannot doubt that with them also we see only the commencement of a long series of opportunities during which they will finally be brought to the end for which God created them. What is the earthly life of the most aged sinner compared with the eternity that is before him? For sixty or seventy years he has not known God; or, if he has known Him, he has scorned His will, and he dies, not only unrepentant, but more depraved by far than if he had been cut off in his youth. What then? Is that repentance now impossible, simply because of the dissolution of the body, which would have been possible as long as the brain was at the service of the soul within? If a sinner can repent after ten or twenty years of sinning, why not after eighty or a hundred? Is it anything better than a hideous fiction, this notion that an eternity of torments awaits every creature that does not repent during some few years passed in this visible world? Let us place the notion fairly before our eyes and examine it, and see what it means; and ask ourselves how we can prove its truth. Where did we get it? What basis of ascertained facts has it to rest upon? Is it more likely to be true than the old Greek fables about the rivers Styx and Cocytus, and Pluto and his queen Proserpine? Does the belief come forth from God Himself, any more than the Scandinavian dreams of an eternity of hunting, fighting, and feasting, or the Mahometan vision of a paradise of houris?

The only attempt that is ever made to prove this doctrine is founded upon a misconception of the nature of the justice of God. That justice, it is asserted, requires the eternal punishment of the unrepentant sinner, because God is an infinitely great and holy Being, and therefore every sin against Him deserves an infinite punishment. Nothing, it is said, can exceed the moral guilt of sin, as such, because of His Divine sanctity and majesty, and therefore it literally deserves eternal sufferings. God, then, being infinitely just, as well as infinitely holy and great, cannot do otherwise than inflict the punishment which is demanded by His own Almighty majesty and His rights over all His creatures.

And yet, if ever there was a false conclusion drawn from undoubtedly true premisses, it is here. God is infinitely great and holy; but what then? The question is not alone as to the infinite nature of God, but as to the capacity of man, who breaks the Divine law; and how do we measure the guilt of all offences against all laws, as such? Not, surely, by any speculation as to the origin of the laws themselves, or the majesty of the lawgiver who enacted them, but by the capacity of the offender to understand both the laws themselves and the majesty of the authority which sanctions them, together with his own personal power to obey them, even when understood. Human laws, it is true, can in theory recognize no distinction between one law-breaker and another. By the English law it is assumed that every offender knows what it is that he is doing, and the penalty he is incurring, when he makes himself liable to it. But even in our poor human administration of our criminal laws, we do in fact often make allowances for the ignorance of those who break them. With God, on the contrary, the sole question is as to our personal moral guiltiness; and in estimating that guiltiness—in other words, the sinfulness of our sins—He must necessarily take account of our personal capacity for understanding the nature of the offence we are committing and our power of resisting temptation. How, then, can it possibly be maintained that sin deserves an eternal punishment, because it is an offence against an infinitely holy God, when it is absolutely impossible for any creature to comprehend that infinity and that holiness? The distance between God and man is not a reason for accounting sin as deserving of eternal punishment; it is a reason for accounting it not deserving of any such return. The moral quality of any offence grows less and less the further is the distance which separates the offender from the authority whom he offends. The guilt of an educated man of mature age is far darker than that of an ignorant child. To suppose, therefore, that sin deserves eternal punishment, because of the infinite greatness of God, is to uproot the very foundations of all moral obligation, and to deny the very justice of God Himself. Justice requires the exact proportion of the chastisement to the personal moral and intellectual capacity of the offender. But how can man comprehend infinity, whether of greatness, holiness, duration, or power? Can we by searching find out God? Can our eyes pierce through the firmament of stars into the boundless abyss of worlds beyond? Can we tell what God is doing there? Can we conceive what He was doing, before this Universe assumed its present form, when there were no mortal men upon earth, and sinners like ourselves were not in being? And if we cannot comprehend God in His actions, how can we conceive of Him in His essence? We are told, that sin deserves eternal punishment, because God's majesty is infinite; do we know what those words mean? Do they mean anything except this, that God is beyond all our comprehension; and that then only can we truly begin to comprehend God, when we learn that He is beyond all created powers of understanding? As it is impossible, therefore, that we should understand the infinite distance at which God stands from ourselves, it is certain that we can never be guilty of any offence whose guiltiness depends upon our comprehension of that distance; and the theory of the infinite guiltiness of sin appears in its true light, as the baseless figment of a morbid and degraded imagination. It is the invention not of minds that understood God, but of those who would debase Him to the level of their own miserable capacities.

Again; all moral guiltiness implies a knowledge of the penalties under which a law is enforced. To punish an offender with one chastisement, when he was taught that he would be punished with another, is the very height of injustice and cruelty. No person can be justly punished as a sinner, that is, as morally guilty, who does not understand both the relation in which he stands towards the lawgiver (implying, as has been shown, a comprehension of that lawgiver's nature), but also the suffering which he will bring upon himself by disobedience. But can any man understand eternal punishment? We can put into shape phrases repeating the words "eternity and misery" in a thousand variations. We can picture to ourselves every conceivable possibility of mental and bodily anguish, till even the horrors of Dante's *Inferno* pale before our hideous imaginations; and then we say that these things are to last *for ever*. But what real conception do we attach to those words "for ever." None whatsoever. We can no more grasp an eternity of agony than we can grasp the eternity of God's own existence. "For ever" is to our minds a phrase, and nothing more, so far as we attempt any actual comprehension of eternity as a reality. How, then, can it be reasonably maintained that the worst of human sinners can render himself liable to a penalty of which it is totally impossible that he could understand the nature? Even when we profess in words that we believe that the sins we are committing will lead us to an eternal hell, we do not know what we are saying. We can neither understand an eternal hell nor an eternal heaven; as St. Paul has said that eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God has prepared for them that love Him.

Here, however, it is that another supposed "proof" of the eternity of misery is put forward. It is said that we have no more reason for expecting an eternity of happiness than an eternity of woe; and that the two must stand or fall together. The objection is, however, based upon another misconception of the nature of God and of our relations towards Him. There is no parallel between the eternity of punishment and the eternity of happiness, because the notion of a reward does not enter into our expectations of an imperishable heaven. When we speak of God's punishing us, except in the way of discipline, we necessarily introduce the notion of our personal deservings; but desert does not enter into our hopes of eternal bliss. We look for no reward at all. It is to the infinite love and goodness of God that we trust when we expect Him to bring us finally to the end for which He created us. An eternal heaven is as infinitely beyond our good deeds as an eternal hell is beyond our sins. God's justice cannot punish us eternally; but we do not look to His justice for any adequate return for our holiness. We look simply to His love and His eternal will, which is supreme above our wills, and which having bestowed on us the gift of our free-will, such as it is, in order to make us capable of moral action, brings us at last to the destined end of our being. But reward there is none. There is none now, and there will be none throughout eternity.

And it is with this fundamental truth constantly before us that we must interpret the various passages in the New Testament which touch upon the duration of the future life. We cannot take up the Gospels bit by bit and fasten upon a parable or a practical injunction a meaning which is wholly inconsistent with the fundamental principles of that teaching which runs through all the narratives and letters of the New Testament. And surely no candid student of the New Testament will deny that the idea of a future reward, as such, is directly in contradiction to the whole tenor of the teaching of Christ and the Apostles. Where it is introduced, it is introduced metaphorically, or as a convenient mode of expression, or as an element in a parable. The one idea which pervades all the Gospels and Epistles is this: that man is nothing, and that God is all in all. The key to the whole is to be found in the words of Christ Himself; "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do." And thus it is that I interpret such a parable as that of the sheep and the goats, of which so much is made by those who insist upon it that we have no more certainty of an eternal heaven than we have of an eternal hell. Taken literally, in all its details, this parable unquestionably implies the idea of some actual desert on the part of the saint and the sinner alike. If it holds good for both of them in its closing sentence, it must hold good in all its details. If it declares that those who neglect the poor are to be damned eternally, as a punishment for neglecting Christ, it must teach the glaring impiety that those who benefit the poor from good motives are actually to be rewarded for their actions with an eternity of blessedness. If the former literally deserve hell, the latter must deserve heaven; both of which conceptions I look upon as equally blasphemous. Like all others which Christ taught, this parable must be explained by its manifest object; which was to enforce the doctrine that the practical love of our brother, for Christ's sake, is regarded by God as equivalent to the practical love of Christ Himself; and that by the cultivation of that practical love we prepare ourselves for our life beyond the grave.

Such, again, is the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. It is not to be taken as a carefully expressed collection of dogmatic statements as to a variety of theological truths, embodied in the details which form, as it were, the background of the picture presented to us. The intention of Jesus in contrasting the future histories of Dives and Lazarus is much the same as in the parable of the sheep and the goats—that is, to enforce the intimate connection between a man's present inner life and his life beyond the grave. The devout beggar passes to his rest, which is described under the metaphor of Abraham's bosom; and the godless, heartless man of wealth passes also to his misery. Nothing whatever is implied as to the eternal duration of that misery. All that Christ says is that there is no possibility of direct transit from the one condition to the other. But this is not the point which he is enforcing. It is a mere incidental detail, giving additional dramatic force to the parable, which is meant to silence the captiousness of the Jewish objector, who pretended that Christ gave no sufficient miraculous evidence of his teaching. "They will not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." All the miracles in the world would never touch the hearts of men who lived only to enjoy the luxuries of riches.

In truth, the difficulties into which any mere verbal interpretation of the New Testament leads us are as formidable as they are evident to every candid mind. Everybody detects the fallacy of the method in the case of the Quakers, and wonders that they do not see that the injunctions of Jesus concerning swearing, turning the cheek, and plainness of speech are to be interpreted the reverse of literally. But how is it that it is forgotten that this system of verbal dogmatism has consequences far wider than Quakers ever thought of? If we are to take the Gospels as actually recording the words of Christ, what becomes of our knowledge of the Lord's Prayer, or the institution of the Lord's Supper? The words of the Lord's Prayer vary in the Gospel narratives, and the three accounts of the terms in which Jesus addressed his disciples at the last supper are all different, St. Paul's version differing from those in the Gospels. And yet the Christian world is torn asunder with dissensions concerning the meaning of one or two words, of which all that can be said is that we have no certain knowledge whatsoever whether Christ did or did not literally use them. As all the three reports differ from one another in some respects, it is impossible to decide to what extent their verbal inaccuracy may extend; and consequently it is impossible to build up any dogmatic theory upon the hypothesis that we know what Christ Himself actually said. In other words, if it had been the will of God that our knowledge of our relation to Himself and of our future destiny was to depend upon our interpretation of the verbal text of the New Testament, He would have made the New Testament a very different book from that which in His good providence He has thought fit to make it.

That the Christian Church should have come to adopt the prevailing notion as to the eternal world was, indeed, natural, considering how rapidly some sort of Pagan conceptions concerning God Himself crept into the belief of the post-Apostolic Christians. And when once the Church was thoroughly possessed with the old heathen notion of an absolute severance between time and eternity taking place at the moment of death, all the secular and historical beliefs of the world tended to foster this belief. Until our own days, men knew nothing of the real history of our race, or of the boundless periods of time which it pleases God to employ in carrying out the works of creation, or of that method of development by which all more perfect stages of being are attained. The most complete manifestations of Omnipotence were supposed to be seen in the instantaneous creation of some marvellously complex wonder. That the dying sinner, just repenting, should be launched into the same eternity of bliss as the saint made perfect by life-long labours seemed in no wise a startling theory to those who imagined that a few thousand years ago Omnipotence called the Universe into being out of nothing in six times four-and-twenty hours, fashioning first a man and then a woman, faultless in moral and intellectual perfection, as the climax of the work, and that then Omnipotence "rested from its labours."

To us, on the contrary, who know that it pleased God to devote myriads and myriads of years to the slow unfolding of His purposes in the fashioning of this earth alone, and that His one method of creation has been a system of developing the higher and more complex forms of life out of the humbler and more simple, it appears more than probable that the growth of each human soul shall be the work of a period far transcending the few years we live on earth. The peculiarity of the mode in which the first man was created is entirely beside the question, as are also all such speculations as those of Darwin concerning the historical origin of each species of plant and animal. The great fact is this, that slowness and not rapidity is the undeniable law which our Creator has pursued, and that in all His works there has been a steady advancement and harmonious development of hidden vitalities; and all this through processes of what seemed destruction, but what in reality was the condition of renewed life and of a rise into a higher scale of being.

Thus, too, we obtain a refutation of the speculations of Origen and others who have conceived of a future existence as a perpetual alternation of conditions of happiness and suffering. The whole history of the universe and of our race contradicts any such hypothesis. The universal law of life has been one of advance from the imperfect to the perfect, from the humble to the glorious, from the debasement of the savage to the enlightenment of the Christian and the philosopher. Creation has never gone backwards. We cannot count the ages between the creation of the first savage and the birth of Christ himself in Judea; but Christ was born at last in the fulness of time, and the human race saw what humanity was capable of becoming, when it became, in Christ, Divine. For nearly two thousand years the teaching of Christ has been struggling against the tyranny of passion and ignorance, and its power is still but feeble on the earth; but what are two thousand years in the history of the world, and what are they in comparison with eternity? All things that we know by experience of ourselves and of life in all its forms point to the conclusion that what the past has been, that the future will be. What is true of the race must be true of the individual; and what is true of the infinitesimal elements of material organisations must be true of that noblest of all God's works with which we are acquainted, our own soul. One law rules the universe; the law of advancing life through the means of change, decay, and dissolution.

The eternity which is before us may be an eternity of change, but it will be a change in which all the marvellous possibilities of our nature, which we know that we possess, will find their continued harmonious development, after the plan laid down by the Will of God in the depths of the eternity that is past.

To one further conclusion which naturally follows from the argument I have here laid before the readers of this Review I am anxious to ask their attention as briefly as possible. If there is really any organised connection between the present and the future life, it follows that we who are alive and those who are dead must constitute one organic body, far more intimately united than popular Protestantism is willing to admit. This union must be a union not merely in word, but in reality. It must be the same kind of union as that which binds us together in this life, with the same obligations and the same privileges. The brotherhood of humanity extends beyond the grave and is not limited by the accidents of the temporal and corporeal senses. And in truth, the sense of this brotherhood of humanity is so deeply seated in us all, that it survives the uprooting of every species of religious belief, properly so called. In its most crude and debased forms it exists in the lowest races of savages, where the belief in the supernatural has not risen above the coarsest superstition. And in the newest variety of religious creed—if religion it can be called at all—the "philosophy" of Comte, the intensity of this conviction of the organic brotherhood of all human beings triumphs over all the audacities of scepticism, and insists upon establishing a worship of its own, in which the instincts of humanity are supposed to find their full and final gratification.

That this organic brotherhood of us all is of the very essence of Christianity, no Christian, of whatever theological school, will seriously deny. Christ died upon the cross because He taught this truth to the utter overthrow of the old Jewish exclusiveness, allying itself with the scornful pride of Rome. And the brotherhood which He taught was no formal, technical alliance of kindred. It was a unity which binds up the happiness of every individual man with the happiness of all other men, and constitutes every man "his brother's keeper." We all suffer together, as St. Paul says, and we all rejoice together.

And hence it is that we are convinced of the practical value of prayer for one another. Once grant the practical value of prayer for ourselves, and the value of intercessory prayer instantly follows as an inevitable conclusion. Human society, whether under its secular or spiritual aspect, being so constituted that each of us has it in his power to confer benefits upon his brother by his direct personal action, it follows as a matter of necessity, that as our prayers for ourselves ensure personal blessings for ourselves, so our intercessory prayers are but the complement of our ordinary direct activity on our brother's behalf. Why, then, is this intercessory prayer to be cut short at the moment of death? If our brotherhood lasts beyond the grave, how can we venture to suppose that its most essentially spiritual privileges are suddenly annihilated? Why should we not pray for the dead? And why should we not ask the dead whom we have loved, and whom we love still, to pray for us? Will any Christian maintain that God has forbidden the departed to address Him in prayer, and that they thus cannot pray for us in our necessities? And where is the proof that it is impossible that our invocations to them should ever reach them? Surely it is no more beyond the power of God to enable us thus to communicate with those who are out of sight than it is beyond His power to carry on the whole marvellous complexity of human society here on earth by the direct agency of His own Omnipotence, while at the same time He makes us all free agents in thus accomplishing His will.

It is true that these truths have been grossly abused in the Roman Communion, and that, especially, the popular belief that Mary commands God in heaven is as grossly idolatrous as the lowest superstitions of savage races.* But these abuses have sprung from other and very different sources. It is because the Roman Church authorises prayers to her canonised saints alone, assuming an infallible guidance in her canonisations, and because she has invented the absurd dogma of indulgences, while her doctrine as to purgatory itself is radically unsound, that her teaching in this matter has become superstitious and immoral. The convictions which I here advocate are essentially different from those which Rome teaches; as I believe they are, on the other hand, in harmony with the secret beliefs and hopes of multitudes of devout Protestants, who are terrified, but not convinced, by the popular denial of all practical intercourse between the living and the dead. For myself, I hold that the prejudices and the denunciations of this popular Protestantism are as undeserving of deference as the customs and anathemas of Rome itself. What we have to consider is solely what is true, either certainly or probably. Our tests of truth are to be found in the facts of human life, as indications of the will of Him who has made us what we are, and in the eternal attributes which are involved in our elementary conceptions of a good and just God.

J. M. CAPES.

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* I need not remind the acute theologian that the belief that Mary commands God in heaven is the logical consequence of the belief that she once commanded Him on earth, and that this latter belief is involved in the old doctrine of the *θεοτόκος*.

SOCIAL REFORM IN FRANCE.

WE flatter ourselves that we know a great deal about France, and certainly the sketches of French life and character which multiply in our literature have a certain superficial correctness unattained in old days when we believed Jacques Bonhomme to live exclusively on frogs, and to be chiefly serviceable to the world as a dancing-master. Internationalism has propagated French follies and slang, and some fallacies that seem to be taking root among our traditional beliefs; but the very increase of this sort of knowledge draws a thicker veil than ever between us and the deeper seated characteristics of the great nation that has been so long foremost in European life. Excellent criticism and exhaustive study of the elder French literature is not wanting in England; such can however but command attention from the few really interested in the original works of Montaigne or Voltaire, Pasçal or Rousseau, and even then we are generally behindhand in sympathy with their influence as it has shaped the fortunes of France. The iridescent bubbles on the stream of French society, the scum foul and plentiful that it throws up, the craft that navigate its rapids, occupy our attention, while we know probably less and less of the powerful currents that underlie these trivial phenomena. Those among us who study them at all are apt to assume superior knowledge to that of Frenchmen themselves, how these currents are tending and can be directed. We pique ourselves on political and social omniscience concerning our neighbours' affairs, which outsiders are little inclined to allow us, though they admit that our slow perceptions save us from risking experiments—except in Ireland—until their ill effects have been demonstrated in more mercurial communities. Now and then our advanced thinkers with infinite labour produce ideas a year or two after they have been exploded on the continent, with or without the help of petroleum, blood, and iron. The surprised perplexity of their French readers is great when, for instance, one of our respectable periodicals praises the Commune of 1871, or preaches the Littré faith, or combines Sabbatarian observance and the doctrines of Rousseau. On the whole our interpreters of the more earnest French thought would appear to have darkened knowledge. Probably they know less of the practical good sense that underlies the sophistical journalism and the market literature of France, than some of our elder writers who observed the great nation as it was, and not as by grace of revolution it ought to be. There is no Arthur Young now to describe the peasant life of remote departments, and free us from the meshes of official returns. How whole classes are struggling against the Civil Code which every year ruins its thousands of families; how old custom has, in spite of bureaucracy, preserved national vitality, we do not hear, while we are kept but too well acquainted with every Versailles intrigue and Paris scandal. Travellers seem to devote themselves to observation of men and manners in countries as unlike our own as may be discovered, while a practical examination of the bases of European society as they now are, is unattempted—perhaps because it might disturb so many popular credulities.

Yet, in the howling wilderness of so-called social science, what a heaven-sent guide would be the man who, content with methodical analysis of social facts, such for instance as the rise and decay of family prosperity, would present us with some sufficiently verified conclusions! It is the fashion to know something about the phantom "working man," and he is the subject of copious invention when sanitary or economic arguments have to be strengthened or evaded. A pet or a scarecrow for the purpose of the hour, which of our more capable men have devoted themselves to accumulate any wide and thorough experience of his modes of life and thought! A yet more impenetrable veil conceals the lower middle class, of which Mr. Dickens and other novelists have spread very fanciful notions. Nor is it certain that if a persevering inquirer were to threaten our comfortable convictions, or even dispel our favourite alarms, he would be popular. He might indeed be voted eccentric or immoral until some national humiliation gained for him a hearing, but meantime as invention in the moral order is mostly sterile, conduct cannot be the exciting field for speculation and curiosity that marine ascidians or protoplasm have proved to our generation. To all but an optimist few it offers no illimitable perspectives of progress, and without faith in a necessary progress we are of all nations most miserable. So precious is this faith that reformers who suggest that our conduct has not improved in proportion to our material development are notoriously pooh-poohed, unless they season their appeal to conscience by witty description of growing scandals, or by freely "recasting" the religions of the world so as to relieve their readers of all uneasiness regarding the Supreme Being and his government of the universe. Confused by the conflict of fact and optimism, we, failing a social cataclysm in England, live in a chronic state of make-believe, from which it might be well that even a Sedan or a battle of Dorking should set us free.

The Teuton is just now preferred among us to the Gaul, whoever the "Gaul" may be, yet let us confess the excellent freedom from cant which is now general in France. In consequence, social good and evil are defined with a clearness of outline before which British casuistry is abashed. Complex and luxurious as is Paris life, the existence of its ordinary population is less artificial than that of those trimming souls involved in London confusions of piety and pretension, shameful poverty and more shameful luxury. Since France has undergone its recent punishment the moral atmosphere is more than ever different from ours, in its defects as in its merits. Thoughtful and observant men are somewhat in the mood of the sailor in Edgar Poe's story, who had a glimpse of the bottom of the Maelstrom. They know more of the vortex and the currents leading to it than do our citizens inexperienced in civil war and invasion. It was possibly worth the fright of the situation to get rid, as they have more or less done, of sundry illusions in which we are still nursed, and the urgency of their social necessities has quickened their judgment in questions of social welfare, when political crazes do not carry them off their feet. In Paris of 1873 there is no doubt dangerous excess of the individuality which threatens all the European West. The atoms of the Boulevards are unduly isolated, but they do not shirk their historical spectres and domestic skeletons, and it is almost startling to hear how plainly the case of blouse versus money-bag is stated. The comparative value of Christianity and Positivism; the importance of M. Littré, the unimportance of S. Peter, are frankly weighed, and no one is shocked if the final cause of property, and the ultimate source of authority, are debated without circumlocution. Post-mortem examinations of persons and truths that in England, we affect to believe are still alive, are conducted so sincerely that they are not irreverent. There is no need to use the fable of three Lord Shaftesburys if the Trinity is to be attacked, and to answer Mr. Leslie Stephen's question, "Are we Christians?" would involve no hesitation whether the reply were yes or no. Yet the pious Catholic is free in his speech about Lourdes and Pont Main. Brilliant young officers, unfurling the Drapeau blanc in working-men's clubs, preach the faith of S. Louis without reserve. There is growing desire for social peace, security of property, and free exercise of that family foresight which, as M. About rightly says, can be replaced by no economic combination. The imminent danger of the conflict between labour and capital is clearly perceived by the more enlightened and honest employers, who readily confess that strict rules regulating the market value of men's work cannot be applied indefinitely to the labour of our fellow-citizens. There is candid admission that the blouses are not unreasonable in their contempt for "society" as it has shown itself since the second of December, though the prophecies of Jefferson concerning the political action of the "canaille" of Europe have been fully realised, and De Tocqueville's "Providential Equality of Men" is a less popular doctrine now than in 1848. But the enthusiast of Belleville is not so hardly judged, as would be with us the sceptical artisan, if he dislike the inefficient and selfish pietism in vogue among Christian professors. The revolt against orthodoxy will not have been useless if it oblige recognition of the fact that religion, separated as it has been from the practical duties of citizenship, tends to be a solvent of society rather than a bond of brotherhood. Meantime faith of one sort or another is more indispensable to the French than to the German or English workman. With "furia Francese" he jumps at "evidence of things not seen and substance of things hoped for," and perceiving that his governors have for some time offered him little but material benefits, he has not lately seen why either the "fils de Voltaire," or the "fils des croisés" should prevent his snatching at a larger measure of them. In his reasoning there is so much common sense, that reform of his errors seems not a hopeless task if the legitimate reformers, the wise men who should be social authorities, would bestir themselves and declare truths that have been proved by wide and clear-sighted experience.

Are there left any such "divine men" in France—steadfast teachers of conduct, national and domestic, who have earned a right to be heard since the calamities of the past thirty-six months, because they foresaw them, and, before the event, declared its imminence?

It is natural that we as foreigners should estimate with uncertain accuracy the comparative value of contemporary French thinkers. Even of their political leaders we hardly follow the chronicled flights, constantly reported as they are. Now and then some of our writers bring forward an author with whom they are in special sympathy, and we read such books about ourselves as M. Taine's. We taste with true neighbourly gusto the horrors of the Parisian revolts, and feel some curiosity concerning Communistic legends, and S. Simonian dreams little tolerated in the place of their birth; but the men uncelebrated in cosmopolitan gossip are with difficulty accepted by us as worth notice. The reformer, some sketch of whose labours I propose to give, is however by no means unknown even to the ordinary reader of newspapers, though probably his somewhat over-compressed writings, free of sensational appeal or picturesque phrases, remain little studied. A letter from him on peasant proprietorship was meantime given a prominent place in the *Times* of January 27, and in 1871 the *Saturday Review* devoted two articles to an account of his works. Some English ignorance of M. Le Play as a social reformer is no doubt quite excusable, seeing that until calamity had exposed the reality of French decadence he has been appreciated but by few of his own countrymen. However of his earlier and probably least important publications, the sceptical Sainte Beuve said, "Il n'existe pas de plus belles pages de moralité sociale et politique;" and M. de Montalembert declared "Je m'imbibe goutte a goutte de l'œuvre de M. Le Play à raison de quatres pages par jour; et je n'hésite pas à proclamer que cet homme a fait le livre le plus fort de notre siècle." In 1856 Alexis de Toçqueville, advised to read M. Le Play's work "Les Ouvriers Européens," expressed his agreement with its conclusions, and both to the author and to Montalembert expressed regret that he had not had an opportunity of supplementing some omissions in his own writings made apparent by M. Le Play. A reformer distinguished by the high commendation of such men might well merit the attention of those among us who, like him, would search out the sources of social weakness and disorder in western Europe, arrest the too evident disintegration of its states, and re-establish that social peace which is necessary to human advance, and failing to secure which, civilization is but delusive.

In 1830, M. Le Play began his scientific career by special study of metals. He held the usual convictions and prejudices of a nineteenth century physicist at that date, but with them he possessed the candour and energy to use Descartes' method and accept no opinions as authoritative until he had personally verified them. Believing that a large measure of experience was the best corrective of the mistakes of particular societies, he determined to unite extensive travel with the study of such of those original records of facts as were accessible to him, and which are the basis, too generally perverted, of history. Since 1833 he has personally studied, at least thrice, most European countries, and visited their adjoining Asiatic states from Siberia to the Red Sea. Mines and miners everywhere were his special subjects of observation, in which he was largely aided by various governments and associations. He was brought in a contact, by which he singularly profited, with administrators and workmen of every class. Not only the conditions of labour and its relation to capital, and the laws of supply and demand, occupied his attention, but he patiently and minutely sought and obtained unrivalled information of the family life and manners, the customs written and unwritten, of peasants and artizans in every class, and of each district visited by him. Upwards of three hundred monographs, each devoted to a single sample family, and describing its material, social, and intellectual condition, supplied materials for the folio published in 1855, containing an analysis of the customs of thirty-six family groups selected throughout Europe, from the semi-nomad Baschkirs of the Oural to the Sheffield cutler, from the tenant farmer of Castille to the ironworker of Sweden. To this work the Académie des Sciences awarded the statistical prize, and the leading members recommended an extension of similar observation to more distant populations. A society to promote this purpose was founded at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and by its labours four volumes of social monographs were collected by various contributors, and published under the title "Les Ouvriers des Deux Mondes." Meantime M. Le Play possessed increasing facilities for his researches. Chief Commissioner of the Exhibition of 1855, of the French section in ours of 1862, and again at Paris in 1867, he saw the best and possibly the worst of the immediate agents of European "civilization." Its glitter and luxury did not confuse his perceptions, or the splendid discoveries in the order of physical science prevent his melancholy anticipations that France was on the brink of great calamities. His work, "La Reforme Sociale," appeared in 1864, when his country was at her highest reputation, but his observations had already determined the sources from whence national disaster should inevitably come. The analysis of English life given in the third volume sufficiently proves to the Englishman the accuracy of his information, and the value of his estimate of other European communities. The book is superior to a mass of disjointed statistics collected by many persons, inasmuch as one mind, and that a sober and solid one, has classified them with reference to their relative importance, and the author's personal witness to facts which refuse to become subject to figures is invaluable. There is perfect reasonableness in his declaration of the ravages that two centuries of vice and error have made in the vitality of the French nation, and of the misfortunes that must result from the causes at work, of which he showed in detail the sequence.

No declamation or eloquent appeal invokes attention to the utterer of these hard sayings. He lays certain facts before his readers and draws from them inferences so opposite to the conclusions of modern sociologists that nothing but the robust conviction they carry with them of their truth, could prevent their being scouted as retrograde and unsuited to our atmosphere of advanced thought. His method is distinctly opposed to the social dreaming and superstitious credulities touching the natural man, which Rousseau made general, and his frequent quotation of Montesquieu shows how M. Le Play would have his countrymen return to their old faith in, what Mr. Morley has well described in his recent life of the great social heresiarch, "the patient collection of wide multitudes of facts relating to the conditions of society," and give up belief in "arbitrary systems of absolute social dogmas." Indeed, the account in Mr. Morley's Biography of Rousseau's fine frenzy as he hatched his great doctrine that "man is good naturally, and that it is by institutions only that he is made bad," might be read as a useful commentary on M. Le Play's calm appeal to sincere common sense illuminated by a broad experience.

In a recent pamphlet, an answer to many questions addressed to him during the last six months by members of the Assembly, M. Le Play resumes the history of his literary work in a generous note so honourable to the late Emperor that I will quote it.

> "Dès l'année 1855 l'empereur Napoléon III a daigné me féliciter sur la publication des Ouvriers européens. En 1858 il m'a déclaré l'intention d'en appliquer les conclusions; à cet effet, il m'a appelé deux fois au conseil privé; et en ce qui touche le bien-être des ouvriers et la liberté des communes, il a invité MM. Rouher et Schneider, puis MM. Billault et de Chasseloup-Laubat à se concerter avec moi. Informé par ses conseillers que la difficulté de la réforme se trouvait dans les préjugés révolutionnaires de la nation, il me pressa de travailler au rétablissement de la vérité, au moyen d'un livre plus maniable que mon premier ouvrage, et insistant moins sur les preuves que sur les conclusions. Jusqu'à la publication de la *Reforme Sociale*, qui eut lieu en 1864, l'empereur revint dix fois sur cette recommandation. Enfin, constatant que l'opinion se réformait lentement, il voulut bien, en Novembre 1869, à St. Cloud, rechercher avec moi les meilleurs moyens de persuasion. Je proposai de concentrer encore les matières traitées précédemment, dans deux petits ouvrages, qui devaient avoir pour objet le travail et la famille."

With characteristic modesty M. Le Play calls his volume on the organization of labour a small work, yet in it is condensed the experience and conclusions of forty years with such an accurately fitted chain of cause and effect that it is impossible to separate the links or present such fragments of them as would give a fair idea to the reader of M. Le Play's full plan of reform. It is but possible to indicate slightly the general drift of it, and some of the many arguments by which it is shown to be of absolute necessity if France is to recover with renewed strength as at former epochs of similar, if not greater, moral depression.

M. Le Play abstains from digressions on obscure conditions of the human race. He only pretends to collect facts that can be with tolerable accuracy verified, while he tests and frequently rejects those popular fallacies which abound not less now than at other epochs of history. In discussing the causes of French decadence, it was necessary that he should summarize the social ebb and flow in the annals of his country, from the rise of Gaulish power to the upheaval of 1789; of which the leaven began to work, he thinks, when cynical corruption, Versailles servage, and religious persecution set in, about the middle of the seventeenth century. But however curious his comparison of the cycles, when good or evil social influences were uppermost, I will not do more than observe that M. Le Play does not, as is vulgarly done, attribute the disorganization of the feudal system and the instability of authority in France, principally to the vices and Voltaireanism of the governing classes. Faith in erroneous doctrine rather than extraordinary irreligion, mistaken thought rather than perverse will, maintain the disorder of which since '89 Paris has been the centre. The propagation of great truths or of great errors has always, he observes, preceded social revolution, whether in a good or bad sense; but with tenfold power when the state, by its laws and eulogy, supports such propagation. He is convinced that the existing disturbance of society, of which we in England have but felt some premonitory symptoms, is due to the general adoption of two formulas. A leading object of his writings is elaborate demonstration of their falsehood and of the evil consequences that have come of their adoption. Rousseau's declaration of man's natural goodness, and that it is by institutions only that he is made bad, has led to incalculable mischief among populations who may never have heard his name and know nothing of his creed, because it has shifted the ground of authority, and replaced the lessons of human experience by dreams of a natural state that never existed, and never could exist. Next in mischief to the assertion of original perfection is the doctrine, prominent among the theories of 1848, of a providential equality between men. Large part as has a vicious luxury in preparing the existing condition of a threatened social war, or at least of an armed neutrality between classes and parties, M. Le Play attributes our uneasiness rather to the discontent which has followed the spread of these falsely optimistic doctrines. Rousseau excited unquenchable thirst for social reconstruction when he taught "tout est bien, sortant des mains de l'Auteur des choses, tout dégénère entre les mains de l'homme," and Tocqueville added to the rage for political experiment by his dictum, "Le développement graduel de l'égalité est un fait providentiel." No error is more popular than credulous faith in the necessary progress of certain races by political and social invention. It is a superstition so pleasing to our vanity, so soothing an anodyne to our consciousness of widespread and increasing evil, that we hold it with a devotion that despises the witness of fact and the warnings of common sense. No books are more popular than those which picture the imaginary "coming race" and attempt to describe societies framed on new principles. We not only let the dead past bury its dead, but while we examine its records with curiosity,—chiefly to disprove the conclusions of our forefathers,—we indulge in an arrogant contempt for all ages but our own, that is not always openly expressed, but that is implied in all our popular literature. Yet men before us have sought and found the secret of happiness and the method of stable prosperity, which should, indeed, be no longer a secret to those who intelligently survey the rise and fall of nations. But as we neglect such survey, proportionally rapid is the propagation of false and flattering theories, of which a principal mean is the prevalent perversion of language, either by using noble words in an altered sense, or suffering by ignoble phrases the introduction of ignoble maxims and thoughts. May we not echo M. Le Play's regret, as he says, "Je vois diminuer chaque jour le nombre des hommes de toute condition qui pensent et vivent noblement." The standard of life is lowered though there may be less glaring crime. There may not be greater vice, but there seems less robust virtue in Western Europe since the old fences of social life were gapped. Symptoms of intellectual decadence follow on the spread of intellectual misapprehension of the higher law of society, and whether vice be on the increase or not, who can doubt the degradation of literary and theatrical taste in the public? Who can estimate the mischiefs of newspaper slang, and of the narcotic phrases probably more destructive of judgment than those physical narcotics of which the increasing use is a principal menace to our progress and to our superiority over the soberer populations of the East? And most dangerously multiplying of the dangerous classes in M. Le Play's estimation are those dullards who have lost the faculty of distinguishing between good and evil, who to secure a quiet life wink at error that it is inconvenient to deny, and who follow a policy of abstention lest they should offend a wrong-headed public. Such weakness he considers a special calamity of the time.

To follow M. Le Play through the evidences by which he supports his conclusions would require the reader to examine with him the action of good and evil in the customs of populations throughout Europe, but I will state shortly the chief usages he has generally, if not invariably, found co-existent with proletarian welfare as with national advance. If some of his plans seem utopian, and some of his remarks the expression of truisms, it may be remembered that never were truisms more in need of championship than now, and that the author who is in question never travels outside his practical experience or indulges in "working hypotheses."

Permanent engagements between the workmen and his employer, which imply accord as to the value of labour, M. Le Play considers necessary to prosperity, and found where it exists in any true sense. He recommends emphatically that the workman should supplement his earnings by certain industries practised by himself or his family at home, such as gardening, spinning, poultry-rearing, and similar domestic occupations. Habitual saving, and respect for women, he finds in the manners of thriving districts. He has particular reverence for all customs which have been tested by long experience, and is little inclined to regret the survival of many that we are in England too well disposed to abandon as obsolete. Indeed M. Le Play has a special admiration for English custom, by which he thinks our stability has been hitherto chiefly maintained in spite of revolutionary teaching. From disregard of the practices of our forbears, he believes we are suffering much of our social perplexity. The disorganisation of society in France he attributes, on the other hand, less to the lapse of good custom than to the diminution of respect for God, for paternal authority, and for womanhood. To the erroneous doctrines of the last century that struck at these three manifestations of respect, but especially to the revolutionary legislation in which those doctrines were embodied, he ascribes the ruinous and general disrespect to all government which keeps France in hot water, far more than to any political cause.

As a remedy for the disintegration of society, very generally evident where, as in Western Europe, all available land is disposed of and more or less unpurchasable; this scientific observer of social facts proposes the re-affirmation of the principles of the Decalogue. Prepared for modern shrugs at revival of the old prescription as a specific for modern disease, which, like everything else modern, men are disposed to think different and greater than what went before, M. Le Play elaborately traces the undue encroachments of physical science, which have dimmed our ethical perceptions. Never using its utility as an argument for its truth, he does full justice to the special social value of Christian teaching, based as it is on the Decalogue, and probably most useful when most dogmatic. It is hardly within the province of a lay reformer to suggest a method of restoring respect for God other than to recommend renewed excellence and energy to the clergy, and a system of education in which principles of action, not less than letters, shall be taught. While he desires the repeal of some revolutionary laws, which have removed certain old safeguards against the seduction and desertion of women, M. Le Play's principal suggestion towards reconstitution of the paternal authority, and the family group, on which he believes all noble and prosperous society to be built, is to reverse those articles of the civil code which interfere with the testamentary power of the family head. One of his more recent works, "L'organisation de la Famille," minutely describes the gradual deterioration of parental authority which, notwithstanding what some theorists have said, remains the chief fountain of all authority, and the best school of reasonable obedience. In the same book is traced the rise of a bureaucracy that pretends to replace natural ties of relationship by red tape. Yearly, in France, the customs by which superior families of peasants ennobled by ancient traditions of their forefathers' industry, maintained their position, are swept away by official zeal and by the vice or recklessness that is countenanced by the Code. Yet M. Le Play believes that the hereditary instinct of family life is still capable of revival among his countrymen, were "partage forcé" no longer obligatory.

Whether the development of the family group be of comparatively recent date in prehistoric times or not, M. Le Play has observed that the extent of paternal authority affords a good measure of progress among inferior and of stability among the higher races. Best type of that Providence, in which he still sees reason to believe, this man of wide experience believes it to be a chief guaranty of social peace, and to have alone the power of duly balancing despotic forms of government, and of rendering liberty beneficent. While the patriarchal system of the mother races of Central Asia tends to exaggerated tenacity of tradition, and binds men into too inelastic communities, the unstable family, which is becoming the usual type in our manufacturing centres, and among our nomad working men, produces dangerous individualism and restlessness. But M. Le Play has found in eminently prosperous districts throughout Europe that an intermediate system of family life obtains. His account of its main features corresponds to what used to be the ideal British yeoman's home circle. In it the testament of the father is the law of inheritance for each generation. The mother, at his death, is usually executrix of its arrangements, which seldom, unless good cause arise, contradict custom. The system is seen at its best in the Scandinavian countries,—in Holstein, Hanover, Westphalia, South Bavaria, Salzburg, Carinthia, Tyrol, the lesser Swiss Cantons, the North of Italy and Spain,—while admirable specimens of it, notwithstanding an adverse code, yet abound in France. Created by custom rather than by written law, M. Le Play has found it the nursery of patriotism, and of the energy which can alone throw out thriving colonies. He points out the value to the State of the younger sons, who, backed by home, have means enough and no more to make way in the world, and he is distinctly in favour, not of the necessary rights of primogeniture, or even of male descent, but of the succession, according to the father's will, of the family property to one head, best capable of administrating it.

To the stability secured by such family disposition he attributes the well-being of the Basque race, whether on Spanish or French soil. To the custom of that race, which makes the eldest child, be it boy or girl, the heir, he attributes special benefits. Since Strabo recorded this practice of female succession to the present time, the Basque women have notoriously used the influence it gave them to the general welfare, while they remain patterns, as a rule, of womanly excellence. Again, following the track of Von Maurer, Defourny, and Hanaüer, M. Le Play traces the records of stable families in the tract between the Seine and the Rhine, protected as they were by local laws, that secured throughout the feudal period remarkable liberty to the people. Even in the cities and villages of southern France, commercial centres before those of the North, free testamentary power preserved, as is shown by many domestic records yet extant, the reserve of national force so great even in its excesses at the end of the last century.

Modern research has sufficiently proved that throughout Europe there were far more ancient social forces external to what is popularly called feudalism, that modified it and survived its decay. To these social forces M. Le Play considers that the legislation of the past eighty years has proved more destructive than the wear and tear of the early and mediæval ages. In France especially it has injured the class of small landowners by contradicting the experience, accumulated during historic ages, which issues in salutary customs. Just six weeks after the condemnation of Louis XVI., in March, 1793, the Convention, finding it convenient to check all conservative reaction, and indeed assigning openly the intention of supporting a revolutionary youth against their parents, withdrew from fathers testamentary power. Before September of the same year Cambacérès and Thuriot protested against the mischief already done, but in vain. The first Napoleon was perfectly aware of the gradual destruction of the agricultural middle-class, but for dynastic reasons he preferred to restoration of the old law the creation of a new hereditary right by the title of *Majorat.* In a letter to his brother Joseph he makes no secret of the use to which he put the Code. "Je veux avoir cent fortunes, toutes s'étant elevées avec le trone, et restant seules considérables, puisque ce ne sont que des fidéicommis et que ce qui ne sera pas elles, par l'effet du Code Civil, va se disséminer. Etablissez le Code Civil à Naples ; tout ce qui ne vous est pas attaché va se détruire alors en peu d'années, et tout ce que vous voulez conserver se consolidera. Voilà le grand advantage du Code Civil." Meantime M. Le Play asserts that in the Limousin, Berri, Morvan, and other important districts excellent families of the patriarchal type, wealthy farmers and prosperous before '93, have been to the extent of nine-tenths disorganized by the laws of succession. Throughout France the result in checking population has been more ruinous than the loss of a hundred battles. Unigeniture has seemed the only way to avoid a subdivision of property and endless law expenses, which become heavier in proportion as partition goes on, and too frequently end by absorbing every franc of the inheritance.

M. Le Play, always in search of facts verified by competent witnesses, and struck by a description in Arthur Young's record of his French travels during 1787-89, which painted the singular prosperity of a district in Béarn, obtained information of its present condition, and traced in its deterioration the influence of the new Code. Every year adds to the sad list of its ruined families ; though, except for the change of law, and perhaps increased invasion of "modern ideas" among the young people, the conditions of life remain little altered. As far as may be the peasant proprietors resist the new rule of succession, but they are often punished by expensive lawsuits, and are at the mercy of the reckless or vicious, or even speculative cadets of their families. Discouragement settles down on the yeoman, who knows that the home he has honourably maintained will be broken up, nor can any argument persuade him that "partage forcé" is aught but a curse. If farming be treated as a pure financial speculation for capitalists, the mischief is of course less ; but in France the interest of the peasant-owners and occupiers cannot without national injury be postponed to purely commercial speculation.

Incidentally M. Le Play observes that he has not found the best type of stable families in England. He comments severely on the condition of our farm-labourers ; without settled homes or fixed rights, in too many districts, they cannot be aught but a wide-spread menace of future social ill-feeling.

As an example of M. Le Play's method of observation, the account of the Lavedan family, its genealogy, and actual existence, which he gives in his work on family organization, forms an excellent study for those who imagine they can by Act of Parliament regulate habits of which they know little, and which are the growth of centuries. The representative peasant group, of which the monograph is given, lives on the Pyrenean slopes, within a mile of Cauterets ; so it ought to be easy for English visitors to verify the condition of similar homes in a country so well known, unless indeed disuse has altogether paralysed the power of observation in the tourist and health-hunter of the period. It is true that the traveller crammed with nineteenth-century beliefs might easily overlook some of the most important social virtues that thrive in the Basque farm-house. Failing some articles of modern "refinement" and English comfort, he might not appreciate the varieties of industries practised by the members of the family, from the farm-labour of the men to the herb-growing of the women, the bee-culture, not less cared for than the poultry; the work of winter evenings, wood-carving or knitting; the savings carefully put by, which can be replaced by no "economic combination." Yet in the government of the "Melouga" family, of whom M. Le Play details the life, answers may be found to many problems that exercise philanthropists and reformers. For instance, it is reckoned a duty by these peasants to provide by annual payments for medical help, so the scandal of well-to-do persons applying for gratuitous hospital-service is avoided—indeed pauperism would seem impossible to a race so well and thoroughly established. The prosperity of the Melouga stock had maintained itself for four hundred years, when, in 1856, M. Le Play took his notes of its conditions. The history of its subsequent decadence under the influence of the Code, successfully resisted until new fashions came by rail to the mountain slope, is a sad commentary on M. Le Play's prevision. The unsuccessful stand made by the better members of the family to check the legalized disobedience and waste of one or two of its black sheep is touching proof of the mischief that law, based on error, can inflict on the wisest. The head of it—a woman—keeps the tradition of the old ways, but at her death the law will break up her work, and her children, impoverished by necessary lawsuits, will join the increasing herd of homeless "lodgers;" hangers-on to the skirt of civilization, mere jetsam and flotsam when some storm of illness or misfortune overtake them, and the last material from which any superior evolution of humanity may be anticipated.

In contrast to the wiser conduct of the Melougas, M. Le Play tells the story of a labourer's family which, on the death of its chief, abandoned itself to the provisions of the Code under not unfavourable circumstances. Of savings worth some thirty-six pounds not thirty shillings remained to the heirs, when the due forms had been fulfilled. From an official report of 1852, a fact, terrible when its cruelty is realized, is verified, that in 1850 of 1980 sales operated under the law of forced partition, of properties under £20, and producing altogether about £22,300, the expenses were over £25,000, or 12 per cent. above the whole value of the goods sold. No reduction of legal costs is a sufficient remedy, in M. Le Play's opinion, for an injustice which has even worse results than the impoverishment of the poor, by its direct discouragement of prudence and its break-up of families. He conceives that only by restoring free testamentary power can social stability be regained in France. Almost in the hour of its fall, the Imperial Government prepared a measure in this direction, as a result of the inquiry of 1866 into the condition of the peasant and labouring class. M. Le Play had, doubtless, no small share in the projected reform which was to reverse Tronchet's principle, "La loi doit servir d'arbitre entre le père et ses enfants," and to undo the legislation which makes it a popular saying, that "les enfants sont un inconvénient dans la famille."

As these provisions of the Code are frequently held up to English admiration, it has seemed worth while to dwell on M. Le Play's exposure of their tendency. He is no less detailed and emphatic in his dissection of other retrograde symptoms, and in tracing their causes. But while he cuts deeply into some morbid growths of European society, he believes that the means of reform are simple and efficacious if by the light of experience good and evil were duly weighed and dealt with according to common sense. In proportion as the humiliation of his country has been severe, has he regained hope that was well-nigh extinct during the preceding intoxication of seeming wealth and false security. His readers will probably hesitate to deny that in his reversion to the Decalogue, as the best practical rule of human conduct that has been formulated, M. Le Play is a wise teacher—nor will it be generally questioned that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold declares, conduct is three-fourths of life, while science and art should occupy but the remaining part in human affairs. Yet it is difficult to be sanguine that the good sense to which the French reformer appeals is as common to men now as at former epochs of renascence from corruption and error. The notion that we are wiser and better than we were before, the Aryan pride, revolts against Semitic justice and social order, yet only by their rules have nations hitherto become great and remained stable. The ten commandments and the revelation of their inner sense which we call Christianity are the most perfect form of law that has been possessed by men, and fragments of it have been the talismans which have preserved the great nations of the world. The people which hold religiously the greater number of those fragments have proved most stable, even though without coal fields or commerce. The precepts of the Decalogue and true civilization M. Le Play have found to be invariably connected. Where they are systematically violated, so proportionately wealth corrupts, and intellectual error justifies the corruption.

But who will believe that Acts of Parliament are not better suited to modern development than the old Eastern law; who will bear up against the flood of self-laudation that breaks upon his better thoughts in the daily papers, and that feeds his vanity by such assertions, for instance, as that because it is Carlist the Basque population is inferior to the mob of the Spanish cities—or that Central Asia is capable of "civilization" by Petersburgh?

M. Le Play in his works uses three methods of appeal to common sense. For those sceptical of any divine revelation of law, or who do not perceive that law is quite another thing from the laws, he points the moral of social history. Selfish and indolent persons who have replaced religion by religiosity he recalls to action by reminding them of the invariable teaching of Scripture touching the necessity of righteousness. For the ordinary reader, ignorant but well intentioned, he marshals the testimonies of existing society to his conclusions. Having shown, as is too easy, that there are widespread symptoms of decadence in Western Europe and its races, he does not fear to affront modern arrogance by declaring, as Socrates declared and as Montesquieu repeated, that restoration of such customs as have been found co-existent with national welfare, and imitation of those found fruitful in the superior races, is the true method of reform. In every prosperous community he has observed a natural aristocracy of wiser citizens distinguished, in whatever rank, for their moral excellence and social prudence; careful of good tradition and mindful of the well-being of their neighbours. The fashion of our day has transferred the due influence of such *prud'hommes* to the professional phrasemakers, to the creators of "parliamentary" language and to stimulating journalists. But the men who can speak with experience and have earned by conduct a right to be heard have to be disinterred, as it were, from the heap of written and spoken rubbish which has accumulated in our world and has hidden many of its best truths, much as the Roman treasures have been buried in the dust of those social storms which swept over her. We are to hope nothing meantime from invention of new morality. Not one beneficial novelty has been produced in ethics since the Christian era, while even then the morals of the Decalogue were but re-affirmed. On the contrary, dangers arise from novel formulas which affect not only our intellectual but our physical welfare. We hear much of the mischiefs of dogma, but the mischiefs of false doctrines are so immediate that some nice standard of dogma is evidently of absolute necessity. For instance, what can seem more unimportant to blouse or chawbacon than the distinctions of theology touching original sin? Yet if man's natural goodness be preached, blouse and chawbacon will find themselves whirled away in revolutionary efforts to reduce men and governments to their original perfection. Meantime, Social science divorced from the theological science, which declares authoritatively a revealed law, discovers that it has no higher mission than to correct the evils attendant on each new physical discovery and check the various unhealthy tendencies of our civilization. If it invade the regions of eternal justice or pretend to reveal new laws of human conduct, repetitions of the experiments and of the social and political disorders of the last eighty years may be expected on a larger scale. Indeed, stability rather than progress must be the aim of all who are not inclined for a series of those leaps in the dark which have certainly not bettered the west of Europe in later times.

M. Le Play cannot hope for support from the brilliant band of sociologists in search of Utopia, but their disapproval is a small thing compared to the dense opposition he must expect from the crowd of well-intentioned believers in a necessary progress and in the civilizing mission of certain races. To most of the generation he admonishes, invulnerable in their optimistic conceit, it seems as undesirable as it is unreasonable to "stand in the ancient ways." For how is it possible that benighted persons, ignorant of telegraphs, gas, and railways, and uninstructed by a daily journal, should be our teachers in conduct? Yet in France it has been proved quite lately that these are but accidents of life, more or less desirable, but of small account beside any one of the ten precepts which resume our religious and social obligations. So far as French citizens have taken to heart the scenes they have lately witnessed, they appear to be ahead of us in experience, and the calamities of two years have gained for M. Le Play adherents in the most opposite political camps. Still a main impediment to social reform in France, and perhaps equally in England, is the eclipse of the experienced and worthy men who are the salt of every community. If the common sense of the superior working man, the honest merchant or squire, venture to contradict "modern thought," the theories of literary free lances, or the artificial jargon of the press, who will listen to it? Well said Richelieu, in his "testament politique," that the wise statesman desired "plus de maîtres ès arts mécaniques, que de maîtres ès arts libéraux." But the great Frenchman never conceived, as he saw the language of his countrymen settle into that accuracy which gained for it world-wide power, the modern corruptions of speech which, confusing the expression, confuse also the bases and weaken the authority of men's will and thought. Of course M. Le Play does not omit to notice the substitution of meanings, the thimblerigging of words, that is a main impediment to just judgment. The glib use of phrases as a test of Parliamentary and representative fitness, the verbal compromises that accompany our vague religious professions, are more active enemies to definite thought in England than in France, for the more open antagonism of faith and scepticism has there somewhat cleared the fog in which unchristian Christians love to conceal their logical deformities. But how many shams are hidden by all the dominant European races at home and abroad, how their vanity is fed and they are secured from untimely truth by such perverted words as "equality, civilization, modern society, association, progress, ultramontanism, barbarism," and the like, which can be made to mean whatever suits the prejudice of their employer! The Witans are reduced to dumbness under the storm of such unmeaning generalities, yet M. Le Play hopes to rouse the class he names "Autorités Sociales" to assert their due influence, without which no people has ever proved stable or prosperous. He invokes, whether the printer Mame of Tours, who presides over six thousand model workmen, or the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier, whether the peasant Melouga or the bishops of the church,—to speak all they know of truth in social questions and make conduct rather than political change the aim of their public action. M. Le Play anticipates success, and he is probably not misinformed, though such hope seems vain to us who hatch each year broods of new principles and experiments of all sorts in social science; who believe in national salvation by compulsory arithmetic if sufficiently free of dogma, and in small instalments of social liquidation; here a little paring of landed property, and there a reconnaissance in voluntaryism. Some discouragement is indeed natural to such among us who believe in M. Le Play's method of reform, when we watch the progress of these schemes pushed on by political acrobats who can only keep their balance by advance, and who have long abandoned the idea of stability. And it is difficult to throw off the clinging scepticism of improvement which drives us to quack cures for social disorder; difficult to recognize that the truisms of the Decalogue are vital truths, a Jordan in which alone we may wash and be clean, however superior Abana and Pharpar may appear to us.

And if we, the chief patrons as we suppose of common sense, if not of "sweet reasonableness," find the social law of the great Semitic lawgiver, the traditionary principles of the great Eastern races, offensively archaic, what chance have they we may ask of acknowledgment in France? Events have shown there, however, by very clear evidence, that social peace, security of property, and firm government, are pre-eminent requirements to a nation, and how to recover them is a question voted "burning" by practical men, while the urgency of checking false doctrines and controlling their fanatics is perceived in presence of the International. For that Society is a Frankenstein which rouses its creator to self-defence, and which teaches him the outcome of humanity without authoritative religion and without law, or at least rebel to the law by which man has hitherto lived. We persist in applying our political theories to France, and live in constant miscalculation of events there, because we do not recognize that many and leading men there have postponed the political to the social question. The Communists and Internationalists are stern teachers. For instance, there is no more striking witness to the uses of revealed religion as a bond of society than the distinctly dogmatic character of the international faith. That largest source of intellectual strength and chief tie between men for good or evil, a creed that confronts the problems and mysteries of life, is not wanting to the evangelists of Hate. In this lies part of the secret of their successful propaganda at a time when active benevolence is redoubled and efforts at conciliation are sincere, and when there never were such incessant labours of sanitary, political, and philanthropical Olympians to put straight the troubles of the nether earth. The International Society vies with Catholicity in its organized system; its obligations of hatred to certain governments and classes parody the law of peace and brotherly love. It sets up human perfection in opposition to the doctrine of human sinfulness, and it declares the divinely revealed sanctions to be so many evil impediments to the development of that Humanity which is the God of the new Gospel. No concessions from the governing classes satisfy, for the labourer claims the right to confer favours and not to accept them from God or man. He only waits the fuller propagation of his belief, to enter into the satisfaction of superiority, to remodel law and found a world as new as that Christian world which rose on the Roman decadence. Meantime, not without teaching him lessons other than were intended, have his late governors flung him universal suffrage, large liberty in vice, and set before him perspectives of illimitable city building. He has forgotten wholesome custom, and who shall blame him in the misery of his error if he be not particularly grateful to those who have robbed him of his old faith in ultimate justice, while they have secured to him scientific prisons, tangles of red tape, unequalled in the whole world, Satory retribution, and M. de Paris who remains an institution when "le nommé Dieu" is out of date? If heaven and hell are out of the question the practical Frenchman insists on at least the temporal redemption of suffering humanity. The "logic of ideas" will not pause in discreet acknowledgment that whether it be true or not it is prudent to make believe that there has been a divine revelation of truth to him. It will not accept sham formulas knowing them to be sham, though eager in grasp of formulas that explain human distresses and promise relief from them. Is it altogether unreasonable to blame the working man if he prefer the creed of Pyat and Marx to the creedlessness that has been fashionable among his social superiors?

Religion in the scheme of M. Le Play means something more intimately allied to citizenship than the inefficient piety which has retired in sulks from the national arena; but the necessity of a revival of religion to meet the International propaganda is heartily recognized by him. Meantime he sees the uselessness of asking adhesion to traditional formulas, religious or social, unless they are supported by irrefragable facts. Attempts at reform by mere assertion of principles constantly fail, and must fail, in the present temper of men whose first impulse, if preached to, is to contradict the preacher. M. Le Play asks only that men of good will should examine the situation; they will find labour questions, class antagonisms, pauperism, and similar difficulties, coincident with a rapid disappearance of old customs, and of that class of born governors without which no society holds together, whether it be the village community of India or the German Empire. Without this twofold support of ancestral custom and living authorities, men deprived of protection or family traditions become mere highway dust; material for bureaucratic centralization, and of which a geographical boundary contains so many taxable atoms. The laws of Robespierre, Pétion, and Tronchet, acting as solvents to old French custom and destructive of social authority other than that of the Paris dictators, have caused a social isolation that eleven revolutions and sixteen varieties of governments have vainly attempted since to alleviate. Having gained the attention of his readers to the disease of Western Europe, M. Le Play refers for the best method of using his remedies to the history of the past. He finds that the ancient precepts which command respect for God, for paternal authority, and for woman,—broken, but acknowledged ever since they were given in the daily life of men,—were impugned by the legislation, which in 1791-94 became the basis of the Civil Code, and which has been widely imitated outside France. To amend or reverse what is mischievous in this legislation is part of M. Le Play's immediate plan of reform. To effect this he regrets the absence of a firm central power, but still he is hopeful in the revival of "a principle superior to monarchy itself, the law of God declared in the Decalogue;" a principle that should by wise men capable of profiting by experience be made the basis of government, whatever its political form—political forms being comparatively unimportant in M. Le Play's eyes. That this principle may be carried into the details of life, again and again he exhorts his readers to restore good customs and to imitate those of prosperous nations; in short, to secure the means of progress rather than vainly believe that while we neglect the higher law of conduct, progress will go on of itself. He is hopeful in belief that his countrymen will retrace their downward course of two hundred years, and as they have before done after calamity, rebuild the State on the old principles of eternal justice and morality. He anticipates the return of a social peace propagated by personal influence, and from among the elected representatives of the people he hopes that a national party may issue pledged to the restoration of such social peace before all other business.

Let us admire the cool contradiction implied in this anticipation to the "advanced" and advancing thinkers, with whose desperate efforts by overturning society to discover some social elixir we have grown unfortunately familiar. Yet these are not the chief opponents with whom the preacher of ancient righteousness has to do battle. The very article of the *Times* which admits the wisdom of M. Le Play's advice touching the disturbance of our landed property cannot conclude its praise of the "impartial and enlightened foreigner" without a bit of the popular clap-trap with which journalists pamper our conceit. "We cannot command the past to return," says the omniscient oracle, "or the future to pursue the track marked out by antiquity, if indeed it could be traced on the sands the tide rolls over day by day." Now this is exactly what M. Le Play would have us do as the only means of progress. And our more recent inquiries into the life of nations, lying apart from European civilization, confirm singularly his conclusions, and rebuke the arrogant Philistinism which so long has treated non-European races as altogether inferior and contemptible. Their resistance, social and religious, to our vaunted superiority is yearly better accounted for by discovering in their life fragments of the law and religious faith by which we have prospered. The small band of observant travellers has profited by the example of tolerant and minute investigation set some forty years since by the author of the "Spirit of the East." We are not now so surprised as we were before his rebuke of our ignorant assumptions, to hear of the virtues and of the national or tribal stability, whether of Kirghis nomads or of the Khands of Orissa. Observation of the great Eastern populations has traced the sources of their welfare to principles of which we have the best formula in the Decalogue, and to their recognition of that inborn vice to which early educational restraint is the best antidote.

M. Le Play ventures to commend to his countrymen the Chinese as "la seule race qui depuis quarante-deux siècles conserve une nationalité vivace, et aussi la seule qui ait toujours opposé au vice originel les prescriptions d'une règle suprême;" and again writing of them: "Une histoire de quarante-deux siècles est un phénomène unique qui s'explique par deux faits spéciaux à la Chine. Un principe a constamment présidé à la constitution; c'est le Décalogue transmis à la race par les fils de Noë, conservé depuis l'origine par la coutume et depuis vingt-quatre siècles par le Livre de Confucius.

L'agent de transmission a toujours été la famille patriarcale, qui se conserve inébranlable au foyer de l'empereur comme à celui du moindre paysan." It would seem that we have indeed some cause to dread the competition in industry of the Chinese, to whose national vigour and pertinacious habits we have but one of our subject races to oppose. A somewhat similar regard to the patriarchal traditions of the East, however shaken by unhappy interference, has made the Irish the most fertile, frugal, and laborious of Europeans in countries other than their own, and wherever new territories have to be settled. The faults of Chinese or Irish are notorious, but their virtues are of the sort without which progress is vain lacking stability. The ridiculed Celestials seem in some things to be wisest of terrestials; the Irish are more and more irrepressible, while not one prosperous race can be cited, by those who declare revealed religion and law enforced by Divine authority unnecessary, in support of their negation.

The races which descending from the "roof of the world" have formed our actual society in Europe, chiefly enforced the observance of ancient law by custom, while the southern emigrants embodied it more frequently in written documents. "Les coutumes," observes M. Le Play, in an admirable sentence, "commes les lois écrites ont été fondées sur l'expérience. Le plus sur critérium de leur valeur se trouve dans les caractères de la paix sociale. Mais ce but n'a jamais été atteint qu'au moyen d'institutions conformes à la loi de Dieu. C'est ainsi que chez tous les peuples on a vu surgir à la fois, de la révélation et de l'experience, la religion, la famille et la propriété au même temps que les règles qui président au travail, à l'association et au gouvernement." How unscientific is the superstition, that in the nineteenth century all former laws of progress are to be disregarded because we have travelled so far by their aid, the reader will acknowledge, if his vanity, his interest, or his passions, do not too strongly invite him to experimentalize in less austere ethics and attempt the attainment of larger personal power than he possesses under the old order.

No one is more sensible than M. Le Play, of the uselessness of personal assertion of truth however true, unless it be supported by incontrovertible facts. To spread the knowledge of the evidences he has accumulated, of which we cannot pretend to give any idea within the limits of this article, he has since the catastrophe of 1870 laboured to form a group of social authorities in whatever class, pledged to investigate the real sources of disorder, and to collect further facts according to the minute and accurate method of which examples are given in M. Le Play's works. Dismissing theories of whatever sort, he urges research into all accessible domestic and local annals of the past. From a survey of the facts already amassed he anticipates a wide-spread conviction of their importance, and an acknowledgment of the lessons they teach. This conviction it will be the duty of citizen members of "L'Union de la paix sociale" to express to all sincerely interested in reform.

No one who remembers the origins, or at least the visible causes of all great revolutions in faith and sentiment, but must acknowledge that majorities are unneeded to change the course of nations. Ten righteous men may at every epoch save the corruptest city. To the disheartened reformer, the discredited preacher of "the ancient ways," there may seem no believers in his message, yet seven thousand unknown supporters will, when the time is ripe, appear at his side. To us in England, those Frenchmen with whose names we are familiar seem absorbed in party fights and parliamentary dodges more or less artful. Meantime we have little true conception of the social atmosphere in France. Its conditions are widely dissimilar to those which admit our essays in sociology, and which favour the belief that sewer improvement and the snubbing of "Ultramontanes" is the chief national concern. Naturally we are astray in our estimate of a Dupanloup, and a mixed antipathy to balloon ministers, unsuccessful Marshals, and Bourbon pretensions dim our perceptions, still influenced as they are by Waterloo and the Alisonian legend. French statesmen and the ten commandments seem an impossible combination, and as for return to the family and pious customs which are the expression of the Decalogue, the common intelligence is disposed to disbelieve that they ever existed outside England.

Yet more remarkable than the bold denial of cherished revolutionary ideas by M. Le Play, is the actual success of the plan he has suggested for their gradual extirpation among honest men. Though his principal work "La Réforme Sociale" has gone through four editions, with a yearly increasing sale, its dry and methodical style suited ill the taste of the second Empire, however its recommendations were approved by the Emperor himself. Many men of mark, among whom we may instance M. Chevalier as a name well known in England, gave cordial assent to its principles; but it is only since the collapse of '70 that a really considerable following has attached itself to M. Le Play. Immediately on the pacification of Paris he found himself beset by questioners eager to ask the prophet whose prophecies had been more than verified, what was to be done to abate the evils from which France had evidently suffered. He answered their inquiries in a pamphlet that, taking a catechetical form, resumes the conclusions of his former works. In the space of seventy-four pages "La Paix Sociale" enumerates the chief corruptions and errors, and their remedies according to his experience. At the same time renewing his appeal to all good citizens, M. Le Play founded the "Union" of which the object has been described. He has faith in the "big battalions" of worthy men when once a knowledge of the things that are for their peace is drilled into them. It is often hinted that the heroes of science and culture should not be hampered in their triumphal progress to the millennium of a glorified humanity, yet meantime ordinary men must not be suffered to succumb to the tyrannies that are in full blast. The true social authorities, superior in common sense and conduct, must refuse the coercion of press-led but ignorant majorities. Nor must they be discouraged if fanatics of change despise them as conservative, or if theorists pooh-pooh them as obstructive when they require some true report of the direction and nature of so-called progress.

The appeal of 1871 has not been as fruitless as our "modern thought" might have anticipated from so simple a demand on good sense and such an unadorned statement of social truisms. Since then three letters have been published by the "Association to promote Social Peace," from men who have thought it well to announce their reasons for adherence to its principles, and who pledge themselves to support the immediate measures of reform it proposes. Except as an excuse for political legerdemain in our House of Commons, three is a number that certainly appears to represent little weight of opinion. But the three writers whose letters to M. Le Play have been published as pamphlets, are representative of classes. The Comte de Butenval is a diplomatist, and was a minister plenipotentiary under the Empire; M. Lucien Brun is head of the Lyons bar, and a leading, if not chief spokesman of the Legitimist party in the Assembly; and Monseigneur Isoard, auditor of the Roman Rota, an eminent ecclesiastical lawyer, commands the respect and to a certain degree the co-operation of his fellow-clergy.

The words of these men merit attention, whatever airy opinions we may hold of the baselessness of their convictions. It may not be long indeed before some of the difficulties that have beset France lately may be felt by us even though we incur them by another sort of revolt against law. We have been slower to propose dangerous reversal of the ancient ways at home, but we have been chief disturbers of the law of nations and may expect to reap a full harvest of Geneva Arbitrations, Central Asian affronts, Paris Treaties, and similar checks; bands wherewith the Philistines may bind John Bull Agonistes. The northern tenacity of custom has served us well, but we have shown small respect to the sixth and tenth commandments in our way of securing prestige at any price, and we have little less need than our neighbours to examine and repair the under structure of our civilization.

M. Lucien Brun explains the reasons for his first discouragement in view of M. Le Play's method of reform; a discouragement in which many will sympathize. It seemed cumbrous and slow in presence of political crises and the eclipse of faith. It neither leant on the Church or on the Assembly for help, though it hoped for the co-operation of both. It bid men individually to seek truth and order aright their conduct without waiting for miracles or even for the leap of M. le Comte de Chambord—a second Curtius—into the abyss of revolution. These are hard sayings, and especially so to the good souls who content themselves with murmuring "Lord, lord!" A passage in M. Le Play's works which resumes his belief in the sterility of invention in the moral order, and checks the vanity of the modern Christian and his superstitious expectation of necessary progress, so especially contributed to the adhesion of M. Lucien Brun, that it seems useful to quote it in all its startling antagonism to our optimistic hopes.

> "Depuis la révélation du Décalogue et la sublime interprétation qu'en a donnée Jesus-Christ, l'esprit humain n'a fait aucune découverte d'où soit sortie une conséquence utile. Les peuples se sont momentanément élevés en pratiquant la vérité connue; puis ils sont retombés dès qu'ils l'ont mise en oubli. Aux époques de leur plus grande prospérité, ils sont restés infiniment au-dessous de la perfection, dont le Sauveur des hommes a donné l'exemple; par conséquent ils n'ont jamais éprouvé le besoin d'une vérité plus haute. Le problème social ne consiste donc pas à inventer de nouveaux principes; il tend surtout à conserver ceux qui rapprochent quelque peu les individus de leur divin modèle, et qui éloignent ainsi les dangers de la décadence. Ces dangers sont toujours imminents; car l'orgueil et la sensualité ramenés sans relâche par le vice originel encouragent les jeunes générations à conserver les conquêtes matérielles, tandis qu'ils les excitent à transgresser la loi morale."

Acknowledging the truth of these words and convinced that there is no necessary decadence for nations that practise the laws and customs by which they rose to power and dignity, M. Brun offers his energetic help to the Union de la Paix Sociale, and pledges himself to combat those errors of thought which even more than corruption have brought his country to her present condition. The politician waives political reconstruction as less urgent than social reform.

The letter of Monseigneur Isoard is not less valuable, for he represents an order of teachers, the tendency of whom since the controversies of the sixteenth century has, perhaps of necessity, been to emphasize the mystical rather than the material and social action of the Christian leaven. Paying the penalty of some misuse of their power in worldly affairs, they have been lately more or less exiled from state government in their religious capacity. Yet they have been guardians of the revealed law of conduct, and as depositaries of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the "secret and method" of Christian influence, their right to instruct men in it is as undeniable as their consequent value in social reform. Monseigneur Isoard confesses that M. Le Play has a right to feel disappointed by the failure of the clergy to teach the elementary conditions of healthy human association and of national welfare plainly set forth as they are in the Divine revelation. He says in excuse, "Nous savions tout cela et nous vivions dans la pensée que tout le monde le savait comme nous." The clergy, he continues, "ont cru que leur tâche était d'entretenir et de conserver, et ils ne s'y sont pas épargnés; ils n'ont vu que tout récemment qu'il s'agit de rebâtir et de poser une seconde fois les fondements de la société" — in short, to "recast" not religion but the teaching of its ministers as regards society; to preach the righteousness of the Semitic, rather than the school-lore of the Aryan man, but to give each his harmonious office in remedying disorder. By culture, but especially by conduct or holiness, the priests of the great Roman organization are eminently prepared to educate races in the Divine likeness. The most successful missionaries and teachers of the Christian faith have been traditionally sedulous to master the true secret of human advance. They have not failed to cultivate what S. Francis Xavier calls the science of the world, nor have they allowed divorce between daily life and religion; between the ethics of Sunday and Monday. Holding the Law of Sinai with steadfast faith, and saturated by daily use of the lyrics of Israel, they should be useful allies to M. Le Play, not only in teaching the decalogue but in checking the despondency which comes of satiety and which with a shrug meets remonstrance by "après nous le déluge."

Since these adhesions have been declared many more deputies have enrolled themselves members of the Union de la Paix, and put to M. Le Play various questions touching the practical application of his advice in those crises which are perpetually occurring in the Assembly. He has recently replied in a pamphlet which forms the fourth of the series published by the Union, and he is able to say, but with his usual reticent caution, "Les députés de toutes nuances, qui suivent votre exemple et celui de M. Lucien Brun, m'assurent que les principes de l'Union n'ont pas été sans influence sur quelques résolutions récentes." Since then the debate on sending working men to Vienna indicates the influence of the Union, while the remarkable triumphs of the Conservative reformers, the hush of revolutionists, the development of tolerant good sense, the presidency of M. Buffet, give reason for lively hope that a "parti national" is issuing from party strife. It is but in its infancy as yet, but it promises a rapid extension if it escape the perils incident to infancy, and specially avoid the mistakes which since 1830 have checked many sincere and generous movements towards the reform of some of the evils signalised by M. Le Play. Meantime he exerts himself strenuously to rouse men's faith in their own power for good, and to lessen reliance on "saviours of society," whether kings or aëronauts. But he does not fail to observe that an Assembly which would invent constitutions, codes and customs after each general election is more untrustworthy than the worst despot. In France as it is now, and in the actual Assembly, he is sanguine that the radical laws of human progress may obtain attention and that so a common action for good may be secured in the solution of urgent social questions. "La question politique," he reiterates, "nous mène aux abîmes, tandis que la question sociale nous ouvre les voies du salut," though he admits reform must be by difficult and laborious extirpation of error and amendment of the Code.

And when all is said M. Le Play does not forget to remind us that, if we needed other certainty of moral decadence, this urgency of social questions is an evident symptom of it. There is small need of "social science" in a healthy world conscious of good and evil. That this is not a healthy world he calls in pertinent witness M. Jules Simon, whose book "L'Ouvrière," more than bears out M. Le Play's report of the disorders that are chronic in the crowded centres of modern industry. He cites M. Thiers himself who, writing on property in 1848, declares that French society "est arrivée à cet état de perturbation morale que les idées les plus naturelles, les plus évidentes, les plus universellement reconnues sont mises en doute." To reaffirm them is M. Le Play's aim, and to react against errors that involve social disorder. Eminently practical by temper as by habit he has been forced to oppose radical error by radical principles, and to reassert in presence of a scepticism which makes society impossible, the proved necessity of religion as its cement. A cement particularly indispensable for nations that adopt democratic forms of government.

> "C'est le despotisme," declares Tocqueville, "qui peut se passer de la foi, mais non la liberté. La religion est beaucoup plus nécessaire dans la république qu'ils préconisent que dans la monarchie qu'ils attaquent, et dans les républiques démocratiques que dans toutes les autres. Comment la société pourrait-elle manquer de périr si, tandis que le lien politique se relâche le lien moral ne se resserrait pas ; et que faire d'un peuple maître de lui-même s'il n'est pas soumis à Dieu ?"

The dead levels of secularism would not have commended themselves to the great advocate of democracy.

While distinctly Catholic himself there is commendable breadth in M. Le Play's recognition of the work done by all the great religions which have delivered to men laws based on the conception of natural proneness to evil and declaring the rules of noble conduct. Coincident with the increase of scepticism he observes a decline of character more marked in the small than in those great affairs of life in which a feeling of honour intervenes. Meantime as no affirmation of personal conviction would seem sufficient to meet the indifferentism of the day, so again, and yet again, he urges the meanings of facts, the imminence of social war—and the certain arrest of it, if the lessons of late years be studied with good-will. The acknowledged existence of sound convictions held in common by its members, would certainly increase respect for the Assembly as a source of that authority in which it has been wanting. Is it chimerical to hope in such a case some relief to Europe from the chassepôt sanctions of society, and from the diplomacy which is apparently organized to corrupt and destroy the law of nations?

I cannot do better in concluding this sketch of a movement as remarkable in its appeal rather to the known than the unknown, as by its novel rejection of novelties, than to quote the author's advice to English citizens, published in the *Times* of the 27th of January. Knowing us as he does, it has a special value as the fruit of an independent yet well-informed judgment.

> "I see better every day that the disorders of our West excite the covetousness of the two colossi who are developing themselves so rapidly in the north of the two worlds. For twenty years I have asked in vain of your thinkers to help me to cure our country, which henceforward will be your natural ally; but if they do not think the time has come to give us this assistance, I advise them at all costs to reject the invasion of the system which has been left to us by the Reign of Terror.
>
> "The study of England has greatly contributed to open my eyes to the vices of our social constitution. If these reflections should arouse the attention of your countrymen, I should in part have paid a debt. May they reject imprudent novelties and spare you from the sad trials which we have undergone."

M. C. O'CONNOR MORRIS.

RACE AND RELIGION.

WHILE the collective human race has been as a rule religious, Man has exhibited in his religions every variety of type and degree of difference lying between the rudest Fetishism and the most refined and abstract Monotheism. They have embodied ideas at once so antithetic and akin, that religion can be made a point specifically distinguishing savage from civilized races, or a generic characteristic of man as man. Here the object of worship is a stone, or tree, or rude charm; there, the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity. In one place the worship has been glad and lightsome, has loved the festive garland, the mystic dance, and the exultant hymn; in another it has been fearful and sombre, seeking by pain and penance, by human or animal sacrifices, to propitiate angry deities. Now it has been a simple act of devotion which the patriarch or father could perform, and again, an extensive and burdensome ceremonial, sacred and significant in the minutest particulars, which an initiated and consecrated priest was needed to celebrate. Sometimes the simplicity has been carried so far as to seem to a foreigner accustomed to a more elaborate ritual, Atheism. At others, the ceremonialism has determined the very social and political constitution, and made the nation appear not so much a people with a priesthood as a priesthood with a people. The varieties are so many, that classification is here peculiarly difficult, and the difficulty is increased by inquirers failing to agree on a principle of division. The theologian, ethnographer, comparative mythologist, historian of opinion, has each a classification suited to his own province, inapplicable to any other. Only one thing is clear—Religion is as universal as man, but as varied in type as the races and nations of men.*

Out of this variety many questions rise which are becoming, happily, every day more capable of scientific discussion. Have the religions of man developed from one or several centres, or risen sporadically with the rise of the tribes or nations by whom they are held? When, and why, did man begin to be religious? What was the earliest form of religion? Whether are the many ethnic faiths deteriorations or developments of man's primitive belief? But these questions, however attractive, are not meant to be discussed here, save perhaps, incidentally. The design of this paper is rather to inquire, whether the psychical qualities distinctive of the Semitic and Indo-European races have contributed, on the one hand, to form certain specific varieties of religion, and, on the other, to prepare in and through these certain elements, principles, and capacities of belief, essential to a catholic or universal religion? The question is, within limits, capable of definite historical treatment. As certainly as the several Semitic languages are varieties of a single and more primitive speech, the Semitic religions have been evolved from a single and simple faith. As surely as the many Indo-European dialects are developed or corrupted forms of a once-common family tongue, the various Indo-European religions are shoots which have grown out from a single stock. One section of the problem just stated seems thus to admit of something more than an approximate solution.

Variety of mental endowment has been as characteristic of nations as of individuals. The law of heredity reigns in the race as in the family, and distinctive genius is as natural in the one as in the other. Inherited capacities which spring from a common descent, collective tendencies which flow from kindred natures formed under the same institutions, and existing under similar physical and geographical conditions, give to a homogeneous people a species of colossal individuality. The great men it produces are, as a rule, great after the distinctive genius of their race. The priest is characteristic of some nations, the soldier of others. In one land the prophet, in another the poet, is the great man. The Greeks had their Homer, the Hebrews their Moses. The Egyptians built temples, the Romans amphitheatres. The Phœnicians were merchants, the Assyrians conquerors. And this distinctive genius is ever and again concentrated in man or event, and thus quickened and sent forward with augmented volume and force in a deepened channel.

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* Waitz, Anthropology, vol. i. pp. 277 ff. (Engl. Trans.) Tylor's Primitive Culture, vol. i. 378 ff.

What may be termed religious faculty or genius, has been the characteristic endowment of certain peoples. The Semitic and Indo-European families have been in this as in every other respect highly, though not equally, gifted. The former has been in religion the more creative and conservative, the latter, the more receptive and progressive race. The Hebrew faith in its earlier Mosaic and latter Judaic phases, Christianity and Islam, are of Semitic origin; Zoroastrism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism, of Indo-European. But however splendid these creations, they by no means exhaust the productive religious genius of the two families. Many other growths have lived and died, leaving in the successive strata that mark the rise and fall of nations remains, now gigantic and legible, and again, minute and hardly decipherable. But the very least of the dead have contributed to develop the living. The great religions of the world are like great rivers, springing from small and distant sources, swollen in their course by many a streamlet, sometimes enlarged by the confluence of another far-travelled river, and then flowing on in grander volume under a new name. No race can claim a true world-religion as its own exclusive creation. Though Christianity rose in the Semitic, it has been made what it is by the Indo-European family. The stream that eighteen centuries since started from its obscure source in Galilee was very unlike the river that now waters the many lands peopled by the Teutonic and Latin races. Every nation which has embraced Christianity has contributed to its growth. Race and religion have continued reciprocal in their action. Conversion has here been mutual, the mind modifying the very object which changed it.

The Hebrews may stand as the highest example of the Semitic genius, especially in its creative form. They were as a nation always insignificant, indeed almost politically impotent. Their country was small, little larger at its best than a fourth of England, and its seaboard was almost always held by tribes either hostile or independent. Their history was a perpetual struggle for national existence, first against the native tribes, then against foreign empires. Egypt, Chaldæa, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, were successively either their masters or protectors, and their often threatened national existence was at last trampled out by the legions of Titus, and themselves sent to wander over the earth as a strange example of a destroyed nation but an indestructible people. Without the commercial or colonizing energy of their Phœnician kinsmen, without the architectural genius and patient industry which built the monuments and cities of Egypt, without the ambition and refinement which raised their Assyrian brethren to empire and a luxurious civilization, without the poetic and speculative genius of the Greeks, without the martial and political capacity of the Romans, the politically unimportant and despised Hebrews have excelled these gifted nations, singly and combined, in religious faculty and in the power exercised through religion on mankind. The Book which has been incontestably the mightiest in the world for good, is the Book which embodies the religious thoughts and aspirations, faith and hopes of this ancient and in other respects almost despicable race. The Hindus are our own kinsmen. The blood in their veins was as pure Indo-European as ours, perhaps much purer, when on the banks of the Indus or the Sarasvati they sang their old vedic hymns. But these hymns can never be to us or our sons what the Psalms of the Semitic Hebrews have been for centuries to the noblest Indo-European nations. No Aryan faith was more spiritual or exalted than the Zoroastrian, but while Moses and the Prophets have been living religious forces studied and revered alike by the simplest and most cultured intellects of the West, the Avesta ceased ages since to be a religious power, save to a scattered remnant of its ancient people, and is now only a study for a few scholars curious as to the religions and languages of mankind. In that Hebrew Literature, which has become the sacred literature of our most civilized races, and made the very blood and bone of their religious life, there must be something profoundly universal and quickening, which finds and satisfies the deepest spiritual wants of man. Perhaps the wheel of time never brought about a more ironical or more splendid revenge. Egypt is like her own sphinx, a broken and decaying riddle half buried in a wilderness of sand. The stately pride and luxury of Assyria lie buried under the mounds that mark where her cities once stood. Greece is living Greece no more, and Rome a strange scene of religious imbecility and confusion, political anarchy and incompleteness. But Israel, transformed indeed and renamed, but in all that constituted its essence and right to existence Israel still, lives in and guides the conscience of Christendom. So grandly have the weak things of the world confounded the things that were mighty.

There has been more variety of religious genius in the Indo-European than in the Semitic family. It has exhibited indeed a single generic type, but with many specific differences. As the finest example of religious genius this family affords the Teutonic peoples may be selected, though their action in the religious province has been not so much creative as receptive. The Teuton has indeed been in some respects more religious than the Hebrew. His religious life has not been so concentrated and stern, has been more diffused and genial, but for this very reason it has blossomed into a broader and sweeter and more human culture. And so Teutonic has not been like Judaic religion, iconoclastic, but has loved the Fine Arts, Music and Poetry, Architecture and Painting, has not been conservative and race-bound, but progressive and missionary. The Teutonic peoples have in their energies and enterprise, wars and ambitions, been governed by ideals, have, because inspired by these, led the van of the world's intellectual progress, fought the battles of freedom, and carried light and culture and commerce to the savage races of the earth. And so while they have not, like the Hebrews, created a religion, they have been created by one. The Christianity they received they have so assimilated as to become its noblest representatives.

The Chinese, again, may be selected as a contrast to the Hebrew and the Teuton. They stand, indeed, outside the two families with which we are here concerned, but are noticed simply as a people singularly deficient in religious faculty. Their country is extensive and rich, almost inexhaustible in fertility and mineral wealth. They are a gifted race, ingenious, inventive yet imitative, patient, industrious, frugal. Their civilization is ancient, their literary capacity considerable, their classics receive an almost religious reverence. But this people has a so attenuated religious faculty or genius, that it can hardly be said ever to have known religion, at least as Semitic and Indo-European peoples understand it. Their notions of deity are so formless and fluid that it can be argued, just as one interprets their speech, either that they are theists or atheists. They reverence humanity as typified, not in the endless promise and hope of the future, but in the completed characters and achievements of the past. Their piety is filial, their worship ancestral. There are, indeed, three established religions; but, not to speak of an advice to have nothing to do with any one of them, given by a late emperor to his people, two would hardly be classed as such in any other country than China, while the third is a religion imported from India, and so depraved by the change that the Buddhism of the civilized Chinese stands beneath that of Tartary and Thibet. And so this gifted race, deprived of the ideals that could alone urge it forward, has for centuries moved in a cycle which gave movement without progress, and has, by turning back to a dead worship of a dead past, ceased to advance along the not always straight line which offers alike to the individual and the nation the only path to perfection.

Certain of the specific psychical qualities which distinguish the several races and families of man may thus be regarded as *à priori* faculties determining the type of religion and civilization peculiar to each. Culture can never abolish the differences between a Shakespere and a Milton, a Goethe and a Schiller; and civilization can as little smooth into similarity psychical types so distinct as the Semitic and Indo-European. Minds like seeds produce fruit each after its kind, and kind is here co-extensive with kin. In the earlier ages, too, there was nothing to tone down, everything to emphasize, racial peculiarities. Mind was not cosmopolitan, but national or tribal, and narrowed whatever it created or received to its own sphere. Hence the only religions it knew were, not like the modern, universal, but tribal or national, as distinctive of a people as its language or its laws. This limitation and isolation could not but produce variety in faith and worship, make the religion the mirror of the family mind in all its faculties and phases. The distinctive genius of the race is always, indeed, liable to be weakened or intensified by the rise of new or a change in the old conditions. The family or tribe may either absorb or be absorbed into other families or tribes, and the intermixture may result in a new correlation of faculties and ideas, acts and objects of worship, such as is shown us by the peoples who settled in the Mesopotamian Valley, and founded the empires that successively rose there. A change in geographical position may modify the physical and psychical qualities of a race, and create a new order of thought and a new set of institutions, just as the Aryans in India developed as immigrants and conquerors religious and social systems, which, while originally like, were in their final form generically unlike, other Indo-European religions and polities. Intercourse with friendly peoples may introduce varieties of belief and worship, like those Bacchic and other frenzied rites the commerce with Phœnicia introduced into the calm and beautiful naturalism of Greece. But while such changes and relations may qualify and complicate, they do not nullify the action of the national genius. Its action, expulsive, assimilative, or evolutionary, goes on modifying the old, incorporating the foreign, educing or producing the new, and can cease only with the life of the people. The inter-action of the living intellect and living faith is continual, every change in the one being answered by a corresponding change in the other.

The form under which this religious faculty or genius works is twofold, the diffused and the concentrated, as a tendency common to the collective nation, or as a force embodied in a great personality. The one represents the faculty in its stationary and conservative, the other in its reformatory and progressive action. Religions are never changed or reformed by the collective and involuntary, but by the individual and conscious will. The people without a great religious personality is without distinctive religious genius, therefore, without a great religion, can only develop one relative, particular, exclusive, that may grow with the national greatness, but is certain to participate in its decay and death. Only where the genius is personalized can it become creative of a religion able to transcend the limits of race. The old sublime faith of Iran, which gave to Judaism some of its finest moral and spiritual elements, sprang from Zoroaster. The Hindu

Sákya Muni created the religion that seems like the blackness of despair to us, yet has helped so many millions of Aryan and Turanian men to struggle through self-denial to annihilation. At the source of Judaism stands the majestic form of Abraham, and the most splendid series of religious personalities known to history, some nameless, some named, like Moses and Elijah, Isaiah and Jeremiah, binds him to Jesus. Christianity has its Christ, Islam its Mahomet. Neither Jahveh nor Allah can live in human faith without his prophet. In lands where the prophet was unknown, or his voice unheard, the religions have been local, national, such as the genius of Greece might adorn but could not vivify, the power of Rome exalt but not universalize.

The discussion must now become more definite, an inquiry into the action of the religious faculty in the Semitic and Indo-European families. Their ethnical peculiarities and affinities have been often enough discussed, with more than the usual quantities of theoretical dogmatism, vague generalities, and particular manipulated into universal traits. A brilliant French *savant* some years ago painted a characteristically picturesque and exaggerated portrait of the Semitic race. It was a race emimently subjective, gifted with a monotheistic instinct, which a nomadic life in the monotonous Syrian and Arabian deserts had in certain branches evoked and intensified into a monotheistic enthusiasm. This instinct not only explained the character, but defined the mission of the Shemites. They existed to create monotheism. Their genius was monotonous as well as monotheistic, loved the simple, hated the manifold, was anti-mythological, intolerant, incurious, and therefore unscientific. Their poetry was essentially subjective, without variety; lyrical, not epical or dramatic. They were egoistic, passionate, without high artistic genius, inferior in military and political capacity. Simplicity, the antithesis of the Indo-European variety, epitomized the Semitic character. Their instinct was not genius. Monotheism was as it were the minimum of religion, the creation of a people that had few religious needs.[*]

The elaborate, but too ideal, portrait pleased nobody. The monotheistic instinct was for opposite reasons an equal horror to the scientific and the religious. Scholars affirmed and proved polytheistic tendencies in all the branches of the race; so strong, indeed, in the very branch which gave monotheism to the world as to involve it in chronic internecine struggles. Yet the picture was only exaggerated—not wholly untrue. Monotheism was the creation of the Semitic genius, the goal to which it struggled in all the branches of the race. Nothing was more alien to the Indo-European mind. The unities it groped after and reached were not personal, but abstract conceptions, metaphysical like the Brahma of India, or ethical like the τὸ ἀγαθόν of Greece. Greek genius intensified had produced more splendid tragedies than those of Æschylos or Sophokles, a sublimer philosophy than Plato's, not proclaimed a religion with "there is no God but God" as its Gospel.[*] The Hebrew genius enlarged, clarified, had only excelled on its own province, not invaded the Aryan. The races are, indeed, contrasts, move in different orbits, yet each as complementary to the other, like lights made to rule the two sections of human thought. If the Greek has made our literary, the Hebrew has made our religious classics, and the creators of works so different could hardly be similarly endowed.

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[*] M. Renan's Histoire Gener. et Système Comp. des Langues Sémitiques, Liv. i. ch. i.; Liv. v. ch. ii. § vi. Also Nouvelles Considérations sur le Caractère Gener. des peuples Sémit.—Journal Asiatique, xiii. pp. 214—282; 417—460. Also, Spiegel Erânische Alterthumsk. 587—391. Lassen, Indische Alterthumsk. i. 494—497 (2nd edit.).

The first and fontal point of difference in religious thought between the two races is this—the mode of conceiving and expressing deity. The distinctively Semitic names of God express, as is now well known, moral or metaphysical qualities and relations; the Indo-European denote natural objects, phenomena, and powers.[†] Language is here a faithful mirror of mind; the word speaks as the thought had conceived.

The term for God common to all the Semitic family is *El*, the strong, the mighty. It often occurs in the Bible, and is applied both to Jahveh[‡] and heathen deities.[§] It denoted the chief deity of Byblus,[‖] is found in the Babylonian[¶] and Himyaritic[**] inscriptions, in Syria, Phœnicia, Canaan, and North Arabia.[††] It is known in a simple or compound form to all the Semitic dialects, and is equally significant as an indication of their original unity and the conception the united family had of God. Alongside it may be placed the Hebrew *Eloah*, mostly used in the plural *Elohīm*, the Arabic *Ilāh*, with the article *Allāh*, which are not, indeed, etymologically connected with *El*, but derivatives from a root expressive of agitation, fear, and so denote the being who is feared.[*] Another very old Hebrew,[†] and possibly Phœnician,[‡] name was *Shaddai*, the powerful, which perhaps stood in some way connected with the Egyptian *Set* or *Seb*. In *Elyon*, the Most High, we have a name known alike to the Canaanites,[§] Phœnicians,[‖] and Hebrews.[¶] But one much more common is the Phœnician, Carthaginian, Canaanitish, Israelitish,[**] *Baal*, the Assyrian *Bel*,[††] Lord, Master, Husband. Another name, *Adon*, very similar in meaning, was used by the Canaanites,[‡‡] Phœnicians,[§§] Hebrews,[‖‖] and in the form *Adonai* employed in the Old Testament as Baal never was to denote Jahveh.[¶¶] In the word *Molech*, possibly either an Ammonite[***] or earlier form of the Hebrew *Melech*, king, we have a name for God that appears in several Semitic dialects, as the Phœnician Melkarth, king of the city, Baal-melech,[†††] and the Assyrian gods Malik, Adrommelech and Anammelech.[‡‡‡] The national god of Assyria, *Assur*, was so named in all likelihood because his people conceived him as a good being, the deity giving his name to the land rather than the land to the deity.[§§§] The specific and distinctive Hebrew name for God, *Jahveh*, means "he who is," and as it is etymologically explicable, so it remains religiously significant, only on Hebrew soil; can be traced as little to an Assyrian as to an Egyptian or Phœnician source.[‖‖‖] These, then, common and distinctive Semitic names of deity show that though the tribal and national religions were distinguished by many and strongly marked differences, there was one point where they so met as to reveal their kinship, they conceived God similarly, attributed to what was divine the same qualities and powers.

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[*] Steinthal, Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychol. und Sprachwissenschaft, vol. i. p. 343.

[†] M. Müller, Chips, vol. i. 359 ff. Introduction to the Science of Religion, pp. 176, ff. Kuenen, De Godsdienst van Israël, vol. i. pp. 224-5.

[‡] Jos. xxii. 22. Ps. L. 1. Gen. xxxi. 13. Dan. xi. 36.

[§] Ex. xv. 11. Is. xliv. 10, 15; xlv. 20.

[‖] Philo. Byb., as explained by Bunsen, Egypt, iv. 187, ff.

[¶] Schrader, Keilinschriften und das Alte Test. pp. 41-2.

[**] Osiander, Zeitschr. der Deuts. Morgenl. Gesellschaft, x. 61.

[††] Tiele, Vergelijk. Geschied. van den Egypt. en Mesopot. Godsdiensten, pp. 460, ff. Gesenius, Monum. Phoenic., p. 406.

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[*] Prof. Fleischer in Delitzsch, Genesis, pp. 47, f. 4 ed., Kuenen Godsdienst van Israël, i. 45.

[†] Ex. vi. 3. Gen. xvii. 1; xxviii. 3, &c.

[‡] Bunsen explains the Agruēros of Philo. Bybl., as a blundered rendering of *Shaddai*, Egypt, iv. 221-1.

[§] Gen. xiv. 18—22.

[‖] Philo. Bibl., Bunsen, Egypt. iv. 190, 231.

[¶] Ps. xix. 2; xxi. 7, &c.

[**] Movers, Relig. der Phönizier, vol. i. 169, ff. The question raised in Professor Dozy's Israeliten zu Mecca, and so exhaustively discussed of late in Holland, as to the ancient worship of Israel being one, not of Jahveh, but of Baal, cannot, of course, be touched here. Nor is it in any way of vital moment to our present discussion.

[††] Schrader's Keilinschriften, 80-1.

[‡‡] Jos. x. 1. Jud. 1, 5.

[§§] Gesenius, Monum. Phoenic. p. 346.

[‖‖] Jos. iii. 13.

[¶¶] Ex. iv. 10, 13; Is. xl. 10, &c. In Hosea, ii. 16 (18), *Baali* is used not as a proper name, but as the synonym of husband, only with a sterner, less affectionate sense. Ewald (Propheten i. 194) translates *buhle*. Kuenen (Godsdienst van Israël, i. 401—3) distinguishes thus, Baali *Mon mari*, Ishi *Mon époux*.

[***] Whose God Molech was said to be. 1 Kings, xi. 7. Jer. xlix. 1—3. Movers, Die Phönizier, i. 323.

[†††] Movers, i. 419. Gesenius, Monum. Phœn. p. 292.

[‡‡‡] Schrader's Keilinschriften, 65, 168.

[§§§] Ib. 7-8.

[‖‖‖] The question as to the source of the name Jahveh has of late entered on a new, or rather returned upon an old, phase, and become of vital importance to the interpretation of the religion of Israel. Of course it is impossible to discuss it in a paper like the above. It must wait separate treatment. See, on the one side, Colenso, Part v. pp. 269—84, App. iii.; Land, Theologisch. Tijdschrift, ii. pp. 156—70. On the other, Kuenen, Godsdienst van Israël, i. 274, 294, 394—401.

The distinctive Semitic conception of God determined the distinctive character of the Semitic religions. They are all *Theocratic.* The being conceived as the Mighty Lord or King was regarded as the true Monarch of the State, its founder, lawgiver, guardian. The Assyrian kings reigned in the name of God, received from him "pre-eminence, exaltation, and warlike power." Their wars were "the wars of Assur," their enemies his enemies, their victories achieved by his might and for his glory, "to set up his emblems" in the conquered states. The king's acts in war or peace, council or chase, were under divine superintendence. His person, garments, ornaments, were sacred; he was priest while king, officiated at the great sacrifices, represented the people before God as well as God before the people.* The same theocratic character can be discovered in the religion of the South Arabian Shemites as revealed in the Himyaritic inscriptions. It was common to the Phœnician faiths both at home and in the colonies. Their deities bore such names as Baalmelech, Baal the King, and Melkarth, king of the City. Their high priest was often associated in government with the king, in certain cases exercised regal and judicial functions. The more eminent priests had to be of royal blood.† Theocracy was of the very essence of the Hebrew faith, attained in it, indeed, its highest and most spiritual form. Jahveh was Israel's king. Its wars were his. He owned everything, the lives of man and brute, the earth and the fulness thereof. The sublimity of the theocratic conception in Israel need not here be told. It rose with the idea of Jahveh, became transfigured, spiritualized in the minds of the Prophets, who, unheard at home, despised abroad, turned from the deaf and obdurate present to anticipate a time when their ideals should be realized, and the God whose spokesmen they were should reign as king over an enlightened and obedient earth.

As the inevitable result of the above characteristic, the Semitic religions stood in intimate connection with all the duties and concerns of life. They were, unlike the Indo-European faiths, pre-eminently ethical. The power of the deity to command, to reward or punish, seemed everywhere and always present alike to the individual and the State. Religious emblems were everywhere, on buildings, garments, ornaments, and signets, almost every weapon of war or the chase, every domestic or agricultural implement, had its sacred sign. Personal names had almost universally a religious meaning, contained as an element the name or title of a deity. Just as the Hebrew names had in general as a component part Jah, or El, or Adon, so Phœnician names were compounded with Baal or Il, Assyrian with Assur or Bel, Iva or Nebo.* This consciousness of the presence and power of God in the life and over the man, was the cause of some of the noblest, and also some of the basest, qualities in the Semitic mind and its religion. From it came the exhalted heroism of the Hebrew Pophets, their invincible faith, their sublime hopefulness, which even national apostasy, impotence, and annihilation could not quench. Hence, too, came the power which fused into unity and kindled into heroic enthusiasm the scattered Arab tribes when they emerged from their deserts to give Islam to the world. But from the same source came that awful dread of the Supreme Power which made so many men and women willing to offer the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul. Human sacrifices have alas! been known to most religions, but no people at the same stage of culture ever had a religion so full of blood as the Phœnician. Subtract from the Semitic idea of God the merciful element, leave only the ideas of might and authority, and one can understand how a nation should come so to fear the very being it worshipped as to seek to appease him by burning its own firstborn. When deity is conceived simply as magnified ferocity, selfishness disguised as religious fear will rarely refuse to sacrifice to him the dearest possession.

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* Rawlinson, Five Great Monarchies, i. 200; ii. 106, 200, 311, 320-1, 230, 274. Inscription, Tiglath-Pileser I., King of Assyria (London, 1854), 18—22, 64—72. Dr. C. P. Tiele, Vergelijk. Geschied. der Oude Godsdiensten, 385—90.

† Movers, Phoenizie, Ersch und Gruber.

But to the same source another peculiarity of the Semitic religions must also be traced—their extreme symbolism. Gods who had attributes so unique, powers so extensive, modes of operation so varied, who were so distinct from nature while acting through it, who were so high above while so intimately related to man, who thus held in them elements so apparently contradictory to thought and speech, needed symbols to express what language could not utter. Men, too, who believed in such deities required perpetual memorials of their being, and presence, and action, lest they should by a momentary forgetfulness provoke their wrath. And so Assyria had its winged bull, its man-lion, the winged circle or globe which is the constant companion of the king, the sacerdotal dress and ornaments the monarch wore as priest, the sacred tree, and the many other objects associated with the worship of deity. Phœnicia had its symbols as the coins and inscriptions witness, and the Asherah of the Old Testament points probably to one common to the Semitic race. It were needless to notice in detail the familiar symbols of Mosaism, such as the cherubim and the ark. So excessive, indeed, was the symbolism of the Shemites, that it has made the interpretation of their religious ideas peculiarly difficult; misled classical writers into explaining deities, symbolically the fellows, actually the antitheses, of their own, by Greek and Latin names; misleads many modern scholars into taking some symbol, sun, moon, or planet, as expressive of the entire nature of the God. The name reveals the essential thought; the symbol is only a qualifying epithet appended by men whose conceptions were too complex to struggle into adequate speech.

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* Layard, Nineveh and its Remains, ii. 450—75. Rawlinson, Five Great Monarchies, ii. App. A, On the meaning of the Assyrian Royal Names.

One peculiarity eminently characteristic of Semitic names of God must here be noted, the ease with which they glide between an appellative and a denominative sense. They pass from general terms into proper names, or continue to be used as both in different or even the same dialects. Thus the generic *El*, which is used with the utmost latitude in Hebrew, becomes in Phœnicia the name of a distinct deity, as also in Babylon, which is simply *Bab-ilu*,[*] the gate or sanctuary of El or Il, the ancient God of the land and people. The Hebrew *Elohīm* becomes in the Arabic, *Ilāh*, a general term, but with the article a proper name. A rigid monotheism cannot, indeed, distinguish between the two, *Elohīm* and *Jahveh* being now to Jew and Christian alike distinct and limited in their application. Baal is certainly often a proper name,[†] but as certainly often a general term as well,[‡] and while the God of Tyre might be raised into the Baal *par excellence*, the word needed in less eminent cases another name to define what specific god was meant, Baal-Berith,[§] Baal-Peor,[‖] Baal-zebub.[¶] The Assyrian *Bel* bears, too, an appellative as well as a denominative sense.[**] *Adonim* is used both in Hebrew and Phœnician as a general term, but in the form *Adonai* it becomes almost synonymous with Jahveh, while the Greeks found the name individualized in their adopted deity Adonis. Molech, too, while used by the Hebrews as the proper name of the Ammonite deity, was so indefinite a term as to have been interchangeable with Baal,[††] and to have needed in certain cases another word to personalize it.

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[*] Schrader, Keilinschriften, 42.

[†] 1 Kings, xviii. 21—26; 2 Kings, x. 18—28, &c.

[‡] Judges ii. 11; iii. 7; viii. 33, &c.

[§] Jud. viii. 33.

[‖] Deut. iv. 3. Num. xxv. 1—3.

[¶] 2 Kings, i. 2-3.

[**] Schrader, Keilinschriften, 80.

[††] Cf. Jer. xxxii. 35, xix. 5. But see Art. Moloch in Herzog's Real-Encyclop. vol. ix. 714-21.

Jahveh, however, is distinctly personal, and never loses its denominative force.

The remarkable diffusion and fluidity of these distinctively Semitic names of God seem to warrant a double inference. (1). There was what may be termed a common idea of God, one, too, peculiarly simple and uniform. Variety was more a matter of name than of thought. The Polytheism was real and extravagant enough, but was due to dialectical differences and tribal peculiarities crystallizing into local worships rather than to multiplicity and variety of idea. Divine names differed; divine attributes and qualities agreed. There was unity in the consciousness of God common to the family. The many specific deities invoked did not pulverize the thought, Deity is mighty, sovereign, self-existent; Man is His creature and servant. (2). While thought and language continually moving from particular to general held within the race a more or less unconscious unity of idea, the converse movement helped it to retain, or rather reach, as the unity became conscious, the conception of personality. The more the Semitic mind awoke to the unity of the being that had such a variety of names, the more distinctly it conceived his personality. It never in thinking of God lost the personal out of the general element, and so never, like the Indo-European mind, rarified him into an abstraction. The latter has often in many ages and on many soils created Pantheism, but the former only in some solitary thinker, who, starting from borrowed or alien premisses, has but sufficed to prove the rule.

There is no assertion here of a latent Monotheism or a monotheistic instinct in the Semitic race. If instinct there was, it was Polytheistic, as has been proved *ad nauseam*. All that is affirmed is this, there was in the Semitic family a mode of conceiving deity so common, yet so distinctive, as to give at once unity to their idea of God and a specific character to their religions. Mind is never so logical as when its action and inferences are unconscious. The premisses from which a people start determine the conclusions it shall reach. The most extravagant *aberglaube*, to use a word Mr. M. Arnold has almost naturalized, is rooted in a prior *glaube*, and though the one may assume according to the conditions in which it grows up, the most diverse forms, its matter is always fixed by the other. So while the Semitic religions exhibit many varieties, they are of one species, have many local peculiarities, but a common character due to their common first principle, the idea of God. The Assyrio-Babylonian empires were formed by mixed races in the Mesopotamian Valley, absorbed shepherds who had on the plains watched the brilliant "stars globe themselves in heaven," hunters who had on the hills chased the lion and the bear, merchants who had passed by the great rivers into the interior or out to the lands that skirt the ocean, agriculturists who had tilled the fields watered by the streams, men of Turanian and Aryan as well as of Semitic blood. These empires, devoted to war, luxury, architecture, anxious to deify and propitiate the powers that ruled these, might well construct a motley Pantheon. Yet so mighty was the Semitic idea of deity that, while failing to exclude foreign elements, it stamped its peculiar character upon the national religion. The Phœnicians, seamen, merchants, agriculturists, evolved peculiarities of mythology and worship determined by their position and pursuits. The Canaanitish nations, the South Arabian tribes, the Bedouins of the desert, the Sabeans of Harran, had each religions specifically distinct, generically akin, dominated by the idea of God or gods as mighty, sovereign, the source of law and duty, whom man must speak of in symbol, and worship by sacrifice with fear and trembling.

But there is one Semitic people that claims more than a passing notice, the people in whom the Semitic genius culminated in order to realize its mission—the Hebrews. Of the controversies concerning their origin and history, literature and religion, this paper can say nothing. It were simply impertinent to attempt to do so amidst these generalities. But so much can be said—they issue out of Egypt and settle in Canaan, a branch of the Semitic race, one with it in language, cosmogonic and religious tradition. But this people's patriarchs are its own, and their significance is religious. It has its national god, Jahveh, a name which signifies existence, "He who is," and therefore the uncreated, without beginning, above time too, the present, without past or future. He stands alone, without queen, no Beltis being set over against this Bel. He is Israel's God, neither believed nor claiming to be more. Semitic fashion, He is King and Lawgiver, regulates their lives, their state, stands therefore identified with their national existence. The people know other gods, love them, serve them. Canaanitish gods, Phœnician gods, have their altars and sacrifices. But Jahvism will not mingle with these worships, is intolerant, stern after a new type, sets its face against human sacrifices, but enforces in the most absolute way righteousness, purity of thought and life. But this worship fares ill amid the lawless Hebrews, intoxicated by the wines and luxuries of Canaan, fascinated by the soft embraces of Ashtoreth. So a new class of men begin to appear, of old called Seers,* as seeing into the heart of things: now called prophets, speakers, men who can loudly, clearly speak what is given them, not what they think, but what comes to them, enters into and possesses them as the word or spirit of Jahveh.† These men are peculiar to the Hebrews, unknown to the other Semitic peoples; prophetism, properly so-called, not flourishing out of Israel. The prophets fight what seems a hopeless battle. The kings seeking foreign alliances wish to break down the stern and exclusive Jahvism that stands in their way, and to bring their religious customs and beliefs into harmony with their neighbours. The people, hating its moral severities, loving the licence their idolatrous friends enjoy, receive and worship readily the native or alien deities which the prophets denounce as false. The great powers, Egypt and Assyria, have in Israel or Judah their respective interests or parties, and these like their allies are inimical to the God identified with the independence of the land. Against these and similar forces the prophets had to struggle, with almost constant political failure, with only here and there a transient success, when a king was found who understood the issues gathered into the name and worship of Jahveh. The struggle ended only when the people, who had been carried into captivity a godless, lawless multitude, returned a united nation, with the name of Jahveh so stamped into their hearts that the persecutions of centuries, the loss of land and laws and language, frequent and forced migations, life for generations amid peoples of alien race and religion, have all been unable to quench their faith in Him.

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* 1 Sam. ix. 9.

† Ewald, Propheten des Alten Bundes, i. pp. 7, ff. Kuenen, Godsdienst van Israël,

But now let us look at the spiritual issues of the struggle. These prophets spoke in the name of Jahveh, declared He was one God, the only God. Other deities were false, idols, without actual or substantive being. But this monotheism was only one element of their gospel. Jahveh was King—therefore had the right to command and be obeyed. He was righteous—therefore His word was the word of righteousness, His law the standard of right and truth. He was the Creator, therefore the Father, of man, and loved the creature He had formed as a father loves his child, more than a mother loves her infant. And from these principles many great results followed. The king was bound to obey Jahveh, order his state and administer his laws according to His will. That will was man's supreme law. Obedience to it was righteousness and peace. And so morality was joined to religion, was rooted in the nature of God. Knowledge of God and the love it was certain to awaken became the mainspring of action, made obedience easy and holiness possible. And were man afflicted with the strong weakness of an unstable will, did he sin, then there was mercy with God, forgiveness that He might be feared. And how varied the expression these thoughts receive. They are

i. 212—15. Discussion of the question as to whether Prophetism was Canaanitish in its origin is, of course, not possible here. Wherever and however it arose, the prophet became in Israel too unique a phenomenon to find an exact parallel in any other religion, and so it is no matter of much moment where the idea of prophetship originated. Israel alone realized it.

uttered in curses, such curses as only Semitic lips can frame, against idolatrous kings and apostate peoples; in pictures, that seem to laugh in terrible irony, of idol gods placed alongside the only eternal Jahveh; in entreaties of weeping tenderness to the people that had been loved and had wandered to return; in proclamations of an eternal law the neglect of man can never annul, or his disobedience degrade; in descriptions, lurid as if dashed off with a brush dipt in the hues of earthquake and eclipse, sweet and beautiful as if steeped in the silent loveliness of an oriental night, or bright and luscious, full of the music of birds and the sound of many waters like an Eastern Garden of the Lord. And then, when these men turned from their mission to man to their own relation to God, how their voices seemed to change. Now we hear the muffled yet hopeful weeping of a penitential psalm, imploring the mercy of God, forgiveness of sin, a right spirit and a clean heart; again, a sweet lyrical song of trust alike in living and dying in the Lord the Shepherd. That old Hebrew literature in all its forms, in Psalms and Proverbs, in prophetic visions and lyrico-epical poems, in history and parable, tells the same tale, the sweet and winsome gospel of the God who reigns and loves, who must often punish, but who always delights to save.

Here, then, was the gift of the Semitic race in its noblest branch to the world—faith in the living, righteous God. That faith was embodied in a sacred literature, the grandest, in its essential elements the nearest universal, mankind has ever known, and in a people exalted by enthusiasm for the divine unity into its missionaries, with their field widened into the world by their idea, in spite of all their egoism and intolerance. Their Gospel did not simply affirm there is no God but Jahveh—that had been a mere abstract and impotent proposition—affirmed also, His right is to rule, man's duty is to obey. Religion is not simply worship, is obedience, righteousness, peace. A gift so splendid might well hold in it the regeneration of the world, giving to it not only the idea of the Divine Unity, but religion changed into a mighty and commanding reality, which penetrated and inspired the whole man, dignified him with the consciousness of a divine descent, gladdened him with the hope of a happy, because a holy, immortality, quickened him with the sense of omnipotence moving everywhere to the help of man in the soft guise of infinite gentleness. He who knows what these things mean will best understand that ancient saying, "Salvation is of the Jews."

The Indo-European mode of conceiving and expressing deity is in almost every respect a contrast to the Semitic. The general terms were primarily expressive of physical qualities; the proper names of physical objects or phenomena. There is no term as common to the Indo-Europeans as *El* is to the Shemites. The one most extensively used is the Sanskrit *deva*, Zend *daēva*, Greek *θεός*, Latin *deus*, Old Irish *dia*, Cyme *dew*, Lith. dēwas. This term, derived from the root *div* to shine, is expressive of the physical quality brightness, characterises God as the bright or shining one. Another very common term, the Persian *Bhaga*, old Slavonic *Bogŭ*, means the distributor, the giver of bread,[*] and had possibly been applied first to light or the sun as dividing time and dispensing food, and had then been extended to the being resident in or acting through these objects. The Teutonic term *cuot*, *guot*, *Gott*, *God*, is still of too uncertain derivation to allow any inference to be based upon it, but the most probable etymologies seem to indicate that the Germanic peoples deviated from the common Indo-European idea of God, and hit upon one that may help to explain some of the finest elements in their faith and character.[†]

As were the general terms, so were the proper names, primarily denotive of physical objects or forces. The deified Heaven, usually married to the deified Earth, is the foundation of the Indo-European mythologies, the sources of their multitudinous gods. Dyaus and Prithivī are in the Rig-Veda "the beneficent Father," and "Mighty Mother," the prolific parents of all creatures.[‡] The Greeks knew the bright sky, Zeus, father of gods and men; and if philology forbids us to see in Hera, Era, Hertha, Earth,[§] it cannot refuse us Demeter, mother earth, "the broad-bosomed," "the mother of all things," "the spouse of the starry Ouranos." The ancient Germans knew Tuisco, the father of Mannus, sprung from the earth; Tiu, the god of the bright sky, and Hertha, or Ertha, Terra Mater;[‖] and no thought was more familiar to the Latin poets, as none was more rooted in their mythology, than that Lucretius thus utters—

> Denique cælesti sumus omnes semine oriundi:
> Omnibus ille idem Pater est, unde alma liquentis
> Umoris guttas mater cum terra recepit,
> Feta parit nitidas fruges, arbustaque læta
> Et genus humanum.[¶]

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[*] Fick, Indo-German. Wörterb., 133. Curtius, Griechis. Etymol. 279.

[†] Grimm, Deutsche Mythol. 12, ff. The most probable etymologies are either the root ghu, ghavati, whence Sansk., hu, havate, zend, zu, zavaiti, to call, to invoke, or hu, Sansk., huta, to sacrifice). God is thus either, He upon whom one calls, or, He to whom one sacrifices. Cf. Fick, Indo-Ger. Wörterb. 71, 746. Pictet, Les Origines Indo.-Europ., ii. 658—61.

[‡] Rig-Veda, i. 159. 1, 2. Muir, Sansk. Texts, v. 21—34.

[§] Curtius, Griechis. Etymol. 116. But see Welcker, Griechis. Götterl. i. 363.

[‖] Tacitus, Germania, c. 40.

[¶] De Rerum Natura, ii. 991—5.

All the Indo-European religions bear the stamp of this primitive naturalism, even where they deviate, as in the old Iranian faith, most widely from the family type. Almost all the deities of the Rig-Veda bear natural names, exercise functions expressive of their physical characters. Thus Indra, the great god of the Vedic Indians, "the thunderer," through fear of whom "both heaven and earth trembles," the conqueror of Vrittra, is the rain-god, who pierces the cloud by his thunderbolts, and lets the long-needed waters fall upon the thirsty earth. Varuna, the Greek Ouranos, most spiritual of Vedic deities, who knows all things, the secret as the open, who punishes transgressors, and yet is gracious to him who has committed sin, is just the open enveloping heaven. Sūrya, the all-seeing, "who beholds all creatures, the good and bad deeds of mortals," who rides in a car drawn by fleet and ruddy horses; Savitri, the golden-eyed, who illuminates the atmosphere and all the regions of the earth, are only names of deities who personify the Sun. And this naturalism appears everywhere, in Ushas, the Dawn, Agni, Fire, Vayu, the Wind, the Maruts, the Storm-gods. And if we pass to Greece, the same thoughts, only modified in their expression, again meet us. Athene is the Bright or the Blooming, without mother, daughter of Zeus, the coloured dawn coming out upon the brow of the brightening sky. In Gaia, Dione, Demeter, in Helios, Phoibos, Eos, and in the myths, familiar enough to all, that grow out of and round these and similar names, the naturalism characteristic of the race finds expression. In the Jupiter and Juno of Rome, in the Wuoton and Donar of Germany, the same mode of conceiving deity is manifest, only with a difference in representation, such as was inevitable to peoples so unlike in geographical situation and political constitution as the Latin nations of sunny Italy, and the Teutonic tribes of the stormy North.

The mode in which deity was conceived and represented in the Indo-European family determined the character of its religions, the place they held, and the functions they exercised alike in the life of the individual and of the state. As naturalism furnished forms to the religious ideas, it imposed upon them its own limitations. The gods never escaped the fate of the physical objects that suggested their being and supplied their names. Their existence had a beginning, was to have an end, their power to act was limited, themselves either the subjects or victims of a dread, undeified Might, named or unnamed. Thus the Vedic Indra has a father and mother, is concealed at his birth, crushes in fight his father, and wages perpetual war against Vrittra and the Asuras. Varuna is an Aditya, a son of Aditi, who has several sons besides. Indeed, all the Vedic gods are derivative beings, are extolled as creators, yet are regarded as themselves creatures, with the same ebb and flow, struggle, failure, triumph in their lives as there are in ours. The Greek gods move within still narrower limits, are feebler, simply because more distinctly personalized, and placed in more definite and orderly relations. Zeus, though the king of the gods, can be circumvented, contradicted, resisted. The Olympian aristocracy is by no means obedient or deferential, and Hera is a queen who can often out-general and defeat her Lord. But higher than all stands fate, Moira, whose decrees bind even the gods. Zeus cannot save Sarpedon, dearest to him of mortal men, because he is fated to die.[*] Polyphemos, in his prayer to Poseidon, recognizes Destiny as higher than the god.[†] Poseidon wishes to lead Æneas from death, because fate has decreed his escape.[‡] The very immortality, which is the distinctive attribute of the gods, is not self-given and maintained, springs from their use of nektar and ambrosia.[§] And as in the Greek, so in the German mythology. The gods cannot escape their doom, must go down in a common catastrophe, the victims of Ragnarökr. There is, therefore, no self-contained existence or power in the Indo-European gods. The very names which gave them being were like the shirt of Nessus, garments that involved death.

But while the primary Indo-European conception of deity imposed such limitations on the existence and power of the gods, it helped to develop the elements of independence and freedom in the idea of man. He stood over against deity, not as a servant or slave, but as voluntary, independent, with as good a right to exist as the god, though with less power to assert or enforce it. Hence in the pure, unreformed Indo-European religions there was none of the slavish dread of deity one meets everywhere in the Semitic. God and man not only so nearly approach each other as almost to blend in nature, but their powers are, if not well matched, yet so much akin, that the god easily becomes jealous of the prosperous man. There was even a tendency to regard the deities as somewhat dependent on human gifts. Thus Indra loves and is exhilarated by the Soma juice. Without it he is like a thirsty stag, or a bull roaming in a waterless waste. All the gods hasten eagerly to partake of it, and it confers immortality on gods as well as men.[||] Thus, too, Poseidon goes off to the Æthiopians to a hecatomb of bulls and lambs, and is delighted with his feast.[¶] The scent of bulls and goats, or choice lambs and kids, offered in sacrifice, pleases Apollo.[**] The same feeling is manifest, too, in those ironical pictures of the Olympian court and its contentions so common in Homer, and in the readiness to make game of the gods so characteristic of the Greeks, so unintelligible to us. The healthy Indo-European Naturalism never knew the abject prostration of spirit before the invisible powers so universal among the Shemites, developed rather a somewhat super-eminent manliness that did not care to bow too low even to the gods.

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[*] Il. xvi. 434.

[†] Od. ix. 528, ff.

[‡] Il. xx. 300, ff.

[§] Nägelsbach, Homerische Theol. 42, ff.

[||] R.-V. viii. 4, 10; v. 36, 1; viii. 2, 18, 48, 3.

[¶] Od. i. 20—5.

[**] Il. i. 40, 315.

These peculiarities of the Indo-European religions produced another of their distinctive characteristics: they were what may be termed *political* as opposed to theocratic. Religion did not dominate the State, but the state the religion. This, perhaps, is put a little too absolutely, but expresses substantially the truth. The Indian Aryans implored victory from the gods, and praised Indra who had hurled his thunderbolts against the Dasyus, shattered their cities, destroyed them, and given the land to the Arya.* The tragic sacrifice at Aulis, though unknown to Homer, shows what value the Greeks set upon, and what a price they thought it in certain cases right to pay for, the favour and help of the gods. But, to say nothing of the horror the legend excited in the national mind—a horror which regarded the sacrifice as a crime clamant for revenge—it is certain that, while the Greeks were always wishful to propitiate the invisible powers, their wars were never either really or formally undertaken to extend the dominion or exalt the glory of their gods. The political idea was prominent alike in the Vedic, Hellenic, and Germanic mythologies. The state made its own laws, did not receive them from deity. The king was no representative and organ of heaven, had no absolute authority, had his action limited and directed by the council, while behind and above both stood the assembly. Within the state, necessary to its prosperity, but controlled, not controlling, stood the religion. It did not dare to assume the sovereignty of the nation, the direction of the individual. Impiety was a crime less terrible than treason. The Republic of Plato is here of peculiar significance. Greece never had a sweeter and more religious spirit, more Hellenic in its culture, more Oriental in type and character of thought. He hated the immoralities of the popular mythology, strove to develop a purer religious sense in himself and his countrymen. In his Republic his highest ideals stand embodied. It has been termed a *civitas Dei*, a Church, not a State. It conceives the here as only a school for the hereafter. Man is to be so governed and educated in time as to be meetened for eternity. The general conception is religious enough, but what particular place does religion get in it? It is admitted into the State, purified, exalted; the dismal pictures of the future, the immoralities, the falsities, the mutabilities, the jealousies, attributed to the gods are all removed, that the youth may be taught piety without injury to their manliness and morals; but the place it is allowed to hold is as an element in a perfect education alongside style and music and gymnastic, qualifying for the study of philosophy, which can alone construct and govern the ideal state. The condition necessary for its realization and the cessation of ill is that philosophers become kings, or kings philosophers. The Platonic church thus remains a state governed by divine ideals, working for divine ends, but a state still, where the philosopher is the priest, the idea of good the God. The Hellenic *πόλις* is everywhere, the Semitic *θεοκρατία* nowhere, apparent.

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* R.-V. i. 103, 3; iii. 34, 9; iv. 26, 2.

Space does not allow us to illustrate in detail the action of these peculiarities of thought and character, determined by the primary conception of God, in the several Indo-European religions. Separated for centuries from the other branches of their stock, settling in a land where Nature is adverse to energy, favourable to contemplation, led by their conquests into the adoption of a social system which made them the one sacerdotal member of their family, the Aryan Indians evolved a religion curiously un-Aryan in its nature. They had in them in their Vedic days as fine possibilities as any section of their race. These, indeed, only accelerated the growth of the strange and terrible sacerdotalism that soon overshadowed and extinguished their original free and vigorous life. How they saw into the mercy of God, into the weakness and sin of man, let this hymn testify:—

> "Let me not, O King Varuna, go to the house of earth. Be gracious, O mighty God, be gracious.
> I go along, O thunderer, quivering like an inflated skin. Be gracious, O mighty God, be gracious!
> O bright and mighty God, I have transgressed through want of power. Be gracious, O mighty God, be gracious.
> Thirst has overwhelmed thy worshipper when standing even in the midst of the waters. Be gracious, O mighty God, be gracious.
> Whatever offence this be, O Varuna, that we mortals commit against the people of the sky, in whatever way we have broken thy laws by thoughtlessness. Be gracious, O mighty God, be gracious." *

The Iranian Aryans, too, merit, though they cannot receive, more than mere mention. They had parted, possibly on religious grounds, from their Indian brethren, had transformed their primitive naturalism into a sublime moral faith, changed the old nature-gods into demons, the struggle of light and darkness into the conflict of good and evil, and had settled in the highlands of Iran as tribes that were to grow by absorption and conquest into the great Persian Empire. How their faith grew, how much of it passed into Judaism, modifying, ennobling, and preparing it to expand into a missionary religion, this paper cannot now tell. But Hellenism demands more than a momentary glance. In it Indo-European religious thought passed through some of its most extraordinary phases, and became so spiritualized as to be ready, when the highest Semitic faith appeared under a new form, to blend with it into a religion universal, progressive, with the divine and human elements so united and harmonized as to change the slavish fear of the one race and the godless independence of the other into the love that made God dwell in man and man in God.

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* R.-V. vii. 9, Muir's, Sansk. Texts, v. p. 67. See also M. Müller, Hist. Anc. Sansk. Lit. pp. 540, f., and Chips, i. 39, ff.

It has been common since Hegel to describe Hellenism as "the religion of the Beautiful." The Greek mind was indeed æsthetically open and susceptible to a degree men of the colder and obtuser West can ill understand, but the Hegelian formula defines Greek religion as little as "the Christianity of the Beautiful" would define the Italian religion of the *Renaissance*,* The Hellenic faith had as its basis or centre the common Indo-European naturalism. Its gods were nature-powers transfigured and glorified by the radiant genius of Greece; its men were free and independent worshippers touched with the peculiar Grecian grace and reverence. The mythology had many imaginative, few ethical, elements, and never so escaped from epic and dramatic uses as to become a reasonable and moral religious faith. The gods were spiritualized, but hardly became moral governors. Their authority was not exercised over or through the conscience, and sin in the Hebrew sense was unknown in Greece. Godliness did not involve righteousness. Holiness was too little of a divine attribute to make its pursuit a religious duty. The immoralities of the immortals easily apologized for those of mortals. But the old naturalism asserted its presence still more fatally in the denial of Providence or pity in the gods. They were changeful, radiant, stormful as Mother Nature. They doomed mortals to misery while they lived without care. Zeus had at his threshold two casks of gifts, one of evil, another of good; these he distributed mixed to one man, who fell now into good, again into evil; but to another man he gave the unmixed ill, which drove him miserable over the divine earth.† He knows no more wretched being than man, and does nothing to lighten his wretchedness, only sneers at it. The treacherous beauty, the brilliant promise that only mocks performance, the cruel serenity which only smiles at human grief, the power to nourish, the impotence to protect man, so characteristic of Nature, characterised the Greek gods. And these qualities of deity, softened and sweetened, indeed, but never essentially changed, continued to live alongside the deepening ethical consciousness of Greece, and gave to its genius the mournfulness, the tragic sense of the sad and unequal struggle between the will of man and the merciless decrees of destiny, the insight into the bitter and ironical contrast between the passion and futile endeavours of the individual and the calm order and relentless march of the cosmic whole, that created what was most sublime and pathetic in Grecian poetry and history and philosophy.

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* Welcker, Griechis. Götterl. ii. 168.

† Il. xxiv. 525—535.

For, however few ethical elements existed in Greek religion, Greek nature was eminently ethical. Faith in a moral order which man could not break unpunished, has had nowhere deeper root than in ancient Greece. This faith rose into sublimest expression when the nation was in its most heroic mood,—struggled into utterance in those tragedies of Æschylos which exhibit the fateful presence and inevitable action of Nemesis, in the sweeter and more refined and less gloomy dramas of Sophokles, where the picture is softened by a milder character in God and greater reverence in man. Alongside the deepening current of moral belief, flowed the stream of philosophical speculation, now metaphysical, inquiring into the cause and reality of things; again ethical, seeking to discover the origin, nature, and laws of virtue. The one unified and sublimed the idea of God; the other ennobled the nature and exalted the end of man. Greek thought could not rest satisfied with the racial conception of deity; speculated on the notion of cause and the idea of good till, transcending the received Polytheism without grasping an explicit Monotheism, it conceived an impersonal cause rather than a creator, a highest good rather than a one god. Religious thought, divorced from religion, had groped its way towards a supreme, not person, but abstraction. And so the ideas of personal reality and righteousness, moral action and rule, were associated with man rather than with God. Humanity, indeed, became the later Hellenic divinity, the vehicle of what was most divine in the universe. Art and philosophy combined to idealize man, the one to hold the mirror to what in him was beautiful, the other to what in him was good and true. Indo-European thought, which had started by finding God in the bright sky, appropriately ended in its most brilliant representative by finding deity in the heart and conscience of man.

Hellenism was thus the contrast and complement of Hebraism. The former came to reveal the dignity and divinity of man, while the latter had proclaimed the one righteous yet merciful God. Hebraism had found the supreme law in the Divine will, man's highest perfection in obedience to it. Hellenism discovered an eternal law of right written in the heart, realized in history, enforcing its authority by sanctions too dread to be despised. The prophets of the first spoke in the name of the Most High God, but the prophets of the second spoke in the name of man; were the poets who sang of his heroism, his loves, his sufferings, his struggle for life against a merciless or ironical fate, the sculptors who enshrined his beauties in forms so perfect that they needed but life to be god-like men, the philosophers who at once uttered his yearnings after the Supreme Good and pointed out the path that led to it. Neither was complete in itself. Hebraism needed Hellenism to soften and humanize it, to translate it from an austere and exclusive theocracy into a gentle and cosmopolitan religion, which could illumine the homes and inspire the hearts of men with its own sweet spirit. Hellenism needed Hebraism to pour into its blood the iron of moral purpose and precept, to keep it from falling into impotence under its own unsubstantial abstractions, and set it bare-footed, as it were, upon the living God as upon an everlasting rock. And each had thus in different, even contrary, ways, been working towards a common end. It was the old story of two streams, in source far apart, in course wholly unlike, making for a single bed. One had sprung up in the hot and blistering desert, amid thunders that seemed the voice of God, had, swollen by many a prophetic rill, forced its way round the boulders of native infidelity, between the banks, now overhanging and again meeting, of foreign oppression, and had come into a clear and open place; the other had started from the foot of Mount Olympos, had flowed onward, answering with woven and mystic music the multitudinous laughter of the Aegean, through the heroic fields of epic and the amorous glades of lyric song, had stolen through the woods sacred to tragedy, now dark and fearful as midnight, now gleaming with the light that never was on sea or shore, had glided past "the olive grove of Academe," and under the porch of the stoics, until it had broadened into a soft and limpid lake. And in the fulness of the time the long converging streams joined. In obscurity and suffering a new faith arose, had as its founder the sweetest, holiest of beings, in whom his own and after ages saw God as well as man. His death was everywhere preached as the basis of a new but permanent religion of Humanity, and time has only served to define and strengthen its claims.

> "Is it not strange, the darkest hour
> That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
> Should touch the heart with softer power
> For comfort, than an angel's mirth?"

But its strange might to quicken the best and subdue the worst in man had never existed had it not possessed as parents, on the one side, Hebrew Monotheism, on the other humanistic Hellenism.

Hebraism and Hellenism had thus each its own part to play in the *Preparationes Evangelicæ.* The one contributed the Monotheism, the other the Theo-anthropomorphism, which lie at the basis of Christianity. When driven out of Judaism it carried into the gentile world a few doctrines it had inherited from its foster-parent, and a few simple facts peculiarly its own. Had there been no expulsion there had been no Christianity; within the Synagogue there was room for the sect of Jesus of Nazareth, none for the religion of Christ. The Christian facts bore to the Hellenic mind another meaning than they had borne to the Hebrew, especially as they had to be interpreted in the light of the Monotheistic and Messianic beliefs of the land whence they had come. These facts were construed into doctrines which expressed and retained whatever was of ethical and permanent value in Hellenism, without losing what was universal and moral in Hebraism. The purest Monotheism, which forbade God and nature or God and man to be either confounded or compared, was married to the most perfect humanitarianism, and ever since Christianity has stood loyally by both the "God who so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son" for its life, and the Son who has ever seemed "the brightness of the Father's glory," "full of grace and truth."

This essay might at this point, had space allowed, have entered on a new field of inquiry and illustration. The genius of race has contributed to the development both of Christianity in general and those specific varieties of it that are known as the Greek, the Latin, and the Protestant Churches. The Hellenic mind, educated into capacity to interpret the Christian facts through the Hebrew faith, created those theo-anthropomorphic doctrines which have ever since been regarded as the most distinctively Catholic and the most essentially orthodox. The Latin mind, less speculative, more practical, political rather than theological in genius, while it touched doctrine only to exaggerate it, often in a very dismal way, was yet able to frame a Church polity on the old imperial model, to build a *civitas Dei* where the *civitas Roma* once stood, giving to its visible head such absolute authority and divine honours as the emperor had once claimed, to its subjects such rights and privileges, only spiritualized, as the Roman citizen had once enjoyed. The Teutonic mind, fresh, vigorous, childlike in its simplicity and love of reality, without either the blessing or the bane of a splendid intellectual past like Greece, or an illustrious political history like Rome, accustomed to love the beautiful as embodied in woman, to enjoy the order and freedom peculiar to lands where the national will is the highest law and obedience to it the highest duty, could not be satisfied with the inflexible dogmatism of the Greek, or the iron ecclesiasticism of the Latin Church. The Teuton loved liberty in religion as elsewhere, asserted his right to get it, to stand before God for himself, to cultivate his domestic affections free from the shadow of a sacerdotal but unsanctified celibacy. While reverent to the past as his fathers had been, he could not allow it to tyrannize over the present, or rule the destinies of the future. And so he had to force his way into a religion roomy and elastic enough to suit natures that anticipated continual progress, and the changes it brings. Christianity as an authoritative letter is Latin, as a free spirit is Teutonic. The former is the refuge of those who feel there is no safety but in adherence to an accomplished and exhausted past; the latter is the hope of those who can trust themselves to a progressive and fruitful future. The sanctities of the Latin as artificial and arbitrary are moribund ; of the Teuton as natural and essential are immortal as the humanity which God inhabits and inspires.

But these are matters that cannot be touched here and now. Enough to say, Christianity does not depend for either its existence or its authority on theories of Infallibility or Inspiration. God reveals Himself in Humanity, and His voice can cease to speak only when the organ ceases to be. As man cannot outgrow his own nature, so he cannot leave behind the faith that is rooted in it. The struggle of faith and doubt will be perpetual, renewed in every generation under fresh forms, ending in each only to enter upon another phase with another disposition of forces. The limitations within which man must think will always give to doubt its more or less plausible argument ; the necessities within which man must live will always give to faith its victorious answer. And so we are certain, that while new knowledge may change, it can never abolish ancient religion—that remaining permanent as man. Science with its new conception of nature may annul the old conception of God, but the invincible faith in Him, which will ever create a new conception of Him, science cannot touch, because, on its present plane, science cannot know. As the generations behind us have transformed while transmitting the grosser ancient into the grander modern religions, so our age will purify and exalt its faith while handing it on to the future, and after ages will continue the work until, perhaps, in some distant time the old conflict between Science and Religion will cease, and the knowledge of nature and of man be found in their ultimate analysis to be —knowledge of the living yet immanent God.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

ADMINISTRATIVE ECONOMY.

THE demand for reduction in the national expenditure was an inarticulate cry before the last Reform Act. Mr. Gladstone announced in the closing debate on the Zanzibar Contract, how that he had often, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, protested against the military expenditure of Lord Palmerston's government, and had been outvoted in the cabinet. The need for reduction of expenditure and correlatively of taxation, was great; but it was not felt by the majority of the people's representatives, nor, as an imperative necessity, by the bulk of the then electorate. A few voices, chiefly from below the gangway, were raised, and continuously raised, against "profligacy of expenditure," as wrong in principle, unjust to the taxpayers, and demoralizing to the services. But they were as voices crying in the wilderness. Few heeded what they said, and year after year the thankless task was renewed by the derided and nicknamed "school of economists," with a conviction that come what might with a lowered franchise and a constituency more sensible of what a penny on the income-tax means, they were in that assembly as men who beat the air. Bentham, Hume, and Cobden had to go down unsatisfied into the Hades of economists, and the strange sight of a Tory government passing for dear life a Radical Reform Bill, had to be witnessed, before the walls of Parliament could furnish an echo to Mr. Stansfeld's motion in favour of administrative economy.

It is a remarkable fact that multitudes of Englishmen regard as mean, and stigmatize as "cheeseparing," the application to public business of that thrifty spirit and practice which are the very foundations of their own individual prosperity. Throwing aside for the moment that numerous class so largely represented in the legislature, who fortunately in many cases for themselves have inherited, and not had to achieve, wealth, and who cannot understand the use of looking with critical eyes to every item of expenditure—there are whole legions of well-to-do Englishmen, who are well to do only because they have ever acted on the precept that the pounds will take care of themselves if you only take care of the pence; and who nevertheless are reckless and advocate recklessness in others when it is a question of public expenditure. Whether it be that the magnitude of the sums involved dims their financial eyesight, or that they are carried away by the notion that the margin of prudence in public business is necessarily in the same proportion to private business as the margin of official letters is to that of private correspondence, or whether the fact that the money is national, and that the nation can afford to be lavish so it makes sure of efficiency—operates upon their minds, the result remains that saving in public administration is regarded as a synonym for niggardliness; and those who enforce economy are, by the class referred to, identified with starvers of the public stores.

There is, however, a large class, by no means all in the electorate, who are strong dissenters from these views. People accustomed to administer the funds of benefit societies, of sick clubs, of unions, know well the necessity, and also the wisdom of thrift. Acquainted as they are with the wants of their community, and anxious as they are to minister to as many wants as possible, they are keenly alive to the necessity of not overdrawing the means of remedy. Fully aware are they that the greatest good is to be found, not in flinging broadcast or with careless hand the funds at their disposal, but in never spending without a manifest necessity, and making even the smallest concession the subject of the strictest supervision both in its application and account. Such administrators prosper, husbanding their resources—ready to spend with liberal but not wasteful hand, in time of need, jealous of spending any sum, no matter how small, without a case for expenditure being made out. In the understanding of such administrators is found an echo for that cry of governmental economy which for years failed to evoke legislative sympathy.

There is some danger at the present time that this demand for economy which the Gladstone administration came in pledged to satisfy, may again be slighted. Much has been done—much remains to be done, to carry out in the departments the idea that thrift means good management; and that the spenders of public money are in truth trustees of it. From what has been done there are now signs of the recoil which ever accompanies vigorous forward movement, and it may become the duty of those interested—surely all are interested—to declare not only that what has been done shall be affirmed; but that the process of education in good management shall be continued.

At the time of the general election in 1868 considerable bodies of electors, including those who had found a voice through the Reform Act of 1867, were firmly persuaded that the public expenditure might be greatly reduced. They were not ready with cut and dry schemes of retrenchment; they were unable to point out in most cases the precise channels of expense which in their opinion ought to be controlled or altogether dammed up. But they expressed a firm conviction that somewhere and somehow the national expenditure was excessive; and they returned as head of the Government that Chancellor of the Exchequer who had years before anticipated their conviction, and had been outvoted when desirous of giving effect to it.

There was ample material to work upon. The Army was costing £15,000,000, the Navy upwards of £11,000,000, Law and Justice over £4,250,000, the Diplomatic and Consular services £660,000; and there were other numerous heads of charge which were "*suspect d'être suspect*," and which were supposed to be capable of considerable diminution.

It soon became evident that whilst the cost of all these things was so heavy, they were not costly through over-efficiency. They were not inefficient, but it could not be pleaded in justification of their cost that they were so efficient as to be incapable of improvement. The inference was that if by some natural law they must be so expensive, they were at the same time susceptible of improvement; whilst a hope was left that in the process of improvement an economy might possibly result. As a matter of fact the question of expensiveness of "the services" turned out to be much more a question of organization than of maladministration in the departments. There were state offices as there were law courts, historic in their origin, though not dating from the same historic period, which carried on their business, not on any general plan of organized state business, but upon the lines originally laid down for them, each individually, and irrespective the one of the other. They were so many distinct and distinctive atoms, instead of being parts of one harmonious whole. They were members of the same body, yet in many cases saying that because one was the head it had no need of the hand, while the hand objected in turn that it could hold without the aid of the foot.

Such an organization, or such a want of it, must necessarily be expensive, and it was therefore in the direction of organization that the Government set to work. They began with individual departments, as the Admiralty and the War-Office, and desired them to set their house in order and to remodel their households. By vigorous execution of plans carefully matured while in opposition; by the action of departmental committees, and by earnest personal application, which in Mr. Childers' case nearly killed him and utterly threw him out of gear—and out of office—the re-organization of these two departments proceeded. The result in an administrative sense is claimed to be satisfactory—or, to take no higher ground, as equally efficient with the systems which preceded. The financial result is a saving of £2,356,000 on the expenditure of the two services. In 1868-69, the last year of the last Tory administration, the cost of army and navy was £26,366,000. In 1872-73 it was £24,010,000.

The enormous expenditure involved in the administration of Law and Justice, amounting in the year 1868-69 to no less a sum than £4,250,000, could not fail to be called in question sooner or later. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in one of the most powerful speeches delivered during the session, fought a strong battle along the whole line of the Civil Service Estimates, and succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a Select Committee, so important in the eyes of the Government that the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was placed at the head of it. The three reports of this Committee are among the solidest and most valuable work done by committees for many years past, and the immediate outcome of one of them—the second—has been the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate and propose the reorganization of the administrative departments of the courts of justice. That there is before this Commission a great field of work, and that the country ought to gain from its labours both administratively and financially, may be readily apprehended when the conserved historical character of the courts, and the huge sums, £4,609,000,* at present required to administer them, are considered.

In the charge of £660,000 for Diplomatic and Consular services it seemed not impossible to effect large and reasonable reductions, when it was found that, apart from diplomatic representatives retained at places over which Ichabod had been written in German and Italian several years before, consuls were continued at places from which all trade had departed, and whereat only elder merchants remembered to have had correspondents. The continuance of sinecures, maintained in one case certainly in spite of reiterated representations and remonstrances by the honest but ignored holder, abated the power of the Government to apply in other directions, where it was really wanted, the money of the vote. It is more than likely that increased scrutiny of the lists, and further ousting of needless consulates and needless general charges, would enable the Government to give effect to the recommendations of the Select Committee without adding—as it now appears they will add—to the charges of the Exchequer. Political reasons must govern the appointment of ambassadors and envoys, *chargés d'affaires* and their suites, and political personages in both Houses of Parliament can at all times be required to justify such appointments; but the only safe rule in the appointment of consuls is indicated by the practice of merchants. Where a certain number of merchants commit themselves to ventures equal in annual value to a minimum sum to be agreed upon, then, and then only, should a consul be appointed; and when, as constantly happens in distant, un-Europeanized ports, the trade of a place falls off, or becomes transferred to some other place, the consul should be withdrawn, or transferred with the trade.

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* This sum includes the cost of prisons in the United Kingdom, as well as the salaries of all judges, and of the departmental officers and clerks attached to their courts.

These general remarks upon some of the leading items of national charge, and upon the way in which official and unofficial representatives have tried to deal with them, are submitted for consideration at a time when it is more than ever necessary to persevere; and to prevent by all means a return to that broad and open-handed system of expenditure of whose proposed coming there are not a few signs. The general increase of wealth in the country, from the wealth of the coal-owner, who unwillingly and only because he is compelled, makes £100,000 a year more than he wishes for, to the wealth of the miner, who increases his attendance at dog races, and drinks champagne thereat, is so great; the recoil from economy is so natural; and the carelessness of those who have the spending of other people's money is so much like second nature, that it requires no ordinary amount of exertion to keep people up to the notion that the public money, though not "wrung from the hard hand of peasants by any indirection," is money held in trust—to be applied to the utmost furtherance of the objects of the trust; and not to be spent lightly, or in any case in which the trustee would not spend it if his own. It is impossible within the necessary limits of a Review article to deal with all departments in which economies can be effected, or have been effected.

It is proposed in this article to do no more upon the general question of administrative economy than to offer these general remarks. The particular purpose in view is to show what has been done in one direction only—viz., the administrative economy of the State Store Departments, and to point the way to what yet remains to be done.

This Store Department question was no light matter. It appeared that no less a sum than £11,444,000 went annually out of Imperial taxes, besides a sum of about £2,100,000 out of poor-rates, in the purchase of stores, including, in the case of army and navy, the cost of building materials. The question very naturally arose, "In what manner is this large sum of thirteen and a-half millions, equal to a ninepenny income tax, spent, and is it possible to hit upon a plan whereby the sum itself may be lessened?" The case of the Admiralty, which spent some two and a-half to three millions of money a year in stores, was typical of what prevailed in the State spending departments generally. There it was found that five sub-departments were working alongside but not with one another, and that none of them professed—nay, were not even required—to procure the supplies which each needed, upon any uniform plan. On the contrary, there were wide divergencies of practice. One department provided fines and penalties as the sanction for its contracts; another rejected fines altogether; a third proceeded upon principles totally different in kind from either of the other two, differing again from its fourth compeer in the same department of State. Not one of them professed, or was required, to act in the operations of purchase in the same manner that a merchant buying such stores as they wanted would naturally and certainly act. Each departmental officer was a law unto himself as to the method of his transactions, though responsible immediately to members of a Board of Admiralty which took no heed, if it took cognizance, of the difference in departmental action. The departmental officers, comprising a Naval Storekeeper-General, a Comptroller of Victualling, a Medical Director, a Director of Transports, and a Director of Works, were charged with functions fairly indicated by their titles. They were responsible that, in the several establishments committed to their care, there was at all times a sufficiency of the stores required in them; that the stores when issued should be duly accounted for; and that the store-houses when low in stock should be replenished. These three attributes were assigned to the heads of store departments, and, in so far as they were store requirers, to the more technical officers also. Accounts of store expenditure were not returned to the Accountant-General of the Navy, an independent and perfectly disinterested officer, whose duties were confined to the cash transactions of the departments and of the fleet, and to the preparation of certain estimates for the Board. They were returned to the officer responsible for having issued these stores—an officer who, in fact, passed the accounts of his own expenditure, without the intervention either of an independent Admiralty official, or of the Auditor-General.

Replenishment of store was made by each of these officers quite irrespectively of the others, and, as has been stated, without the faintest necessary approach to commercial usage. The *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote as follows, *à propos* of the report of the Select Committee on the Abyssinian Expedition :—

> "The Blue-book on the Abyssinian expedition is well calculated to maintain the reputation of the Admiralty for pre-eminence in spending above all other departments. As a specimen of the manner in which the authorities at that office dealt with the public purse, the Hon. R. Dundas, late storekeeper-general of the navy, informed Mr. Baxter that he did not consider it a part of his duty, in entering into a contract for coals to be delivered at a port abroad, to calculate the cost of coal here and the freight out, in order to see whether the country was well or ill served, and what kind of profits the contractors were making, even though those profits were in fact as high as 30 per cent.
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> "It appears, further, from Mr. Candlish's questions that coal was bought in Liverpool for Abyssinia at about 19*s.* a ton, when its market price was under 12*s.* These little extravagances, however, are trifling compared with what was done in the transport service. As a single instance let us take the case of the *Peruvian.* She was chartered at 32*s.* during the time of her employment, and 17*s.* 9*d.* per ton extra if discharged in India. She was discharged in India. She was, therefore, paid for hire £37,387 ; for extra remuneration, £20,577 13*s.* 5*d.*; or altogether £57,965 3*s.* 3*d.* But if she had been sent home 'doing nothing whatsoever there would have been a saving to the Government' of over £3,000. This is not a solitary case. 'The total hire of those transport steamers discharged in India amounts to £345,315 ; the total paid (for extra remuneration) for discharge in India, £114,355. In other words, one-third of the total sum paid to those transports was paid in consequence of their being discharged in India.' To complete the story, it is but necessary to add the following remark of Mr. Candlish :—'So that in point of fact we paid as hire pretty nearly the value of the transports that were employed.'"

It was agreed at the time, and it was manifestly a fair verdict, that the system was in fault rather than the officers who administered it. These were not men acquainted with business and buying and selling, but professional men, officers of army or navy, or civilians whose education had been in politics rather than in trade. It was hardly to be expected either that they would take interest enough in trade operations to apply commercial methods, or that they would themselves understand the commercial methods to be applied. Unacquainted with trade customs and trade ways, they regarded them with that peculiar, half suspicious, half jealous feeling, which professionals have of traders, and hedged themselves in from contact by all sorts of devices. Methods quite unknown to trade, of announcing wants, denominations and measures of goods quite obsolete, if ever known in the City; conditions of contract which assumed the irremediably fallen state of traders—who read and wondered; bonds-men to go bail for the performance of the most trifling contract—these and things like these, were resorted to as devices to ward off infection. They succeeded only too well. Leaders in trade would have none of such ways, and with few exceptions declined Admiralty business.* That business accordingly fell more or less into few hands, not first certainly, often second and third hands. There was difficulty in getting supplies; prices were enhanced; and there was no original guarantee for quality. There was a certain amount of arrangement, but no common action, between the several departments. The anomaly was not presented of the Storekeeper-General and the Comptroller of Victualling both buying coal at the same time; but there was a radical difference between the way in which these two officers procured their general supplies respectively, and neither way was in accord with mercantile usage.

The plan which Mr. Childers and Mr. Baxter had matured, and which on their accession they carried out, was threefold. Accounts of expenditure, both of material and cash, were transferred to the Accountant-General as the disinterested and independent Accountant of the Admiralty; the purchase and sale of all stores whatever was relegated to one central Contract and Purchase Department, organized on business principles, and bound to acquaint itself with business facts, and to act as the Admiralty commercial agency; whilst the third and remaining attribute of the former departmental officers, the function of seeing that each establishment under them had stores enough and to spare, was left to them as ample occupation. At the same time the departments were drawn closer together; intercommunication was enjoined and enforced, and the members became a body. The advantage of this organization in respect of efficiency was manifest; responsibility got itself sheeted home; swift supply was guaranteed, and the work of the departments came more directly under control. Financially the result exceeded expectation. Savings from five to thirty-five per cent. were effected upon the constituent items of store votes, which are equal in the aggregate to more than £2,000,000, simply by buying like other people. Old-world patterns were eliminated from schedules; modern patterns were substituted; and the cumbrous and costly methods by which formerly the departments had been supplied by agents and middlemen were thrown aside; and direct dealings with manufacturers and principals were established.

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* Mr. Ramsay, Director of Army Clothing, recently testified that he had known first-class houses refuse to tender because of "what they call the vexatious proceedings of the Government departments."

Mr. Morley, M.P., said "in every department of manufacture you will find that the leading houses hold aloof:" and, he continued, "we once sold some goods to a Dublin tailor, who by some means or other was able to sell those goods with a double profit on them, goods which we should have supplied except that we would not incur the trouble and vexation which then attended the process."

All this was not done without much labour, much patience, and some show of resistance. Rooted interests, honest beliefs in the unwisdom of what was intended, and in some cases perhaps a specimen of that internal hostility which Sir Spencer Robinson asserts "is the bitterest that could possibly be known"—all these had to be overcome; the objectors to be convinced or quieted, before the reforms could be carried out. Faint praise, of the kind that damns, libels and misstatements, often of the grossest and falsest kind, had to be endured before, and even long after, the work was complete. It was not till the Select Committee on State Purchases which sat throughout last session, gave the opportunity, that the satisfactory evidence given before the Duke of Somerset's Committee on the Board of Admiralty, as to the new store arrangements, was confirmed beyond all further question.*

Before discussing the work for which this Select Committee was appointed, it is worth while to examine how far the administration of that other great spending department—the War Office, was, for store-buying purposes, on a sound basis. The last great catastrophe by which the War Office had been moved was in 1855. The machinery by which stores had previously been supplied was so complicated that by its nature it was unlikely to work. It actually broke down in the Crimean War, and the Government found it necessary to change its administrative front in the face of the enemy. The supply system as it existed in 1855, and the changes which were then made after the maturest consideration, are plainly set forth in a lucid memorandum drawn up by a departmental committee, which sat at the War Office in 1869. The change made in 1855 may be shortly stated thus: the business of supply, which before had been diffused, was centralised under one department, and over that department was placed as Director-General a well qualified businesss man, Mr. Thomas Howell, the present able and faithful Director of Contracts. To some extent, therefore, the changes made in the Admiralty in 1869 had been anticipated at the War Office in 1855. But the War Office organization of 1855 was neither so far-reaching nor so complete, and in 1869 Mr. Cardwell revised and improved it, through the agency of the above-named departmental Committee, of which Major-General Sir G. Balfour (now M.P. for Kincardineshire) was chairman. To some extent the systems in force at the two great spending departments were identical in principle, though they differed radically in some essentials. To this extent they agreed that they both aimed at purveying the Government stores upon commercial principles, and in a business way.

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* Sir Spencer Robinson, with ten years' experience as Controller of the Navy, testified that "the stores were more rapidly supplied, and they were of better quality," than under the former system. "Immense improvements were made both in the quality, in the supply, and the price of coals." Asked whether he did not think the present system was a great improvement on the old, Sir Spencer said, "I think it is a very great improvement, and I had an opportunity of saying as much before the Duke of Somerset's Committee in the early part of 1871." Moreover the rapidity of supply, under the new system, enabled the Government safely to diminish stocks, a point to which not only Sir Spencer but Admiral Stewart, his successor, attached great importance. Admiral Stewart, approving heartily the new system from the dockyard point of view, added that it tended to non-accumulation of stocks, and that "it is of great importance to prevent the accumulation in the dockyards of obsolete stores."

But whatever of agreement there might be was purely accidental. The two departments reformed themselves by themselves. Neither sought the assistance or the knowledge of the other; and there was no community of work, however great the community of interest. Indeed it was not till Mr. Holms' Committee elicited the fact, that this partial identity of procedure was officially known. There was not in 1869 any present intention of taking up the state store question as a whole, and the departments acted strictly in accordance with precedent, and within what was then strictly convenient, by confining their efforts to their own businesses respectively. Co-operation was an idea very slightly developed, and confined in practice to a very limited sphere. Even where it existed the *raison d'être* was not very intelligible, nor at all to be explained by logical rules. The army asked the navy to supply what rope, salt pork, rum, and groceries it wanted, but neither asked nor gave facilities for procuring coke or coal, blankets, duck, flannel, shirting, or other things, of which the two departments were buyers in common. Probably the articles which were inter-departmentally supplied were so only because they had at some time or another been known as "Army Stores," or "Navy Stores," though used in common, whilst the fact that numerous other stores remained which, being used in common, might be also advantageously bought in common, seems to have been ignored. As a matter of fact the Admiralty facilities for sending coal, say to Portsmouth, were not used, if they were known, by the War Office; and the two departments went into the market independently and without concert or mutual notice, for the coal sent by them respectively in large quantities to the same place.

Reforming efforts were thus confined to individual departments—confined, indeed, to the army and navy departments. No attempt was made to take in hand the India store-office, the Stationery-office, the Office of Works, the Police stores, the Trinity House stores, and those many smaller but still telling spending departments, which among them spent as much as Army and Navy together. The hands of the Government were full. Irish Church, Irish Land, Education, Treaties of Washington, Ballot, Army purchase abolition, Judicial reform, and other matters took up time, brain, and energy, and plans for reform of store departments beyond the two chief departments were deferred. The Government could not undertake the work, and without the help and approval of the Government no private member could hope to succeed. The question was indeed first mooted in the press. In the fall of last year public attention was called to the fact that upwards of £11,000,000 of the public money was being spent annually in the purchase of stores by many departments; that many of the stores were identical in kind, and that yet no concert, no co-operation in buying existed among the departments. The idea was advanced that if, instead of individual departments reforming hemselves alone; and instead of their carrying on their business not only apart but in antagonism to each other—they should meet, as boards of directors or partners meet, and buy in concert for the public good—great financial and administrative advantages would result. This and certain other points were mooted, and just sufficient was said about them to excite the interest of public men. On the day after Parliament opened, Mr. Holms, M.P. for Hackney, gave notice of motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the principles and practice which prevailed in the several state spending departments; and on the 21st February he moved accordingly. In a short but succinct speech he told the House what sums of money he believed were yearly spent, by what departments—

> "That a net sum of over £10,800,000 was so spent without any concert between one department or body and another. They each acted according to their own free will, no preconcerted method existing and no general rule being laid down for their guidance. The Treasury was, he might say, the counting-house of the nation, and from the Treasury rules and regulations ought to be sent forth to the different departments. The House of Commons was the guardian of the public purse, and yet the House had never yet issued any regulations upon this all-important subject. The result was that in place of uniformity being the rule it was entirely the exception. The House would agree with him that there ought to be some principle of buying and selling in the great departments, and his object in moving for a Committee was that some uniform system might be arrived at for their guidance. The Committee could take evidence from the different departments, and would then be enabled to compare the various methods of buying and selling which they adopted. The Committee could also take evidence of the different plans at present pursued by foreign countries, from most of which he believed information would be found readily available. Nor should they forget to take evidence of the course adopted by the different public companies in our own country, for no nation was so much accustomed as our own to make purchases upon large scales. Taking what was good from all these different sources, and eliminating what was evil, the Committee would have the opportunity of founding a good sound system, at once simple and of general application to all our departments.

"Another duty of the Committee would be to remove some of the anomalies that existed under the present system. Why should they have the War Office and the Admiralty advertising at the same moment for the same article, as if they were competitors? (Hear, hear.) The nation was able to make prompt payment and was a large buyer, and the public ought to gain the full advantage of these two circumstances. But the anomalies were not confined merely to the purchase of materials, but extended, also, to the sale of stores. The sale of stores was carried on at the present time without any attempt at regulation, and, in some instances, while one department was actually selling stores of a certain kind another department was purchasing stores of exactly the same character in the open market. (Hear, hear.) They ought, undoubtedly, to have a system of exchange, so that one department requiring articles might obtain them from another department having them to spare. (Hear, hear.) The principle had, he believed, been carried out in the case of some timber very successfully, and he could see no reason why it should not be adopted in relation to all other stores. (Hear, hear.) From the want of preconcerted action they found the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Board of Works purchasing coals each on their own account.

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"Preconcerted action would also give the House a grasp and control over a large section of our national expenditure such as it had never had up to that time. It would also be of great service to political officials going from one department to another. Indeed, the absence of such a system had at least an indirect influence in increasing our expenditure. A political official going from one department to another found a system in the one totally different from that which prevailed in the other. The first he had brought himself to understand, perhaps to a certain extent had been its author, and the probability was that he immediately set to work to reform the system of the second department—a serious consideration when they remembered that every change involved additional expenditure. (Hear, hear.) He believed that he had said enough to show the House that the appointment of this Committee would be conducive to the public advantage, and that without some preconcerted system wholesome economy was almost impossible. (Cheers.) He therefore moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into and report upon the existing principles and practice which in the several public departments and bodies regulate the purchase and sale of materials and stores."

The Prime Minister instantly rose, and after stating that Mr. Holms had done a public service in bringing this matter forward, made the motion his own by his entire concurrence in it. He supplied what was wanting in the argument of Mr. Holms for a Parliamentary Committee, by stating what had not before been clearly understood, viz., that the Treasury, though supreme over all spending departments, was so only in respect of account and appropriation of moneys, and not in any directorial sense. Over a few of the lesser departments it had absolute executory control as well—

"but the two great spending and contracting departments are the War Office and the Admiralty; and with regard to those two departments it is not within the power of the Treasury, by any authority of its own, to make

> regulations which would bind the representatives either of the First Lord of the Admiralty or of the Secretary of State as to the manner in which they shall make contracts for the public service."

It was therefore a question for Parliament as supreme to consider "to what degree it may be possible to establish some unity of control with regard to the regulation for making contracts. This is a question of very great difficulty, in which the Executive will cordially welcome any aid it may receive from the House of Commons."

"From us," said Mr. Gladstone, "the honourable member will receive the most cordial assistance and co-operation;" and added at the close of his speech that all the departments had "a common interest in lending their co-operation to his hon. friend."

As proof of the importance attached by the Government to the work of the Committee, and as earnest of the assistance and co-operation they wished to lend it, two members of the Government were appointed as members—Mr. Baxter, then Secretary to the Treasury—a colleague to whose successful exertions "at the Admiralty towards bringing the system to the best state of which it was susceptible," Mr. Gladstone testified when according the Committee, and Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Financial Secretary to the War-Office. These were associated with seventeen other gentlemen chosen from either side of the House, with a single eye to their special fitness for the work to be undertaken. Excepting for one fortnight, the committee sat twice a week from the 19th March to the end of the session. Some forty official and trade witnesses were examined, and a very large body of evidence was taken. Among the official witnesses were Mr. Childers, who explained what store arrangements he found and what he left, at the Admiralty; Mr. Baxter, late Secretary to the Admiralty; Admirals Sir John Hay, Sir Alexander Milne, Sir Spencer Robinson, Houston Stewart; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the successor of Mr. Baxter at the Admiralty; the Hon. R. Dundas, late Storekeeper-General of the Navy; the permanent heads of the Works, Medical, Victualling, Dockyard store, and Contract and Purchase Departments of the Admiralty. Mr. Howell, Director of Contracts at the War-Office, Mr. Ramsay, Director of Army Clothing, Colonels Hudson, Fraser, Campbell, and General Adye spoke for the War-Office; Mr. Greg for the Stationery-Office; the Hon. G. Talbot for the India-Office. Some of the principal brokers and merchants in the City of London and some of the leading manufacturers in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and elsewhere, gave evidence from the outside and trade point of view. Taken as a whole the body of evidence obtained is one of the most interesting that has been published for many years; and it is much to be regretted that time did not allow of completion of the requisite evidence and of the presentation of a report before the close of the session.

Enough has been done, however, to afford a basis for executive action. Material enough has been furnished for the erection of a good supply engine for state purposes—such an one as will, if faithfully and properly worked, make an abiding reduction in estimates and vastly improve the executive organization.

Without examining in detail the evidence taken before the Committee, it is worth while to consider by the light of that evidence, and also on general grounds, how far the main propositions involved have been established—or may yet be established. These propositions are:—

1. The feasibility and advantage of departmental co-operation in buying stores.
2. The precise methods by which public stores should be procured.
3. The propriety of publishing the names of contractors and the prices paid for goods.
4. What is the best constitution for governmental receiving-tribunals so as to secure money's worth to the public and unimpeachably fair-play to the contractor?
5. What efficient safeguards against peculation or corruption in any shape, by officials or others, can be provided?
6. Should the House of Commons, as guardian of the public purse, exercise any control over the methods of public expenditure, or should that be left entirely to the responsible Executive Government?*

Touching the first of these points, it cannot but be an advantage to secure an organization by which a national expenditure of £13,544,000 upon stores, may be reduced by even, as one official has perhaps rather under-stated it at, £500,000. That this sum is so spent yearly by the national store departments appears partly from returns given in to Mr. Holms' Committee, partly from information obtained from other good sources. The total is thus made up:—

Army.	*a.* Provisions, forage, fuel, lights, straw, carriage	£2,039,400	
	b. Clothing	880,688	
	c. Timber, coal, metals, saltpetre, sulphur	774,448	
	d. Machinery	45,702	
	e. Works	523,000	
			£4,263,238

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* This method of treatment is preferred to that which would involve analysis of the evidence given before the Committee, not only because it is more convenient for the space of a Review article, but because it is deemed more respectful to the Committee, which has not yet made its report.

Brought forward		**£4,263,238**
Navy. a. Provisions, fuel, lights, and package materials .	672,605	
b. Clothing . . .	212,741	
c. Timber, coal, hemp, and other dockyard stores .	1,175,933	
d. Machinery . .	376,083	
e. Works . . .	611,330	
f. Medicines, instruments, hospital provisions and stores . . .	50,300	
		3,098,992
India Office. Metals, machinery, rails, clothing, tools, and general stores .	2,000,000	2,000,000
Inland Revenue. Fuel, furniture, instruments, &c.. . .	77,000	77,000
		£9,439,230
Police. Metropolitan : Clothing, fuel, and equipment . .		101,000
„ County and Borough		250,000
„ Irish Constabulary and Police : Clothing, arms, forage, fuel . .		84,000
Post Office. Clothing, medicines, fuel, lights, stationery (local), bags . .		50,000
Telegraphs. Voted in 1872-3 . . .		67,000
Prisons in the United Kingdom. See pp. 192-268 of Civil Service Estimates for 1872-73		658,572
Stationery Office stores		644,653
Trinity House. Buoys, oil, fuel, provisions, flags, and other stores . . .		150,000
Workhouses. Food, fuel, clothing, and bedding, in London . .	£400,000	
Add three times cost of London for the rest of England .	1,200,000	
Add for Scotland and Ireland . .	500,000	
		2,100,000
		£13,544,455

In addition to the foregoing, there is a sum of £101,000, the aggregate value of a number of store items spread up and down the Civil Service Estimates, which deserves detailed attention. £19,935 of the sum represents the value of fuel and lights supplied to "Public Buildings." But so far from this being the inclusive cost of such fuel and lights, it appears that £1331 worth more is supplied, apparently by another agency, for the two Houses of Parliament; £2100 worth for the Post Office; £1375 worth for the British Museum; £3500 worth for the County Courts; some more for the Surveys' Office, and for the Metropolitan Police; whilst a charge of £20,565 appears as the cost of fuel and lights for Public Offices in Ireland. These large sums are spent by the Government through several channels not connected with each other, nor connected with either of the great spending departments of Army and Navy engaged in buying the very same things. It may well be that in the majority of cases the provision of fuel, lights, furniture, &c., is better left to local than central action, though central action would seem to be proper for all metropolitan purposes; but the following history of a bundle of faggots, related to the writer by a County Court officer, would seem to show that so far from decentralized action being the rule, many instances yet remain of what may be described as centralization run mad.

A bundle of faggots, value 3*s*. 6*d*., was ordered of John and James Brown by the Registrar of a Court two hundred miles from London, to light the fires in the offices of the court. Payment for the faggots was made, but was struck out of the quarterly account of the Registrar, who was ordered to recover the money paid, and to cause a claim to be preferred upon the Commissioners of Works. In due time an order upon the Treasury came down for the payment of 3*s*. 6*d*. to John and James Brown, who were required to sign a formal receipt and to obtain payment through their bankers. John Brown, with mind intent on faggots, inadvertently and without malice aforethought, signed the document in his own name instead of in the name of his firm. The consequence was that the draft on the Treasury for 3*s*. 6*d*. was returned, dishonoured! Further correspondence, costing uncalculated sums, ensued between Her Majesty's Commissioners and the County Court, between the County Court and Messrs. Brown—with this result, that whilst the faggot vendors, not by one of their partners, but by their firm, ultimately received 3*s*. 6*d*. for their faggots, they politely informed the Registrar that when he wanted more faggots he had better carry his custom elsewhere.

Now one of the main points brought under notice in Mr. Holms' Committee was the present want of co-operation among the departments, and the advisability of decentralized action, on the German plan, wherever it could be introduced. As regards the latter, it is clear that if a man is fit to be entrusted with the duty of Registrar of a County Court, of commandant of a division, of a superintendent of a dockyard, he is fit to be entrusted with the purchase of small stores, procurable locally. Any criticism as to necessity of purchase, or as to prices paid can be applied after the event—and being faithfully so applied can be most successful in checking waste or prodigality. But the saving of correspondence, of time in the delivery of supplies, and of everything connected with the want and its satisfaction, may be counted for a large percentage of the cost of the Civil Service, when, in such cases, local instead of central action is used.

The co-operate action advocated before the Select Committee was of this kind—viz., that the permanent heads of the actual spending departments—*i.e.*, the Directors of Contracts and Purchases at War Office, Admiralty, India Office, Board of Works, Trinity House, Convict Prisons, and of all other buying offices, should be members of a Consultative Board, whereof the Chairman should be an Under Secretary of State. The Under Secretaries to be on a roster for this purpose. The Board to meet once a month, or oftener, to confer as Directors of a company would do, upon the course best to be adopted in the public interest for procuring the supplies severally required by the members. Agreements to buy or not to buy, to buy together, to avoid disturbance of markets—to exercise to the uttermost that quality of *diligentia* which sums up in its original signification the whole duty of trustees, might thus be come to. Responsibility for making demands would remain as now, with the store-requiring officers of each department of State, and to the head of that department the officers entrusted with the control of the vote would as now, be answerable that the vote was not exceeded. To him also would the head of the departmental buying office be as now, directly responsible, both for money spent and for method of spending; and to secure this it would be necessary that the acts of the Consultative Council of buyers should, before executive action upon them, receive satisfaction from the several Parliamentary chiefs responsible for Estimate and expenditure. The sanction of the Chairman of the Council would be recommendatory only, and the sole warrant for execution by the departmental officer would be the approval of his own responsible Parliamentary chief.

But the advantages of the Council would be many. By its operation would be constructed a well-informed, intelligent Government commercial agency, commanding resources not available to many departments now, commanding also by the magnitude of the sums committed to it as a whole, an amount of trade attention which individual departments now fail to secure. There would be a clubbing together of knowledge, of experience, of opportunity; uniformity of patterns, of procedure, and of business methods, would flow, with infinite advantage, both to State buyer and seller to the State; and "Government orders" would cease to be a reproach and a scoff—as they now are—even to those departments which have ceased to give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. The organization would, moreover, be, within limits, at the disposal of the public for vestry, workhouse, hospital, and other local purposes. It could be made a ready, able, and perfectly disinterested instrument for spending subscriptions in relief of victims of famine, fire, flood, or war. It could do in respect of purchases and sales of stores whatever is to be done therein by united and faithful action.

The witnesses examined by the Select Committee were nearly unanimous in favour of such a Council as has been suggested. They were unanimous in rejecting a proposal put forward by one distinguished officer—though by him only as a crude idea—that there should be but one Contract and Purchase department for the whole State, and that supply should be concentrated under one head and one hand. It was admitted on all hands that the present sub-division of labour and responsibility was not at all too minute, and that whatever advantage theoretically might be gained by concentration, would in practice be gained by the Council, as certainly as it would be lost in practice by the one department. This proposal, besides, struck at the root of departmental ministers' responsibility for store estimate and expenditure of store votes.

As to the methods by which public stores should be procured, there are many opinions, and the practice in the spending departments is the very reverse of uniform. On theoretical, and also on a few practical grounds, the medium of advertising wants has been largely advocated, and this notwithstanding it is not a medium commonly used in trade, nor one which the advocates of it would adopt in their own individual businesses. Those who, being in trade, recommend it, are to be found among that class who think that payment of taxes confers a right on the payer to have every possible chance of getting some of his tax-money back again.

But it is rejected—even ridiculed—by the majority of large dealers, and by nearly all manufacturers, who, with few exceptions, show their appreciation of the system by never tendering under it. The non-trader advocates of the system see in it an element of publicity which, in their opinion, is the only safeguard against favouritism, if not of corruption; and so strongly do they feel it, that they are prepared, in order to secure this element, to forego many manifest advantages belonging to ordinary methods of purchase. As a matter of fact, however, the office procedure and the process of purchase can, without advertisement, be made so public as to secure all the advantages sought by the advocates of advertisement, and to exclude all the dangers feared. Publication of prices paid—a process to which, before the Committee, few even of the trade witnesses objected—would of itself be an invitation to the criticism of all the world. But whatever objection might reasonably be offered to non-advertised media in the hands of many departmental buyers, would disappear when applied to a highly responsible conglomerate of buyers. Conceded that for buying certain articles advertisement is a good medium, it is clear that no hard and fast line should be drawn, but that the question of advertisement or non-advertisement should be left to the Consultative Council, recommending the responsible departmental minister through his permanent buying official. Conceding so much, it must be claimed, and the evidence of common sense as well as of many first-class witnesses allow the claim—that for very many things—*e.g.*, colonial produce—corn, metals, saltpetre, timber—advertisement is not only an inefficacious, but also a costly method, of procedure. Inasmuch as it is a non-commercial method it fails* to draw offers from the commercial world directly engaged in the trade. Merchants, and brokers, too, hold off, and will not tender. They are content to sell to dealers who will sell again, but who will sell not necessarily the very thing sold to them, but another and less valuable thing, at a price to cover not only original cost, but intermediate profit. It has been authoritatively stated that the appearance of a Government advertisement for cocoa has sent up the market price 30*s.* a ton, and that a similar disturbing cause has raised the price of copper several pounds a ton against the candid declarator of necessity.

Surely, with few exceptions, which might well be left for settlement to the collective intelligence of the Buyers' Board, that method of supply which the experience of the business world has found to be the best, is—all things being equal—the best for the Government too. Where large private buyers employ brokers, the Government should do the same—where no merchant would dream of letting it be known that he was in the market, it is manifestly unwise for Government to be trumpeting forth its wants. Whatever be the media adopted for procuring stores, there cannot be any question that, office procedure being made as public as possible, the greatest additional advantage would follow from publication of prices paid, and from a yearly account of stewardship to be rendered by each permanent Director of Contracts. It might even be worth while to present the collective reports to Parliament. Publication of prices might be made from time to time by placards on the office walls, and by advertisement once a month in the London Gazette.

But the question of method having been settled, we will suppose on the best of all principles, there remains the not less important question, How are the goods to be received and examined? Upon the proper solution of this question depends that confidence without which no manufacturer will deal with the Government. It is of the utmost importance that the solution should be a proper one. At present there is a strong belief in the minds of the public that there is, at least in some of the departmental receiving tribunals, ample room for improvement. An idea prevails that though bribery may exist—if at all—in a very modified form only, there is considerable ignorance in the receivers; that the same receivers being set to judge a multitude of articles differing essentially in kind, cannot possibly be minutely acquainted with them all; and that capricious and fanciful rejections take place in consequence, to the annoyance and unnecessary injury of the vendor. At one time no doubt grave charges of pecuniary corruption were made against certain receivers or inspectors; loans were had, debts were paid, and in some cases there was even more direct bad dealing; but it is stated that a better spirit now prevails, whilst it is probable that the extent to which the opposite obtained was much exaggerated. The head of one of the large buying departments recently discovered that in some degree the character for corruption which attached in the minds of some to the Government inspectors, was due to the unscrupulous falsehoods of interested agents, who wishing to keep the Government business in their own hands and to keep the manufacturers from doing that business direct, represented that it was not possible to get the goods passed without recourse to means which most makers would not use. In one case a manufacturer had made some chain for an agent who had made a contract with a Government department. Going to the agent's office one day, the offer was made of a cheque for the maker's chain account. On looking at the invoice an abatement of £20 appeared for "charges" on passing the chain at the depôt. An objection to the item as wrong in principle and contrary to all that the maker would agree to was met by refusal to pay the account; and the agent's allegation was that the chain had been rejected and that he had had to pay £20 to get it passed. Instead of complying, the maker went to the depôt where his chain had been received, and there learned that not only had there not been any rejection of the chain, but that the delivery had proved to be an unusually good one. A demand was instantly sent through an attorney for the immediate payment of the original claim and for a complete apology for the unworthy trick the agent had tried to play. Both came by return of post—and incidentally was revealed how the agent meant—doubtless, having done it often before—to filch £20 from the manufacturer, and also to steal without warrant or pretext, the reputation of the receivers at the depôt.

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* Mr. Howell, Director of Contracts at the War Office, says, "The advertisements have not brought us successful contracts."

The charges now brought against Government receiving tribunals at the present time are of ignorance rather than corruption—but so long as any charge can be brought confidence is impaired, and men of standing will not deal. It would seem that where simple identity of delivery with sample is required, and the article in question is such as any ordinary, careful, and honest sight can judge, there is no necessity to have a receiving tribunal composed either of scientific analysts or of trade experts. Thus special knowledge is not required in order to see whether one table-knife is like another, or whether the earthenware supplied is as good as the pattern agreed for. But in all cases where there is room for concealment of defects, for adulteration, for the substitution of one metal, one mixture of metals, or one dye for another, then, and in all such cases, special knowledge is needed. The character of that special knowledge is a great point, and one that should be carefully looked to. If the examination of an article be made chemically when what may be called a commercial examination is all that is wanted, disgust from over particularity is certain to arise. On the other hand a mere commercial examination of articles required to be pure, and paid for as such, is often wholly inadequate, and in such cases the absence of scientific knowledge is a source of weakness in the receivers and may lead to the receipt of inferior stores. There should be both these qualities, both scientific and commercial knowledge in the receiving body; and above all, there should be a large supply of common sense to know when to apply the one and when the other, and how and in what cases the two should be combined. So far as the public interests are concerned, the receivers should be all well-paid men, of such educational and social standing as, together with sufficiency of pay, to make it vehemently improbable that they would swerve from an upright discharge of their duties. They should have as accurate a knowledge as possible of the articles they are appointed to pronounce upon, and they should be able at all times to have recourse to undoubtedly good extraneous aids to their judgment wherever that may be in doubt. The ultimate users of stores, the officers who are to be responsible for the work done with them, should form part of the receiving tribunal, or at least be represented upon it; and they should have the power to appeal to superior authority in all cases where, though in a minority on the receiving board, they are stedfastly of opinion that the articles are not what were agreed for, or are unsuitable for the service. In the public interest it is also very desirable that from time to time comparison should be made by some first-rate business man, wholly disinterested, between the goods in the Government storehouses and the patterns by which they were received. Such inspection would not only give valuable further assurance to the public and their receiving officers; it would also give confidence to those dealing with the State. For the latter there can be no doubt that the greatest and best security lies in the right of appeal to a trade arbitration in cases of disputes upon quality. This practice was introduced into all

Admiralty contracts by Mr. Baxter, and in a modified form had existed for some years at the War Office. This recourse to arbitration given as matter of right—as in the Admiralty practice—is at once a safeguard for both sides. It cuts at the very root of bribery, removing all possible excuse for it. At the same time it induces caution as well as confidence in the receivers, who with the power of appeal before their eyes will pause before giving a capricious sentence, whilst they will with greater confidence give a wise verdict knowing that it may be reviewed.

The introduction of such principles into the Government practice, the elimination therefrom of obsolete forms and customs, and the endeavours to make the departments conform more nearly to mercantile usages, have been amongst the best efforts of recent reformers. They have raised the whole character of the public supply service where they have been applied, and it remains with the country to say whether they shall not be applied universally.

Upon the question of safeguards against pecuniary or other corruption of officials, much has been said by implication when dealing with receiving tribunals. To say that the best security lies in getting honest men as officials may seem trite; but that rather than any elaborate system of check and counter-check is likely to be most effectual. A vigilant eye will do much, but confidence will perhaps do more, to keep men straight. Punishment, swift and severe—as in some cases mentioned before the Select Committee—should invariably follow detection, whilst the utmost should be done, by taking away all incentives, to make bribery as unprofitable and as dangerous as smuggling. It is pleasant to find, from the testimony of many witnesses, that bribery as a system does not exist in the public service. The bribery cases adduced before the Select Committee belonged chiefly to pre-arbitration days, and by the nature of them were clearly exceptions, and not examples, of a rule. Apart from morality, it is difficult to see what, in the reformed and to be reformed system of State store business, is the use, or the sense of giving, a bribe. The former practice gave abundant excuse for it, if it did not make it a necessity.

It remains only to notice one point, viz., To what extent should the House of Commons exercise control over the methods of public expenditure? It is the opinion of the writer that the executive and not the legislative power should direct all methods of procedure, that the ministers for the time being can alone know what is best to be done, and that the House of Commons to which they are answerable should content itself with seeing through the agency of the Public Accounts Committee to the strict appropriation of votes. It might be advantageous, not only as information to the public, but as a protection to the department, to require an annual statement of business done, persons dealt with, and prices paid, to be presented to

Parliament; and such a collective statement could be regularly and appropriately furnished by the standing council of departmental officers. But with this the control of the House over the executive functions of the departments should begin and end. This would give it all opportunity for criticism on past acts, and so for preventing repetition of folly or mistake; but anything like direct executive control would make the reasonable discharge of public business impossible.

The examination and exposition of principles of this sort, the careful consideration of everything that could be culled from the experience and suggestion of each spending department, has been the session's work of the Select Committee on State Purchases. Much remains to be done. Action of the most thorough kind should follow upon the report of the Committee which may be looked for early next session. It will not do, in the interests of the public and of the departments also, to allow the result of so much labour, the collection of so much valuable material, to be abortive. There is an abundant harvest to be reaped, a harvest proportionate to the labour that has been bestowed in preparing for it. Surely it is labour of this kind, and steady persistence in accommodating the ancient State machinery to the practices of modern life, that will alone avail to effect not only true economy but also true efficiency.

It is from labours of the sort undertaken by the Select Committee on Purchases, by that on Civil Service Expenditure, and above all by those determined men who not only have convictions but also the courage of them, that the way is paved for remission of taxes, and for welding the several parts of State administration into one sharp and serviceable instrument. It is, moreover, through such initiation that the permanent officers of the public service gain confidence and are encouraged to put forth their strength in the public behoof. These achievements are not of the sort that usually attract general attention. They are unaccompanied by flourishes of trumpets, and they commonly bring no personal *éclat;* but on the contrary, much misrepresentation—even abuse. For this reason they are not undertaken by weak political parties, who are unable to bear the recoil of the pieces they discharge, neither are they the natural portion of those whose cardinal political principles make them opposed to change. But they fall properly to the lot of all who deem it a sacred duty to forbear from waste, from unnecessarily spending a shilling of tax-raised money, who look to thrifty efficiency as the highest outcome of administrative ability, and who are content to look for their reward in the verdict of time, and in the fact that what they have done must sooner or later commend itself to the intelligence as well as to the gratitude of the people.

F. W. ROWSELL.

WHIG AND TORY:

THE TWO ROOT-IDEAS.

IT is customary to associate the terms Liberal and Conservative—still more so their older representatives Whig and Tory—with the narrow conflict of parties. And this is natural, for the professors of one or other of these sets of principles are always occupying the high places of government, and playing their several parts on the political stage, cheered to the echo by crowded houses. Of late years, indeed, a novel spectacle has presented itself, which has given a rude shock to preconceived notions, for more than once the leaders of the opposing ranks have exchanged vizors in public, and have even condescended to fight with each other's weapons. Conservative ministers have taken the startling course of initiating ultra-Liberal measures, and Liberal ministers have coalesced with Conservative in resistance to the Radical battalion advancing resolutely behind them. Whenever this happens there is political chaos, and outsiders, ignorant of the finesse of the game, are apt to fall into a state of intellectual coma, and conclude that there are no more principles to contend for. As if to mark more distinctly the supposed fusion, new terms, or combinations of terms, such as Liberal-conservative, and Conservative-liberal, are coined and gain currency, and ingenious minds are much exercised in trying to discover the difference between them. Old-fashioned lovers of constitutional ways rub their eyes, and wonder what the world is coming to; whilst youths in training for statesmanship begin to think, upon such reflection as they are capable of, that after all it does not matter, and ranging themselves at random under either flag, risk their parliamentary future on the hazard of a die.

If there were no graver questions at issue than those which lie on the surface of politics, and are discussed one day to be forgotten the next, honest men might well be excused for holding themselves aloof from the strifes of factions, and regarding the schemes of party-tacticians as beneath contempt. For the mind of parliament is, after all, but the mirror of public opinion outside its walls, and when once public opinion is definitely formed, it will sooner or later get itself expressed in legislation, in spite of all the arts of delay to which a reluctant minority may resort. But although men may refuse to be politicians, they cannot escape being thinkers, and it requires little effort to show that their thinking must inevitably take one of two forms —must either be liberal or conservative.

The conservatism most commonly met with may be readily indicated, and does not call for any subtle analysis. Some persons appear to have been born cursed—or blessed—with a mental apathy which renders them for ever incapable of free inquiry; others, who have known better things, slide back into a listless condition out of sheer idleness. Suggest to either of these that one generation is responsible to the next, they will ask why they should take thought for the morrow, or what posterity has done for them. Propose a scheme for the advancement of the material welfare of the race, and the diminution of human misery in the lump, they regard you as a fool for your pains, and tell you that there will always be poor in the land. At other times they find it convenient to assert the opposite theory, that no one is unhappy except through his own fault, of course without seeing the contradiction; and as with them life is usually easy-going, they take credit for a corresponding stock of virtue. These are the comfortable ones of the earth that cling to dead institutions in religion, in politics, and in matters social. But flourishing circumstances and their attendant luxuries are apt to make the soul grow fat, and over-fatness produces a tendency to slumber—a little more, and they will not thank you if you rouse them, although their chamber is in flames.

The most marked feature of this kind of indolence is an undue reverence for authority. Nothing is pleasanter to those whose main object is to save themselves trouble than to find that a question has been "settled." It spares them all mental exertion. If the wise and good determined thus and thus a hundred years ago or more (and the older the saw the greater the wisdom), for heaven's sake, they cry, don't treat the matter as still open to controversy. And so the argument is cut short, not from any desire to use the foregone conclusion as a premiss for further reasoning, but because they feel annoyed at being forced into activity by having either to maintain an old thesis or to refute a new one. If they had ever thought for themselves, it might be impertinent to ask them to retrace their steps, but this is a process they have rarely gone through, and they decline to admit a doubt or a scruple because they are uneasily conscious of having made up their minds entirely on the strength of what has been instilled into them by others whom they have accepted as their guides and invested with infallibility. One is tempted to suggest, that had these principles been carried out, Christianity could never have been. One of the grandest of Christ's tasks was to give the lie to teachers of worn-out creeds, and to brush away the cobwebs of vain and superstitious observances. His enthusiastic soul waxed red-hot with indignation at the scribes and pharisees, who first deceived themselves, and then, as by second nature, deceived the common people also. The great Preacher of love and humility knew no language too bitter, no denunciation too strong, for the traditional mummeries of the cup and platter. Strange, that the words of one who spent his whole life in freeing his countrymen from the shackles of the law, should have been suffered to crystallize into conflicting dogmas, and, losing all their historical significance, have been erected into barriers against the march of independent thought.

Another illustration of this type of mind is to be found in the men and women who, attaching some peculiar efficacy to the existence of ecclesiastical orders, would drown the voice of the laity in that of the clergy. If, say these lovers of authority, we are to distrust the ministers whose function it is to teach us our faith, what security have we against total unbelief? But miracles have long since ceased, and amongst them, that of priestly uniformity, and the Catholic cause has perished in consequence. As things now stand, the indolent man adopts the shibboleth of the particular sect in the midst of which he happens to be brought up, putting on the cloak of another's orthodoxy; whilst the active-minded strikes out boldly in quest of a living creed, and probably finds himself landed on the heretical shore. The former has remained under the influence of the conservative idea, the latter has become a disciple of progress.

This unreasoning worship of the traditions of the past, in matters of pure opinion, lies at the root of the differences on the great question of education, which is now agitating the constituencies and threatens to split up the party at present in power. The Church of England, with the Conservatives at her back, will have no teaching in her schools that is not strictly subservient to the Bible and Prayer-Book. She has no faith in any lessons to be derived from the contemplation of God's works apart from her own interpretation of His written word. She would rather the people remained untaught than that they should not be taught in her way. The leaders of the Nonconformists have laid themselves open to a similar charge, when, in their hostility to the famous Twenty-fifth Clause, they declare that they would rather see the children of the poor reared altogether without education than that a farthing of their money should be spent in support of a Church school. Both are exhibitions of bigotry, but the second is not so mischievous as the first. For Nonconformists, it must be remembered, have no objection to a School Board, and are most of them prepared to accept a National System of Education, supplemented in religious matters by voluntary effort. With such effort and its enormous power they have long been familiar, and not having been used to rely on State assistance, they find no difficulty in dispensing with it in the shape of an educational grant. As the more enlightened of them have never given in their adhesion to rigid formularies of belief, and their ministers impose on their congregations nothing corresponding to the Thirty-nine Articles or the Athanasian Creed, they have no horror of Secularism as such, and no fear of its proving fatal to the cause of their religion. If, as the wise ones prophesy, Dissent and Conservatism are about to join hands at the forthcoming general election, it will be because they have fraternized over a particular section of an Act of Parliament, and not because their hearts are one. The objects desired by each being wide as the poles apart, the hollow alliance will not be more lasting than a nine-days' wonder.

When the sky is cleared of this ugly portent, the country will see the colours of Liberalism and Nonconformity blended in a new political rainbow, and, it may be, we shall read in it the word 'Disestablishment.' For there is, in truth, but one foundation on which a National Church can rest. It must harmonize with the religious views and mould the spiritual aspirations of the nation. When it ceases to be either teacher or guide, and its nominal adherents begin to quarrel amongst themselves on points which each considers vital, the institution is not only on its trial, but is already half-condemned. What is the condition of the Church of England in this respect? What are the points of belief common to those within its pale? Can any amount of ingenuity reconcile the doctrine or the practice of the Evangelical and the High Church parties? Can those who hold the sacrament of penance and confession, as modern Ritualists do, have any friendly dealings with the followers of Calvin, who cling fast to election and final perseverance? However short and simple you make the popular creed to-day, to-morrow you will have fifty readings of it, not only inconsistent with, but exactly opposed to, each other. It is said, of course, that the very neutrality of the Church is just what entitles it to its established connection with the State, and that, whereas the Nonconforming bodies must necessarily be narrow, the Church must necessarily be broad. But what is the value, in religion, of breadth without depth or intensity? On this shewing, the Church of England, deprived of its occult and mysterious character, would be like a general register in which the various congregations are free to record their opinions, whilst its uncontested doctrines might be promulgated by the moralist quite as efficiently as by the priest. Again, if there be no obstacle to the continuance of a National Church, there ought to be none to a National System of Education of a non-secular character. Yet all are agreed that such a system cannot be worked, and that any programme for teaching by compulsion would be spoiled by the introduction into it of a single distinctive religious tenet. To assert, as Churchmen do with complacency, that the only test of Church-membership is the adoption of a common worship, and 'that the whole nation may join in that,' is either to beg the question or to obscure the point at issue. For if by a common worship is meant a common form of worship, then the boasted comprehensiveness is a thing of words merely, not of substance; and if what is meant is the spiritual worship of the same Divine Person or Persons, how can there be any real community of spirit so long as the relations which those Persons bear to man are conceived in totally different ways? No one who has read history aright can doubt the immense benefit that the institution of the English Church has wrought in times gone by; but he who values public institutions for their present or prospective services only must, in all conscience, let the Establishment go, as soon as it becomes an offence to the larger proportion of the nation, for the Church was surely made for man and not man for the Church.

The desperate determination to conserve the unconservable, and to place privilege above the national welfare, has been forcibly illustrated of late years in the case of the House of Lords. Of the House of Lords as a legislative body there is much to be said. It has often initiated useful reforms, it has more often, as a second chamber, put a valuable finishing touch to measures presented to it by the Commons. If it were to be abolished to-morrow, we should probably have to replace it by some other consultative body, so long as the Lower House is constituted on its present basis of 'disproportionate representation.' But as a supreme Court of Appeal the collective assembly of the House of Lords has long since ceased to exist except in name. No lay lord has ventured to give a strictly judicial vote since the year 1783, when the validity of resignation bonds was under discussion, and if the experiment were to be renewed now, its glaring absurdity would at once reveal itself. The questions that come before the ultimate tribunal (for such the House of Lords still is) depend upon the application of subtle principles to complicated states of fact, the real bearing of which nobody not a trained lawyer is, as a rule, competent to discern. They arise in every department of human life, and are practically decided by three or four eminent persons who have risen to the highest places in their profession. These successful barristers (for this is their true title) are not the House of Lords, nor even a reflection of it. They are usually the junior barons on the peerage roll, and are wholly removed from the *haute noblesse*. They have nothing in common with the dukes, marquesses, and earls, whose prestige rests upon the length at once of their pedigree and their rent-roll, and who are not bound to be troubled with brains, though it must be confessed they sometimes have their full share of them. And yet these dukes, marquesses, and earls are the very persons to whom the sham judicial power of their House is apparently most dear. Only two years ago, the stubborn resistance which they offered to its surrender thrust into the background a useful and comprehensive measure of legal reform. This year, indeed, a stronger or a more fortunate Lord-Chancellor—himself only the other day a Commoner with no rank but that which he derived from his own abilities—dissuaded the Upper House from ruining a still grander scheme for simplifying the mode of administering justice, by insisting on the retention of an obsolete privilege. But this was only effected by excessive tenderness of handling and at the loss of some symmetry. The appellate jurisdiction over Scotland and Ireland remains, not because, as events afterwards shewed, the Scotch and the Irish desired to have their disputes submitted in the last resort to a quasi-imperial authority, but because it was necessary, with a view of conciliating votes, to make a sacrifice on the Conservative altar. When the Scotch and Irish at last spoke out, and expressed themselves content with the new English Appellate Court, and the Judicature Bill was altered in the Commons so as to make the transfer of jurisdiction complete, the Lords, with a tenacity worthy of the days of Ellesmere and Coke, passed such a vote of censure on the proceeding as plainly shewed that the entire measure would be jeopardised unless the innovating amendments were withdrawn. This may have been, probably was, a mere party move, but that its success should have been possible, still more that it should have been supported by the Conservative press, proves what grotesque results may be brought about under colour of upholding the constitutional cause. That a supplemental bill must be introduced next session to dislodge this antiquated fragment from the new judicial edifice, no one seriously doubts; and when the bill is safely through, Englishmen will begin to ask, as they always do when too late, why on earth it was not passed before? Meanwhile, the inconvenience and anomaly of the *status quo* serve to mark how much mischief an irresponsible assembly might do if it were not controlled by pressure from without.

If we turn to the purely political aspects of Conservatism, we shall find its contrast to the other root-idea—for which Liberalism is as good a name as any other—still more strongly marked. Consider for a moment the course adopted by the Tory party in reference to what, when the Borough Suffrage was under discussion, they were pleased to call 'the irrepressible working-man.' It were painful to inquire which of the two factions in Parliament displayed, at that crisis, most zeal for their country; the question at present is not one of purity of motive but of intellectual point of view. Now it is a fundamental article of the Tory creed—I use the word Tory for the sake of brevity only—that the classes into which society is at present divided must remain for ever undisturbed. At the top, the throne and the aristocracy; at the bottom, an ignorant mass of humanity born to be ruled over by the top, and useful mainly in contributing to the strength of that rule. Between these, a numerous middle-class, itself subdivided into three or more sections, the lower of them being regarded as dangerous on account of their growing power and independence. Indeed, as to these last, which comprise the majorities in the large boroughs, the Tory would not object to get rid of them altogether, nothing being more repugnant to his sense of constitutional propriety than the idea of a middle-class Government. "The proper leaders of the people," said Mr. Disraeli, speaking in 1848 on the subject of national representation, "are the gentlemen of England. If they are not the leaders of the people I do not see why there should be gentlemen. It is because the gentlemen of England have been negligent of their duties and unmindful of their station that the system of professional agitation, so ruinous to the best interests of the country, has arisen." Then turning to the county members, he continues, "My honourable friends around me call themselves the country party—why, that was the name once in England of a party who were the foremost to vindicate popular rights, who were the natural leaders of the people and the champions of everything national and popular, and you must blame yourselves alone if you have allowed the power that has been entrusted to you by the constitution to slip from your hands." These words, it may be assumed, were spoken in all candour, and I take no exception to them; they are only quoted here because they are a fair sample of the present train of Conservative thought. And the train is this: 'If you, the landed proprietors of England, titled as well as untitled, would recover the position you have been steadily losing during the last seventy years, you must do so by bestirring yourselves and exercising in earnest that prerogative of power which your ancestors enjoyed before you. It is for you to design measures for the benefit of the toiling millions, and so knock up the trade of the middle-class agitators. When you allowed that class to effect the abolition of the Slave Trade, and to carry the first Parliamentary Reform Bill, you were abdicating your proper functions. It should have been for you to accomplish these changes so far as they had any good in them. The people must be got to rally round large properties, and to acknowledge once more the traditionary influences of those above them. The Manchester School and its radical successors have done, and still are doing, their best to break up those influences and subdivide those estates. You were right in resisting the Anti-Corn Law League, although the struggle was vain, for the introduction of free imports has done much to render the people independent of you, and by multiplying the sources of production has annihilated a percentage of your territorial possessions. Be instructed, be educated by me. Rouse yourselves from your lethargy to the noble aims of which you are capable, and to carry out which you were destined. The benignant sway of an ancient monarchy, and the honoured leadership of an aristocratic order will always have their attractions for the vast majority of Englishmen. Put yourselves again in the fore-front of politics and you will soon outbid all competitors. Assert the existence of popular privileges and so take the bread out of the mouths of your opponents; but declaim with all the vigour you can muster against the revival of the doctrine of democratic rights. In a word, be active to legislate for the people, but, as you value your own pre-eminence, never suffer them to legislate for themselves.'

In thoughts like these, which, as might be expected from so able a man as Mr. Disraeli, are far above the average Tory level, there is to be found the nucleus of much that is now promised us in the Conservative bill of fare. They gave us once the Ten Hours' Act, and we are grateful for it; they have recently given us visions of sanitary improvement, and ushered in with pomp and ceremony the new 'policy of sewage.' We see the same thing again, in miniature, at those autumnal rural gatherings, where patronizing squires dispense blankets to their dependents as an antidote alike to rheumatism and disloyalty. We saw it on a larger scale in the fancy franchises advocated by the Conservatives in 1859, for the creation of a new representative class, dissociated from all forms of material industry, would have acted as a barrier against the advance of the democratic principle. We see it in the hesitation to sweep away from the agricultural districts the odious practice of paying the labourer partly in kind—a method that obscures the local standard of wages, and is fraught with all the minor evils of the Truck System. We see it, lastly, in the unwillingness to lower the county ranchise, because it is felt that under the ballot each successive increase of the political power of the labourer is a deadly blow at the supremacy of the landlord.

There is, of course, much self-seeking in the ranks of both the great political parties, and the only way to do them justice is to trace the tendencies or sentiments which run through a series of acts instead of generalizing hastily from particular measures. Now the sentiments of the Tory party on the points just adverted to, when compared with those of the Liberal party, will be found to involve a totally different conception of the relation of the employer to the employed, of the rich to the poor. While the Tory ideal of the treatment of the people alternates between sugar plums and stripes, with the right of distributing either at pleasure, the Liberal ideal foregoes both, and simply offers independence and the right hand of fellowship. The Tory view is always *paternal*, and tends to widen the distinction of classes rather than to efface it, the Liberal view is always *fraternal*, and tends towards equality. Liberalism does not conceive that the "gentlemen of England" are the natural leaders of the people, or that, if they have been in times past, history will so repeat itself as that they will ever occupy that proud position again. It acknowledges the growing force of numbers, and believes that on the main questions of the day the opinion of the whole body of the people is more likely to be just than that of a single section of it, whose judgment, however fortified by ancestral tradition, is liable to be warped by self-interest. It knows by experience that this was so during the late American civil war. It believes that what distinguishes man from man is not the accident of birth, but the use which each makes of his opportunities. It scorns to resort to palliatives which only conceal the seat of the disease, when by a sharp use of the knife the disease itself may be prevented. It would rather have the people starve than cease to be self-reliant. It holds the labourer to be worthy of his hire, and regards the Christmas beef and puddings, presented by the local magnate from a platform, as a degrading badge of serfdom. It sympathizes with all voluntary agencies for the suppression of pauperism and crime, whether in the shape of a Charity Organization Society or a National Temperance League. If it reviews with satisfaction its triumphs in the past, it is only as a stimulus to fresh effort. It hopes to mitigate the present unequal distribution of wealth by means of land-reform acts and industrial partnerships without resorting either to communism or confiscation. It has faith in the power of the co-operative movement, by which the workman becomes his own capitalist. It deprecates the interference of the State with the right of private contract, except in those few instances where without it the weak would be oppressed by the strong, holding that the balance of the labour market will be best adjusted by the law of supply and demand. If it is not prepared to extend the franchise to the agricultural labourer, it is because it conceives that he is not yet ripe for it, although he could hardly abuse it more than the borough householder, who is weak enough to spend the vote given him by the Conservatives at the dictation of the brewer or the publican.

Simple as this statement of principles is, it will be found to furnish a touchstone which may be readily applied to any of the 'burning questions' of the day. Test, for instance, the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, and it will be seen that though this measure has its plausible side, it has not a true Liberal ring. It savours too much of State-intervention, and true Liberals are at length agreed that Government should leave the people as free as possible to choose between good and evil. Ruinous as drunkenness and its consequences are, infinite mischief would be done if it were attempted to eradicate it by Act of Parliament. If alcohol were poison, the State would be justified, Mr. Herbert Spencer notwithstanding, in making its sale or manufacture penal. But no one who is not a total abstainer—and the bulk of men who live in our depressing climate are never likely to become that—desires to see alcohol treated in England like opium in China. This is, therefore, not a case in which the majority has any right, by the exercise of what is called local control, to coerce the minority. Enforced sobriety is not virtue, neither is moral growth possible when all temptation is removed. It is not wise to veneer the surface of society at the expense of the well-being of the individuals composing it. The *régime* of the Permissive Bill would be a source of perpetual irritation, and an occasional open brawl is better than chronic discontent, though it never find vent in words. That the Nonconformists should side with the supporters of Sir Wilfred Lawson involves a contradiction in terms, for they have ever hitherto laboured in the cause of liberty, and to them we are indebted for many a practical illustration of the maxim that each man should become a law unto himself. It is one thing to visit open drunkenness with severity and another to endeavour to make men sober after our own particular fashion. Public drunkenness is an offence against society, and society may punish it as it thinks fit, even when not followed by crime, for no one has a right to parade an evil example which may lead others astray. So it has a right to put down street-walkers or any other form of social pést. But it ought not to try to prevent a man besotting himself in private, because it is better that some men should be degraded than that no one should be free. Nor does the argument in favour of the Permissive Bill derive any force from that in favour of compulsory education. It is not intended to force the adult to attend school, or to require that he should periodically submit himself to a competitive examination; what is intended is, to instruct the child who either has no parent or guardian, or whose parent or guardian has neglected his plain duty. The same reasoning applies to the Factory Acts, which, so far from being an unwarrantable interference with industry, are in need of extension to the rural districts, in order to secure to the children of the peasantry the scope for mental and bodily development which is only their due.

The line of political cleavage faintly indicated above is not coincident with the boundary which separates the social reformer from the contented worshipper of custom, but for all that, the old party names may be applied with nearly equal propriety in the one case and the other. There exists in society, as in politics and religion, a host of persons who are satisfied to rest under the shadow of the traditionary tree from which another host is impelled to fly by what has been well termed the awakening of the modern spirit within them. These last sit loosely to accredited social rules with the same freedom that the broad churchman sits loosely to dogmatic theology, or the liberal politician to constitutional forms. They hold that the proper end of courtesy is to encourage mutual respect, and they would rather express open dissent from those with whom they come in contact, than follow the spurious rule of etiquette which prescribes a vapid and meaningless acquiescence. Whilst differing from others, they allow others to differ from them, recognizing the truth that agreement is no more essential to the pleasant interchange of ideas than unison in music is to harmony. In their presence platitudes lose their foot-hold, and Philistinism is cast out by 'geist.' The restraint of over-conventionalism being removed, the air becomes keener and more bracing. It is better to be dubbed a Bohemian than to sacrifice individuality to the suave monotone so necessary to the orthodox theory of good manners. It is better to be able to say what one thinks than to be always thinking what one will be suffered to say. If life is not earnest, it is nothing, and it cannot be earnest when one half of the company is conspiring with the other half to put on a mask. It is cruel to reduce everybody to the condition of the caged turtle-dove because somebody's prejudices have to be tenderly cared for. Absolute silence would be infinitely preferable to this eternal cooing, but unfortunately that is a luxury reserved for true friendship, and acquaintances can seldom indulge in it without awkwardness. The absurdity of the situation is only equalled by its pathos when the bored and languid guests are reduced to yawning in each other's faces, as if they had assembled merely to illustrate the saying that life would be tolerable but for its amusements.

If this reckless expenditure of time and material is to cease, it must be through the influence of women. When both sexes meet for social purposes, it is the women, and not the men, who give the cue to the assembly. The men, if they are worth anything, come to it fatigued and with the dust of the day's toil upon them; the women ought to come to it fresh and instinct with life, not, as they often do, like wax figures moulded for the display of exquisite drapery, or with the air of persons conscientiously paying the tax-gatherer. It will be long before we shall reproduce in England the *salons* of Madame de Stael or Madame Recamier, for in them conversation was raised to the dignity of a fine art; but the ideal is not so unapproachable now as formerly. The reform began when English gentlemen ceased to drink port wine so deeply as to be unfit to enter the drawing-room after dinner. It has been continued since by the increasing conviction that female responsibilities are not to be for ever bounded by the domestic hearth. The extreme note of it is sounded on the house-tops in the clamour for woman's rights, and the demand for woman-suffrage. But in itself it is neither visionary nor impracticable, and it has already borne much fruit, apart from Dorcas societies and secluded sisterhoods. The voluntary activities of lay women in public hospitals and reformatories have been of countless service to the community, and probably exceed all that was ever effected by the older machinery of the cloister. Nor have they left the field of art untouched. Who ever heard of a good female English painter half a century ago? Yet at this moment it would be easy to name at least a dozen, whilst in the realm of fiction one woman towers supreme above the best of her male rivals. More than this, Englishwomen have at length learnt how to organize and combine; and although apt to put too high a value on the prize they seek to win, the very striving for it gives them nobler aims in life, and inculcates self-respect by creating a sense of power. If the graces of tender natures grow with their intellectual growth and strengthen with their spiritual strength, it is an error to believe that a woman ceases to be feminine when she is struggling to throw off the fetters which, if she followed precedent, she ought to embrace. Possibly a few of the leading spirits, coarsened by the combat in which they are engaged, may seem for the nonce almost unsexed; but it would be wrong to infer the health of the main army from the apparent condition of its pioneers. What the social Liberals have to do is to lend a helping hand to the cause, not so much by labouring in the direction of the political enfranchisement of women, as by seeking to multiply their modes of employment. The increased demand for certificated teachers which has been created by the recent requirements of the Education Department furnishes one new outlet, the system of Government post-office telegraphs has provided another. These and similar posts are for the majority of 'the redundant six per cent.'* who cannot afford a costly education; for those who can, medicine, or any other profession which will enable them to become bread-winners.

Nowhere is the divergence of the two schools of thought more conspicuous than in the opposite opinions that are held on this same subject of female doctors. Judging from the shudder with which it is greeted by some people, one would suppose it involved either extraordinary arrogance or exceptional debasement. This wholesale condemnation—from whatever quarter it comes—is the offspring either of prejudice or stupidity. There is no more reason against women being trained to become the medical advisers of women than there is in their being trained to become nurses. There are obviously hundreds of cases in which the fitness of women for medical work is infinitely greater than that of men. Many a woman would die rather than go through the ordeal of a searching diagnosis at the hands of a male physician. But the benefit to be conferred by female doctors has a far more extensive range than this. We want a class of women who on sanitary and other questions of the highest possible moment can freely speak to their own sex. Most women are profoundly ignorant of the simplest laws of their being, which it concerns their happiness and that of the race, that they should know. They cannot learn these truths from the recognized sources of authority, nor is it desirable that they should. They must, therefore, create their own hierophants, and supply the novices from their own order. It is consoling to think that this work has already begun, but the promoters of it must expect to meet with opposition and ridicule, and not a little abuse. Certainly they will get no aid from those who stand on the ancient ways, and who think that women should be content with such interests—chiefly of the needle-and-thread order—as have been hitherto found for them. Until the movement has justified itself, as it unquestionably will before long, the social Conservative will continue to see in it a shaking of the foundations of society and flat rebellion against the decrees of Providence.

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* After twenty years of age about 106 women are to be found in Great Britain for every 100 men.

In the summer of last year there was a huge gathering at Sydenham at which a fresh battery was opened on the principles of Liberalism, and an attempt made to fasten on them an unpopular name. The Conservatives, it was then for the first time said, are the National, the Liberals the Cosmopolitan party. Considering that the Conservatives only manage to exist, to adopt the admission of one of the ablest of their number, by stealing and appropriating liberal measures, one would have thought that, before adopting the new cry, they would have applied to themselves the moral lesson suggested by the glass-house in which it was uttered. Not that the Liberals have any reason to complain of this definition of their creed, if they are allowed to put their own interpretation on it. As Mr. Lowe told the North Wilts farmers, "Cosmopolitan means that which is good all the world over; National, that which a particular class of people, it may be very ignorant, very circumscribed in their minds, very prejudiced, very insular, may think good." But, in truth, the Conservatives have failed to make out their title to this epithet which they court so much. For in what does the life of a nation consist? In its movement or in its standing still? In the tenacity with which it clings to what is, or in the ideas which vibrate through its nerve-centres, and lead it to aspire after what ought to be? Where was the National party in the later days of the House of Tudor? In the Gardiners and Bonners, who would have undone the work of the Reformation and enforced a return to the worn-out faith; or in the Hoopers, the Ridleys, and the Latimers, who caught up the torch of truth passed on to them by German hands? Where was it in the days of the second Stuart? In the advocates of the divine right of kings, or in the sturdy Puritans who proclaimed the cause of common sense and the people's will? Where was it in the crisis of 1832, when the obstinacy of the king and the aristocracy brought us to the verge of a civil war? A nation, unlike a material object, is never in a state of stable equilibrium; it is always marching forward from point to point, and its path never re-enters upon itself. Its line of progress marks its character, and to understand its future its past must be studied as a whole. It is idle to take the machine to pieces, and holding up to the gaze of an excited multitude one or more of its parts to exclaim, "Behold the pivots of the constitution." In their calmer moments those addressed thus will admit that if these same pivots had remained immovable England would not be wearing, as she does to-day, the aspect of a peaceful and fairly contented people. As she has much to learn from other nations, she must not set her face against cosmopolitanism, however contemptuously sneered at when there is a political end to be served. It is inevitable but that as the gulf that separates Englishmen from the rest of Europe becomes more and more bridged over, their tone and temper should be gradually transformed. Already a complete revolution of thought has silently taken place in reference to the Protestant observance of the Sunday. Englishmen have discovered that they do not spend the six working days of the week more virtuously or more profitably by making themselves miserable on the seventh. Sensible parents no longer exact from their young children weary attendances at religious services, unintelligible to *them*, nor degrade into a penitential exercise what ought to be a holy joy. Most of us have taught ourselves to think it better for the labouring man to spend his day of leisure in the music-garden or the picture-gallery than to be left to soak in beer in his own cheerless home or sleep away the sunny hours under the nearest hedge. Travel and experience of foreign countries—those mighty solvents of old-fashioned types—have even popularised new modes of house-decoration, and thrown a halo of grace and refinement over the eating and drinking of life by admitting flowers and fruits to our once dish-loaded dinner tables. Above all, they have created a thirst for culture which is not to be slaked in the tasting of superficial accomplishments, but only in the assimilation of what has been thought and said and written by the best and noblest of all lands. If this be Cosmopolitanism and a characteristic of the Liberal party, they may well be proud of it, and leave without a sigh to those who differ from them the doubtful boons of nationalism and insularity.

Liberalism and Conservatism taken in their fullest sense are not thus to be disposed of in a *mot* or enshrined in a single formula. We must content ourselves with noting the existence of the two principles without attempting to define them too closely, and leave them to work out the future of the race together. On the one hand, in the words of Emerson, there will be "those in whom the love of repose predominates, and who accept the first creed, the first political party they meet, most likely their father's, thereby acquiring rest, commodity, and reputation;" on the other hand, "those who recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, their being is swung, and submit to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion." The question is not to which of these parties do we choose to belong, for, the nature of the two conceptions once realized, there is small choice in the matter. It is possible to pass through Conservatism up to Liberalism, but we cannot make the return journey without being untrue to ourselves. Old age may stiffen, self-interest may turn aside, but the law of progressive growth is unchangeable. For the moment there may be a lull on the surface of politics, and the quidnuncs of the clubs may scent Conservative reaction in the air, but it were folly to judge of the course of the main stream by the motion of the eddy caused by stones hurled from the bank. The present Administration has been a mark for such stones, and has been sorely wounded by them, but they fall harmless on the vessel of Reform, which has weathered the storms of opposition during the last five years. The leaders of the hour may pass away, but the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the abolition of University tests, and the great Education measure will survive as monuments to their memory. There will survive also the broad principle of Liberalism, which is independent of party government or the transfer of political power. Liberalism will still continue to refuse to bow down before the idol of human tradition, whether embodying a privilege, a custom, or a rite. It will be slow to destroy without a cause, but when it finds an abuse overshadowing the land, it will not hesitate to cut it down, no matter how ancient, honoured, or picturesque. And it will not cease to purge the film of prejudice from the eyes of its disciples, whilst strengthening their hearts with the solemn watchword, 'Be just, and fear not.'

MONTAGUE COOKSON.

CONFESSION AND THE BISHOPS.

CONFESSION in the Church of England, after a comparatively peaceful career of usefulness in bringing souls to God through the consciousness of the reality of sin and of the need of pardon, has lately again entered into a troubled phase of theological controversy. Its wide and extended practice in every part of the country, through a series of many years of revived use amongst both the clergy and laity, has been followed by a temporary check. The doctrine itself of Confession, so far as regards its acceptance by the Church of England, has been publicly, and even authoritatively questioned. The check, however, is not only temporary. It is also, indirectly, missionary in its effects. By a law of Nemesis which inevitably follows a public denial of the truth, the check has already led to an extended practice privately; and, it may safely be predicted, will lead to a still wider use of this means of grace. In the meantime it may be convenient to examine the question afresh, and to estimate exactly what the world may have to say against either the doctrine or practice of a Sacrament of the Church.

The controversy on this occasion has taken a form which is the best possible form it could have taken in regard to the interest both of truth and virtue: certainly the safest in relation to those who voluntarily originate the strife; perhaps the least offensive to those who are unwillingly drawn into it. It has taken the form of an abstract theological proposition. In former years the controversy on Confession, unhappily for all concerned, took a concrete form. It became, in the course of its miserable discussion, an essentially personal question. Whether it was the case of Mr. Prynne at Plymouth, or of Mr. Beckett at Leeds, or of Mr. Poole of S. Barnabas, or of Mr. West of All Saints, Boyne Hill, individual priests stood at the centre of the dispute or were made the point of the controversy. Neither was the personal element the only disagreeable feature of earlier discord. There was also the element of impurity. Credulous or designing men, and even women, men without wit enough to elaborate a consistent and self-contained charge, or men without sufficiently deep religious feeling to allow them to keep clear of the questionable in such cases, did their best, or their worst, to ruin their victims and to compromise the faith. It is hardly too much to say that England was raised from Land's End to John o' Groat's either by deliberate falsehood or by wanton exaggeration, which the words "questions in the Confessional" will recall with distinctness to those who remember or can refer to the records of twenty years ago. But on the present occasion the element of impurity, not less than that of personality, has been mercifully eliminated from the controversy now raging upon Confession.

It is true that an effort has not been wanting to introduce into the controversy one of these two elements. A cry, similar to the one last named, vaguely and generally worded, apart indeed from any given priest, but yet applicable to all who minister confession to sin-sick souls, has been tentatively raised. An aged nobleman, whose philanthropic work as a younger man will always cover his name with well-deserved honour, allowed himself to pander to the vilest instincts of morbid controversy, and to impute obscenity in others without a shadow of evidence. But the attempt, thank God, to blacken the character of those who are doing His work in a way other than the slanderer thinks best, was impotent Within the walls of Exeter Hall, indeed, the noble lord, a mournful spectacle of power misapplied and now decayed, was cheered to the echo by like-minded members of his own religious world. But without such narrow bounds, and in society at large, the tone of a press by no means scrupulous of an opponent's character, nor overcareful of its own morality, on this subject was eminently satisfactory. By the more respectable portion of daily journalism and of the weekly reviews, the impure imaginings of Lord Shaftesbury met with a prompt and severe rebuke. From the date of that ignominious failure to make capital out of the latent impurity of poor fallen human nature, the controversy on Confession has taken a more generous and a purer, and I will add a loftier and more honest tone. We are now again enabled to touch upon the delicate and difficult subject of confession of sin without having to overcome by the force of personal integrity, or of character freed from aspersion, the preliminary prejudice that we, the clergy of the Church of England, are victims of impure minds, or even subjects of impure actions. And it may be mentioned as a noteworthy fact in regard to the widespread use of Confession, not only that there is absolutely nothing which approaches to a "Confessional case" before either the Church or the world, at the present moment; but also, that there has not been such a case, so far as I am aware, during the last fifteen years of the revived use of the Sacrament. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that during such a period confessions have been freely heard, not only by the "discreet and learned" in years or wisdom, but also by "young men," by "young men without experience," though not by "young men without any authority from the Church," as the bishops are reported to have said in Convocation. The thousands of confessions received weekly throughout the country by priests of all ages and of every degree of experience or the reverse, without the faintest breath of public scandal, is a fact which impartial observers should not be allowed to overlook, and which we must take care is not forgotten.

To a large extent this absence of the two elements of personality and impurity in the discussion of Sacramental Confession, is due to the proximate cause of the present controversy. We owe to the "Petition of the 483," celebrated or notorious as it may be estimated, the impersonal character of the present crisis in the Church, as well as the moral cleanness of its treatment by the world. And from this point of view the petition may at least claim a medium position between two opposite estimates which have been made of the document. It may not, indeed, rightly claim the unlimited praise bestowed upon it by the too-indulgent Archdeacon of Taunton, that it is the wisest theological document which has appeared since the Reformation—the wisest because the honestest and truest. Neither need it be bound to accept the unjust and somewhat flippant description given of it in the House of Lords, by the Chancellor of Oxford, that by reason of the comparative paucity of names which it attracted, apart from the value of its demands and the position of its signatories, the document represents 2½ *per cent.* of folly in the Establishment. Judged by its fruit above named, judged by its effecting the object which its promoters had in view, with a success beyond their sanguine expectations, the Petition of the 483 may fairly take a middle position. Its divine folly has originated renewed attention to a Sacrament which is once again asserting its influence for good over the "moral independence and virility" of the nation, by making England more dependent on God's help, and not less manly in the true courage of daring in this life to face past sin. Its human wisdom has become apparent in the direction which it has enforced upon the controversy, as an abstract theological problem rather than as a personal or moral question. The honesty of the Petition even Lord Salisbury does not impugn. It is perhaps almost too transparently candid.

It is not easy to take a fresh line in regard to Confession. Each fresh attack, however, demands a fresh defence, specially in cases in which new elements of discord are invented, or in which a new class of disputants attach themselves to the controversy. The question which more or less incidentally entered into the exhaustive demands of the 483 petitioners has been discussed in many works of varied merit or importance during the onward march of the Catholic Revival in the last forty years. Most of these books and pamphlets selected for examination a different side of the Sacrament of Confession. It would not be devoid of interest, did space permit, from a literary point of view to consider in detail what may be the various aspects which they treat. But it must suffice to say, from the nature of the case, that none of the works already published, either have or could have treated the subject from the standpoint of the present article.* The ancient and modern precedents, the Catholic, Anglican, and even Protestant authorities, the scriptural and dogmatic proofs, the social and practical claims, the argument from theology, necessity, and expediency, and the *argumentum ad hominem*—all have been urged with more or less success, and some have been well-nigh exhausted. Yet is there at least one other view which may be taken, a view which has been only glanced at partially by any previous writer. That view is the opinion of her rulers at the present day on the question of Confession in the Church of England. And it is to this view that the following pages are devoted.

There are two, and may be more, objections against making the attempt to take this view of Confession.

At first sight it would seem to be difficult to obtain the opinion of living authorities, on a question upon which authority, in the person of bishops, is so discreetly cautious, not to say cautiously reserved. Yet, if such reserve and caution could be overcome by efforts however great, if a judgment might be pronounced with calmness under a sense of responsibility, the value of such a result, be the opinion for or against the Sacrament, would be proportionate to the efforts made to obtain it. Whether or not with the dispassionate consideration which befits the question, the judgment of the living episcopate of the southern province, almost to a bishop, has been pronounced. It has been pronounced in a variety of ways and with different degrees of authority. The opinion of fifteen bishops was fully and freely given in the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury in May last; and a judgment was pronounced in their corporate capacity. Since that date there have been published a series of manifestoes from individual members of the bench, which have taken form in charges, addresses, sermons, letters, answers to deputations, and speeches at public meetings. These results can all be traced to the presentation of the Petition of the 483; and I venture to claim for such results importance in proportion to the difficulties which attended the preparation, and to the dangers which followed the publication, of this petition. Thus the first objection has been overcome: and none who have studied the synodical debate in Convocation, or the subsequent personal utterances of individual bishops, can doubt of the exceeding importance of such expressed opinions of the living rulers of the Church.

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* Contemporaneously with this paper will be published an Essay on "Sacramental Confession" (King & Co.), by the Rev. A. H. Ward, of S. Raphael's, Bristol, which to an extent covers the same ground as the present article, and far more completely when it comes in contact with it.

But there is a second objection to be met and answered. At the outset it was proposed to weigh the verdict of the world upon this Sacrament of the Church. Now it is proposed to estimate the world's verdict by the pronouncements of the bishops. There is no valid objection, there is no real contradiction here. The opinions of the bishops, published first in a condensed report in the daily papers, then at length in the columns of the "Guardian" newspaper, and lastly in an authorised form in the "Chronicle of Convocation," may be fairly taken to represent at once the friendly and hostile opinion of both the Church and the world at the present day. Is this a hard sentence to pass upon the bishops' words, that they probably reflect the sentiments of the world, not only in its active opposition to the practice, but also in its languid assent to the principle of Confession; as they certainly declare the opinion of many, it may be of the majority of living members of the Church? It may be thus described, but not, I think, justly, and that for two reasons. If one will call to mind the mode of nomination and election to the chief offices of the Establishment by State authority—the class of clergy from which, as a rule, the episcopate is recruited; the atmosphere, either self-chosen or enforced, which unfortunately surrounds our bishops from the date of their elevation; the position which they necessarily fill in the political and social world, and the influence which society at large cannot but, and unhappily does, exercise upon the right reverend bench—he will be forced to own that a colourable argument has been advanced for the theory above stated. But further, if the reader will be at the pains to compare the spoken utterances or written words of living bishops with the printed observations of anonymous journalists, and will note the decided and marked agreement which they mutually present, the colourable argument will rise in probability to the level of demonstrable proof. Whether the papers and reviews were inspired by the episcopate, or whether the bishops condescended to examine the index hand of popular opinion, it is not for the present writer to decide. He would rather adopt a third explanation, namely, that the speeches of the bishops and the articles of the newspaper writers come from a common source. They both represent, in a greater or less religious form respectively, the current ideas on Confession of English society in the latter half of the nineteenth century. And to be enabled to estimate the opinion of the world in regard to this Sacrament, after it has filtered through the mind of those whose profession is that of saving souls, and hence, after it has lost some of its poisonous ingredients in the process, is a clear gain to a common faith which ought not to be ignored.

These obstacles being removed, and having not only secured the judgment of the episcopate directly, but also indirectly the verdict of society, it may be allowed that the episcopal utterances in question are of the chiefest importance to the cause at the present juncture. They are important negatively, because they enshrine in a religious form the objections of religious men to the revived practice of Confession. And if the bishops' objections may be satisfactorily answered, it is reasonable to suppose that the objections of the religious world, if not of society at large, will be lessened and perhaps removed. But they are still more important, positively, because they contain an amount of support for the doctrine of Confession as it bears upon the practical part of religious life, from the heads of the Church, of which I am convinced that few who have not studied the debate in Convocation, amongst other episcopal utterances, possess even a faint idea. And if the bishops' advocacy of Confession may be widely circulated, it is reasonable, again, to suppose that the faithful in the Church, if not society generally, will not fail to respond to the implied invitation of their fathers in the faith, to make use of the means of grace in question. With the objections of bishops to certain phases or developments of Confession, as practised or supposed to be practised in the Church of to-day, we have nothing to say in this place. But on the direct advocacy of the bench as a whole of the Sacrament of Penance, with whatever limitations and conditions, something must here be said. Many may have entertained an idea, in a vague sort of way, that any given bishop supports the theory of Confession with his general approval. But none could believe the calm, decided, and positive support which many individual bishops, in a manner to command our admiration, have advocated its practice, if they had not made the synodal debate an object of careful examination.

Of course, and as the sequel will show, I here speak broadly without qualification. I do not conceal from myself, and shall not conceal from the reader, the exceptions which the bishops have thought it right to take upon certain details of Confession; upon the manner and mode, or the frequency of its use; upon the qualifications of those who administer, or the requirements of those who use the Sacrament: upon its relation to other questions with which it is not irrevocably connected, and upon the language which some employ who preach or write of Confession. Such exceptions have been made. They have no doubt deeply, most deeply, offended the religious instincts of all who believe that the real advantages of Confession outweigh the adventitious disadvantages which may attach to the system. And the offence has been intensified by the language employed in debate, language which probably the right reverend prelates now deplore equally with those who always regretted it. Whether or not, on the other side, the decided advocacy which the exceptions tended to regulate will be equally palatable to those who abhor Confession, however limited, it is beyond the scope of the present paper to inquire. But I am prepared to show, and will show hereafter, that, on the whole, the tone of the bishops is distinctly and positively in favour of Confession: and though they allowed themselves to think and speak hardly of some elements in the question, yet that their judgment in the main is at one with those who advocate its theory and have revived its use.

It is important that such episcopal judgment should be as widely known and plainly stated as possible. It is important both for us and for them. It is important for us, indeed, it is essential to crown our efforts with entire success, that we should be able to affirm upon evidence that the majority of our bishops are in harmony with ourselves, at least in principle. The imputation of disloyalty to the Church, so galling to many minds, and in most cases as unjust as galling, will thus either altogether be checked, or be shared with the priesthood by the episcopate. And it would be specially valuable in any sermon—or in simultaneous sermons—on the subject, which might be preached in a given diocese where the clergy are denounced as unfaithful to the Church of England in their use of the Sacrament, to be able to quote the testimony of the diocesan, not, indeed, as an unqualified partizan of the ancient discipline of the Church, but under conditions as an actual advocate of its principle. It is important also to the bishops themselves. For it would be equally ungenerous and ungrateful for us to refuse to share with them the credit, when in the face of public opinion they have magnanimously elected to share with us the blame of the restoration in our midst, under whatever conditions or restrictions, of the practice of the confession of sin to a priest.

Of all the pronouncements of the bishops, their speeches in Convocation are at once the most unhesitating and the most weighty. To these speeches I purpose to devote particular attention in the first place, and almost exclusively: and for this reason, because they represent the formal expression of the bishops' opinion delivered in sacred synod assembled upon formal petition by their clergy. I am not unconscious that it may be urged, by each side respectively, either as an extenuation of much that was said against Confession, or by way of qualification for much that was said in its favour, that the bishops were taken by surprise, and spoke, as one declared, "on the spur of the moment," and gave vent to words which they would gladly forget and we ought willingly to forgive. Such excuses seem to me to be utterly unworthy both of the scene and of the actors. The occasion, if it be possible that a meeting of the episcopal bench can ever deserve the epithet, was solemn. The petition was the grave, serious, and deliberate judgment of those who signed it. It formulated the opinions and indicated the practice of men who were certainly in earnest, and who both said what they meant and meant what they said. Those whom they approached with "humble petition" were not only their fathers in God, and bishops of the Church, but were representative men selected by the dominant political party in the State to rule the Establishment. Moreover, the bishops themselves acknowledged the gravity and weight of the occasion and subject. They dignified the petition by holding a debate upon its requisitions. No single prelate remained silent. Out of a very large number of questions which the inferior clergy brought before their ecclesiastical superiors, chiefly relating to the ceremonial of the Church, the bishops deliberately, and for reasons yet concealed within the episcopal breast, selected a religious custom, involving sacramental dogma, on which to proclaim to the world their corporate and individual judgment. And they finally resolved themselves into a committee of the whole House in order further to consider this matter.

Under similar circumstances imagine representative men in lines of life other than theological being asked their opinion upon technical questions within their own special sphere of thought. Suppose a politician in his seat in Parliament, a leader of the Liberals, were required to answer a formal question upon the Corn Laws, or a Conservative a question on Manhood Suffrage. Suppose a mathematician were asked to explain a simple proposition of Euclid, or a classic to decide on a doubtful quantity. Suppose a general were requested to state his opinion on a matter of elementary tactics; or an admiral, on a matter of elementary seamanship; or an eminent jurist, on a matter of elementary law; or an eminent chemist, on a matter of elementary science. In any of these cases can we conceive that such representative men would fail to return a plain, straightforward, honest expression of their opinion; an opinion which they would shrink from having proclaimed at Charing Cross; an opinion which their friends would either seek to explain away, or their enemies care to exaggerate? And let the reader remember this—that the bishops are, or ought to be, representative men: that the requisition placed before them was based upon a fundamental principle of religion: that the question asked was an elementary question of the common faith: that any one of the 483 (saving only those eleven who signed without reading the petition) would not have failed to express an opinion, of whatever worth, for which similar excuses would neither have been needed nor have been offered. Are we or are we not justified, then, in taking the expressed opinion of the bishops on an elementary practice of the Christian religion, as the deliberate and formal judgment of the Church's representative men, and in dealing with such opinion impartially? I hold that we are justified. We should be disloyal to our Church in acting otherwise.

Another excuse made for the attitude taken by the bishops in this crisis I hardly like to mention, from the seeming want of respect both to office and person which is involved in entertaining such an idea as possible. Men say that a difference exists between the public utterances and the private views of our fathers in God: and they say so, or some say so, in a spirit partly of justification, and partly of gratulation, not at all with a sense of profound humiliation that the idea were conceivable. I have no means to test the truth of such a charge. There are, however, two facts which point towards its truth. One consists in the private estimate which is held by some of his clergy of any given bishop as a bishop, being notoriously at issue with the public valuation of the same ecclesiastic. Of course such a circumstance possesses its favourable interpretation. Of course, too, it may be explained in a manner adverse to the single-mindedness of the episcopate. The other reason which gives force to the judgment of the world—a judgment, I repeat, in which I will not allow myself to concur—is the line which individual bishops privately adopt towards the practice of Confession, both as priests and as diocesans. I purposely abstain from mentioning names. But I am able to do so. And when we find bishops who speak or write publicly in the most severe terms against Confession, in reply to Protestant agitators or otherwise, themselves hearing confessions; themselves examining and licensing, or licensing without examination, confessors in their dioceses both for special and ordinary action; themselves asserting of a certain manual which had been "presented" to them, that if it did not advocate compulsory confession, nothing could be said against it; themselves, in a semi-public manner declaring to the priests of a mission, that they must gauge their success by the number of confessions they receive—then, I say, not that the charge is true, but that there exists unhappily a certain foundation for the charge that the private and public words and actions of the bishops are not always in absolute uniformity.

One more preliminary point deserves notice. Evidence will be adduced to prove that the written or spoken objections of the episcopate to Confession are objections in detail and not in principle. This involves a distinction with a real difference. Hence when we claim, as we do claim, the authority of the bishops for the use of a Sacrament of the Church, we are keeping strictly within legitimate bounds, and are not taking an unworthy advantage of the utterances of the episcopal bench in our favour. This position will be apparent to the reader if he considers first principles in Church reform, or if he takes a parallel case to Confession in the present religious revival amongst us. In the revivification of a Church from the deadness of the Georgian era, or from the incompleteness of the Protestant movement which succeeded to the torpor of indifferentism, it is only in the nature of things that of minds equally honest to the action of reform, some should be willing to accept the principle together with the practice, and some should be content to accept the principle apart from the practice. The latter position alone concerns our argument. A clergyman might fairly assent to the principle of revived ceremonial, that Divine Service should be conducted with decency and order, who never wore any less uncommon vestment than the old-fashioned English surplice. Again, it would be manifestly unjust to complain of a priest who only did not use incense, that he failed to adopt the ritual practice of the Catholic Revival. There always must be left a margin between a principle which cannot be denied, and a practice which may be employed; even between one development or detail and another. And it would be unjust to the episcopate to affirm that they failed to acknowledge a Sacrament of the Church, because they felt it their duty to take exception to certain adjuncts not necessarily attached to it, and to certain results which do not always flow from it.

On the 9th of May was presented to the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, by the hands of his Grace the President, "the Humble Petition" of 483 priests of the English Church.* There were present the Archbishop (Tait) of Canterbury, the Bishops (Jackson) of London, (Wilberforce) of Winchester, (Ellicott) of Gloucester and Bristol, (Ollivant) of Llandaff, (Moberly) of Salisbury, (Harold Browne) of Ely, (Durnford) of Chichester, (Claughton) of Rochester, (Selwyn) of Lichfield, (Atlay) of Hereford, (Campbell) of Bangor, (Mackarness) of Oxford, (Hughes) of S. Asaph, and (Magee) of Peterborough—fifteen prelates in all. The Petition, which was eventually printed together with its signatories in the columns of the "Guardian," consisted in type of four closely printed octavo pages; and was chiefly concerned, first, with deprecating any changes in our venerable Book of Common Prayer; and, secondly, with urging the not unreasonable plea, if further changes should be made, that alterations may be considered from a Catholic stand-point as a counterpoise to those of a Protestant character. The penultimate clause, a short paragraph of five lines, contained the harmless germ which has developed the Confession controversy of the present day. It stands thus in the copy before me, and I draw attention to its literal and grammatical signification, for to this, and to this only, are they pledged who signed the document:—

> "That, in view of the wide-spread and increasing use of Sacramental Confession, your Right Reverend House may consider the advisability of providing for the education, selection, and licensing of duly qualified Confessors, in accordance with the provisions of Canon Law."

The meaning which those who promoted the Petition intended to convey by the terms employed, appears from the letter of the secretary of the Committee entrusted with its preparation. It is well to place this meaning on record before we proceed further, because the clause in question has been, as the secretary says, "completely misapprehended." After quoting the words of the Petition, he goes on to say: "We had no idea, as has been supposed, of desiring to limit the freedom which the Church of England has for three centuries, at least, accorded to her priests and people in the matter of hearing confessions, and choosing to whom they should open their griefs. The words I have italicised ('*in accordance with the provisions of Canon Law*') clearly show that any idea proposing that only a certain number of priests licensed *ad hoc* should be permitted to hear confessions, was completely absent from our minds. Such a proposition would not only not be in accordance with, but would be utterly opposed to the provisions of Canon Law. In fact, there can be no doubt that Convocation would be powerless to take away the ordinary jurisdiction of beneficed priests, which, resting on the general Canon Law, could only be modified by an Œcumenical Council; nor, so long as the licence of assistant curates remains such as it is, could the bishops or Convocation restrain them in the free exercise of their delegated jurisdiction. And in the case of other priests who exercise jurisdiction *ex consuetudine*, arising from the general practice of Western Christendom, it is more than doubtful whether even a provincial synod could change this. What we did desire was, first, that all priests should be carefully educated in moral and ascetical theology, and such studies as are needful for a due and prudent exercise of the priestly office in the Confessional; and, with regard to licence, that priests specially qualified for this work should, if not beneficed or otherwise licensed, receive special licences enabling them to act freely throughout a diocese, and in the case of certain eminently qualified priests, whether beneficed, &c., or not, that they should have licence to hear confessions throughout the province. We desired that such licences might be given in order to avoid all scruple or doubtfulness as to the jurisdiction of such priests. This was distinctly what was meant by the words 'in accordance with the provisions of Canon Law.' But we as distinctly disclaim any idea of restricting, either directly or indirectly, that most wise and salutary liberty by which 'the Church of England leaves her children free to whom to open their griefs.' We desire practically to increase that liberty."

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* The action of the deserters from this number has been sufficiently criticised in the public prints. Of course desertion always prejudices the cause which is forsaken. But in the present case, these unlucky clergymen who advertised themselves to the contempt not of their brethren, but of the world, have been more their own enemies than ours. It may be observed, however, after a careful search through the "Guardian" newspaper, that I can find not more than eleven priests who have publicly withdrawn their names from the Petition. Their names can be produced if necessary. Meanwhile as many clergymen were prepared to sign the Petition had they had the opportunity, these few priests may safely be consigned to the oblivion to which their conduct entitles them, without prejudice to the cause which their vacillation, incompetence, or moral cowardice tended to injure.

Such being the intention of the Petition as a whole, and such being the object which the petitioners had in view in regard to a single clause, it is remarkable that when the Petition was presented to the Upper House of Convocation, the bishops should have both overlooked the general intention and also ignored the special object. In the place of discussing the Petition as a declaration of principle, their lordships deliberately singled out the final clause but one on "Sacramental Confession" for discussion, devoted a long debate almost exclusively to that subject, and concluded, as it has been before stated, by appointing a committee of the whole House for its further consideration. In no petition, however brief, are all the points which are demanded of equal weight or moment. In all petitions of similar length to the one under review, there must be weak points amongst those that are strong. None know better than those who, after long and anxious thought, drafted and amended the document in question, that all its positions were not unassailable. Indeed, they could have themselves indicated the weak points on which they would least care to be attacked. But it did not for a moment enter the mind of the most sanguine to imagine that the bishops would avoid the less defensible points in order voluntarily to lay siege to an impregnable position, and to attack a clause with the certainty of repulse. Yet, for reasons hitherto studiously concealed, though not difficult to be conceived, the episcopal bench overpassed all the ceremonial requisitions of the 483 petitioners, and fastened apparently with eagerness, and certainly with perseverance, upon the dogmatic clause which referred to the use of Confession.

The result of this unadvised selection, and consequently most inopportune discussion, has been as calamitous to the enemies as it has been helpful to the friends of the faith. So far as the bishops either positively deprecated, or negatively failed to advocate, the restored use of a Sacrament of the Church, so far have they secured for the petitioners the sympathy and support of the whole of the great High Church party. To how wide an extent this support has been afforded, and by how many men of position and influence this sympathy has been felt, events which will probably take place shortly will prove. In influence, if not in numbers, the present expression of opinion on behalf of the inculpated doctrine of the Church will certainly bear comparison with the celebrated Declaration of five thousand clergy in regard to the Church's threatened ceremonial. Many and many who at first took exception to the ritual requirements of the 483, now practically cast in their lot with them, when they stand in the position either of confessors for the faith under the contumely of the world, or as defenders of the faith at the bar of the bishops. And perhaps nothing of late years has done so much to consolidate the High Church party on the question of Confession, as the attack which has been made on certain aspects of the Sacrament from the episcopal bench, or on the Sacrament itself by popular journalism. In spite of much apparent dissatisfaction and even criticism on the part of friends at the date of the presentation of the Petition, the course of events has proved how much the Catholic Revival is really indebted to the well-abused but self-sacrificing 483.

No doubt occasion has been given to blaspheme: but this is inseparable from corporate or even individual action for the faith. No doubt those who hesitated to accept the Church's teaching, conscience-smitten of their own personal need of confession, hesitate yet more after the pronouncements of certain bishops. But will any venture to affirm that a single soul who believed in and practised Confession has ceased to practise what he believed, in consequence of what was said in Convocation or of the criticisms of the press? Will any venture to deny the experience of priests who testify, that since the attention of the world has been again directed to the teaching of the Church on the subject of Confession, their penitents in number have sensibly increased?

Before the synodal utterances of the bishops are more distinctly referred to, it may be well to attempt to place the reader in possession of the mental position of those whose petition formed the subject-matter of debate in the Upper House of Convocation. Two points, however, in this connection must be first noted.

First: it has been often cast in the teeth of those nicknamed yet rightly termed Ritualists, that "they idolise the Episcopate in the abstract, but despise every bishop in the concrete" who pronounces not the shibboleth of Ritualism. If this were true, and like most half-truths it is wholly false, it is a remarkable inconsistency that the advanced guard of the army, I may almost say the picked men for a forlorn hope, should voluntarily and deliberately address a body of bishops not at all abstract in form in the terms above quoted, and with the intention before explained. It is remarkable; and perhaps points to a fallacy of the journalist, amongst others of a late writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," whose neat and piquant verdict lacks only a single element of perfection—truth.

Secondly: the Petition emanated from and was signed by priests second to few in the Church of England for their wide and varied experience in the confessional. In this department of priestly labour many of the 483 clergymen are surpassed in the length of their service to God and souls by still fewer of their brethren, amongst whom the venerated name of the Nestor of the party stands preeminent.

What then may be supposed to have passed through the minds of these priests, with the knowledge of sin with which they had become officially conscious, over and above their personal self-knowledge, and the knowledge of society at large gained by them as citizens of the world? This inquiry is not without importance: for priests are gentlemen as well as clergymen; they do not hear the confessions of others without themselves using the same needful discipline; they must be familiar with human sin, and may take measures for its cure without breaking the sacred seal of confession. What then passed through their minds?

Here we find, they mentally argued, a city, a nation, largely or wholly given to idolatry; to idolatry not of carved images, but of self-seeking, of covetousness, of money-making, of drunkenness, of lawlessness, of every kind of impurity, literary, social, and domestic. Here we find, in the language of one who will not be accused of being a disciple "secretly for fear of the Jews," Mr. Herbert Spencer—here we find society honeycombed with wickedness of a certain kind, "fraudulent bankrupts, getters-up of bubble companies, makers of adulterated goods, users of false trade-marks, retailers who have light weights, owners of unseaworthy ships, those who cheat insurance companies, those who carry on turf chicaneries, and the great majority of gamblers." Here we find the daily papers filled continually with offences of another sort—with offences against the person, life or limb; wife-beating, which seldom secures a meet reward at the hands of the magistracy; child-injuring or neglecting; idiot-torturing; murders, termed mysteries, the perpetrators of which often escape justice; systematic infant-killing, in the case of illegitimate children by their unhappy mothers as systematically condoned; and worse abominations in regard to the marriage state and its unborn offspring, which revelations now and then prove, in both cases, to be widespread and not to be confined to the lower orders of society.

Here we find, again, legislative measures levelled against the law of purity in marriage. We find them negatively, in that the soul-destroying details of the Divorce Court are not prohibited, as they are in France, from being sown broadcast, as incentives to lust and crime, all over the country; but also positively, in the anti-Christian relaxation of the law of matrimony, hitherto unknown to the Church of the All-pure, and in the threatened permission of legalised incest, whereby a man may be at liberty to wed with his own sister by marriage. Here we find the natural result of all this social and religious *anomia*, in details too gross for public recitation, in the unprecedented licentiousness of our men, and in the want of modesty, not less calamitous, of our women. For instance: the hideous extent to which the social evil, as it is euphemiously called, has grown; and the revolting opposition of the sex chiefly concerned socially, to its regulation, mitigation, and eventual suppression: the immoral union of divorced men and women in the lifetime of their respective wives and husbands: the intriguing which is commenced between separated couples for themselves, and even by mothers on behalf of daughters, before legal divorce has been obtained, to allow them to marry or re-mate without social stigma: the offensively and even vulgarly impure tone of lower-class sensational novels eagerly devoured by upper-class readers: and the immodest tone of conversation, and details in letter-writing common in what is called Society, and that not alone amongst men. Here we find, once more, the sin of excess in the use of stimulants, whether or not it end in drunkenness, abounding in all classes, flourishing in some; amongst both sexes; with differences indeed in detail, both of degree and result, but with the same taint of sin in the sight of God.

This in substance, and more or less defined, is what passed through the mind of some who prepared, and of some who signed, the Petition of the 483 priests.

And what answer to such searching of heart did their right reverend fathers in God make to priests who, in their strivings against sin, certainly cannot in this instance be justly charged with ignoring the claims of the Episcopate to advise with the priesthood under circumstances of difficulty?

Suppose for a moment that such a cry had come up from a body of clergy to their bishops in the middle ages, or even in earlier times. Suppose that priests who were cut to the quick with a sense of the sin of the age in which they lived, and before which they were called to witness as ministers of righteousness, had thus addressed themselves to their ecclesiastical superiors. Suppose they had humbly petitioned a holy synod which numbered amongst its members bishops of world-wide mark for the love of God in their hearts, and for the love of men in their lives—bishops, too, who joined active holiness with the devotional instinct, and could not be called mere dreamy enthusiasts. Suppose that a S. François de Sales, or a S. Carlo Borromeo, or a S. Vincent of Paul, or a S. Francis Xavier, or a Fénélon; or, to recall bishops among the saints of a former age, that a S. Ambrose, a S. Augustine, a S. Chrysostom, a S. Gregory, or a S. Anselm, had been sitting in solemn conclave; and to saints and bishops of such a stamp as these that a cry from their clergy had come up before them, and their God, and publicly before all men. What reply, think you, reader, would have been returned by these God-fearing, soul-loving, sin-hating men, when they were asked "in view of the widespread and increasing use of Sacramental Confession (to) consider the advisability of providing for the education, selection, and licensing of duly qualified confessors, in accordance with the provisions of Canon Law"? Can you doubt for a moment what would have been the answer of the Bishop of Geneva, the Bishop of Rome, or the Bishop of Hippo, of the Archbishop of Cambray, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Archbishop of Constantinople? Can you doubt that it would have contained words of sympathy, words of commendation, words of encouragement to those who petitioned? Can you doubt that love would have been its origination, its mainspring, its outgrowth—the love of God, of man, of souls, of sinners? Can you doubt that Christian concern for sin-sick souls would have been expressed; that Christian efforts for their release from bondage would have been recommended; that Christian success in the miserable war against the world, the flesh, and the devil would have been predicted, ay, and desired on behalf of those for whom petition was made?

Yet what answer was really returned by the successors in office, if not in spirit, of these saints, confessors, and doctors of the Church? What message of love to God and mercy to man had our bishops, the Taits, the Jacksons, the Ellicotts, the Brownes, the Claughtons, the Moberlys, the Magees, the Mackarnesses of our day to give to our clergy? What earnest desire for saving souls, what burning words of love to God fell from the primate and his suffragans in solemn council assembled? Did the Archbishop of Canterbury bewail the coldness and deadness of the love of Christians in society, and the "spurious religionism" of the world at large at the present day; and did his grace lovingly point out the truth in regard to the Christian theory of the forgiveness of sin through the channels of the Sacraments? Did the Bishop of Salisbury seek to encourage penitents in breaking through the toils of habitual, life-long, perhaps even constitutional sin, by corresponding efforts after contrition, by the divinely permitted rules of the Church? Did the Bishop of Ely strive to encourage the priesthood, young and old, in their arduous, self-denying, painful, wearisome labours in the confessional, when crowds of penitents force themselves upon a priest's compassion, and force the priest to execute his holy office? Did the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol maintain that the Holy Communion being the normal food of Christian men and women living in the world, and aiming even in the lowest degree at holiness of life, its due preparation, by availing themselves of the express invitation of the Church, could not by any strain of language be termed exceptional?

Again: Did the Bishop of Peterborough point out with the spirit of his Divine Master, that in spite of possible objections from the world and actual danger in the Church, yet sin being so exceeding sinful, those who loyally combat with it, under the sanctions of Canon Law, should be specially commended? Did the Bishop of Rochester, "in view of the widespread use of Confession," and speaking through the medium of newspaper reports to the little ones of Christ's flock, advisedly declare that a godly habit in using means for sanctity authorized by the Church could not be begun too early; or in view "of providing for the education and licensing of duly qualified confessors," and speaking to his right reverend brethren, did he venture to implore them for the love of God to further the exertions of the priesthood against sin for the benefit of the souls of men? Did the Bishop of Oxford, putting aside, as unworthy the dignity of the occasion, the position of the speakers, the earnestness of the petitioners, and the importance of what was urged, all attempts to prejudice the cause under consideration by the use of party language, affirm that the faithful employment of the power of the keys would not only largely increase the influence of the Church of England, but also would surely advance the greater glory of God? Did the Bishop of London advocate the practice of the Church in regard to the confession of sin, as tending to supply a real want to persons under temptation, necessary strength to lead a godly life, a quickening impulse to the sluggish conscience, and intense realization of personal responsibility before God, and of personal union with God?

It cannot with truth be affirmed that either the primate or his suffragans, as ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God, allowed themselves to utter such words as these—words which, as a matter of course and spontaneously, would have risen from the heart and flowed from the lips, I will not say of the saintly bishops of old, but of any one of the 483 of the inferior clergy who addressed their lordships. With one noble exception, that of the Bishop of Chichester, and with an appreciation very faintly expressed of the relation between man's sin and God's love, and the means to cancel the one by the other, from two or three other bishops, every speech of every prelate was distinctly hostile to the spirit of the Petition. It is true, with almost if not equal unanimity, that the bishops, Balaam-like, were forced to "bless" the Sacrament of Penance in the abstract, whilst yet they were far from blessing it in the concrete. It is true that one and all the members of the Upper House admitted the principle of confession of sin, but, Balak-like, at the bidding of the world, sought in each detail of its practice to "curse what God had blessed." Hence this remarkable inconsistency between episcopal principle and episcopal practice presently appeared.

In reply to the 483 clergy who applied to their ecclesiastical chiefs for counsel and direction, for help and co-operation in the grandest, loftiest, and most absorbing of all human occupations, the labour of saving souls as fellow-workers with God, the bishops of the Church of England of to-day answer in this wise:—Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must not be sacramental in character. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice, even under constant temptation, it must not be habitual; and, under a free government, it must not be compulsory. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must not be otherwise than exceptional, occasional, discretionary, optional, and voluntary. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must not be administered by young men, it must not be frequented by young women, it must not be taught to children of either sex. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice its employment by the laity who seek after it must be restrained, and those only of the clergy who are licensed by bishops who use it not, must be allowed to receive confessions. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must be approached by others than those who are obviously striving after the religious life, by others than those who have avowedly and heinously fallen into deadly sin. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must not lead to direction, which is equally bad. Yes: Confession is good in principle—but in practice it must be discouraged rather than advocated; priests must be inhibited instead of being licensed; the faithful must endure a want and not seek to have it supplied, as there is no Church so much at sea on this question as the Church of England, and there is no way in the Church of England of meeting the want.

Is this a parody of the bishops' answer? If so, it is full of the most divine *eironeia*. But it is not. For each apparent, and in many cases real, antagonism between the bishops' judgment and the bishops' advice, I can produce, and shall produce, the bishops' words in conjunction with the bishops' names. In effect, if not in form, the above reply represents the answer made to the petitioners. In each individual paradox the very language and expressions of the reported speeches in Convocation have been employed. Of course the above arrangement of the replies is my own: it could not be otherwise. But I can honestly say that the impression left on my mind by repeated perusal of the debate in question is the one which I have attempted to convey to the reader. In any case, of success or failure in my attempt, the source from whence both impression and language have been drawn is easily accessible, and misquotation or misconception can be as easily corrected. But I believe that neither can be truly charged against me. And I now purpose to transcribe specimens of the very words of the bishops to their petitioners, quoted from the official reports in the "Chronicle of Convocation" (published by Messrs. Rivington) of the debate on the 9th of May. Whether or not they support the estimate above formed of the bishops' opinions, the reader will be in a position to judge. The extracts are printed *verbatim et literatim*, together with such expressions within brackets as the sense demands under the exigencies of quotation. The order observed in making the quotations from the bishops' speeches is the order in which their lordships spoke from their seats in the Upper House of Convocation in the province of Canterbury.

To begin with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who spoke twice, both at the opening and at the close of the debate on "Confession in the Church of England." His grace is reported to have said: "I have had occasion to study the subject very seriously, and to express my opinion very fully upon it very early in my episcopate . . . endeavouring to draw that very distinction which is obvious to the minds of all of us, between the unburdening of a burdened conscience, such as the Church of England allows, and that sort of sacramental and indispensable confession which the petitioners want to encourage," and which his grace had previously denounced as "a most serious error." Yet, the archbishop added, "The point has this difficulty—it is very difficult to lay down general rules which limit the free intercourse between a clergyman and his penitent parishioners on the one hand, and which put down sacramental confession on the other." As if "free intercourse between priest and penitent, in the unburdening of a burdened conscience" could legitimately be carried on otherwise than by "Sacramental Confession," save in the disordered imagination of a writer on the subject in the "Spectator" newspaper: or as if both the term and the practice of Sacramental Confession were unknown to, or had been unrecognized by, former and even greater Metropolitans of all England, who, probably, had not neglected the study of the subject until promoted to the purple.*

The Bishop of Winchester was of opinion, "that the practical difficulty of dealing with the question is at this moment extreme. . . . On the one hand, it is impossible for us to endeavour in any degree, by merely putting down this abuse of Confession, to injure the consciences of those, who being burdened, do absolutely need the relief which God has provided in His Church. On the other hand, there is the exceeding danger of encouraging the spread of that which I believe is doing great evil among us. . . . The real difficulty lies very deep, and perhaps can be met only by our taking every opportunity of setting forth, that while the Church of England does not only allow, but under certain circumstances recommend, the burdened soul to seek the ministry of the Word . . . that is as different a thing as possible from . . . young and unpractised men, not commissioned by any authority from the Church, taking upon themselves the very difficult and perilous office of being general confessors." As if, on the one hand, priests as priests, young or old, lacked such authority from the Church in virtue of their ordination; and the laity, as penitents, had not the right of choice in a confessor expressly given them by their Prayer Book: as if, on the other, the 483 petitioners themselves had not earnestly prayed for authoritative regulations to prevent abuses in the exercise of their own undoubted power, and of their people's undisputed right.

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* Perhaps the terminology of the Petition may be open to exception on this point. "The Sacrament of Penance" would have been more theologically exact than "Sacramental Confession:" yet no less an authority than Archbishop Laud has given his sanction to the term in an official document.

"Fully and entirely agreeing in what has been said about the danger we may fall into," the Bishop of Salisbury knows "the necessity which exists for licensing persons for this purpose, and not allowing others to accept or receive Confessions. At the same time (his lordship adds), I must refer to the words of the Prayer Book which define in some sort, as things are now, the kind of persons who are to receive it . . . and (he thinks) it is a matter of very great importance that some rule should be laid down whereby it may be determined who are the 'discreet and learned' persons who should be licensed for the purpose. As the words stand there is a certain discretion, and that I fear is left to the applicant." Yet the bishop is of opinion that "habitual Confession is equivalent to compulsory Confession, and is unholy, illegal, and full of mischief."* As if habitual and compulsory were convertible terms: as if sin was not habitual, or even minor faults or omissions or evil thoughts and wishes were not habitual: as if men and women could not and did not of their own free will, without compulsion and with earnest desire, adopt a religious habit: and as if the invitation in the Prayer Book repeated weekly was not itself suggestive of voluntarily and optionally adopting the habit.

"There are certain cases (namely, the two oft-repeated cases) in which the Church of England," says the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, "distinctly sanctions Confession . . . I would gladly avoid the use of hard words (his lordship adds); but rather say, on the one hand, that the Church of England does clearly recognize Confession under those exceptional circumstances; but on the other hand, speaking simply for myself, I would record the opinion that she recognizes it in no other way." Nay more: I believe, declares the Bishop of Ely, "that the Church of England encourages persons with burdened consciences to come to the pastors of their parish, and unburden themselves of their griefs, when they do not feel themselves prepared to receive the Holy Communion without so unburdening their hearts; and also encourages the pastor of the parish to move them to Confession, if there seems to be any burden on their minds when upon the bed of sickness or apparently near to death." Yet the Bishop of Rochester knows "that in some churches Confession is publicly preached and impressed on the young from the day of their confirmation onwards; and (thinks) that some course ought to be adopted in order to restrain that teaching." As if the reception of Confirmation were not made either in will or deed, the absolute condition of the Church of England upon which the young are admitted to Holy Communion: and as if, whatever may be urged of a case of sickness which ends in death, though death is not the end of all cases, the reception of the Holy Communion to those striving to lead "a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of God's holy Name," by any straining of language, could be termed, or indeed could be desired by the bishops to be made "exceptional."

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* The Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester and Bristol, both demurred to the "extremely strong" language of their right reverend brother. The Bishop of Carlisle, in a recent sermon entitled "Confession," which contains much in favour of the Sacrament, says: "It should be observed that in the late Petition . . . there is no hint of a desire to render Confession compulsory."

Our Church, declares the Bishop of Peterborough, "regards the act of Confession simply as an optional and discretionary resort of a person with an aggrieved conscience to the pastor of his own parish," which may be taken "with its attendant advantages or disadvantages." But "while the doctrine of habitual or compulsory Confession is taught and preached in our Church, the only way to meet it is either to correct the error by better teaching, or to punish such teaching if it is really illegal." As if any theologian could gravely maintain a difference between an "act of Confession," and the "Sacrament of Penance," as practised in the Church, save one who is capable of declaring, as a bishop, that he disbelieves in the latter, and is critically powerless to distinguish between "habitual and compulsory Confession": as if any bishop of the English Church in his heart really believes Confession to be "illegal," and dares to issue an inhibition to any ordained priest to surcease from such illegality. When we find a bishop sufficiently convinced of the illegality of Confession to justify him in forbidding any given priest to hear, or any given layman to use Confession—to forbid them as Christians on his authority as Bishop—then we may pay due respect to words which are uttered on "the spur of the moment," and seem to be uttered with a view to popular effect.

"During the last few years," said the Bishop of Llandaff, "two institutions have been very much adopted in the Church of England, and I think that it is a most happy circumstance that they have been instituted: I allude to Houses of Mercy . . . and Sisterhoods." In the case of Sisterhoods, where one kind of the higher form of the religious life is cultivated, and in the case of Penitentiaries, tenanted by those who unhappily have fallen into the lowest form of sin, in both these extremes the Bishop of Llandaff heartily wishes it "could with confidence be affirmed in every case" that the charge were false that "the practice of Confession is adopted in these houses." Both extremes of life viewed from a religious standpoint, namely, efforts after sanctity and positive degradation in sin, are equally removed from either need or benefit of Confession, in the opinion of his lordship.

The Bishop of Ely ventures to say, without any expression of regret, that though "at the present moment the Church of England is more at sea upon this question probably than any other Church in existence;" yet, it seems to his lordship, and the opinion is reiterated by the bishop, "that the mind of the Church is that the pastor of the parish is the right person to whom any one should apply" for Confession. The Bishop of Bangor "can conceive that there are some directions in which a salutary check might be given to those abuses (mentioned by the bishops who had spoken) without incurring the great evils of depriving earnest and awakened persons of means of assistance which they require . . . and without repressing, may still restrain to some extent, and render that safe which is so often connected with the greatest evils in our Church." The Bishop of Hereford, though he holds to the evil of Confession when compulsory, testifies to "the great advantage of it when it is the seeking of the soul for spiritual relief;" and indeed feels strongly . . . that as a medicine Confession may be of very great use, but that as a dram it ought to be forbidden." The Bishop of S. Asaph agrees very much in what had been said, "that there is a want which is not fully met in the Church of England. We have no means, so far as I can see (his lordship continued), of meeting that want effectually in the practical working of the parochial system." The Bishop of Lichfield uttered these remarkable words: "I do not like to remain altogether silent on this subject, so thoroughly convinced am I that the Confession indicated in the Church of England is voluntary and not compulsory; that it is occasional and not habitual; that in the choice of the person to whom Confession is made there is very great freedom allowed, otherwise the disburdening of the conscience would not take place." Yet the Bishop of Oxford permitted himself at this crisis to say that "the thing which is to be condemned, and which cannot be too strongly condemned, is the language which is used about what is called 'Sacramental Confession.' I think that is a thing which is leading to a most serious error in the mind of the generation growing up, and it is perverting the influence of the Church of England in no small degree. The whole end of the Sacrament of Confession I believe to be a purely Romish one, and it cannot be sufficiently repudiated by us." And the Bishop of London is betrayed into still more objectionable language. Confession, said his lordship, as "a system of going to a priest from time to time, or at definite intervals, always before, or frequently before, the reception of Holy Communion, as a means not of quieting the conscience under special circumstances, but as the ordinary means of obtaining strength to lead a godly life; that that kind of Confession springs from a real want I should be loth to admit—it may be the want of a diseased spiritual life . . . I believe that if the want arises in any human soul of throwing off the burden of personal responsibility, the noblest gift which God has bestowed upon man—if he feels the want of getting rid of his own conscience, and putting it into the hands of others—I believe that that want arises from a morbid state which requires not to be encouraged, but to be sternly, though kindly, repressed." As if a system, as all our bishops allow, avowedly sanctioned by the Church, under whatever restrictions, and apart from abuses which all concur in deprecating—as if a system which supplies a want not fully met in our parochial organization—as if a system attended with advantage not easily exaggerated—could be fairly and honestly chargeable before man with being a mere question of theological terminology, or could be justly described before God as the legitimate result of spiritual agencies fatally detrimental to man's highest and truest interest.

Much else was spoken by the bishops who have been already quoted, in Convocation, which offers material for anxious thought and respectful criticism. Nothing has been extracted from the speech of one bishop, the Bishop of Chichester, whose speech, considering the circumstances, occasion, and place of its delivery, can only be termed a noble and manly, and withal a Christian expression of opinion.* But enough has been quoted to justify the estimate already made in general terms of the bishops' opinions in the Upper House of Convocation; and it only remains to produce, from the very words employed by their lordships, their Synodal opinion on the subject of Confession in the Church of England.

These synodical utterances of the bishops upon Confession are in various degrees important to the world, to the Church, and to the 483 petitioners who were instrumental in eliciting them. From one point of view, indeed, they are of no moment at all to any of these sections of society. As the opinions only of clergymen who have passed middle life in careers which (with genuine respect for the office, be it said) have not necessitated that continuous study of the science of theology which would command respect for, if not submission to their words, these reported speeches of the bishops would not carry much weight with any class of society. But in these clergymen the world sees and rightly sees the responsible heads of the Church; sees, in nominal union of Church with State, the representative men which have been chosen by the last to rule the first; sees bishops of the Church in Convocation and spiritual peers in the House of Lords. The Church sees in these dignified ecclesiastics the chief pastors of Christ's Church, the successors of the Apostles, the bishops whose

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* Space alone prevents my quoting from the speech of the bishop at length. On a future occasion I hope to be allowed to draw renewed attention to words which have already borne fruit, and will not soon be forgotten either by his clergy or the Church at large.

Synodal action of itself at the least compromises the Church, and if confirmed by the Church binds her. The 483 priests, and those who are at one with them, see even more. They see fathers in God whom, though in no sense of the word representatives of the priesthood, they have elected to petition on a matter of life and death to souls entrusted to their care, and on whose answer much depends—more than the petitioned imagine, more than even the petitioners could realize.

And to what does such answer amount? I feel that I express only the sentiments of many of the 483 when, in view of the episcopal utterances on the Sacrament in question, I thank God for the answer which, as a whole, He was pleased to send us. Of course it was not the answer which saints of the Church from the depths of their love would have offered to us, or which doctors of the Church from the stores of their learning would have published to the world. But then, none who spoke may be considered doctors; and not all with certainty may be accounted saints. Of course it was not the answer which we should have given to ourselves; neither was it the answer which we could have anticipated, or actually imagined. It was at once a surprise and a disappointment to us: it was at once better and worse than we hoped.* Of course the answer was not consistent with itself, conciliatory in form, unimpeachable in substance. Indeed, it was in many ways the opposite: and worse than all, it was oracular. Yet from its many-sided terms may be framed a self-contained and even harmonious expression of opinion. For, in spite of obscurity, in spite of inconsistency, in spite of denials and limitations, in spite of inuendo and outspoken invective, the bishops in sacred Synod assembled authoritatively pronounced

That Confession—without indeed the prefix "Sacramental," yet as the Bishop of London affirmed "to the ears," Auricular Confession—is an integral portion of the formal doctrine and actual practice of the Church of England of the present day, as by law established.

Had the Petition of the 483 succeeded only in eliciting this expression of opinion from the heads of the Church, under the influence of the existing crisis, the petitioners would have earned the gratitude of the Church. But they were still further rewarded for their otherwise ill-requited boldness in addressing, on such a question, the bench of bishops. Subject to no qualification whatever beyond what the Prayer Book enforces, the entire Synod, with hardly an exception, and with much variety of expression, distinctly commended the practice of Confession, and nearly in each case pointed to the parish priest as the legitimate ecclesiastical officer charged with the reception of the penitent. Subject to certain stipulations which, for clearness' sake, I have tabulated, the judgment which has been collectively pronounced may thus be described in detail from the lips of each individual bishop.

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* "A disappointment" and "worse," I say advisedly: for did not the Primate with more than Archiepiscopal plainness and decision, and with less than Archiepiscopal graciousness and courtesy, declare that "his advice" to his suffragans was, "that if you do take them (the items of the Petition) into consideration at all, you should do so with the view of most distinctly condemning them, and of telling these persons (his grace's inferior clergy) that you have no intention whatever of giving them the slightest encouragement in any one of the matters which they bring before you?"

I. If it be not "sacramental and indispensable" in the sense in which the two greater Sacraments are declared to be generally necessary to salvation by the Church Catechism.—(Archbishop of Canterbury.)

If it be not "abused" by such a "perpetual Confession as is, in fact, the direction of the soul by another."—(Bishop of Winchester.)

If it be not "habitual" Confession in the sense of, or as "equivalent to, compulsory" Confession.—(Bishop of Salisbury.)

If it be not used as a "dram," but only as a "medicine."—(Bishop of Hereford.)

If it be not administered by one who sets "himself up as a general confessor without any authority but his own."—(Bishop of Ely.)

If it be not the "throwing off the burden of personal responsibility," and the "putting (a man's conscience) into the hands of others."—(Bishop of London.)

Or, on the other hand—

II. If it be merely the "free intercourse between a clergyman and his penitent parishioners."—(Archbishop of Canterbury.)

If it be the "exceptional case of a burdened and unquiet conscience."—(Bishop of London.)

If it be "occasional, under circumstances of necessity."—(Bishop of Salisbury.)

If it be an "optional and discretionary resort of a person with an aggrieved conscience, to the pastor of his own parish."—(Bishop of Peterborough.)

If it be "voluntary and occasional."—(Bishop of Lichfield.)

If it be the furnishing of "earnest and awakened persons of a means of assistance which they require."—(Bishop of Bangor.)

If it supplies a "want which is not fully met in the Church of England."—(Bishop of S. Asaph.)

Then, in any of these cases, either negative or positive, the bishops of the Church of England distinctly and positively enunciate the truth that:—

III. Confession is a "matter divinely permitted" by God.—(Bishop of Salisbury.)

Confession is "distinctly sanctioned" and "clearly recognized" by the Church.—(Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.)

Confession is not only "allowed," (Archbishop of Canterbury), but "recommended," (Bishop of Winchester); not only "permitted" but even "encouraged" by the Church.—(Bishop of Ely).

Confession is of "great advantage," and "may be of very great use."—(Bishop of Hereford.)

Confession "allows of very great freedom . . . in the choice of the person to whom (it) is made."—(Bishop of Lichfield.)

And lastly—

Confession should be made by the faithful, in the first instance, to their own "pastor."—(Bishops of London, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, Salisbury, and Peterborough.)*

The judgment of the bishops on Confession will variously affect members of the different schools of thought within the Church of England. To the High-Church party as a whole the debate in Convocation will prove, if not a matter of unmixed gratulation, at least in its results a solid and positive gain. Two views, of course, may be taken of it; and if some are content with the bishops' adhesion to the principles of the English Church as limited by her formularies, others will rejoice at the providential over-ruling of personal prejudice in favour of Catholic tradition. But to the Low-Churchman, and also to the Latitudinarian, the debate must be altogether unpalatable. They can derive neither satisfaction from what was allowed in deference to a common Christianity, nor consolation from what was denied in regard to a particular development. In truth, the bishops have deliberately drawn a wide and impassable line between themselves and Infidels on the one hand, and mere Protestants on the other. Against the latter, they clearly declare their assent to the practice of private Confession to a priest, under certain conditions. Against the former, they dogmatically assert their belief in priestly Absolution, without any qualification whatever. It is of some importance to the Catholic Revival for the world to see that on these two points we clergy are absolutely at one with our ecclesiastical superiors in the Church, in opposition both to blank sentimental Scepticism and also to cold heartless Protestantism. If the debate in Convocation on Sacramental Confession has effected nothing more than this, it has done much.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

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* Of course a cynic might remark, that I have not exhausted the conditional qualifications under which Confession is advocated by bishops of the English Church. Careful study of the debate would show him that the Bishop of Peterborough would sanction neither "habitual" nor "compulsory Confession;" that the Bishop of Rochester would sanction Confession when not "publicly preached and impressed upon the young from the day of their confirmation onward;" that the Bishop of Llandaff would tolerate it if not employed by "Sisters of Mercy" and "penitents;" that the Bishop of Ely would not object to Confession if it be not received by "a young and inexperienced man setting himself up as a general confessor for people of tender age and great weakness of character;" that the Bishop of Oxford would patronise Confession if only "young women" were prevented "from going to young clergymen for any private direction of any kind." But then I am not cynical.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Undertones.
Idylls of Inverburn.
London Poems.
Meg Blane, &c.
Drama of Kings.
Book of Orm.
The Land of Lorne.
David Gray.
Ballads of Life.
&c., &c.

THAT the present age is unfavourable to the production of the highest and most permanent forms of poetry, is an observation which has now become almost trite; yet it may be doubted whether, in making it, we have ever grasped its full weight and significance. What is the nature, and what the extent, of the opposition offered by an age of progress to the development of the dramatic and epic genius? In the first place, rapid general progress means that we exist in an essentially middle-class era, which is detrimental to any thought that goes deeper than the slight intellectual operations necessary to procure material success; and in the second place, progress means restless activity, and an utter inability to secure that calm essential to the conception and completion of works destined to survive the lapse of centuries. Such are the positions generally assumed, we believe, in this matter, and on the first blush they appear to have very plausible support. Yet on careful consideration they must be pronounced untenable. The imperiousness of genius will set both at defiance, for in this respect of times and seasons genius knows no law. It is like the wind of Heaven; "it bloweth where it listeth," and neither man nor circumstance can arrest its advancement to ripeness and perfectibility. The facts of history, also, are against the propositions we are combating. The times signalized by the greatest achievements in arts and commerce have been those in which we have beheld the great luminaries of thought, stretching away down from the flourishing of the oldest poets to the Elizabethan age. What century in the world's history was not a century of progress? and why should we, because the progress differs in degree and somewhat in kind, arrive at the hasty conclusion that the decay of genius is in accord with the ratio of progress? Further, observe what this idea commits us to. It implies, so far as England is concerned, that the days of her intellectual supremacy are over. The shopkeeper has come and the poet must depart. And what is our prospect for the future? For it must be remembered that we are but regarded as on the threshold of progress; and if the present period is so unfavourable to the exercise of the poetic faculty in its sublimest forms, what can we look for in the next, and the next? We cannot believe it impossible that even now that repose could be attained which should leave the Seer calm and unmoved amidst the thundering and the roar of contemporary life.

Whether or not the nineteenth century has produced a poet of the very first rank may be an open question, to be judged differently by different minds; but there can be no doubt that they are wrong who disparage it in comparison with the two preceding centuries. Given the brilliant Pope, the noble Dryden, and the gentle Cowper, the eighteenth century is still far behind our own, which has produced its Wordsworth, its Byron, and its Shelley, not to mention our principal living poets. Neither can Milton, solitary in his grandeur, weigh down this latter list of names, and bear off the palm from us in favour of the seventeenth century. Alone, he is far greater than any of them—Wordsworth most nearly approaching his altitude perhaps—but he shone in the firmament "a lonely star." We have to go back still another century to come to that age which not only eclipses the present but every other in the world's annals for the splendour of its imaginative literature.

The mode of criticism in vogue tends to discourage rather than assist the higher development of the poetic faculty. And in this, to a great extent, criticism but follows the thought of the age, which is sharp and shallow, not broad and deep. That which cannot be grasped by the nineteenth-century intellect without many throes of labour, is to be thrown on one side as unsuitable, and missing the tendencies of the time. Literature must be a relaxation, not a study; the palate must be tickled, not the whole body made strong. We are in the transition period. We have had our Shakspeare, and do not want another; what readers desiderate now is mosaic-work which shall attract attention and admiration by its finish. We do not know, but we should imagine that even the Poet-Laureate must have at times felt depressed by the inattentiveness, and almost positive dislike, of the age to what is loftiest in his vocation. Insensibly, too, all our authors gradually bow to the influences of the period, which prove too strong for their individual feelings and convictions in matters of art in poetry. It is with the hope of recalling the attention of our best writers to the fact that if we proceed in the same degree of decline which the past thirty years have witnessed our poetic literature will have been emasculated, that we have ventured to offer these somewhat general, but we believe necessary, observations. Mr. Matthew Arnold asks, in one of his poems—

> "What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
> What leisure to grow wise?"

And then, further on in the same poem, he declares that—

> "Too fast we live, too much are tried,
> Too harass'd to attain
> Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
> And luminous view to gain."

This is another reiteration of the idea we are desiring to demolish. It is, in reality, a fallacy. If ever there was an age when the opportunity was given to write epic poems this is the one. Since the time that the last great epic was penned there have been some half-dozen events, or series of events, in civilized Europe, which afford scope for the most inspired Seer who could arise. These events must naturally suggest themselves to any person who gives himself the most cursory thought as to the rapid growths and tremendous convulsions which have occurred in continental empires. And independently of this, there is one period of English history alone—the period of the sublime Milton—which seems to us to contain within it the sources of dramatic and epic poetry such as can scarcely be found in any other cycle of this kingdom's existence. Napoleon Buonaparte, again,—the great Napoleon—will undoubtedly at some time or other, perhaps two centuries hence, attract the first genius of the time, who will be enthralled by the immensity of his theme in this respect, that it as clearly marks off the age of the man by his own absorbing and disastrous eminence as does the life of any other unit of humanity such past age as may have been overshadowed by the splendour of his name. There are considerations which always prevent an immediately contemporary topic from being made available for epic or dramatic poetry. But why need this disconcert our living poets, who can find so many other subjects, not quite contemporary, which are more suitable for their pens? Criticism would not be altogether in vain if it could rouse the race of our professed seers from their lethargy. An opportunity is within their grasp such as seldom falls to the lot of genius. Partly with a view to estimate the work which has already been accomplished by one of our English poets, and partly to indicate what he is capable of attaining, we have selected for some comments the collective works of the author whose name appears at the head of this article.

Robert Buchanan has himself given us a sketch of his own life, and has supplemented that by a paper on what he calls "My own Tentatives," which is in reality one of that most interesting class of articles which a poet can give us—viz., a view of the inner life—inadequate, it may be, but still a recital of the moving springs of their endeavours and ambitions. Mr. Buchanan is egotistical; but then till we can find a poet who is not, there is no necessity to be severe upon him for that. Egotism is not a crime; neither is it a blunder till it becomes offensive in its manifestation, and it certainly cannot be said to be so in the present case. The poet is one of the few men whom we can bear to hear speak of themselves: so much of the success of his work depends upon the thermometer of his own feeling. The eagerness which every person displays to learn something of the actual life of our great writers cannot be founded altogether in a morbid sensationalism. What would we give, for instance, for the details relative to the *personnel* of Homer and Shakspeare, if written by themselves? And the same feeling, chastened only in degree, we cherish towards all whose works have enlightened and elevated mankind. It is the tribute which ordinary humanity pays to genius—to that quality which stands between them and the Almighty, elucidating the mysteries of the latter, and gathering up for presentation to the Unseen the woes and the hopes of man. We are disposed, then, always to forgive the poet any tendency he may exhibit towards a personal garrulity, assured that the offence will be a thousand times condoned by the riches he has to communicate. It is not proposed to make further reference to Mr. Buchanan's life (as concurrently related in his charming sketch of poor David Gray) than is absolutely necessary for the exposition of his manner in his earlier poems. But undoubtedly, we imagine, his life had a considerable influence in moulding the character of his works. When Gray was but a boy it appears that he made the acquaintance of Robert Buchanan at Glasgow, and that the two spent some years in dreaming and thinking together. At a very early period Gray seems to have contracted a morbidly exaggerated opinion of himself, affirming that the dream of his life would not be realized unless his fame were ultimately to equal that of Wordsworth; and he had even dared to set up as models, which he had some hope of rivalling, two still greater men—Shakspeare and Goethe. The danger which attended these floating ideas, if they should assume the substantial form of disease, was quickly perceived by Mr. Buchanan. But he was helpless. Another was to solve the difficulty, and the interposition of Death averted the great trial which would have resulted when Gray awoke from his brilliant dreams, to find his gorgeous castle dismantled. Early in 1860 the two young men were brought face to face with a necessity which, according to the temper and grit of a man, either makes him the slave or the master of the world. Poets being amenable to the ordinary laws of nature, they discovered that to live they must work. One day Gray said to his companion, "Bob, I'm off to London." "Have you funds?" asked Buchanan. "Enough for one, not enough for two," was the response. "If you can get the money anyhow, we'll go together." The journey was arranged, but owing to a mistake they travelled separately, though they arrived in London about the same time. Now began the bitterness of existence. The sensitive Scotchman Gray found that in the hurry of London life there were none who turned aside to regard him as a great Seer, or even as one who promised to become such. Accordingly, though he received many individual kindnesses from one or two friends, we find him writing, "What brought me here? God knows, for I don't. *Alone* in such a place is a horrible thing. People don't seem to understand me. Westminster Abbey; I was there all day yesterday. If I live I shall be buried there—so help me God!" The strife went on—bitter indeed, as only those can testify whose experience has been of a similar character. The forecasting of the future, which ought to have preceded their advent, now became an absolute necessity when it seemed of little use. There were, of course, many positions open, but nobody willing to induct them into possession, and after severe vicissitudes we find one of them becoming a supernumerary at a theatre. It is impossible to follow the melancholy story in all its details; suffice it to state, that, after numberless trials and buffetings, the disease of consumption, which had been latent in Gray, rapidly developed itself, and he was carried off in his twenty-fourth year. After his decease, one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written was found amongst his papers, penned by himself in view of his dissolution. Mr. Buchanan appears to have cherished for his friend one of those attachments which are an honour to human nature, and which cannot fail to have effect in the growth of character. In verse which deserves to live (viz., in the poem "To David in Heaven"), the survivor of these two friends endeavoured to set forth the virtues of the dead, and at the same time to embalm him with the spices of remembrance and affection. The rest of Mr. Buchanan's life is sufficiently known to the public. He early gained its ear, and has steadily maintained himself in its favour, ripening, as poets should do, with personal experience and observation of the world.

One result of strenuous labour and of material deprivation is to deepen the pathos of life. And when the individual is a poet the experience is doubly valuable to him. A poet without pathos—either natural or acquired—seems to us one who will utterly fail in reaching the highest ends of his being. It was anguish which sublimated the genius of Dante and led to what is grandest in his divine compositions. His was an example of what we should call acquired pathos—that is, the pathos begotten in the spirit through suffering. An example of natural pathos is to be found in Wordsworth, whose life was singularly free from the ordinary sadnesses of humanity, but who yet possessed, as it has been so beautifully expressed, and he might have claimed for himself—

> "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Take the choicest spirits in our poetic record, the most mirthful, unembarrassed, and careless of their species, and there will be found running through the natures of all this subtle yet sweet chord of sadness, which makes them so tender to the race, and sympathetic withal. The poet is commissioned to feel for humanity; and without pathos he would surely have no more to communicate than other men. It is his real voice, and that which makes him the sweet singer of creation.

Some years have now elapsed since Mr. George Henry Lewes—no mean judge in these and cognate matters—affirmed that Mr. Buchanan was a genuine poet. At the time, those who guarded the gates of literature were divided in opinion, though by far the greater bulk of the critics—and that the most competent portion of them—welcomed the new-comer as a true singer, one who had something new to communicate. In looking to the volume which evoked the varied opinions now, *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn*, one is struck with this thought—the courage of the man who should dare to challenge the world on subjects which in themselves appeared to possess but few of the elements of poetry, and whose treatment in the hands of most must certainly result in disastrous failure! But the fact alone that the author was so successful in investing the simplest themes with an interest which could not be gainsaid appeared to us, and does now after the lapse of many years, an undoubted proof of genius. There was not placed before the critics a volume of verse on heroic or old-world subjects—subjects which of themselves are instinct with the poetic feeling—treated with all the glow and fancy which could be thrown about them. The facts were simple in the extreme. A youth whose heart was large—large in the sense of active poetic sympathy—and whose imagination was quick, took from the lives of certain characters which had crossed his path, or with whose inner experience he was somewhat acquainted, incidents which had apparently no special significance whatever for other men, and said to himself that he could draw from thence what should be a delight and profit to the world. And he succeeded, notwithstanding the fact that he worked in a style which had hitherto been unappreciated, and which was remarkable for its simplicity. The world had been accustomed to regard poetry as a trimmed garden, discovering colour, beauty, symmetry—it seemed to have forgotten that it might also be a forest or an irregular hill-side with naked rocks and the majesty of trees. These Idylls have little in them to recommend them to those who regard poetry simply as the art of turning melodious periods; but they possess the higher qualities of imagination and the music of natural emotion. Above all, they exhibit the first requirement in a poet, viz., insight, that faculty which is the initial point in his isolation from the rest of the species. The poems are not great in themselves, but they undoubtedly exhibit those qualities which, rightly fostered, develop into greatness. The thing which was of most importance to the writer to secure he was successful in accomplishing; he caused the reader to reflect, after the reading of the poems, upon the gifts which had been exhibited in their production. Let us look for a moment at one or two of these Idylls. Take the story of Willie Baird, narrated by the schoolmaster of Inverburn. Told in the simplest of blank verse, there is yet a grip about it which enrols its author at once amongst the players on the harp of the human heart. The old man tells of the influence of little Willie upon his spirit, chastening and refining it. He imagines that he has seen the face somewhere before in the beauteous life of the north; and then he says, as the result—

"Alone at nights,
I read my Bible more and Euclid less.
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been
Half-scoffer, half-believer; on the whole,
I thought the life beyond a useless dream
Best left alone."

Then the boy's philosophy came on, and one day he puzzled the old schoolmaster by asking, as he clasped his white hands round the neck of the collie Donald, "Do doggies gang to Heaven?" a question to be repeated indefinitely without answer. It is interesting to note the gradual return of the old man to a well-grounded faith, engendered so beautifully, and almost consummated by the death of Willie. The language in which the history is unfolded is sustained, and abounds in imagery which, if not so lofty as we find in some of Mr. Buchanan's other works, is true and appropriate. Of a higher stamp, however, is the poem "Poet Andrew," which depicts the short sad life of young Gray. The story is told by the father of Andrew, a simple-hearted weaver, who does not understand the gift wherewith his son is dowered. The character of the father is drawn with great power and individuality, and the whole poem, shining with the tenderness which springs from a loving heart, is full of the deepest human interest. Andrew's parents endeavoured to teach him common-sense, and when they were reproached for having a poet in the house, exclaimed, "A poet? God forbid!" somewhat dubious as to the full meaning and import of their terrible possession. But at length they discovered Andrew's printed poems, with

"Words pottle-bellied, meaningless, and strange,
That strutted up and down the printed page,
Like Bailies, made to bluster and look big"—

a graphic description of what was doubtless a source of terror to the old man, who had never been guilty of such a heinous offence as writing a line in his life. The youth was grumbled at in vain for his tendencies to ruin, and at length he left his home and went up to the great City, where he was followed by a mother's deep love and a father's solicitude, in spite of his apparent wrongheadedness. But the dark shadow drew near—the trouble that was deeper than all others. The poet came home to die, and the scene is depicted with a pathos which has rarely been excelled for calm and yet strong simplicity. Thus speaks the broken-hearted father:—

"One Sabbath day—
The last of winter, for the caller air
Was drawing sweetness from the barks of trees—
When down the lane, I saw to my surprise
A snowdrop blooming underneath a birk,
And gladly plucked the flower to carry home
To Andrew.

* * * * *

Saying nought,
Into his hand I put the year's first flower,
And turn'd awa' to hide my face; and he—
He smiled—and at the smile, I knew not why,
It swam upon us, in a frosty pain,
The end was come at last, at last, and Death
Was creeping ben, his shadow on our hearts.
We gazed on Andrew, call'd him by his name
And touch'd him softly—and he lay awhile,
His een upon the snow, in a dark dream,

> Yet neither heard nor saw ; but suddenly,
> He shook awa' the vision wi' a smile,
> Raised lustrous een, still smiling, to the sky,
> Next upon us, then dropt them to the flower
> That trembled in his hand, and murmured low,
> Like one that gladly murmurs to himsel'—
> 'Out of the Snow, the Snowdrop—out of Death
> Comes Life ;' then closed his eyes and made a moan,
> And never spake another word again."

It will be admitted, we think, by the most exacting, that there is an exquisiteness and also a tenderness about this description which are so precisely suited to the subject as to raise it to a very lofty rank of poetry. It would scarcely be possible to find language and thought more happily wedded than they are here. The "Widow Mysie," in the same volume, betrays qualities of quite another stamp, exhibiting principally a strange, quaint humour which seems to dimple every page into laughter. But of all the poems given us in this volume, "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies" must bear off the palm for its apprehension of the subtle ties between man and nature, and for the choiceness of its comparisons. Hugh Sutherland was a weaver, who was exceedingly fond of the cultivation of that beautiful flower, the pansy, watching it grow "from blue to deeper blue, in midst of each a golden dazzle like a glimmering star." He was a lame and sickly lad, but pansy-growing had made his heart fragrant. By-and-by people praised his flowers, and the desire to become known for his labour took possession of him. After various exhibitions he carried off the highest prizes, and it became a matter of common remark that his pansies were the finest to be found. But following on this came neglect of his garden, for Hugh had fallen in love ; he was eventually married to his Mary, and in course of time the happy father took a baby to the font, whom he christened Pansy. Then came strife with poverty ; Hugh could scarcely gain sustenance for his family, and the end of it all was that he was obliged to break up his home, leave his flowers, and go to Edinglass. He thought bitterly of the wee things he had left behind to wither and die, but a more terrible thing yet awaited him. The little human Pansy he had so tenderly cherished faded on its mother's breast, unable, as he said, to bear the smoke of cities, and after much weeping it was transplanted to the Garden of Heaven. Thus he lost all, and finally began himself to change, through grief, till there came the fearful intimation from the physician that he could not recover from his illness. Then he longed to see the pansies before he died, and accordingly, in the time of summer, he was once more in the old cottage. The final scene shall be told in the words of the author, for we wish it to be noted what beauty there is in the description—a beauty that is melancholy, together also with a tenderness and truth in the imagery which give a finish to the poetry, and leave nothing to be desired in the way of idyllic excellence :—

> "By slow degrees he grew
> Cheerful and meek as dying man could be,
> And as I spoke there came from far-away
> The faint sweet melody of Sabbath bells.
> And, 'Hugh,' I said, 'if God the Gardener
> Neglected those he rears as you have done
> Your pansies and your Pansy, it were ill
> For we who blossom in His garden. Night
> And morning He is busy at His work.
> He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live :
> *He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts*
> *Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not*
> *It is the shadow He, in stooping, casts.*
> He pluckt your Pansy so, and it was well.
> But, Hugh, though some be beautiful and grand,
> Some sickly, like yourself, and mean, and poor,
> He loves them all, the Gardener loves them all!'
> Then later, when no longer he could sit
> Out on the threshold, and the end was near,
> We set a plate of pansies by his bed
> To cheer him. 'He is coming near,' I said,
> 'Great is the garden, but the Gardener
> Is coming to the corner where you bloom
> So sickly!' And he smiled and moan'd, 'I hear!
> And sank upon his pillow wearily.
> His hollow eyes no longer bore the light,
> The darkness gather'd round him as I said,
> 'The Gardener is standing at your side,
> His shade is on you and you cannot see :
> O Lord, that lovest both the strong and weak,
> Pluck him and wear him!' Even as I prayed,
> I felt the shadow there and hid my face :
> But when I look'd again the flower was pluck'd,
> The shadow gone : the sunshine thro' the blind
> Gleam'd faintly, and the widow'd woman wept."

We are unable to point to a more distinctly poetical idea than the one embodied in the three lines marked in italics, and in truth there is a great suffusion of poetry through the entire passage. The whole volume is not, of course, written with this wealth of imagery and power of delineation. There are many pages here and there which are scarcely, if at all, lifted out of the level of commonplace; but enough has verily been shown to demonstrate that those critics were right who thought that a new poet had come who had the real ring about him, and whose further fortunes were worthy of being watched with considerable interest.

Before offering some general remarks on the peculiarities or characteristics of Mr. Buchanan's genius, we will first glance very briefly at the various works which he has written. There was a volume entitled *Undertones* which preceded in publication the one we have just dealt with. With the notable exception of the introductory poem, it deals almost exclusively with classical subjects. While it could not appeal directly to the feelings of so many people as its predecessor, there is stamped upon it the same realistic power. There was quite enough in the volume to cause the lovers of poetry to wonder at the new writer, who lavishly threw about undoubted riches in every poem. One of the best features about the book is its workmanship, which is eminently satisfactory,—in truth, leaving little to be desired. For those who wish to see what could be done by one who was just entering upon a literary career, let them turn to the poem "Proteus," and note the description of the death of Pan. He dies because of the birth of the infant of Bethlehem. The idea is fine, and finely worked out. The world was again renewed with the presence of Christ, and, as it is well expressed,—

"Gladden'd by the glory of the child,
Dawn gleam'd from pole to pole."

Then, the lines which follow are exceedingly striking. In other poems the old world subject is again and again made to live in modern modes and thought. "The Syren" is full of music, its rhythm being superior to that of any other of its fellows, and the spirit is taken away from its enclosure to the scene which the poet is endeavouring to depict. The gifts of the writer are here put to excellent uses, and he is as successful, imaginatively, as he is in attaining his leading purpose. Of "Pygmalion the Sculptor," and one or two other efforts also, we could have said something, but inasmuch as the volume was one of probation chiefly, there is perhaps no necessity to delay here further. What other references should be made to the volume can be made, either directly or inferentially, at another period.

The work, however, which left no doubt in the public mind that its author had no ordinary career before him, was *London Poems*. It clearly shows that the poet was possessed of this definite idea—viz., to get free from the flash and glitter that encrusted the writings of other authors, and, in too many cases it is to be feared, blinded their readers to the poverty of thought which lay beneath. Mr. Buchanan's desire was to understand and interpret humanity. That he was singularly successful in those views of it which he has given us—restricted though they were in scope—there is no possibility of denying. Each poem is impregnated with a local truth which is truly astonishing, and the setting is the only one adapted to the subjects. Had he essayed to tell these stories of the poor in the loftiest style, the probability is we should have lost the depth of effect in the dazzle of outward show. Their strength is proved in the very fact that they affect us so deeply when they are cast in the very simplest mould. The style is, indeed, sometimes bald to simplicity. But altogether it may be conceded that the result has justified the author's method. It was made a reproach to Mr. Buchanan by one of his own craft that he had chosen such humble subjects; but surely the man or the poet who forgets the poor forgets the paths in which the Godhead most frequently walks! Where can the divinity of endurance be found so nobly developed as in those very beings whose touch is contamination to the curled darlings of society? Instead of contempt, that man is deserving of gratitude who boldly goes into the lowest strata of society, and dares to show to the higher world the streaks of goodness and nobility of character which are to be traced there. Turn to the sister art of painting, and note where the finest pathos is to be met with. Is it in the great historical pieces to which we are sometimes treated, or in the fashionable non-entities who, in various guise, cover the walls of the Royal Academy in such wondrous profusion—or, lastly, is it not rather in such pictures as Faed's "Mitherless Bairn"? Everyone admits at once that what is emotional is strongest in its influence. With some such feeling as this, coupled with the desire to demonstrate that art was not restricted in its treatment, Mr. Buchanan probably produced *London Poems*. One admirable result of his artistic skill is this—that in reading the poems the poet is absent from our thoughts, and we are able to concentrate our attention upon the objects presented to us. The style, as we have before remarked, is such as not to destroy, by superior force, the effect of the work. For real music and the gift of embodying one simple idea in a form which gives pleasure to the soul, "The Blind Linnet" deserves high commendation :—

I.

The sempstress's linnet sings,
At the window opposite me ;—
It feels the sun on its wings,
Though it cannot see.
Can a bird have thoughts ? May be.

II.

The sempstress is sitting,
High o'er the humming street,
The little linnet is flitting
Between the sun and her seat.
All day long
She stitches wearily there,
And I know she is not young,
And I know she is not fair ;
For I watch her head bent down

Throughout the dreary day,
And the thin meek hair o' brown
Is threaded with silver gray;
And now and then, with a start
At the fluttering of her heart,
She lifts her eyes to the bird,
And I see in the dreary place
The gleam of a thin white face,
And my heart is stirr'd.

III.

Loud and long
The linnet pipes his song!
For he cannot see
The smoky street all round,
But loud in the sun sings he,
Tho' he hears the murmurous sound;
For his poor, blind eyeballs blink
While the yellow sunlights fall,
And he thinks (if a bird can think)
He hears a waterfall,
Or the broad and beautiful river
Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
Thro' the woods where he was born;
And his voice grows stronger,
While he thinks that he is there,
And louder and longer
Falls his song on the dusky air,
And oft, in the gloaming still,
Perhaps (for who can tell?)
The musk and the muskatel,
That grow on the window-sill,
Cheat him with their smell.

IV.

But the sempstress can see
How dark things be;
How black through the town
The stream is flowing;
And tears fall down
Upon her sewing.
So at times she tries,
When her trouble is stirr'd,
To close her eyes,
And be blind like the bird.
And *then*, for a minute,
As sweet things seem
As to the linnet
Piping in his dream!
For she feels on her brow
The sunlight glowing,
And hears nought now
But a river flowing—
A broad and beautiful river,
Washing fields of corn,

Flowing for ever
  Thro' the woods where she was born—
And a wild bird winging
Over her head, and singing!
  And she can smell
The musk and the muskatel
  That beside her grow,
And, unaware,
She murmurs an old air
  That she used to know!

The cross-action, so to speak, of the bird's song upon the poor sempstress is capitally rendered. She, too, is borne to the happy fields and to the beneficent influences of nature, but like the bird she must first close her eyes and be blind in order to do it. There are poems in the volume which for strength and grasp of passion far excel the one just quoted, in particular "Liz," and "Edward Crowhurst." In the first, a wretched, unfortunate girl tells the story of her life to the parson. She is bad and wants to die; fine ladies are missed from the world when they go, but not such beings as she. With terrible truth she assures her visitor that men have the best of the world in many ways, whilst women suffer and are beaten down.

"If they grow hard, go wrong, from bad to badder,
  Why, Parson, dear, they're happier being blind:
  They get no thanks for being good and kind—
The better that they are, they feel the sadder!"

A world of miserable but unimpeachable philosophy lives in these lines, which have been always true in the history of the race. Woman must bear the degradation, while man goes free. A pathetic relation is that where poor Liz tells the parson how she once went into the country hoping to live there, and earn her bread. The air was so clear, "it seemed a sin to breathe it," and she was glad to leave it and come back to the black streets of London, fittest for such as she.

"I would not stay out yonder if I could,
  For one feels dead, and all looks pure and good—
I could not bear a life so bright and still.
All that I want is sleep,
Under the flags and stones, so deep, so deep!
God won't be hard on one so mean, but He,
  Perhaps, will let a tired girl slumber sound
  There in the deep cold darkness underground;
And I shall waken up in time, may be,
Better and stronger, not afraid to see
  The great, still Light that folds Him round and round."

Surely such writing as this is better than the thousand meaningless eccentricities and tricks of style which so often pass current as poetry.

This is substantial; it has a living power about it which satisfies both the brain and heart. The same remark would apply to other idylls in the volume. "Edward Crowhurst" is a poem bearing a considerable resemblance to the one on David Gray in treatment. It is told in blank verse, and has many masterly touches upon it. "Attorney Sneak" reminds one in its rough humour and form of execution of some of the poems of Browning; whilst "Nell" has a terrible realism about it rarely to be equalled amongst modern lyrics. Of polish in the volume there is not enough; what is done is done in a broad, rough manner, as though the artist feared he would lose the effect of his strong manipulation if he devoted himself too much to refinement. Doubtless there was some truth in this. At any rate, for effectiveness only this batch of poems stands almost by itself amongst Mr. Buchanan's works.

But the collection of poems which showed the deepest insight into the human life around him was that entitled *North Coast, and other Poems*, and in this volume there is one ballad which chiefly challenges attention. By "Meg Blane," our author not only sustained his previous claim on the attention of the public, but deepened his hold as the translator of the tragic elements of modern existence into the common language of humanity. There is a strange mingling of weirdness and reality about the ballad which is both fascinating and appalling. Edgar Allan Poe has given us a thrilling picture of despair in the form of a monologue, and though we are bound to admit that on the score of musical effect the American poet has the advantage, yet there are other points in which the verdict must be as decidedly in favour of the English one. In the first place, the elements which compose the poem, while of the plainest kind, are also more really tragic in themselves than those of "The Raven"; and in the second place, the story is capable of appealing to a far greater number of persons. Poe has certainly more elaboration, more finish; in fact, it would be impossible for the most fastidious workman to alter his poem with advantage; but in this later effort the narrative (though not the solitary idea, it should be borne in mind) is more realizable. Meg Blane, the heroine of the story or ballad, is a fisherwoman on the north coast of Scotland. She lives in one of the usual huts by the seashore, and has an idiot son of some twenty years. Meg is a brave creature, and is always ready with the lifeboat on the roughest night to weather the storm, and go to the assistance of a crew in danger of sinking. And yet this woman, who possessed an heroic nobility of spirit, was not what the world would call pure. She was not a wedded wife, but had left the way of the just. However, she had repented sincerely, and was no longer afraid of looking into the eyes of those whom she met. Delicacy and strength, these were her personal characteristics; the former remained with her, because her soul had recovered its uprightness before God; as for her strength and daring, these had been abundantly proved by deeds which would have made many a man turn pale. Yet when alone in the midnight hours the real travail of her soul was manifested. She often awoke naming an unknown name, and became white as death on missing the object of her quest. One of those northern storms, so majestic in their force, is depicted in the first part of the poem, and during its raging, Meg had gripped the helm and gone out to sea. As the result of her grand courage she saved a human life; but now mark the terrible pathos of the story. The life she saved was the one which had wronged her own in years gone by; the being she had yearned for through days and nights of agony was given to her again; but too late! He was no longer hers; deeming her dead his life had been given to another. The stony despair of the shattered woman, her haggard aspect, that feeling of sorrow almost too sublime to be realized by the soul of any other mortal, are here sought to be rendered, in lines instinct with pathos:—

"With her wild arms around him, he looked stern,
With an unwelcome burden ill at ease,
While her full heart flow'd out in words like these—
'At last! at last! O Angus, let me greet![*]
God's good! I ever hoped that we should meet!
Lang, lang hae I been waiting by the sea,
Waiting and waiting, praying on my knee;
And God *said* I should look again on you,
And, tho' I scarce believed, God's word comes true,
And He hath put an end to my distress!'—

* * * * * *

But he was dumb, and with a pallid frown,
Twitching his fingers quick, was looking down.
'What ails thee, Angus?' cried the woman, reading
His face with one sharp look of interceding;
Then, looking downward too, she paused apart,
With blood like water slipping through her heart,
Because she thought, 'Alas, if it should be
That Angus cares no more for mine and me,
Since I am old and worn with sharp distress,
And men like pretty looks and daintiness;
And since we parted twenty years have past,
And that is long for a man's love to last!'
But, agonized with looking at her woe,
And bent to end her hope with one sharp blow,
The troubled man, uplifting hands, spake thus,
In rapid accents, sharp and tremulous:
'Too late, Meg Blane! seven years ago I wed
Another woman, deeming you were dead,—

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[*] To greet; *Anglicè*, to weep.

And I have bairns!' And there he paused, for fear.
As when, with ghostly voices in her ear,
While in her soul, as in a little well
The silver moonlight of the Glamour fell,
She had been wont to hark of nights alone,
So stood she now, not stirring, still as stone,
While in her soul, with desolate refrain,
The words 'Too late!' rang o'er and o'er again;
Into his face she gazed with ghastly stare;
Then raising her wild arms into the air,
Pinching her face together in sharp fear,
She quivered to the ground without a tear,
And put her face into her hands, and thrust
Her hair between her teeth, and spat it forth like dust."

Twenty years have passed away since her sin, and the penalty is re-exacted. If the object of tragic poetry be to concentrate the attention of the reader upon its subject, it was never better attained than in the whole division of the poem of which this is an extract, and in the succeeding passages. The portrait of Angus Blane, the fisherwoman's son, is also drawn in vigorous lines, and the gradual torpor which overcame Meg's spirit is followed with truthful delineation till the death. In the reaping time she lay a-bed making her own shroud, and this is the refrain she murmured night and day:—

"'O bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?'—
'O Mither, dinna dee!'

'O bairn, by night or day,
I hear nae sounds ava,
But voices of winds that blaw,
And the voices of sprites that say,
"Come awa! come awa!"
The Lord, that made the Wind and made the Sea,
Is sore on my son and me,
And I melt in His breath like snaw.'—
'O Mither, dinna dee!'

'O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down, never to rise again.
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen,—
There is nae pain!
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the sake o' thee.'—
'O Mither, dinna dee!'"

Now the power of this poem, of which we are only able to afford the barest idea, consists in its isolation or individualization of character in the first instance, and further in the helming into one compact and indivisible whole both the individuals and the circumstances. And this has been achieved with materials which in themselves seemed unpromising. It is for this reason that Mr. Buchanan might almost take his stand on this one poem alone, and challenge the world upon his general capacity as a poet. There breathes through it something of that old vital force which has handed down to us the work of long-past ages. It is such things as this which are able to defy Time in its power to wreck mundane achievements. We wish to speak with no exaggeration; the best criticism is that which is felt to be the most truthful summing-up of the feeling of the greatest number, but in this matter in hand we firmly believe that all who, calmly and without bias, sit down to consider the poem which we have been examining, in its high and noble aspects towards humanity, will arrive at similar conclusions to those which have been expressed. We talk of inspiration in poetry; to us it seems there are two kinds—the inspiration of intuition, and the inspiration of interpretation. A better example of the second form could not be found than in "Meg Blane." The author does not profess therein to have discovered any new truths; his poem may rather be described as a canvas on which the inner life of his heroine is depicted, and its emotions exposed.

Of *The Drama of Kings*, the bulkiest and at the same time the most ambitious of Mr. Buchanan's works, we cannot, as to construction, speak in terms of such high praise, that is, as an entirety; but there are isolated passages which will vie with anything he has written, and which ought not to be allowed to die. If we can read the genius of its author rightly, it is rather epic than dramatic in character, and a careful perusal of his most elaborate work only tends further to support this view. The poet would be more successful in grasping the *import* of the lives of the individuals of whom he writes than he would in grasping the intricacies of the characters themselves. For this reason he would be more successful in subduing the individualities to his own grand leading purpose than he would in placing his personages upon the stage and allowing them to work out their own destinies, as is required in the drama. Then, again, whatever may be said to the contrary, in this dramatic work the events which form its basis are of too contemporary a character to be satisfactorily dealt with. We do not say this for the purpose of following in the wake of any criticisms which may already have been passed upon it, but it was the honest impression left upon the mind after twice carefully reading the whole work. If Mr. Buchanan has failed, he has only failed where no other living author could have succeeded: even Mr. Browning could not have hoped to have achieved a happy result in this chosen field. Some events might possibly be dealt with by contemporary writers, but the series of circumstances chosen in this drama are not of that character. And for that reason, probably, a proper meed of justice has not been dealt to *The Drama of Kings.* There are parts of it, as already stated, which must not be allowed to fall out of existence: the author has had prescience to discover this, and in future his readers will not be deprived of what is really valuable therein. The subject had a great fascination for Mr. Buchanan, and gave him an excellent opportunity of exhibiting those two qualities which he has always been endeavouring to combine in his writings with more or less success—viz., earthliness and spirituality,—those two qualities which find interpretation best perhaps in the formulas—"I live" and "I love." He is perfectly right, too, in his opinion that the man who can see no poetry in his own time must be very unimaginative. Our difference with him would not be on that score. The point is, the form of the reproduction of that poetry for the benefit of his species. It has been said that Mr. Tennyson, of all the poets of his time, is the one who best grapples with the intellectual doubts of the age. Perfectly agreeing with that sentiment, yet the Poet Laureate is not by any means uniformly successful in overcoming those doubts. But what is his method? The union of contemporary thought with a form of expression and choice of subject not necessarily contemporary. His Arthurian poems find half their strength in their power to appeal to the intellect and the spirit of a century so remote as the nineteenth. *The Drama of Kings* may be successful in accomplishing its author's purpose of making people feel the events it describes as he never felt them before, but it does not make them feel in precisely the *same* way as they ought to feel. The genius exhibited in the volume is great undoubtedly, but we do not know that if Shakspeare himself were alive he could give us portraits of Prince Bismarck and Napoleon which would be perfectly satisfactory from the inner-life point of view. In our judgment, the man does not live at the same time with these men who would be able to do it. We do not believe in the absence of intellectual and spiritual bias to the extent necessary for dramatic purposes. So that it should be well understood that it is not Mr. Buchanan's poetry which is at fault in this volume. It is his subject, and his method in the treatment of it. He says that the same method is adopted as he used in the characters of "Nell" and "Meg Blane." Granted: but the result is different. Could Mr. Buchanan have as thoroughly grasped Napoleon and Bismarck as he has those two humble beings just named, he would have possessed one element of success. But we deny that that is possible. Yet, supposing it had been done, there is then the difficulty of his mode of presenting the characters. The indirect, instead of the direct, dramatic mode of representation would have best suited the quality of his genius.

And this remark naturally leads to that volume which we regard as not only the most successful, but the most valuable of all, and indicating the groove in which he ought to work. *The Book of Orm*, partly for what it yields in itself, and more still for the promise which it holds forth, is, in the majority of aspects, the greatest piece of work which Mr. Buchanan has accomplished. It is, as he himself describes it, the spiritual key to all that he has written. When we understand it, we understand what the poet means—what is the task which he has set himself. It is a mystical poem, but with a strictly modern application. To describe it as a study in the Ossianic manner, and to pass it over as a poem with no reference to ourselves, but as the diversion of a man who loves to play at mysticism, seems to us a foolish and preposterous method of treating this volume. The fact indeed is that it unfolds the ripening of a purpose which had been foreshadowed in the very earliest writings of the author. The same idea observable here had run through his earlier poems, and through *The Drama of Kings*, though the mysticism was not so pronounced in those previous works. But he evidently wishes to combine the realism of human life with the insight of the mystic. He believes that there is no contradiction and no incompatibility between the two. And it is a noticeable point, and one which should not be passed over at the present moment, that some of the most realistic of men—for example, Swedenborg—have also been the purest mystics. There is no reason whatever why the mystic should be regarded as a being far removed from ordinary life, and with no part or lot in the strivings and throes of humanity. His clear eye has been in times past, and may be again to an extent immeasurable, serviceable in glancing into the heart of things and discovering for us the solution of many problems which harass and vex the spirit. It may seem to interfere with preconceived notions that this should be the case; but as this is pre-eminently an age for the reversal of hereditary errors, this need not give us any alarm. The race of the Celts is one of the most mystical of the species; but the glamour of the spirit does not involve the exclusion of sympathy with the actual volitions and passions of the human unit.

The Book of Orm takes for its motto a sentence from Bacon which well explains the author's intentions in the construction of his poem. It is from the prayer of the student who begs "that Human things may not prejudice such as are Divine, neither that from the unlocking of the Gates of Sense, and the kindling of a greater Natural Light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards Divine Mysteries." The book is in nine divisions, and the whole scope of the poem most daring and stupendous. The author has essayed a style of poetry in which previously he had no rival, and notwithstanding small faults of style he has succeeded. We do not know whether we always catch the poet's meaning, there is so much of cloud as well as substantiality about his song, but his speculations are grand in the extreme, and the final result is a feeling of awe, the creation of which would satisfy the mystic himself. "The First Song of the Veil" treats of the dark film which envelopes Nature, and prevents man from seeing God's face behind it. The Wise Men are called and asked if they can penetrate the darkness, but they can discern no more than others. "'Twere better not to be," they reply, for "there is no God!" Then comes the weird poem introducing "The Man and the Shadow," the shadow intruding itself wherever the wanderer moves, and presaging doom. The Rainbow appears in the Heavens, but the Vision has no real consolation. He asks—

"Is it indeed
A Bridge whereon fair spirits come and go?
O Brother, didst thou glide to peace that way?
Silent—all silent—dimmer, dimmer yet,
Hue by hue dying, creeping back to heaven—
O let me too pass by it up to God!
Too late—it fadeth, faint and far away!"

That hope for solution of the great life-problems is lost. The mystery deepens with the "Songs of Corruption." The poet tries to picture the world without death. Humanity has cried out against Death for six thousand years; but in a sublime picture it is shown that Earth would be worse than the deepest Hell but for the power of Death. In the world without death there was no happy (if bitter) parting, no farewell in hope of reunion.

"There was no putting tokens under pillows,
There was no dreadful beauty slowly fading—
Fading like moonlight softly into darkness.

There were no churchyard paths to walk on, thinking
How near the well-beloved ones are lying.
There were no sweet green graves to sit and muse on,

Till grief should grow a summer meditation,
The shadow of the passing of an angel,
And sleeping should seem easy, and not cruel.

Nothing but wondrous parting and a blankness."

So that the abolition of Death could afford no help to the distressed spirit. "The Soul and the Dwelling" is, too, a beautifully wrought division, and enlarges still further on the awful mystery, and the hardihood of man in desiring to see God's face when he has never looked on the poorest soul's face in this world full of windows with no light. The theology of many will receive a rude shock when it is brought face to face with the "Songs of Seeking." The same amount of boldness of thought was never, perhaps, witnessed in a seeker before, and the stanzas on Doom give utterance to a thought which is rapidly becoming prevalent, that God is not God if there be ultimate condemnation for one soul in this wide universe. The dream of the lifting of the Veil is most poetically treated; but of all the divisions in the volume that which is loftiest in thought and grandest in expression is the one entitled "Coruiskeen Sonnets." It is well known how difficult the sonnet is to handle satisfactorily; in fact, there are but two or three of our leading English poets who may be said to have been completely successful in doing so. Mr. Buchanan, in several of these Coruiskeen poems, appears to have worthily joined their company. What could be finer, for example, than the following?—

"Come to green under-glooms,—and in your hair
  Weave nightshade, foxglove red, and rank wolfsbane,
  And slumber and forget Him; if in vain
Ye try to slumber off your sorrow there,
Arise once more and openly repair
  To busy haunts where men and women sigh,
And if all things but echo back your care,
  Cry out aloud, 'There is no God!' and die.
But if upon a day when all is dark,
Thou, stooping in the public ways, shalt mark
  Strange luminous footprints as of feet that shine—
Follow them! follow them! O soul bereaven!
God had a Son—He pass'd that way to heaven;
  Follow, and look upon the Face divine!"

Wordsworth himself could scarcely have manipulated the thought better than it is there. This, too, is a magnificent sonnet, though there is not the same ease of construction about it that we mark in the previous one: observe, also, in these succeeding lines, how they touch a large part of the ground occupied by *In Memoriam*—the same thoughts must have been coursing through the two minds. The music of Tennyson is more bewitching, but there is a strong under-current of pathos in these fine-measured tones:—

"But He, the only One of mortal birth
  Who raised the Veil and saw the Face behind,
While yet He wandered footsore on the earth,
  Beheld His Father's eyes,—that they were kind;
  Here in the dark I grope, confused, purblind,
I have not seen the glory and the peace,
  But on the darken'd mirror of the mind
Strange glimmers fall, and shake me till they cease—

Then, wondering, dazzled, on Thy name I call,
  And, like a child, reach empty hands and moan,
And broken accents from my wild lips fall,
  And I implore Thee in this human tone ;—
If such as I can follow Him at all
  Into Thy presence, 'tis by love alone."

The capacity for high conception is best illustrated in the final division of the volume, "The Vision of the Man Accurst." It is not often that we meet with so much clearness and daring combined. Neither the thought nor the imagination has been trammelled. Mr. Buchanan shows us the world after the Great Judgment, when all have been redeemed save one man—the man accurst. The wretched spirit mocks at the Almighty from the lonely deep. His shrieks, his revilings, his laughter, disturb the harmony of the universe. The Lord asks if there is anyone who will share the exile of this loathsome being, and two respond affirmatively :—

"The woman who bore him and the wife he wed—
The one he slew in anger, the other he stript,
With ravenous claws, of raiment and of food."

They went forth and conquered; they kissed the fearful thing's bloody hands, and the man wept. The Lord said, "The man is saved; let the man enter in." Such is the end of what is indubitably a lofty effort of the imagination. Mr. Buchanan says this poem is but the prelude to an epic. If the epic be at all of the same character, there is no difficulty in deciding that it will assume one of the highest positions in contemporary poetry. All the qualities which are admirable in poetic art find a lodgment to a greater or less degree in "The Book of Orm." It has simplicity, grandeur; beauty, sublimity; sweetness, pathos. The word-painting—to adopt a phrase for which we have no special liking, but which is very expressive—is wonderful; whilst we witness also a felicitous handling of all kinds of rhythm and rhyme. A surface reading of such a volume as this is a great injustice; it is to be read many times, and never without a new and singular light being thrown upon passages which seemed hazy and meaningless before. There is also to be discerned, beneath all that is tempestuous and apparently the tossings of a wild and rebellious spirit, the firm purpose of a soul which has not slipped its anchor.

A year or two ago a remarkable poem, entitled *St. Abe and his Seven Wives*, was published anonymously. Although first issued in this country, the reviewers were unanimous in ascribing it to an American poet, part assigning the authorship to Lowell and part to Bret Harte. It was a picture of Salt Lake life, as its title implied, and the local colouring was so strong that any suspicions one might cherish that the author was an Englishman were almost imperatively laid to sleep. Yet portions of the poem were cast in a form which led the reader to associate with it the name of Robert Browning, of whose hand it was not unworthy. The humour was of excellent quality, and the sense of delicacy, even with so dangerous a subject, never outraged. It is not our intention to go over this poem now, which will be more operative as an exposure of the evils of Mormondom than any more serious or pretentious book; but we refer to it because it has been succeeded by a work from the same hand which betrays, we think, the author beyond the power of contradiction. We refer to *White Rose and Red*, the most remarkable poem issued for a considerable period. It has all the gorgeous colour of Titian, with the breadth of Rembrandt. Anonymous though it be, its author might stake his fame upon that poem as lifting him to a very high place amongst his brethren. Though an American story—and all the singular local truthfulness has been attained which distinguished the previous poem—there are signs about the later work which, as already observed, unmistakeably fix the authorship. It is a work which would command attention from its total dissimilarity in style to all the poetry of the time. With a development of powers of satire and feeling of no mean order, there is the seizure and portrayal of nineteenth-century life in the most realistic manner. The various metres in which the divisions of the poem are composed add to the general effect and value of the work, whilst art of a high order is exhibited in the construction. The story follows the adventures of two heroines who furnish the title for the book—one belonging to the dusky Indian race, and the other to the New England whites. Red Rose is the type of all that is luxuriantly beautiful and graceful, with a semi-wildness of nature. This is a portrait of her as she rests coiled on her warm forest couch,—

"Around her brow a circlet of pure gold,
  With antique letters scrolled,
Burns in the sun-ray, and with gold also
  Her wrists and ankles glow;
Around her neck the threaded wild cat's teeth
  Hang white as pearl, beneath
Her bosoms heave, and in the space between,
  Duskly tattooed, is seen
A figure small as of a pine-bark brand
  Held blazing in a hand.
Her skirt of azure, wrought with braid and thread
  In quaint signs yellow and red,
Scarce reaches to her dark and dimpled knee,
  Leaving it bare and free.
Below, mocassins red as blood are wound,
  With gold and purple bound;—

> So that red-footed like the stork she lies,
>   With softly shrouded eyes,
> Whose brightness seems with heavy lustrous dew
>   To pierce the dark lids through.
> Her eyelids closed, her poppied lips apart,
>   And her quick eager heart
> Stirring her warm frame, as a bird unseen
>   Stirs the warm lilac-sheen,
> She slumbers,—and of all beneath the skies
>   Seemeth the last to rise."

Is not this a finer description than any pencil could accomplish, touching, as it does, character as well as bodily outlines? Another portrait, equally well drawn, is presented to us in Eureka Hart, the gigantic white man of the State of Maine. Red Rose comes upon him in the woods, falls in love with him on the spot, thinking she never beheld anything more beauteous, and he is taken captive by a number of her tribe. The captivity, however, which binds him stronger than the hold of the tribe is the captivity of love. He is just the easy-going, handsome animal, and becomes hopelessly enchained by the beauty of Red Rose. The nuptial rites are such, we regret to state, as would not make the marriage legitimate in any well-regulated, civilized country, but the two seem none the less happy in spite thereof. The passages which immediately follow this incident betray so much of Mr. Buchanan's spirit and manner that we wonder his name never suggested itself as the author, to any of the numerous critics of the poem. Eureka Hart at length grew weary of his lot, and in proportion to the evaporation of his passion grew vividly the remembrance of his relations far away. He persuaded Red Rose ultimately to consent to a brief visit to his native place, just to bid a final farewell to those he loved. He departed, leaving behind him a paper with the writing (in his blood) "Eureka Hart, Drowsietown, State of Maine." The little paper lies for ever on her heart to soothe the sad pain of parting. The Sixth Canto of the Second Part bears, we think, almost irresistible evidence of having been written by the author of *London Poems*, allowing that the style has ripened in the interim. Did not space fail we should desire to reproduce some of the charming passages which so truthfully depict Drowsietown, the abode of the Harts. When Eureka arrives and settles down there, it is not without some twinge of conscience with regard to the splendid, impulsive creature he has left behind. But these thoughts become fainter and fainter as he is bewitched by Phœbe, the White Rose, who presents a marked contrast in every particular to his former love. Dainty, mild, and prudish, she is meant to be a happy mother, very sober-mooded and very faithful. The upshot is that Eureka finds himself shortly at the altar with Phœbe, who is united to him in holy matrimony by Parson Pendon. And now begins the really grand and tragical part of the story. We have had spring, summer, and autumn painted by the poets again and again, but winter very seldom. Let anyone who wishes for a perfect description of the season turn to the book devoted to the Great Snow. Never was anything more beautifully and accurately realized, and as we read we are sensible of the fact that there is more after all in the cold, calm, white season than we have hitherto imagined. During the great snowstorm Phœbe is at home wondering what keeps Eureka in the town. Meanwhile, there is a foot on the snow, drawing nearer and nearer. A low murmur is at last heard, and something taps at the window. The door is opened, and in staggers a woman—the Red Rose—with an infant at her breast. She has been wearied at the absence of her love, and affection has guided her steps right away from the haunts of her tribe to Drowsietown. Phœbe finds the paper bearing her husband's name upon the wanderer, but in the midst of her conflicting emotions the door opens, and Eureka Hart walks in. The poem from this point is full of force and pathos. The loving heart of Phœbe conquers her anger when she beholds the death-touch upon Red Rose, and in pitying she forgives. Her rival dies in the arms of the conscience-stricken Eureka, still regarding him as her god-like chief. This is the final glimpse of her:—

> "See! her hand points upward slowly,
> With an awful grace and holy,
> And her eyes are saying clearly,
> 'Master, lord, beloved so dearly,
> We shall meet, with souls grown fonder,
> In God's happy prairies yonder;
> Where no snow falls; where, for ever,
> Flows the shining Milky River,
> On whose banks, divinely glowing,
> Shapes like ours are coming, going,
> In the happy star-dew moving,
> Silent, smiling, loved, and loving!
> Fare thee well, till then, my Master!'
> Hark, her breath comes fainter, faster,
> While, in love man cannot measure,
>   Kissing her white warrior's hand,
> She sinks, with one great smile of pleasure—
>   Last flash upon the blackening brand!"

Now, although in an artistic sense some would consider this poem to fail because of its ending, we cannot so regard it. The author has obviously meant to exhibit to us the fragmentary character, and utterly disappointing nature of human life. To say that he does not manifest art because his work ends with a feeling of melancholy, seems to us most inefficient criticism. The work ends tragically, exactly as the author intended it should end from the first inception of the story; though of course the most prominent impression left on the mind is that the poem was conceived mostly for the purpose of developing the passion of the Red Rose. The very realism to which the poet is devoted would be defeated had he attempted to reconcile ideas and facts which are seen to be in positive discord. If the poem be inartistic, certainly one half of our pathetic literature —both in prose and verse—must bear it company. But its genius is too true to permit of such a false conclusion. The poem is great—great in truthfulness, in conception, and in elaboration. The matter, however, in which we are most concerned is, that though its authorship has not been acknowledged, there are traces of workmanship about it which point to Mr. Buchanan as its author. It exhibits, in the first place, an amplification of one of his strongest personal canons in poetry,—that the writer should be perfectly disinterested, and free himself completely from faulty systems of ethics which are too often accepted without due consideration. Then, again, several of the situations in the poem, which would have been rejected by other living poets, of sufficient standing capable of writing it, as vulgar, have been deliberately chosen, and successfully handled. In short, as Mr. Buchanan desired it to be distinctly understood by his *London Poems* and *Meg Blane*, we have conventionalities set aside, and the human heart inverted, with all its passions, so that the remainder of the world, as well as the poet, might be able to witness its subtle workings. Between Nell and Red Rose we perceive a great amount of approximation. In both we have an out-of-the-way creation, but from him who gave us the first it would not be difficult to predicate the gift of the latter. Character has been preserved in both cases, and the truth spiritualized in precisely the same mode. There is no more vulgarity in one portrait than in the other. Neither does the poet profess to explain everything: enough for him to dare to be true. The personal chord running through this poem, *White Rose and Red*, we should have considered sufficient to identify it. Besides Tennyson and Browning, there is no other person except Mr. Buchanan whose work we could consider it to be, and there are insuperable aspects which would immediately forbid us associating the authorship with the Poet Laureate, or the writer of "Pippa passes." We shall at some future day probably receive confirmation of the views just expressed from the (at present) unknown author of the work.

Upon the prose works of Mr. Buchanan there is no room left to enlarge, nor perhaps is there any great necessity for doing so. They exhibit to a large extent the same qualities as his labours in verse.

There is the same absolute truthfulness to the scenes he professes to describe, with a strong power of words. In the *Land of Lorne* we have more than one passage which for eloquence can vie with anything accomplished in the measures of song. The author has got amongst the beauties and the wonders of Nature in which his soul delights, and his fancy has been allowed to wander free and unrestrained. The crudity which was a distinguishable characteristic of his essays has completely disappeared, and the author writes as freely as in his more natural element. The attractiveness and grandeur of Scotch scenery were but a shadow and a name to us till we read his glowing descriptions, but now we feel as though we also had been subject to the terrors of the Gulf of Corryvrechan, and had beheld the gloom and the mystery brooding over Loch Corruisk.

In making some final observations upon Mr. Buchanan as one of the prominent poets of the time, there is an excellent sign visible in his works which is most hopeful for the future. He is not an echo of any other poet. Whatever may be thought of his song, or whatever position may be assigned to it, it is perfectly original and spontaneous. He has not sung because he has been moved to imitation by the graces of other poets, nor for any other reason, except the one which should always determine the poet, viz., because song was in his heart. That is an election whose end is always inevitable—more commanding and imperious than Fate. As well try to eliminate music from the bird as suppress the volitions and the manifestations of the poet. It is his life to sing. There may be false singers who for the moment contrive to attract the public ear, but their influence is fleeting. They can no more satisfy the world than could the sounds which would proceed from an automaton being. The moment it is discovered that a singer is unnatural and that his music is a forced growth, that moment will his power begin to decline. It is something, then, that our author is of sufficient calibre to be able to be perfectly independent of any of his species. He has studied deeply at many imaginative springs, but his own well of song is unmixed with their waters. His utterance is growing clearer and more distinct every year. But in addition to this originality, there is the merit of endeavouring to assist in the formation of a superior school of poetry to that which generally attracts singers of a lower order. So far from regarding the subjects which he has chosen as unworthy of the poet's pen, we think it redounds to his credit that he has thus probed the depths of society. All his graphic, dramatic force would have been a mere shadow, nay lost altogether, if he had missed the realism which is impressed on everything he has written. The art which delineates the career of a poor coster-girl may be as fine and correct as that which conceives a Hamlet: false art lies not in the subject, but in the manner of treatment. Essential service is rendered to humanity when any life is so presented to it as to beget sympathy for the object, whilst Vice is left untoyed with, and appears in all its naked hideousness. In such a way as was never before accomplished, we believe, Mr. Buchanan has, in his London lyrics, come between society and the degraded beings who have been the objects of its contempt and disgust, and has acted as an interpreter. It is poetry of this description which will succeed in retaining its hold upon humanity. Whatever else may die, song which is impressed with a true and profound human interest is imperishable.

Again, his genius and pathos are not local. Man the unit being mortal, but man the species being immortal, that which has its foundation in the essential lot of humanity—joy and suffering—must also pass on from age to age, gathering strength and vitality. But how is the pathos of a life to be seized? It cannot be done in the attempted revivification of beings long dead, without the aid of the finest qualities of the great poet—insight, emotion, sincerity. Given these qualities, and witness their exercise upon contemporary subjects, and we have at once poetry which is not only true to-day, but must be immortally so. When we read Mr. Buchanan's *London Poems* we felt that they were great, if even from their courage alone. Nothing was wanting save those finishing touches to the marble which are no essential part of the portrait, but which leave unoffended the eye of the mind. The spiritualization was complete. His ethology, too, was accurate; there was no contradiction between persons individualized and their actions—owing to the perfect disinterestedness of the poet we had the beings themselves, and not beings partially deprived of their identity by the plastic influence of the artist. What our author lacked in his earlier work he has been gradually assimilating since, and has now succeeded in getting his language and his art under the fullest control.

In the great power, then, of appealing to universal humanity lies Mr. Buchanan's security. An author who can do that may well leave to poets of another school the alliterative deification of the fleshly lusts. Such things could not satisfy him. Here we have a man who is fitted for nobler work. *The Book of Orm* is an assurance that we shall yet receive from Mr. Buchanan's hand a greater poem. That he is capable of writing an epic admits of little doubt after a just consideration of what he has already achieved; and he will not have fulfilled his destiny till he has given it to us. The full richness of his genius only began to unfold itself clearly in his latest poem. A wide field in which laurels are to be won lies before him; and his future is within his own making. Competent critics have assured him that he has already added to English literature much which ought not to perish; and in this verdict we unhesitatingly agree. The light of Nature has been his guide, and the human heart his study. With these still as his greatest incentives he must unquestionably attain an exalted position amongst the poets of the nineteenth century. His doubts, his interrogatories, do not alarm us. In a poet they are healthy signs, and prevent stagnation or deterioration. They beget hope that Light will be seen at last. To the Seer belongs the power of elevating the human soul, of unravelling life's mysteries, and of piercing through many of those folds which prevent man from apprehending God. This power, or this glamour, or whatever it be, is indubitably upon Mr. Buchanan. Let him be faithful to himself and to his gifts, and in an age which does not promise to be rich in lofty poetry, he will produce works which cannot fail to be accepted as incontestably great, and worthy of the world's preservation.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

BISHOP BUTLER AS A WRITER ON EVIDENCES.

IT was on the fourth of November, in the year 1713, that Joseph Butler, a young student in a Dissenters' Academy at Tewkesbury, wrote his first letter to Dr. Samuel Clarke, controverting some positions in the *à priori* demonstration of the being and attributes of God. In that letter Butler said that it had been his business ever since he was "capable of reasoning on such subjects to find a demonstrative proof." He wished this not merely to satisfy his own mind but to be able "to defend the great truths of natural religion, and those of the Christian revelation which follow from them, against all opposers." Hitherto he had got "very probable arguments," yet he could go but a little way with "demonstration in the proof of those things." The objections to Christianity, as it was then understood, had become formidable. The host of evidence-writers were content with an easy victory over the Deists by tracing their unbelief to immorality, or treating their objections as frivolous. Earnest men like Butler saw that a grave crisis had come, and that it could not be met by any evasion of difficulties. In almost entire seclusion from the world for nearly thirty years he pondered over the great problem of his age. The result was the "Analogy" published in 1736. Since the letters to Clarke, the Deist controversy had engrossed the public mind. Collins, Woolston, and Tindal had in succession engaged the great defenders of the faith, and the press was teeming with books and pamphlets intended to demonstrate by external evidence the truth of the Christian religion.

In the inscription which Southey wrote for Butler's tombstone in Bristol Cathedral, Butler is said to have developed the analogy of the Christian religion to "the constitution and course of nature;" to have constructed an "irrefragable proof" of its truth, and to have found "in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those WITHIN THE VEIL." It is not often that inscriptions on tombstones speak the truth. They must all be interpreted with some allowance for the exercise of the faculty of imagination and the tendency to exaggeration inseparable from panegyric. We do not except Southey's epitaph for the grave of Butler. It affirms not only what Butler never did, but what he never professed to do. He found no "irrefragable proof" of Christianity. He found no more evidence of the invisible in the visible than others before him had found. He was satisfied with being able to show that Christianity was not so evidently false as many in that age supposed it to be. There is a mighty contrast between the humble task which he set before him, and the gigantic work which his undiscriminating admirers say he accomplished.

In the beginning of the last century Christianity, or the system of doctrines which went by that name, was not only openly assailed by able and learned writers, but it was regarded as obsolete by men of the world, and had become a subject of jest for the illiterate and the profane. It was discussed every evening by lively wits in the coffee-houses, and it had been refuted a thousand times to the general satisfaction of all parties. To be an unbeliever or a "free-thinker" was the fashionable mode of acquiring a reputation for superior wisdom. In Addison's comedy of "The Drummer," when Mr. Tinsel is disappointed in the object of his affections, he wished it to be understood that he had professed himself an unbeliever merely "to show his parts." In the introduction to the "Analogy," Butler says that "it was taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious." In his famous charge to the clergy of Durham, he speaks of the Churches throughout England as falling into ruins, and argues from the general decay of faith in the earth that the advent of the Son of Man must be near at hand. Similar accounts of the prevalence of unbelief are to be found in nearly all the theological writers of Butler's time. Swift, writing in the reign of Queen Anne, says that scarcely more than two or three persons either in the army or navy, believe in religion, and that "of people of quality, great numbers avow their disbelief in all revelation."

The temper with which Butler pleaded for Christianity was in wonderful contrast with that of the evidence-writers of his time. Unbelief, even in the simplest form of a doubt, was ascribed to immorality. Bentley said of those whom he refuted, that "their stolidity baffled all arguments; that their God was their belly, and if heaven could be obtained without the necessity of a good life, there would be no infidels." Even the philosophical Berkeley made jests with an unseemly levity on the smallness of the pineal glands of the free-thinkers,* whom he described as libertines, enthusiasts, scorners, and sceptics, who began as Latitudinarians and ended as atheists.† There is nothing of this in Butler. The heat of controversy never disturbs his calm impartiality, and the subject was too serious for jests.

Instead of refutation and demonstration, Butler's object was to obviate objections and to discover probabilities. These he found in analogies. The word analogy has a very wide application, and Butler uses it in all the varieties of its meaning. Quintilian, discoursing of Grammar, explains it as the principle by which light is shed upon what is uncertain by referring it to what is known. The lost or doubtful forms of a verb or a noun are supplied analogically from the known forms of a corresponding word. The value of analogy for an argument is only of a general kind, and the degree of probability may be different in every case. The word whose forms we know may have in it some irregularities, and the word whose forms are to be supplied may not be in every respect the same. With Butler the constitution and course of nature is the paradigm. Between it and religion there is a general correspondence or analogy. So far as the things compared are like each other, there is a mutual confirmation of their coming from the same Author. So far as they are unknown, incomprehensible, or apparently irregular, there is still a correspondence. This may prove nothing, but it meets objections. For every objection against Revelation, on account of things dark and inexplicable, is equally valid against Nature.

Butler uses as the text of his argument this passage from Origen :—" He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of nature." Celsus objected to the death of Christ as a sacrifice for sin. Origen answered that it was common for persons to lay down their lives to avert pestilences, barren seasons, or tempests of the sea. Celsus objected the desertion and treachery of Judas. Origen answered that it was nothing uncommon for disciples to desert their master. Aristotle left Plato, and Chrysippus forsook Cleanthes. Celsus objected the many different opinions among Christians, and Origen answered that it was the same in philosophy and medicine. These answers met the objections of Celsus. Origen, however, in the general application of his principle, sometimes intended more than merely to answer objections. The positive correspondences were actual proofs. The mystical meanings of Scripture answered to the literal meanings. Fancies were often made realities. But at the foundation of the principle there was the profound conception of a universal harmony in all the spheres of the divine activity. Butler sometimes seems to intimate that he would not object to the use of the principle even in some positive form. But in the "Analogy" he is addressing the Deists. His arguments are intended to meet the objections of men who admit that the constitution and course of nature are the work of God. This is not finding the evidence of the invisible in the visible, nor deriving arguments for the constitution of another world from the course of this. It is only showing that Christianity is not so certainly false as some persons supposed it to be.

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* See a paper in the " Guardian."

† Among the many books written against Tindal, there was a poem by Dr. Evans, a High Church Oxford divine. In this poem the devil appears to Tindal as a college bed-maker, and after giving him the news from the lower regions, concludes with these words—

"To Toland, Collins, Stephens, Asgil, tell,
Sir Richard Howard greets you kindly well,
And hopes to see you shortly all in hell."

The objection will naturally be made that to prove so little was surely not worth such profound and elaborate reasoning. But though Butler was ostensibly addressing men who made formal objections to Christianity, he had also in his mind the frivolous freethinkers of his time. Indifference where there was a probability, however small, was unworthy of a reasonable man. And if that indifference was the growth of an immoral life, its danger was serious. It was, therefore, a matter of the greatest importance to convince men that Christianity really had clear demands to be earnestly and impartially examined. Butler also knew the importance in an argument of getting one bit of sure ground, however small.

The argument of the "Analogy" is all suspended on an *if*. Objections are to be met, if from other sources we have sufficient evidence that Christianity has divine authority. The objections being obviated, the way is prepared for a statement of the external evidences which amount in the aggregate to a probability that Christianity is true. It will be necessary for the sake of clearness to arrange our remarks under different heads. We shall notice—

I. The Christianity which Butler undertook to defend.

In the time of the Deist controversy the man who could have defined either Deism or Christianity would have done more to refute the Deists than was done by nine-tenths of the evidence-writers.

All the Deists called themselves Christians, and some Christians so explained Christianity as to make it agree with Deism in all but the name. The Deists said they believed all that was reasonable in Christianity, and that Christianity really was an authoritative republication of what was already known through the use of the natural faculties. There was a general agreement between the Deists and the Christians that the supremacy should be given to reason. The divergences began when they came to apply the principle on which they were agreed. Christianity, said Bishop Sherlock, in a sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is as old as creation. It is a republication of the religion of nature. This was sound theology coming from a bishop. But when Matthew Tindal showed the analogy between the religion of nature and that of the gospel, and called his book "Christianity as Old as Creation," it was Deism. Sherlock was defending Christianity by showing its agreement with the religion of nature. Tindal came after him, and then, as Warburton said—

> "It was sport to see
> The engineer hoist with his own petard."

But Sherlock had added that there was something in Christianity, additional to the religion of nature. There was a scheme for the recovery of man from sin. The Deists said that they had no grounds for doubting that God would forgive the penitent, and therefore they did not see the necessity for this addition to the religion of nature. The scheme of recovery was differently understood by different theologians. Dr. Sykes explained all the sacrificial language of the New Testament as expressing the fact of the divine forgiveness. Christ's death was not a satisfaction for sin nor a substitution for the punishment of the sinner. That He made atonement with His blood was only a Jewish mode of saying that those who repented and amended their lives would be forgiven. This was an explanation of the atonement which left but little to choose between Christianity and that Deism which regarded Christianity as merely a republication of natural religion.

The Christianity which Butler was to defend was a Christianity to be received on external evidence, which amounted to a high probability but which did not give absolute certainty. He did not burden his argument with the theory of an authoritative Church, nor did he make an inventory of the contents of revelation. The general teaching of the Scriptures as understood by the orthodox Churches was the substance of what he called Christianity. If any of it could be shown not to be in the Scriptures, it would be rejected. The doctrines revealed were regarded as in the main reasonable, but those parts which were not within the reach of reason were to be found in some respects analogous to what we see in nature.

Butler came into the Deist controversy at the point where Sherlock left it. He did not know that he was suggesting anything original. He did not intend to do more than defend the popular faith. He used all the forms of speech, and many of the arguments current in his time. In fact the remarkable thing in Butler's book is that it contains in a condensed form the whole thought of the age, which is there living its own life, working out its own ends, and arriving at something which neither Butler nor any one in his day seems to have foreseen. The old life still lived, but beneath it was a new life concealed. And this new life had been generated by the Deists. The "Analogy of Religion" would never have been written but for that sense of eternal order, that sense of a constitution both in nature and in man, which had been pushed into prominence by the Shaftesburys, the Tolands, and the Tindals.

Butler followed Sherlock in calling Christianity a "republication of the religion of nature." He followed Sherlock, too, in calling natural religion the foundation and "principal part" of Christianity.* He therefore agreed with the Deists as to the principal part of revealed religion. He charged the Deists with denying the necessity of revelation, and he refuted them from the darkness of the Pagan world. But the Deists were far from denying the darkness of Paganism. When they maintained the sufficiency of natural religion they meant it only in the sense that natural religion was identical with the moral duties of Christianity, and that these were sufficient for a righteous life. The motive which led to this was regarded as indifferent so long as the thing itself was gained.

From what we know of Butler's principles, both from the "Analogy" and his sermons, we should have concluded that he would have agreed with this principle. But he does not. Christianity is the republication of natural religion with authority, but it is also a particular dispensation with new duties and new commands, the neglect of which may not be an indifferent matter. From the importance which Butler attaches to this particular dispensation, we might conclude that it, and not natural religion, was the principal part of Christianity. Of course it is all subject to the *if* from external proof. But it is supposed that neglect of this additional dispensation may be followed in the future world in the same natural way as inevitable consequences follow vice.† The argument is derived from the necessity of using appointed means such as those which we have in the positive institutions of Christianity. A reference is made apparently with approbation to Waterland's arguments for the efficacy of sacraments on the ground of their being positive commands.

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* Part II. ch. i.

† Ibid.

This argument, with the direct reference to Waterland, clearly determines the kind of Christianity which Butler meant to defend. It was a religion imposed from without by an external authority, and whose precepts were to be kept, because of the possible danger which might arise from neglecting them. When Samuel Clarke died he left ready for publication an Exposition of the Church Catechism, which consisted of lectures that he had delivered to his parishioners in Westminster. Clarke described the sacraments as positive institutions which had "the nature only of means to an end, and are never to be compared with moral virtues, nor can be of any use and benefit without these, nor can be in any degree equivalents for the want of them." Dr. Waterland was then in the height of his reputation. He had already taught that to neglect Christ's sacraments, which are positive institutions of the gospel, was as great a sin as to break any of the ten commandments. The Deists had neglected the "particular dispensation" of Christianity to give prominence to the eternal obligation of the moral law, and High Churchmen, like Dr. Waterland, answered them that to be unbaptized or to neglect the Lord's Supper was as great a sin as adultery or murder. The publication of Clarke's "Exposition" provoked a new controversy on the relative importance of moral and positive precepts. Waterland said that Clarke had shown contempt for Christ's sacraments, and that this preference of moral to positive commands was the foundation of Deism. The sacraments had annexed to them a "life-giving virtue." It was through them and not through moral duties that we come to Christ for justification and salvation. The first of our duties to God is obedience to His revealed will. Adam was driven from Paradise for disobeying a positive precept, and obedience to a positive command has made the name of Abraham "more famous, both in heaven and earth, than all his moral virtues put together." Those who neglect the communion will find their morality "of no use or benefit without this sacrament, nor in any degree equivalents for the want of it." Revealed duties, or duties arising from revealed relations, were declared to be of as fixed and eternal obligation as any duties known by natural reason.

Clarke was dead, but his doctrine was defended by Dr. Sykes. In this controversy between two eminent divines of the Church of England, living at the same time and holding high preferment in the same diocese, we have the chief element of the whole controversy between the Deists and the Christian apologists :—Which is our first and most imperative duty—to follow moral laws, or those which come in the form of positive precepts? And should there be any collision between them so that both cannot be followed, on which side shall our choice be? The Deists said moral duties. Dr. Waterland said the positive commands. It is surprising to find Butler endorsing Waterland. But Waterland is perfectly right so long as Christianity is regarded as something imposed externally, and with evidence equal to what we have for moral duties. We are now—

II. To make some remarks on Butler's arguments.

There were no English theologians of any eminence in the last century who did not give the supremacy to reason and conscience in all that concerned religion. It is true that this supremacy was often no more than a name. The principle was admitted, but the application of the principle was an everlasting controversy. A doctrine, it was said, may be perfectly reasonable, and yet above reason. To this it was answered that if a doctrine is above reason, then reason is not supreme. Butler agreed with those who maintained the supremacy of reason while receiving the authority of external revelation. He clearly asserted the supremacy of the human faculties, and no revelation was to be allowed to do violence to reason or conscience. "If," he said, "in revelation there be found any passages, the seeming meaning of which is contrary to natural religion, we may most certainly conclude such seeming meaning not to be the real one."* Again, he calls reason the "only faculty wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself," † and in another place he says, "Let reason be kept to, and if any part of the Scripture account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the Scripture in the name of God be given up."‡ In the first part of the "Analogy" the fact of man having a conscience was the chief argument for the existence of moral government. This was the basis of that natural religion which was the foundation of Christianity. It had authority, and "in such a sense as that we cannot depart from it without being self-condemned." § These two faculties, reason and conscience, were placed as sleepless watchers at the portals of the human soul, and without their approbation no external revelation was to gain admission.

Butler's analogies are, we have said, of different kinds. Some of them are actual likenesses between the things revealed, and what we find in nature. These are real confirmations and legitimate appeals to reason. But some of them are unlikenesses, and because we find things unlike in the natural and moral world it is reasoned that we may also expect things unlike in revelation. The probability may be admitted, but it is of no value for positive argument. We may expect some things in an external revelation to which nothing in nature corresponds, but their authority must depend entirely on the evidence by which they are supported. If a revelation contains things liable to objection, it is no argument[*] in their behalf that there are things in nature liable to objection. This plea would introduce anything, however monstrous, found in any system of religion. The sacrifice of infants might be justified on the ground that nature sacrifices the majority of the human race in infancy. It would justify every crime, for a state of nature is a state of lust and rapine. Under the cover of Butler's argument, Albert Barnes, the American divine, pleaded for the theological system of Calvin. The argument was just. If the God of revelation is terrible, the answer is that the God of nature is terrible too. This is not a step towards the confirmation of revelation, but it is a step towards the destruction of all religion, both natural and revealed. John Henry Newman used Butler's argument to defend the worship of the saints and the Virgin Mary, with the doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body in the Eucharist. Anything may be defended by it, and the argument would be just if the external evidence were beyond the reach of doubt. God is master both of reason and conscience, but the evidence for a positive command that violates the moral sense must be adamantine before it can be obeyed. In opening the door for what is above reason, the door was opened for what is contrary to reason.

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* Part II. ch. i.

† Part II. ch. iii.

‡ Part II. ch. v.

§ Part I. ch. vi.

Butler is also chargeable with an effort to violate conscience. "There are," he says, "some particular precepts in Scripture, given to particular persons, requiring actions which would be immoral and vicious were it not for such precepts."[†] The particular precepts are not specified, but we have, for instance, the command to Abraham to sacrifice his son, the Israelites being told to borrow jewels from the Egyptians, and the remorseless command to annihilate the Canaanites. If we take these as direct commands, and understand them as literally and directly required by the Deity, they are immoral, and Butler's argument tends to confound both the reason and the moral conscience. They may be explained on the principle common in the Old Testament of ascribing to God what was done in the ordinary course of nature, but in no case can they be regarded as direct commands from the Deity.

The argument for consequences, corresponding to those which follow vice, following the neglect of positive duties, is also open to objection.[‡] The principle may be admitted so far as unbelief proceeds from negligence, from a spirit of contempt, or a love of immorality. It is certain that Butler had this class of unbelievers chiefly in his mind when he wrote his book, but he states his argument as if sincere men who could not receive revelation would be in the same condemnation as the scorner and the ungodly. The argument is suspended on the *if;* unbelief may have awful consequences, "if Christianity be true." But the evidences of Christianity, that is the external evidences, only amount to a probability. To suppose that the Divine Being would give a revelation of which the evidence was not beyond all question, and yet punish men for doubts which were perhaps inevitable, is what neither reason nor the moral sense will admit. If we suppose the natural consequences to be independent of the divine will, and that the external revelation with its positive precepts is necessary to escape the consequences, so long as this revelation is not made known to all, we have the same difficulties with regard to the moral character of God.

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[*] Part II. ch. vi.

[†] Part III. ch. iii.

[‡] Part II. ch. i.

Part of Butler's argument for miracles is now generally reckoned to be unsound. The presumption against a miracle, or anything unusual, is founded on our experience of the order of nature. It may be true that a miracle may be accounted for by some higher order, in the same way as comets, magnetism, and electricity are within the order of nature.* That order may not be absolutely fixed, but the presumption against that which is not known to our experience is not "overcome by almost any proof."† We do not require the parallel case of another world that has had a revelation. The fact of an order established in nature even in a general sense raises so far a probability against miracles, and this is far stronger than the presumption beforehand against "the story of Cæsar or any other man." But,

III. The view of Christianity which is evolved legitimately from Butler's arguments is not that which he wished to defend.

Under this head we place some things which Butler allows :—

(1.) He had no sooner used Waterland's argument concerning the important duties which arise out of the relations made known by Revelation, than he added a warning against the danger of preferring positive commands to those which were moral. The duties arising from the relations revealed by the "particular dispensation" are equal to the duties of natural religion only on the supposition that there is the same certainty of their being commanded by God. But the whole of the external evidence for Christianity only amounted to a probability, a high one, indeed, but not sufficient to enforce a single doctrine which did not meet the approbation of reason, or a single precept which seemed to violate the moral sense.

(2.) Revelation, according to Butler, did not clear up any difficulties in nature. It left men, as regards God's moral government, in the same position in which they were by natural religion. The difficulties were parallel,* and the objections against the one valid against the other. The difficulties were supposed to be of such a character as might require our being able to comprehend the Divine nature. There was no such light shed upon God's ways and works as the idea of an external Revelation would have led us to expect. Though we are not competent judges of what a revelation would contain, yet the very mode of an external revelation seems to intimate that some light would be shed on that which was dark in nature.

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* Part II. ch. ii.

† Part II. ch. ii.

(3.) It is a revelation in which means are used to accomplish ends.† It is not made instantaneously, nor are the objects proposed immediately effected. There is the same progression which we see in nature. God takes time to bring about His ends, often using what appears to us slow and tedious processes. "The change of the seasons, the ripening of the fruits of the earth, the very history of a flower is an instance of this, and so is human life." ‡ The dispensation of Christianity is analogous to the daily course of natural providence.

(4.) It is revelation which does not depend on an infallible Church, and which requires no theory of infallible inspiration. It is the glory of Bishop Butler's method that it forbids us to invent ways for God. It comes at once to facts. It has none of the pitiful alternatives which we hear every day from evidence-writers, that if revelation be not given as they suppose it must have been given, we are left in darkness and uncertainty. As we are not competent judges how God would reveal Himself, we have no right to make a theory of inspiration. Our business is to go straight to the facts. The degree of knowledge or certainty which would accompany a revelation, or in what way it might be transmitted to posterity, are things of which we are ignorant. "Nay," Butler adds, "we are not in any sort able to judge whether it were to have been expected that the revelation should have been committed to writing; or left to be handed down, and consequently corrupted, by verbal tradition, and at length sunk under it, if mankind so pleased, and during such time as they are permitted, in the degree they evidently are, to act as they will." § The mode of revelation, therefore, might have been altogether different from what it is. It need not have been miraculous. It need not have had any proofs of its having been really made. "But," Butler continues, anticipating objections, "it may be said that a revelation in some of the above-named circumstances—one, for instance, which was not committed to writing, and thus secured against danger of corruption, would not have answered its purpose. I ask what purpose? It would not have answered all the purposes which it has now answered, and in the same degree, but it would have answered others, and the same in different degrees. And which of these were the purposes of God, and best fell in with His general government, we could not at all have determined beforehand."

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* Part II. ch. viii.

† Part II. ch. iv.

‡ Part II. ch. iv.

§ Part II. ch. iii.

(5.) It is a revelation which teaches us that all men will be judged with equity, whether Christians or Pagans.* This leaves no room for everlasting punishment, and it is a sufficient answer to the objection from want of universality. The situation of all men is not equally advantageous as to futurity, but all have a measure of light, and will have to render account only according to the gifts they have received. This meets some inferences that might have been brought from other parts of Butler's reasoning, where he seems to intimate that disbelief of speculative doctrines, or omission of positive rites, might be followed by irreparable loss.

(6.) It is a revelation of which the external evidence is not overwhelming. In different ages and to different persons the proofs are different. Christianity comes to men in different forms, sometimes accompanied with superstitions and false miracles which are sufficient to make the whole uncertain. This doubtfulness in the evidence Butler supposes may constitute part of some men's probation. The use of this uncertainty is to give scope for the "virtuous exercise" of the understanding. On this principle sincere and impartial inquiry is of more importance than the conclusions to which the inquiry leads. An upright man who has honestly used his understanding even though he be in error, is more worthy of commendation than one who believes Christianity without inquiry. Whatever there may be in Butler's special pleading opposed to this, it was impossible from his doctrine of conscience that he could have come to any other conclusion. "It is," he said, in the earlier part of his treatise, "undeniably true that moral obligations would remain certain, though it were not certain what would upon the whole be the consequences of observing or violating them." †

(7.) It is a revelation to the knowledge of which we come in the same way as we come to other knowledge. It is given not to our acceptance but to our acquisition. This is not altogether true of the Christianity which Butler undertook to defend. In its origin, at least, it professes to be given to our acceptance. We come to the knowledge of it, however, by instruction, by meditation, and inquiry. The light may be supernatural, but the hindrances to its shining are the same as are in the way of natural light.‡ The Scripture, Butler says, may contain great truths which shall not be known till the restitution of all things. They may be unknown, or known only in a small degree by many persons in the same way as natural remedies have been unknown to mankind for ages.

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* Part II. ch. vi.

† Part I. ch. vii.

‡ Part II. ch. iii.

(8.) It is a revelation of which all the doctrines are rational. Those that are actually revealed are so manifestly. Those that are unrevealed will be found to be rational when we know them in all their relations. This distinction of Christian doctrines into the revealed and the unrevealed is Butler's.* It is a contradiction in words but not in meaning. This is the key to the whole controversy about Christianity being mysterious or not mysterious. The great revealed doctrine of the particular dispensation of Christianity is redemption by a Mediator. The analogy of this is found in all nature. Vicarious suffering in the sense of the consequence of one man's sins coming upon other men, or upon society, is the most common fact of our daily experience. This is a sufficient explanation of all that is said in the Scriptures concerning the work of Christ as the Redeemer of men. Any intimations beyond this are not plain, that is, not revealed, and therefore of no concern to us except as a matter of speculation. We know nothing of the mode of the atonement, or in what way it was efficacious in procuring pardon for men. Butler here follows Locke, and escapes all objections from the unreasonableness of supposing that the Divine Being required to be appeased, or that He could not forgive till vengeance was satisfied. The mediatorial scheme is of God's appointment, but whether or not He could have saved men without the death of Christ is a speculation for which we have not capacities. The scheme may be much simpler than it appears from the illustrative representations, and the complex metaphors used to describe it in the New Testament. The fact that men may be forgiven is really the revelation. Butler escaped the charge of making the doctrine unreasonable, and at the same time left it possible to divest the idea of atonement of all that implied sacrifice in any objectionable sense.

(9.) It is a revelation not absolutely necessary to be known. Butler admitted that Pagans who had never heard of Christ might yet receive the benefits of His death.† It was not necessary for men to know what was the actual ground on which redemption was procured. This was a matter that concerned the divine government and not practically necessary for man to know. Here Butler, like the great majority of the evidence-writers, came back to the point where he left the Deists, and agreed with them that the great thing which concerned man was repentance and amendment.

(10.) It is a revelation in which the internal evidence takes precedence of the external. But if the internal evidence is at all a necessary integer, the Waterland part of the argument goes for nothing.

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* Part II. ch. iv.

† Part II. ch. v.

"Butler's words," says Professor Maurice, "often become feeble and contradictory, because he cannot utter what is struggling within him,"* but like "every great and generative thinker," he "has the power of adapting himself to circumstances and conditions which he did not contemplate, and which did not exist in his day." † When Mr. Maurice and Mr. Mansel contended about the nature of revelation, each claimed Butler as on his side. The two elements could not be harmonized. One was the old view of revelation to which Butler clung after it had been annihilated by the Deists. The other was a view more in keeping with the facts of Christianity, and to which Butler did not see his way, though many of his arguments are valid only on the supposition of its truth.

(1.) Butler's first error was the error of his day, that of resting Christianity too much on external evidence, and giving revelation the appearance of something exceptional. If this evidence were ever to break down, Christianity, he says, would fail. ‡ At the same time it is admitted that this evidence does not give the satisfaction and certainty which we desire. By this method, therefore, every sincere man must have doubts about the truth of Christianity just in proportion to the accuracy of his knowledge concerning the evidences. Men, for instance, who are used to observe the uniformity of nature will have an everlasting impulse to unbelief so long as Christianity is made to rest chiefly on miracles. The evidence from miracles is something distant. It does not come home to us as it did to those who saw them performed. Butler's conception of revelation is so inseparably connected with visible miracles that he ascribes to them the great success of the gospel on its first publication. He has no thought of the deep spiritual power of Christianity over men's hearts, nor does he in any way take into account the utter wretchedness of the heathen world, and the readiness of men to cling to any doctrine which promised the regeneration of society. The testimony of the old miracles is still to be to us a greater evidence of the truth of Christianity than its inherent power to renew the life.

(2.) Evidence of this kind can never produce what is properly called faith. It can never amount to more than a probability, and the motive for acting on it will never be higher than what belongs to a probability. As a rule of action in daily life, probability is the only alternative. As a guide in matters of conscience it is also good, for experience confirms the belief that interest and well-doing go hand in hand. But in the matter of receiving a creed it is worse than worthless. If we were to believe every testimony because it is safer to believe, there would be no end to the articles believed, and no measure to our credulity. And in this very excess of believing we might after all miss the truth, and miss what would in the end be our best interest. This idea of believing on probability was very commonly urged in Butler's day. It occurs frequently in the early Boyle Lectures, and indeed in all the evidence-writers. In the Lectures for 1709, Dr. Lilly Butler refuted Lord Shaftesbury, who had urged the eternal obligation of conscience, whatever might be the consequences. The Lecturer argued that it was safer to believe, for even should Christianity turn out to be false the Christian will lose nothing. Again, in 1718, Bishop Leng advocated the "policy" of believing, for that is to be on the "safe" side. Probability may produce assent to testimony, but it can never produce what is properly faith. It can never give that evidence (ἔλεγχος) of things not seen, which the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews describes, or that faith which is defined by John Locke as "a settled and sure principle of assent and assurance" which "leaves no manner of room for doubt or hesitation."

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* "What is Revelation?" p. 184.

† Ib. 168.

‡ Part II. ch. iii.

(3.) If the external evidence is not sufficient to produce faith, it must come from within. The internal or subjective must take precedence of the external or objective. Butler is strong on the rights of conscience, and the internal sense of an eternal order in nature and in man. He explains, too, that in the ordinary works of nature and providence there may be miracles, and that under the order which we see in the world, God may do what is properly miraculous. But the inspiration or miraculous working of the Divine Spirit in the minds of men never occurred to him as an element in the evidences of Christianity. This was the more remarkable as the two great parties into which the Church of England was divided after the Reformation had given the witness of the Spirit an important office in producing conviction of the truth of Christianity. The Puritans supposed the Spirit to testify to the canon of Scripture, and so to speak through the Scripture as to make its truth self-evidencing. The other party, including the liberal divines and the High Churchmen, believed that the Spirit worked in men a conviction of the truth of the Christian religion. Laud called this "the testimony of the Spirit," Hooker called it "the certainty of adherence," and Chillingworth "the obsignation and confirmation" which God's Spirit gave to Christian minds.

In Butler's day the internal conviction was ascribed to reason and conscience. The idea of a spiritual inspiration had been abused to fanaticism, and conscience was substituted for the Holy Spirit.

But the idea of a spiritual inspiration had to be restored to correct the deficiency which came in with this substitution of conscience. The common belief concerning spiritual influence was that the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost to work miracles and to dictate the Scriptures. After this the Spirit virtually retired from the world. The exact time of this exodus was not precisely determined. Dr. Conyers Middleton was called a Deist because he denied that miracles continued for three hundred years after Christ. The whole of the militant clergy were in arms against him undertaking to prove that for three or four centuries after Christ the Holy Ghost continued to enable the most ignorant Christians to exorcise devils for the conversion of the heathen. Bishop Warburton showed that the Holy Spirit had refuted Julian the Apostate, by causing balls of fire to come out of the earth when Julian tried to rebuild the temple, and he called John Wesley a fanatic for believing that that Spirit was still in the world miraculously regenerating the hearts of men. In a conversation which Butler had with Wesley, he almost lost his temper. "Mr. Wesley," Butler said sharply, "I will deal plainly with you; I once thought you and Mr. Whitefield well-meaning men, but I cannot think so now; for I have heard more of you—matters of fact, sir. And Mr. Whitefield says in his Journal 'There are promises still to be fulfilled in me.' Sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Spirit is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing." Any absurd miracle recorded by the Fathers was believed by the rational bishops and clergy in the last century, but for a man to say that he felt himself moved by the Holy Ghost was "a horrid thing, a very horrid thing." When Bishop Gibson charged Whitefield with enthusiasm, Whitefield answered that an enthusiast was "a person in God," and that was what every Christian ought to be. St. Peter had described the believers as partakers of the divine nature. When I was ordained, Whitefield continued, I professed to be "moved by the Holy Ghost," and every Sunday in the Communion Service, I pray for the "inspiration" of that Spirit. It is a matter of wonder to this day that the orthodox Christians who fought the Deists were the first to fall upon the Methodists. The Waterlands, the Gibsons, and the Warburtons had scarcely finished with the one foe when they engaged with the other. The "new enthusiasts," as Waterland called them, disdaining to use any more definite name, were at first contemptible, but they proved a formidable enemy to the orthodox Christian apologists, while they gave the only satisfactory answer to the Deists when they said practically that religion was not a thing to be "proved," but to be "experienced."

(4.) If we are to follow analogy, and form our conceptions of revelation from God's working in nature, we shall be led to reject the view of revelation which Butler undertook to defend. The kingdom of nature bears no trace of miracle in the sense of interposition. Things which, in Butler's time, were supposed to be traces of interposition are now explained in accordance with law and order. He has himself suggested that the same will be found true of the miracles which appear extraordinary. But these, as the unknown and the exceptional, are not the things which immediately concern us. The ordinary working of nature has been described as miraculous; and the same kind of miracle may be admitted as that which prevails in the kingdom of God. If the analogies between revelation and nature are so many, we may fairly infer a yet more complete correspondence in the different spheres of the divine activity.

> "What if earth be like to heaven,
> And things therein each to other like,
> More than on earth is thought?"

This was Butler's fundamental idea, and all natural discoveries run in the direction of uniformity of plan in all the works and ways of God.

(5.) The most remarkable analogy between nature and revelation is that of gradual evolution. Butler has dwelt on it with all the intenseness natural to his profound and far-seeing intellect. But the conception of the gradual process in nature is cleared and quickened by the most recent discoveries. It used to be supposed that God created the world instantaneously by an extraordinary miracle. But all evidence now tends to show that the origin of creation was miraculous only in the same sense in which its daily preservation is miraculous, God, working after the manner of nature, or, as He works in nature, framed the things that are seen out of things that are not seen. They were evolved from within, and not formed from without. If we apply this analogy to revelation, we shall do for theology what has been done for the science of nature. This would meet all the objections to the Scriptures as inculcating acts that are immoral, or as teaching doctrines that are repugnant to reason. The Scriptures would be regarded not as a direct revelation from God, but as the history of the divine process in the hearts of men, in the education of the human race. It may be objected that such a revelation would want certainty, and that it would not serve its purpose. To the first we answer that, in any case, we are without the certainty which we crave, and to the second we answer in the words of Butler, already quoted, that it would serve the end which God intended it to serve.

Lastly, the internal evidence of revelation being stronger than the external, and Christianity coming to us in the way described by Butler, its practical duties must be of more importance than its speculative doctrines. In other words, the moral duties prescribed by natural religion, are the "principal part" of Christianity. By speculative we mean not merely doctrines which may be disputed, but even those which are generally believed to be the doctrines of the writers of the New Testament. John Wesley once said, "Orthodoxy, or right opinion, is but a very small part of religion, if it be any part at all." This was a bold saying for a man in Wesley's position, but its truth is confirmed by universal experience. There is no sect of Christians which has not members who live the Christian life, and there is no doctrine of Christianity which is not denied by some sect. In the explanations of Christianity which were made in its defence against the Deists, every speculative doctrine diminished in importance before the great moral doctrine of the necessity of repentance and a new life. And every doctrine had interest or value in proportion as it led to this. Christians are divided into manifold sects about these opinions, and yet there is a universal agreement as to the moral truth on which Christ founded His Church. Christianity is not an infallible Pope, nor an infallible Church. It is not an infallible Bible, nor a system of dogmatic theology, nor metaphysical explanations of the Divine nature, such as we have in "the Creed commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius." Christianity is to "do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." This is the true Catholic faith, which except a man do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall be in danger of the judgment.

JOHN HUNT.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

Tricotrin; the story of a Waif and Stray.
Chandos.
Strathmore.
Held in Bondage. Chapman & Hall, Piccadilly.

I.

GOETHE says that, "if you wait awhile in any gallery of pictures and observe what works attract the many, what are praised, what neglected, you have little pleasure in the present, little hope for the future."

We confess to having felt the same, in our darker moments, on turning our thoughts to the "many" in England who are attracted by the novels of Ouida. The habit of novel-reading may be indulged until it become a sort of mental dram-drinking; the desire for the excitement increases and the dose is increased, until the enervated mind is almost incapable of assimilating more wholesome natural food. It is only a condition of mind like this, we take it, that could make either man or woman enjoy the species of literature offered to the public by Ouida; literature in which flaring theatrical gas is palmed off upon us for sunlight; platitudes, for which a Tupper would blush, for reflection; coarseness and impertinence for wit, and conventional propriety for virtue. Time was when the refreshing cordial of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was relished by England; but the eagerness with which the drams offered to the public by Ouida are swallowed by tens of thousands at the present day, compels us to take refuge in the hope that no "art" more despicable than her novels represent can henceforth be produced; that the sun of such novel-writing has reached its zenith, and must gradually sink towards its setting.

It is not a pleasant fact to reflect upon, that the chief caterers, if not consumers in this line, are women. Mr. Ruskin has told us that women no longer wish to become wives and mothers; he mentions it as a certainty, so we suppose we must accept it as such; but until Mr. Ruskin can tell us where the nine millions of husbands for the nine millions of unmarried women in England are to come from, it is clear that they cannot legally become either, unless it be made lawful for one man to have two wives. We understand that in America a petition to this effect has recently been presented to the legislature from some two hundred women; probably as a piece of grim satire upon those who declare *the Family* the only proper "sphere" of the sex. But it is obvious that, unless some such method of providing for the maintenance of the surplus female population be adopted, fresh fields of employment must be made accessible to them. The two careers which are at present practicable, without strife or censure, for a clever, well-educated lady are—becoming a governess or writing a novel; no matter whether she have the slightest capacity for either. We hope and believe that when women have a less cramped sphere in which to exercise their powers, very few, if any, will be found willing to lower themselves by the composition of such works as we have now under consideration.

Ouida's puppets remind one forcibly of Madame Tussaud's wax-work collection. They are spangled and bedizened; they have the same ghastly far-off resemblance to life; but it is a resemblance by which Nature is mocked and insulted. As to her women: "diamonds of untold price" generally glisten on their "snowy bosoms;" they wear "gem-sewn robes;" their hair is "diamond-studded;" they stretch out their hands to "jewelled letter-baskets," "jewelled fans," "jewelled bouquetières;" their letters "smell of gemmed pen-holders and Buhl writing-cases." One of them, a duchess, *toys* with "a *Polichinelle* whose bells were of gold, whose tamborine was circled with pearls, and who had cost, that morning, seven hundred francs." Marchionesses float down rivers in barges, much as they do in theatres, with ungloved hands, "white as snow and sparkling with emeralds and sapphires." Their dogs wear "dainty jewelled collars;" and even the traditional wedding-ring is converted into "a diamond-studded circlet."

The men whom Ouida would have us accept as representatives of the aristocracy of our day wear "dainty dressing-gowns, broidered with gold and seed pearl," with slippers of the same expensive materials; they sleep "under costly canopies of silk and lace and golden broideries;" they enter bets in "dainty jewelled books;" one of them cuts open the brow of his dearest friend with "a dainty jewelled whip," which he breaks in pieces and throws at his feet; they see the time of day (or rather of night; for nobody in their world seems to go to bed till the every-day world is eating its breakfast) on "jewelled watches." Their valets are "grooms of the chamber;" their tenants, "retainers." They come like shadows and so depart, and never, for an instant, impress us with the belief that they are beings of flesh and blood.

That the reader may not accuse us of exaggeration, let us first look at *Tricotrin*, a man who possessed "the wisdom of a Boethius—to laugh at life with the glorious mirth of Aristophanes . . . and to love all pleasure with the Burgundian jests (*sic*) of a Piron." "His life," we are told,—

> "Was a poem—often an ironic, often an erotic, often a sublime one—a love-ode one day, a rhymed satire the next; now light as Suckling's verse, now bitter as Juvenal's, oftenest a Bacchic chant or a Hudibrastic piece of mockery, but *not seldom* a noble Homeric *epic*."

He is a Bohemian, and, for the reader's instruction, we transcribe his description of "true Bohemians":—

> "We stamp our feet in the snow till we are warm, read *Rabelais* till we forget that we are hungry, and look up at the winter planets and think how pale they make the palace gas look."

When we first make acquaintance with this Bohemian, however, not having a *Rabelais* by him, he has not forgotten to be hungry; for he is either at dinner or supper, seated on a fallen tree—somewhere near the Loire river, in France,—"*in company* with a flask of good wine and a *Straduarius*." He is about forty years of age, and he has—

> "A beautiful Homeric head; bold, kingly, careless, noble; with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his god Lyæus."

Excusez du peu, reader, for this is not all. The features of this "head," which would have suited Phœbus and others, "were beautiful too, in their varied, mobile, and eloquent meanings, with their poet's brows, their reveller's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting *utterances*, whose *contradictions* made one *unity*—the unity of genius."

Tricotrin must have travelled greatly in forty years; for—

> "The people who loved him stretched from Danube to Guadalquiver, rom Liffey to Tiber, from Euphrates to the Amazon; while in France, the

land of his adoption, if not of his birth, the hand which should have dared to touch him would have been bolder than the boldest of the iron hands which have seized and swayed her sceptre."

The people of Paris, moreover, whom he calms in moments of popular excitement by addressing them as "my people of Paris," were "used to him in many phases, from a *Harlequin* dancing at their barrière balls, to a *Gracchus* leading them in years that were red with revolution;" and whether this ubiquitous and versatile Bohemian "danced with them, fought with them, laughed with them, or suffered with them, he was still their own—Tricotrin." Possibly his power over his people of Paris may have been due to his personal strength; for once, when he finds them amusing themselves by burning a Greek alive in the public street,* he distributes blows among them under which strong men fall "like an ox struck with the *pole-axe*," while, on another occasion, he "tosses" an offending youth "like a broken bough across the chamber." Mighty as he is, he is extremely sensitive; for slight things cause a "great shudder" through his powerful frame; and on hearing unpleasing news, he draws "a deep shuddering breath, as the soldier will, when *the bullets* have struck him."†

The Bohemian Tricotrin "had the genius of a Mozart," which accounts for the fact that, notwithstanding his migratory habits, he rarely turns up without his *Straduarius*—"which had often lulled Pauline Borghese to slumber, while its sounds floated over *the* orange grove at Rome,"—a monkey, a "well-beloved Attavante's Dante," and "a great meerschaum." With regard to the meerschaum and the Straduarius, it is worthy of remark that "while smoking the one he drew music from the other;" a method which casts any single-minded performer, like Herr Joachim, entirely into the shade. This however is not all: even when he rows a boat on the Loire, he beguiles the time by singing "the 'Allah hu' of the Golden Horn, to the rhythm of a *Venice* Barcarolle," and "there was not a cottage on its banks, not a water-mill on its shores, not a cabaret in its villages, under whose roof he would not have been as welcome as is the summer sun in mowing-time;" and when he condescended to travel in a barge, the owner thereof was "prouder of the passenger his barge bore than he would have been of a King for his freight." The Bargeman ought, we think, to have known better than to convey this remarkable being by water, considering that when he made

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* The date of this trifling incident, as nearly as we can discover, being some time during the reign of Louis Philippe.

† We should like to know the nationality of the typical soldier so slightly moved by receiving plural bullets in his person. We hope, for the honour of old England, that he represents "the British Grenadier."

"a rapid progress, with his light swift tread" on land, we find that not only the women, children, and vintagers whom he passed, but even "the meek-eyed cows" and toiling "bullocks," "all had words from him, which left them" (cows and bullocks and all) "brighter, braver, happier than they had been before those kindly eyes, shining so lustrous in the sun, had fallen upon them."

No wonder that the thoughts of this marvellous man, when they ranged over his own "career," were "filled with the mirth of Piron, the love of colour and of fragrance of Dufresney, the philosophies of Diderot, the adventurous fortunes of Le Clos." Nor is it surprising that when the Bohemian "bowed his head," an English Earl (elsewhere described as "a Prince in his purple") who was standing near, "thought, as he saw the gesture, 'that man bows like *my* equal, and with infinite grace.'"

As a painter, Tricotrin's gifts were such that an artist "whose name stood as the Velasquez of his modern time" informed him, he "could have beaten them all if he would;" and thereupon "the man who loved song and light and fresh meadows," &c., &c., &c., "had taken up his friend's palette and sheaf of brushes, and had dashed in, in two hours, a female head, which had all the brown glow, the voluptuous lustre, of the south in it; a head that Titian might have painted."

He does not sell his works of art, however; and the singular reason he gives for refusing to do so is, that he is "a Kingfisher, and likes his brook to be quiet;" whereas, if his genius were once made known to the world, his "brook would be for ever muddy with the feet of gazers, and for ever choked up with the purses they would fling at him." Instead of disposing of the picture in which he had so easily equalled Titian, therefore, he merely "sat under it," "among his brethren at supper, with the light on the leonine beauty of his head," and was "king of the revelry of wit and wine, where those whom nature had anointed with the same chrism that touched Rubens' brow and" (we ask the reader's pardon) "Shakspeare's lips, held joyous, lawless sovereignty; *leaning to kiss ripe, scarlet mouths of women, because they were men;* but" (note the impious balderdash) "rising to great thoughts that left far beneath them alike women and the world, *because they were also immortals.*" Tricotrin was indeed a worthy king of such Shaksperian shadows, for "Ben Jonson odes, Beaumarchais rhymes, Beranger songs, and Breton carols coursed each other off his lips *in a wild tournament of tongues* . . . . ; and as he drank, he chaunted Hellenic bacchanal hymns."

To sum up all—Tricotrin, like Ouida's whole company of "Kings" of shreds and patches—"KNEW HOW TO ENJOY."

The enlightened reader has, of course, already guessed that a

Bohemian so gifted must be a man of "race," and may be curious to know what induced him to forsake the life of his fellow-princes in purple. It appears that his father, a "wild and lawless Earl," was so oblivious of the duties of men of *race* as to marry "a fisher-girl from the sea-cabins by the Biscay waters." Naturally, he soon repented this error, and treated his wife—who, although she came from the Biscay waters, was "a wild mare of the desert,"—so cruelly, that she died "like a captive leopardess;" leaving behind her a son, to be hated by his father, and to "pay him back scorn for scorn." Seven years later, the wild and lawless parent atoned for his first marriage by the becoming step of taking to wife a Russian princess, who also bore a son, to be "caressed and adored," in his purple, by everybody; while the heir was, of course, doubly hated by his father; who not only "killed a noble dog, chiefly because his eldest son liked it," so that "wild words came between them," but added insult to injury by accusing his child of stealing some "rare jewels" of "enormous pecuniary value." Hereupon the son "passed from the room without a word;" and no intelligent reader—bearing in mind that he was a boy of "race"—need require to be told that he did so, 'with his head proudly poised, like a stag's." Equally needless must it be to inform any well-born reader that "he was seen no more;" for "he had the sea-lion's blood of his mother's race."

This young sea-lion became the gifted, Phœbus-headed *Tricotrin*, whom we left sitting on a fallen tree "in company" with his wine. The black monkey is, of course, close at hand, and to it he addresses his remarks as to the superiority of his own position—"at once philosopher and wanderer"—to that of the prince in his purple (*i.e.*, the English Earl living near), although "he has his grapes in a jewelled dish," and has "delicate *patrician cheeks* and hair diamond-studded *to toy with*." Attracted by the sound of a laugh near him, Tricotrin discovers a female child of about three years old, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, lying half hidden under the long grass, which stretches out its arms towards him, saying, "*J'ai faim*." He throws grapes to it, and addresses to it several pages-full of refined discourse; inquiring whether it was hidden there by "the poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou, or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal." Perceiving, however, that the child is so tightly tied as to render it clear to him that murder was intended, his "face darkens," and—with some disloyalty to people of "race,"—he settles it that "it was then Madame la Marquise, *not* Magdalene." After pointing out to the infant how far better for her it would be to die than to become a lovely woman, seeing that "lovely women are the Devil's aides-de-camp," he finally decides to adopt her, in conjunction with an old peasant-woman, who, by the way, lives considerably beyond the ripe age of a hundred years, without exciting remark. And the joint and several adventures of this "waif and stray," and Tricotrin, —partly among princes in their purple, and partly among his people of Paris—constitute the story; into the intricacies of which we do not care to enter. Suffice it that the "waif" first marries a duke, and is about to unite herself, in second nuptials, to an earl who "wears the purple robe," with the cumbersome addition of a "steel corslet heavy beneath," when, the horrible suspicion arising in her mind that she may be base born, she seeks out Tricotrin in a garret, in order to know the truth.

On learning that her fears were well founded, "her whole form sank and crouched like the body of a spent *and* dying stag;" but it is gratifying to reflect, that even in those painful circumstances, "all the rich colour and undulation of robes fit for an empress swept about her," and "on her breast and among her hair great jewels glittered," while "beneath her bosom a girdle of precious stones coiled like a serpent." In spite of these advantages, however, she "lay like an animal stunned;" and the climax of tragedy is reached by the master-stroke which reminds us of "the jewels braided in her hair, sweeping the bare boarding of the *garret floor!*" Partially recovering after a while, and bravely insisting upon knowing the worst, she learns that she is a fisherman's child; and hears it "crouching, as the magnificence (*sic*) of the leopardess crouches under the throes of pain." Should it appear to the thoughtless reader that her "throes" are somewhat disproportionate to the occasion, we must remind him that:—

> "To the woman who had believed herself born from the secret nuptials of some *Porphyrogenitus*, the sea-bird's nest looked foul as any vulture's."

II.

"Chandos," like "Tricotrin," takes its title from the name of the hero of the book. His "two special weaknesses were perfumes and female beauty;" and we find him breakfasting at noon in his chamber, which is fit for—

> "A young princess, with its azure hangings, its Russian cabinets, and its innumerable flowers, scented and shaded, and cooled with rose-water, and his attendants Georgian and Circassian girls he had bought in the East and appointed to his household. The world had been *a little* scandalised at those lovely *slaves*" in free England; "but Chandos had soon converted his friends to his own views regarding them. 'Why have men to wait on you?' he had *argued*, 'when you can have women—soft of foot, soft of voice, and charming to look at? To take your chocolate from James or Adolphe is no gratification at all; to take it from Leilah or Zelma is a great one.' And his pretty Easterns were certainly irresistible living proofs of the force of

> his *argument*. They were fluttering about him now with silver trays of coffee, sweetmeats, liqueurs, and fruit, dressed in their own Oriental costume, and serving him with most loving obedience. A French Duke and two or three Guardsmen were breakfasting with him, playing *a* lansquenet, at noon, *from which* they had just risen. Men were very fond of coming to take a cup of chocolate from those charming young Odalisques. Chandos rose with a farewell caress of his hand to the bright braids of gazelle-eyed Leilah. 'Are you all going? To be sure!—the Drawing-Room, I had forgotten it: we shall be late as it is. Au revoir, then, till we meet in a crush."

The Court of St. James must be sadly changed from what it was in the days of the Georges; for we learn, with dismay, that it is the "hottest, dullest, drowsiest, *frowsiest*, and least courtly of courts;" and nothing would induce the slave-owning Chandos to leave his Pashalik in Park Lane for that "frowsy" abode of royalty, "if it were not for our lovely—what is her name?—Queen of Lilies."

He rolls off thither with this parting recommendation to a low-born friend, who afterwards ruins him:—"Amuse yourself with my pretty Easterns then, though, on my word, Trevenna, you never seem to know whether a woman's handsome or not." While in the mazes of the hottest, dullest, drowsiest, frowsiest, and least courtly of courts, he meets "the young Duchess of Fitz-Eden, a beautiful brunette, with whom, rightly or wrongly, society had entangled his name in a very tender friendship." He catches sight of the "Queen of Lilies" "as she sweeps towards the throne."

> "Her loveliness drifted across the thoughts of Chandos, to the detriment of much of the beauty that was about him, and he waited for it impatiently where he stood among the circle of princes, peers, and statesmen about the throne. His loves had been countless, *always* successful, *never* embittered, intensely impassioned while they lasted, swiftly awakened, and often *as rapidly* inconstant. The very facility with which his vows were heard made them as easily broken; he loved passionately, but he loved so many."

"'Passionless'" he says,—"'they must wrong her; they have not known how to stir her heart,' he thought, as he followed her with his glance still, as she passed onward and out of the throne-room; and through the rest of the *gorgeous* and tedious ceremony" (in the *frowsy* court);—"Chandos let his thoughts dwell on those deep gazelle eyes and those soft, silent lips, musing how easy and how beguiling a task it would be to teach the one the 'looks that burn,' and woo from the other their first and lingering caress."

We find that "her remembrance haunted him in the palace," which is not surprising, as "her form was simply perfect, and it was in its fullest loveliness too, *for* she had been some years in Rome, and successive deaths in her family had kept her long in *almost comparative* seclusion." We never knew before that the air of Rome was necessary to give the human form "its fullest loveliness;" nor that *almost comparative* seclusion — not to speak of successive deaths in the family — was likely to contribute to that result. Chandos, however, is a man of the world: "for the first time he thrust such a remembrance away. 'Bagatelle!' he thought, as he threw himself back among his carriage-cushions and drove to Flora de l'Ormes. 'Let me keep to beauty that I can win at no cost but a set of emeralds or a toy-villa; the payment for *hers* would be far too dear.'"

The man who thus hastens to the toy-villa inhabited by one of "his lovers,"—has the genius of a Goethe, and "the grandeur of a Chatham." He began his career, of "lovers" in toy-villas, and Georgian and Circassian girls in Park Lane, &c., at the age of seventeen; and when he is introduced to us, at the age of forty, no signs of the physical Nemesis generally attending such a career among mortals are visible in this "god-like" being. On the contrary, such is his "dazzling beauty," with his "magnificent brow," "meditative enough for Plato's;" his eye, "thoughtful as might be that of Marcus Aurelius;" his "gold-hued hair, bright as any Helen's;" and his mouth "insouciant and Epicurean as the lips of Catullus," that "a painter would have drawn him as Alcibiades," or "idealized him into Phœbus Lykêgenês, so singularly great was his personal beauty."

Extremely singular: an ordinary man who had led the life of Chandos would have become something not easily described in these pages. Ouida herself is so enamoured of her hero, that after telling us how one of his many mistresses whispers in his ear that he is "the darling of the gods," she herself turns back, like a fond parent, to recall the glorious days "when he had been but a child, *in his laces and velvets;*" and when "princes had tossed him bon-bons, and *royal women* caressed his loveliness." Alcibiades has, however, somewhat nasty tastes, we think; for we find that in the toy-villa one of "his lovers" leans over him "and twists, Catullus-like, in the masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses *washed in purple Burgundy,*" and he in return "bends down and kisses that Southern loveliness while he laughs under his diadem of flowers." At this time he has a Madame de la Vivarol at home, jealous of him and meditating revenge, although herself the wife of "a thoroughly *well-bred* man, who *knew the destinies of husbands,* abhorred a scene, and neither sought a duel nor a divorce."

Ouida's high-bred puppets appear to entertain great contempt for that old-fashioned institution—marriage.

"Fratres mei," says one of them, "believe me the chorus-singer whom you establish in her little bijou villa, and who, though before she came under your protection she thought it the height of good fortune to be sure of bread and cheese, now will touch nothing meaner than champagne and chicken, does not weigh you more entirely by what you are worth to her than *nine-tenths* of the *delicate high-born* ladies to *buy* whom you must barter your freedom."

Chandos, when "dryly" asked by a Duke whether he was going to marry, "moved restlessly;" "he did not like the introduction of a painful topic." "'If you do marry,' pursued the Duke, remorselessly, 'take the Princess Louise.'" Could the Duke have been so "remorseless" as to allude to a Princess of the "*frowsy* court?" It looks like it, for, a few hours later, we learn that Chandos dines at Buckingham Palace. The Duke's reason for the suggestion is, however, his excuse: he reminds Chandos that the Princess "has the only rank from which a woman could love *you* without a suspicion of interested motives."

Nevertheless, "the subject was not acceptable" to this Phœbus Lykêgenês, so, before starting for Buckingham Palace, he—

"Turned with a sudden thought to his maître d'hôtel, as he passed him in the hall. 'Telegraph to Ryde, Wentwood, for them to have the yacht ready; and tell Alexis to prepare to start with me to-morrow morning. I shall go to the East.'" Of course his "yacht was always kept in sailing order, and his servants were accustomed to travel into Asia Minor or to Mexico at a moment's notice; and the next morning the *Aphrodite* steamed out of Ryde harbour on the way to Italy, the Levant, and Constantinople, while its owner lay under an awning, with great lumps of ice in his golden cool Rhine wine, and the handsome eyes of Flora de l'Orme" [the same whose Southern loveliness he had bent down to kiss in the toy-villa at Richmond] "flashing laughter downward on him while she leaned above, fanning his hair with an Indian feather-screen."

Ouida is intensely un-English in her utter want of humour. Had she possessed a spark of it, she could never have invented the Munchausen-like feats and adventures of her preposterous heroes. The following specimens will suffice to prove this:—

"'He would shoot *you*, mon cher, and stand all the better with madame for it,' said the Duc, dryly: 'Strathmore is the crack shot of Europe; he can hit the ruby in a woman's ring at a hundred yards—saw him do it at Vienna!'"

This encounter with a tiger is perhaps still more ridiculous:—

"A tigress sprang out on them *as they strolled alone through the jungle*—sprang out to alight, with grip and fang, upon Strathmore, who neither heard nor saw her, as it chanced. But before she could be upon her victim, Erroll threw himself before him, and *catching the beast by her throat as she rose in the air to her leap*, held her off at arm's length, and fell with her, holding her down by main force, while she tore and gored him in the struggle—a struggle that lasted till Strathmore had time to reload his gun, and send a ball through her brain; a long time, let me tell you, though but a few short seconds in actual duration, to hold down and to wrestle in the grip of a tigress of Scinde. 'You would have done the same for me, my dear old fellow,' said Erroll, quietly and *lazily*, as his eyes closed and he fainted away from the loss of blood. And that was all he would ever vouchsafe to say or hear said about the matter. He had risked his life to save Strathmore's; he knew Strathmore would have acted precisely the same (*sic*) for him. It was a type of the quality and of the character of their friendship."

As an illustration of Ouida's utter ignorance of human nature, we may point to the scene where Chandos, sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, lies sick of a fever at a lodging-house connected with a "gambling hell" in Paris. He is tended, after a sort, by "an old Auvergnat woman," "a hideous, brown, wrinkled, shrivelled being of nigh eighty years, with avarice in her black glance, and a horrible old age upon her," who swears "by the mother of God" that she would have "turned him into the streets long ago, if he" (this more than middle-aged debauchee) "were not as beautiful as a marble Christ," and she declines, with a "darkling and evil glance," to send him to the mad-house, because—

"'They would shear all *that* in a madhouse!' she said, drawing through her hard withered hands the silken fairness of his hair. 'When I was young, I would have given my life to kiss that gold—when I was young!'

"The words lingered half-sullenly, half-longingly on her lips; the memory made her touch gently, almost tenderly, the locks that lay on her horny palm. She *felt for him*—this battered, evil, savage old creature of Paris; but she would strip the linen from his limbs to thieve and sell, for all that."

Of Ouida's ignorance in other matters,—less important, but in which correct knowledge is, nevertheless, desirable in a novelist of such pretensions,—we might quote a hundred examples: we will content ourselves with noticing *two*; the blame of which cannot, we think, be cast upon the printer. She calls a *Berrichon* a *Berrois*, and quotes the celebrated verse of Henri IV. thus—

"Souvent femme varie
Bien fol *à qui se fie*."

III.

"Love," of the kind we meet with in Ouida's novels, is, unfortunately, so common in the world, that we do not need to find it idealized (!) in works of fiction. Of anything higher than the animal instinct—of love, in the sense in which the word is used by pure men and women, we find no examples in her volumes. Her first novel was written with an object, namely, "to warn young men against that *worst of all evils*, early marriages." Till they have been "steeped to the lips with delicate sensuous delights," it is better, Ouida thinks, to content themselves with "love," which can be "bought." This is the old vulgar notion of sowing aristocratic "wild oats;" a habit which education, by awakening a higher sense of human dignity in the poor, ignorant, or starving people among whom they are for the most part sown—and the deeper the shame—will ultimately put an end to in real life, as the good taste of all authors worthy the name has excluded its idealization from works of fiction. This novel was not published till several others from Ouida's pen had seen the light. We question whether any writer, even Ouida, would have ventured to come out with such "morality" as is contained therein, without preparation. But having educated her public down to her own level, she is able to venture even on it. The hero, Granville de Vigne, is a "dip.," which is, we find, the abbreviation used, in the highest circles, to signify a diplomatist. According to his own tale, this scion of a right noble race fell in love with his mother's maid at the age of seven, and had been in love ever since, till expelled from Eton "because he wanted to see a little of life." While rusticating on this account, he has a splendid-looking "Orientalesque, Junoesque" mistress, a certain milliner called "the Davis," a girl of seventeen. When he leaves that neighbourhood, he leaves "the Davis," too, like a cast-off coat, only offering to provide for her handsomely. She is not satisfied, scolds, and is in high passion; says he promised to marry her; and leaves him, at their final interview, vowing vengeance. The hero, after a few years of London life,—the most noble employments in which seem to be lolling about on sofas, smoking Manillas, playing cards, and talking of women and horses,—again meets the Davis under the name of "the Trefusis;" but does not recognize her. She reigns the belle of the London season, floating in the *crême de la crême* of society (God help us, if there were no other cream of society than that which settles on the top of Ouida's adulterated mixture!) Her manners and conversation are good; but her jewelled hands are not the hands of a lady of race, in fact, somebody remarks that there is no "race" in them, by way of guarding De Vigne against the mad passion for her which is rising in him. He is not to be deterred in that way, however. He marries her. The ceremony being completed, the bride signs herself *Davis*, not Trefusis, and reminds him that she is his cast-off mistress, and asks him to reflect on her promise that she would be revenged. Whereupon the hero gasps out something almost as sublime as the utterance which broke from the impassioned lips of the scion of another noble house,—"The arms of the Squeers's is tore!"—and rushes off to India to fight for his country. Ouida's own virtuous indignation rises to the boiling point at such an outrage to society; Granville de Vigne, the boast of whose race was that "the men had been brave and the women chaste" (mark the clear distinction!), to soil his name by marrying his former mistress!

Then there is a scion of another noble house, whose young life had also been steeped in luxury and in "a delicate sensuous delight;" he is a "libertine," "a devil of a fellow for women" (we quote Ouida), and his life had been "one long *liaison*." He is haunted with a secret; he had been married to a voluptuous, beautiful, Italian woman, while his life was still steeped in the above-mentioned sensuality. She was of poor birth, vulgar manners, and bad temper. He also suspected her of infidelity, so he left her, came to England, and continued the dissolute life already indicated, remaining, nevertheless, so noble, so high-souled, and so great a man, that his immoral habits were a mere detail. When considerably past middle age, this high-souled debauchee, hearing that his wife is dead, is on the point of marrying a beautiful, charming girl, about half his own age,—an angel who is loved and loves very much, and who, not being strait-laced, can yield to her lover's peculiarities. But, coming from the theatre in Paris one night, he is accosted by a beggar, who addresses him in sweet Italian, and begs him, for the sake of heaven, to give her a copper, as she is nearly dead with hunger. She recognizes in the alms-giver her virtuous lord; faints, and is carried to her wretched lodging, where, in the course of an hour or two, after having wrung from him a conditional *forgiveness* (!), she dies. He hurries away rejoicing in his liberty; marries the angel, and lives happily ever after.

Meanwhile the god-like hero, Granville de Vigne, having also sown a sufficient quantity of wild oats, and become a middle-aged man, condescends to fall in love with the daughter of this gentleman and his Italian wife, a beautiful pure fresh violet, half-child, half-woman, who adores him and looks up in his face with "the trustful love of a faithful spaniel," which is Ouida's favourite simile for a pure woman's love.

There is a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of a secret marriage on the part of the Davis before she had married De Vigne; but she is arrested and carried off to justice; her "delicately perfumed dress" leaving an odour behind it amongst a party chiefly composed of *demi-monde*, with whom she is then picnicking, and thus the god-like hero is free to marry the pure violet; which he does; and they also live happily ever after.

IV.

Ouida's heroes, notwithstanding their "god-like" qualities and genius, chiefly converse upon women and horses, in a style which, we are assured by the authoress, is brilliant and witty; but which, to our plain mind, appears unequalled for flatness and silliness by any traditional "bread-and-butter miss" who ever saw the light. Moreover, the talk of bread-and-butter misses, if silly, is at least clean; which is by no means the case with these brilliant gentlemen, as the following specimen may suffice to show. The speaker is looking at "a Daphne flying from Apollo, and just caught by him, shrouded in rose-coloured curtains." "Nice little girl this," he remarks; "rather enticing, made to look alive with that rose-light; *tantalizing* to know it's nothing but marble."

The men who talk in this refined manner belong to the *monde*: one of their chief occupations appears to be gazing out of club-windows upon women who, although they drive "their exquisite little four-in-hand cream-coloured ponies," are *demi-monde;* a distinction without a difference (unless it be to the *dis*advantage of the men) which is strictly maintained by Ouida. The men of *monde* speak of the women of *demi-monde* as if they were horses, with the definite article before their names. Love (*i.e.*, desire), wealth, enjoyment,—such is the trinity these high-born heroes worship. They are "vultures seeking after something to eat, and only shriek dolefully when carrion enough is not given to them;" but what of this, since—being rich enough to purchase a sufficiency of "carrion,"—their lives are "steeped in a delicate, sensuous delight;" they are happy; they "enjoy."

When Ouida says anything as coarse and disgusting as the following, she is under the impression that she has not only said something smart, but done her stroke of work against existing evils: "To advance in civilization is, after all, only to perfect cant. The nude figure remains the *same* delight to the precisian as to the profligate; he drapes her discreetly in public, whilst he gloats over her *un*draped *in petto*." The "morality" of her books is like the veneering of rotten wood. We give, as an illustration, the morality of the "high-souled" philosopher, Tricotrin. When a young "prince in his purple" has indiscreetly attempted to "kiss the ripe scarlet mouth" of the "waif" whom Tricotrin protects, that philosopher, in a burst of righteous indignation, threatens to make known to his father the fact that the "orgies" of his heir in Paris have not been such as became a youth of "race;" that, instead of making his life "an erotic *poem*," he has been so base as to content himself with erotic *prose;* and the philosopher concludes his virtuous harangue thus: "Now, shall he hear the whole vile truth, or will you *purchase my silence* by leaving in peace what *I* cherish?"

This moralist had himself "known *oftentimes* the love of a man for the fair eyes and the smiling mouth and the white limbs of the woman's beauty that tempts him," but "it had ever been a gay, wind-tossed, chance-sown flower in his path."

Erotic poems, however, cannot be enacted without utter destruction to the chance-sown flowers in the path of the poet, who flings them aside to be trodden under foot in the mud of erotic prose. This is of no importance in Ouida's code of morality—which is, in this respect, alas! the world's—so long as the poet abstains from plucking flowers from the garden of men of race. We know that men of race must have ripe scarlet mouths to "kiss in lawless sovereignty, *because they are men*;" but, in the name of all that is moral and proper, Ouida would have them forbear to "poach" in the "preserves" of their fellow-*sovereigns*, or the very foundations of *Society* will be shaken! With this proviso, they are free "to enjoy."

To enjoy.

It is because these words—which aptly sum up the aim of Ouida's works—throw an evil light upon the social corruption of which they are an exhalation, that we hold ourselves justified in directing attention to them. Precisely as certain diseased conditions of the body give rise to a craving after unnatural food, so do certain morbid conditions of the mind produce an appetite for literary food which a sound mental organization would reject. Individual instances of such morbid affections are fit subjects of study for the physician only, and the fact that a silly and ignorant woman should write novels which are at once vulgar, nasty, and immoral in tendency, could not, in itself, be matter of interest for readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. But that such books have a very large and increasing circulation should be matter of painful interest to every decent man and woman in England. The price at which they are published renders them inaccessible to those whom it is customary to call "the people," and it is clear that a writer who tells us that "a gaunt, bull-throated, sanguinary brigand" is "the type of the *popolares* of all time," does not address herself to them. These books are issued by one of the first houses in the trade; they are written for and read by society.

Is not the motto of Ouida's heroes—"to enjoy"—the motto of society, and every day more openly, more shamelessly, avowed? We believe it is, and we believe further that the society which reads and encourages such literature is a "whited sepulchre" which, if it be not speedily cleansed by the joint effort of pure men and women, will breed a pestilence so foul as to poison the very life-blood of our nation.

VINCENT E. H. MURRAY.

THE BROAD CHURCH IN THE NETHERLANDS.

I.

ON the 13th of November, in the year 1618, there met within the walls of the old City of Dort, a number of the most eminent divines of the Reformed Church of Holland. There was a general feeling that the Dutch Church had entered on a critical period of her history, and as she occupied a leading position among the reformed Churches on the Continent, invitations had been issued to several of them to send deputies, and to be represented at the deliberations. The very corner-stone of Calvinism, the doctrine of predestination, had been attacked. This doctrine had already been a bone of contention for several years between the Supralapsarians and the Infralapsarians, but no one had ventured to call the fact itself in question before the days of Arminius. This professor of Divinity at the University of Leyden, was the first to declare against the extreme Calvinism which had hitherto ruled the Church with an iron sceptre. He soon obtained a numerous following, and amongst his adherents was, amongst others, the well-known Hugo Grotius.

The unexpected success made it all the more necessary for the orthodox party to interfere. A Synod was called together, and after so-called deliberations, for the result was a foregone conclusion, the assembled fathers issued a declaration of faith containing the following five propositions: "1. Because all men have sinned in Adam, God would be justified in condemning them; He sent, however, His Son to redeem those that believe; those that do not believe remain under the wrath of God, but the cause of their unbelief is to be looked for in themselves. Faith, however, is a free gift of God. The reason why it is given to some and withheld from others, is to be found in God's eternal decree, in accordance with which He softens the hard hearts of the elect, and leaves the non-elect to the just punishment due to their wickedness. The cause of God's decree is nothing else but His good pleasure, which prompts Him to select certain individuals from amongst the mass of sinners. 2. Christ died for those who have been predestinated from all eternity. 3, 4. The fall of man has involved the corruption of the whole race, and the evil nature is transmitted from generation to generation; the Gospel alone can deliver man from the misery in which he is plunged; the salvation of the individual is to be ascribed to God only. 5. God preserves His elect in accordance with His immutable decree; though they may sometimes stumble, they cannot utterly fall, and they are kept from committing sins which lead unto death." With anathemas against those who denied these five articles, the members of the Synod concluded their sittings. They returned to their homes with the happy consciousness that they had rescued the faith from suffering shipwreck, that they had saved their Church, and that they had vindicated the glory of God. They resolved, moreover, to take vigorous measures against those who were suspected of favouring the Arminian views.

The importance of this Synod in the history of the Church of Holland cannot be overrated. The theology of Calvin had been received in the Netherlands, from the very beginning, with acclamations, and it was natural that it should now be looked upon with greater favour than ever. The gloomy, stern, defiant spirit, which pervades the system of the French Reformer, commended itself to a race, which had been engaged in incessant warfare from the very earliest periods of its history. Threatened on all sides by the elements, and seemingly preserved by a miracle from destruction; but lately emerged as conquerors from a gigantic struggle with one of the most powerful nations of Europe, the people could well understand a system in which God is represented as a fierce warrior, ever ready to avenge himself, and in which the world is looked upon as a thing to be hated and to be trampled upon. They loved also to think, at this particular period of their history, that they had been the special object of God's good pleasure in the events which had led to the establishment of their republic. Besides, they were not given to speculation, and they liked the rough and ready way in which Calvinism cuts the knot. Add to this that all mysticism was distasteful to them,* and you will find another reason why they should have felt more attracted by the Calvinistic type of Christianity than by any other. Never in all their history, was there, as I remarked before, a moment more favourable to the promulgation of such views, than at the time when the fathers of the Church met at Dort. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that the decisions of the Synod remained unchallenged for a considerable time. The nation that had preferred death to slavery, that had struggled for liberty with a heroism reminding one of the palmiest days of Greece, silently bent before the authority of a most arbitrary religious system. So much for human consistency!

The Synod of Dort, after having settled the doctrines of the Church, and established the authority of the Confession and the Heidelberg Catechism, turned its attention to the organization of the Church. The Presbyterian form of Church Government was adopted, as being suited to a republic. And thus it seemed that the Church of Holland was about to enter on a long period of orthodoxy if not of orthopraxy.

It must be allowed that under the system of Dort there flourished many men of learning and culture. In dogmatic theology, in philology, and in exegesis, many men distinguished themselves so highly that their names and their works became known far beyond the narrow boundaries of the republic whose citizens they were. But, unfortunately, the learned men of Holland were shut up within the high prison walls of the Calvinistic theology. Exegesis moved in fetters; the Bible was made use of to elucidate the dogmas of Calvin. The theology of the French Reformer became the infallible pope who demanded unquestioning obedience. Philology alone came forward with, at any rate, a show of freedom. It is true that some of the most destructive criticisms are the result of philology; but those results were not foreseen when the science began to be cultivated.

II.

The rationalistic movement in the Church of Holland dates from the end of the eighteenth century. It was not a hostile advance, it was not a bold attack on certain strong points in the theology which had held undisputed sway for ever so long; it was rather a timid retreat, a giving up of certain positions looked upon hitherto as imperatively required for purposes of defence. In Germany the case was altogether different. A great and bold philosophy defied the Church and her theology. But the philosophy of Germany—those dazzling intellectual gymnastics of the modern Greeks—did not attract the practical, cautious Dutchman, impatient of discussion, and dreading, above all things, uncertainty. The influence of German philosophy in Holland was very slight. The movement in Holland was not characterized, as it was in Germany, by depth of learning, originality of research, and boldness of speculation. But it was marked by a practical tendency, an earnest persevering endeavour to influence the Church, and to mould the life of her members. As a type of what we may call the moderate Evangelicalism of the close of the eighteenth century, the celebrated Van der Palm may be mentioned. He was a celebrated orator, and his works are still read as models of eloquence. He is the representative of a gentlemanly Christianity. In those stately periods, in those elaborate sentences, in those neatly turned phrases, you will find much that is admirable, much that is edifying; but also much that makes it difficult to suppress a yawn. You get tired at last of wandering over endless flat meadows, separated from each other by narrow ditches. You long for the sight of a mountain, for the sound of the tempest, for the thunder of the waves. You get wearied of all the moralising, and all the dissertations on certain virtues and certain vices. "Because of the number of trees you are unable to see the forest." You say, "Show me the foundations, point out to me the principles of life, treat me not as a child, but as a man." And the only answer will be, "Think not, ask not; sleep on."

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* I do not forget that Thomas à Kempis was a Dutchman. But the character of the nation had undergone considerable changes since those days. I am also willing to admit that there is a certain mysticism in Calvinism, but it is of a very sober kind.

It has been said against the school of Van der Palm, that it preached morality, and failed to exhibit the Gospel. A strange reproach! for the Gospel is surely not a theology, but the highest morality. With greater justice it may be said, that it neglected to exhibit the Christian type of morality, that it failed to point out the moral principle as influenced by the revolution that proceeded from Nazareth. But the chief cause of its ephemeral duration is to be found in the fact that both in the physical and in the spiritual worlds the power of sleeping is after all limited. The stratagem of the ostrich is after all not the highest wisdom. The quiet ignoring of difficulties, and the policy of giving with the one hand, and taking away with the other, becomes some time or other unsatisfactory. There is a greater ideal for humanity than that of "the happy family," whose members are drugged with a narcotic. Therefore the compromise between theology and philosophy, as represented by Van der Palm and his school, came quickly to an end. Undoubtedly, a few tears were shed on its grave, for its apostles had been quiet, gentle, and amiable men. But the tears are long since dried up.

There is no class of men so productive of mischief in this world as the so-called moderate men. They are generally the fathers of the extreme left, and of the extreme right. They disgust the believers, and they fail to satisfy the unbelievers. They invariably call forth extreme reactions. They always throw the firebrand into the temple, and thus the very thing which they had hoped to avoid, comes to pass: the building which they wished to preserve is consumed. As a matter of course, the moderates were succeeded by an ultra-orthodox, and an ultra-heterodox party. Two causes contributed powerfully to the increase of rationalism. Though the Dutch were almost altogether unaffected by German philosophy, they could not help being influenced by the spirit of free inquiry which was predominant all through Europe. In Germany, criticism, when applied to the teaching of the Church, had on the whole been of the most destructive character. Its tendency had been not merely to undermine the authority of creeds and confessions and dogma, but of the Scriptures themselves. No longer were they to be looked upon as the infallible source of absolute truth; no longer were the sacred writers to be considered as men kept from all error, by means of a miraculous inspiration. The Old Testament, cut into numberless pieces, hardly survived the process of dissection. It was still to be preserved as an interesting relic: the record of a small Shemitic tribe, which after many ages had emerged from the night of polytheism into the light of a pure monotheism. Having demolished Moses and the prophets, the knife was applied to the writings of the New Testament. Here a difference was made between the teaching of the Apostles and the teaching of Christ, between the religion of Jesus and the doctrine about Christ. The Evangelists and Apostles were made to pass through the fire of "the new criticism," and when they came out, their identification was a process of the greatest difficulty. There remained a Christianity shorn of every supernatural element, not differing from other religions in kind but in degree; there remained a person, whose name was Jesus, who had spoken many words of wisdom and done many noble deeds, and left behind a bright example, till he had fallen in the end a martyr to the truths which he had proclaimed. He died and was buried, and did not rise again. No hand could roll away the stone, with the seal of the men of science, from the door of the sepulchre where he lay. Humanity sat disconsolate near the grave, which held the purest and noblest one of her children, and her only consolation was to be found in undying memories preserved in beautiful but utterly vague traditions. Is it strange that, in moments of spiritual loneliness it sought to keep itself from despair by indulging in excesses, deplorable no doubt, yet with all the evidence of the hunger that consumed it, and the thirst that tormented it?

Such were the results at which criticism could not but arrive in the end. But it need hardly be remarked that the issue was not foreseen from the beginning, and that it was only by the irresistible force of logic that men were led to adopt the conclusion, which followed from the premises which they had laid down. Besides, there are very few men who either take the trouble or who have the courage to consider patiently what is involved in certain propositions which they have more or less rashly adopted. One thing was beyond all dispute; it was the learning and ability of the leaders of the new school. Orthodoxy was in a state of sleep very much akin to that of death; the new school was full of life to the very brim. It has been remarked that our age is characterized by a passion for all that bears the stamp of reality; the men of the new school looked upon the Bible, on theology, and on Christianity as something tangible, as something real. Herein lay one of their great sources of fascination; men were tired of watching the great dreamer, the Church. And they willingly believed that nothing else was intended, but the development of the Reformation in accordance with the principles which had called it into existence. Heterodoxy has a rightful place in the Church—what else is Protestantism, but a great heterodoxy?

The intense activity in the world of thought in Germany made itself slowly yet surely felt in the Lowlands. Many of the clergy embraced the new opinions and commenced to preach them. The little difficulty they might have felt in signing the confession of the Church was removed by a convenient alteration in the formula of subscription. Hitherto a minister in accepting a charge had been called upon to declare that he accepted the Confession, because it was in accordance with the teaching of Scripture. But in the year 1816 the word "quatenus" was substituted for "quia." This change opened the door for Rationalism in a most effectual way. It enabled men to accept and to reject *ad libitum*, it allowed them to take the articles in that non-natural sense which to the vulgar mind seems very little removed from the unnatural sense.

The movement in Germany called three schools into existence, two of which flourish until the present day. The school of Groningen has ceased to exert any influence. It is passée; we can afford to be generous in forming an estimate of its chief representatives. Its most popular man was undoubtedly Professor Hofstede de Groot. The school of Groningen represented a mild rationalism. It attempted to bring about a compromise between conflicting parties. It failed because both parties were determined to carry on the war unto the bitter end. It passed away, unnoticed by its enemies and sneered at by its former friends, who had long since outgrown its teaching. But it deserved a better funeral. It had considerable merits. It pointed out once more the centrality of the person of Christ. From doctrines and dogmas it pointed to the person of Christ and the great facts of His life. But when asked in what light it regarded the person of Christ, and how it interpreted the historical events on which it laid such stress, it felt itself in a considerable dilemma. It was unwilling to deny, and still more unwilling to affirm. It took refuge in a vague terminology which might mean a great deal and which might mean nothing at all. It spoke of Christ as a heavenly Being, or as a son of God, but it left the terms unexplained. It spoke of his work, and in doing so became a little more definite. It rejected the theory of vicarious sacrifice and of imputation; it characterized the worship of the god of Anselm as the worship of a Christian Moloch. The redemption of Christ consisted, in accordance with its teaching, above all in the education of humanity. Christ had come as the great teacher, and his mission had been to impart light. Such a solution was of course not in accordance with the doctrines of the Church as embodied in her confession. Add to this that its leaders spoke much about human freedom and little about Divine grace, that the Divine element was kept in the background in their teaching and in their writings, and it will be easily understood that the orthodox party looked upon them as Rationalists. It availed them little that they had an apparently inexhaustible fund of mysticism at their command, that they insisted strongly on union with Christ, or that they depicted in most eloquent language the Christian life. They were suspected, and their protestations of sincerity could not remove the suspicion. I remember the commotion caused by the appointment of a minister belonging to the Groningen school in Amsterdam. A strong protest was drawn up, and in a few days it obtained a large number of signatures. There was literally a deluge of pamphlets and sermons in answer to the inaugural discourse of the unfortunate preacher. Since then—we live in a fast age—he is looked upon as rather conservative.

There was one word which seemed for ever on the lips of the disciples of the Groningen school: it was the word charity. Love was to them the great distinguishing principle of Christianity, and their exhortations tended ever in that direction. As a matter of history, however, it cannot be denied that they were most unfortunate in carrying their favourite maxim into practice. They were an everlasting source of discord during their lives, and after their death their corpses were hotly disputed. In a famous picture Solomon is represented as standing before the judgment-seat, unable to decide whether to turn to the right or to the left. Such was for a time the attitude of the Groningen school, but it gradually turned more and more to the left. It is now almost universally acknowledged that it belonged to the Left Centre and that the Extreme Left was its legitimate successor.

The school of Leyden, much more important and more famous than its predecessor, represents in some of its members, at any rate, the Extreme Left. Three names deserve to be singled out, because they have helped to make history, and because they have marked, to a great extent, the present generation. Professor Dozy is a well known Orientalist. His book on "The Israelites at Mecca" is, to say the least, a great curiosity. He makes, for instance, a most serious attempt to prove that Abraham and Sarah never existed, that their history is altogether mythical, and that they are nothing else but personified stones. When the prophet called out, "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged: Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you," he was to be understood literally, and wished to remind his hearers of the primitive religion of the nation: stone-worship. Fortunately Professor Dozy has greater claims on our respectful attention than the serio-comic attempt just mentioned. Professor Kuene is of greater importance in a theological point of view. His criticisms on the Old Testament are known beyond the narrow boundaries of Holland. In his book on the Prophets he has demolished many ancient positions, which had become untenable. Few will deny that in his passion for destruction he has not kept himself within reasonable limits. According to him the prophets were good men, full of enthusiasm, who attempted to reform the nation. To foretell the future was not their task, or at any rate a very secondary function of their office. In accordance with this principle, most of their so-called predictions are explained away. They were men of great genius, and oft gifted with wonderful intuition. They did a great deal of good, because they stemmed the tide of national corruption, and because they attempted to restore the religion of the people to a state of purity.

But above all towers Professor Scholten. No one has exercised greater influence on the theological world of Holland; no one has had such a powerful hand in the construction of the edifice of "modern theology." During many years he has attracted hundreds of young men, and the impression made on them, during those hours when they listened to his eloquent words with rapt attention, has remained in after years and in many cases exercised a spell never to be got rid of. A philosophical mind, not without a considerable amount of originality and depth, he possesses in addition the faculty of being able to express his thoughts in a clear and lucid form.

Professor Scholten's most famous book is perhaps the one entitled, "De Leer der hervormde Kerk" (The Doctrine of the Reformed Church). The professor's intention is not to destroy the creed or the confession of the Church, but to elucidate it, and to show that it is in accordance with the spirit of the age. Religion is defined by Scholten as the bond which unites man to God. God becomes known to us by His manifestation in the world and in Christ. The very idea of creation involves that of manifestation. The relation of God to the world is well expressed by the Pauline formula: "of Him and through Him and to Him are all things." The question how the creation took place must be solved by geology. The Trinity is thus spoken of: "Trinitatem, non tantum notio causalitatis absolutæ sed vero etiam amor, scientia, sapientia, ceteræ virtutes postulant quæ celebrari in Deo solent. Ut enim causa absoluta sine effectu, ita amor sine objecto, scientia sine contento, sapientia sine opere in quo patefit cogitari nequeunt." Jesus has come to teach us the true religion and to manifest it to us in His life and in His death. He was a Being in the very closest union with God. The Divine image stamped on man, was clearly revealed by Him. Hence He is called God's Son. The miraculous account of His birth is intended to convey the idea of His specific dignity. The formula *ὁ ὑιὸς τοῦ θεοῦ*, which Jesus made use of, was misunderstood by the Jews; He did not wish to make Himself equal to God, and that He is God in a metaphysical and absolute sense cannot be proved from Scripture. Praying to Christ is not commanded in the Scriptures. The Christology of Professor Scholten is thus summed up—"God and man, though distinguished not merely in degree but also in kind, are joined in Jesus Christ in such a way that in the perfection of human nature God is made manifest, and man made in God's image is restored to perfect likeness unto the Godhead." The life and death of Christ are not to be separated. Of His death, it is said that if He had not died on the cross to show by His example the efficacy of His religion, He would have had no followers. The doctrines of vicarious sacrifice and imputation are rejected. He that passes through faith from a state of sin to communion with Christ, and becomes partaker of His religious perfection, is said to be reconciled to God.

The anthropology of the school of Leyden is distinguished by the denial of human liberty. The free will of man is a mere delusion. The doctrine of absolute predestination is strongly defended, though in the language of the school it is spoken of as a moral determinism. Man has within the germ of a spiritual development. By obeying the commands of his animal nature and disregarding those of his spirit, he turns from God and commits sin. Sin is not something positive, but a privation, a negative, the absence of something else. We must endeavour to live in moral communion with Christ, who has realized the ideal religion, and then gradually evil will be done away with.

The school of Leyden strongly insisted on the distinction between manifestation and revelation. God manifests Himself to all and in all; He reveals Himself now and then to a few. The prophets are the interpreters of God's manifestation. A distinction is to be made between inspiration and infallibility. The sacred writers were not infallible. In accordance with this principle the exegesis of Leyden was of a rather destructive character. For instance, St. Matthew wrote his gospel in Hebrew, and our present gospel is the work of a clumsy translator who had no hesitation in adding his own particular views and errors. The Revelation of St. John contains Jewish dreams and false national expectations. And in answer to the question, how do you prove this? the impertinent questioner was oft sent away with a "mihi constat."

We have given a very shadowy and imperfect outline of Professor Scholten's system. It would require a book to do it justice. The orthodox party looked upon it as a pseudo-Calvinism. It took the old words, but it understood them in quite a different sense from the one that had always been attached to them. The old words were made use of to convey new ideas. It wore a beautiful mask, but when unmasked the deception was at an end. It was accused of pantheistic tendencies, but this charge seems to us to have been undeserved. Graver was the charge brought against its anthropology. The moral determinism of Professor Scholten involved the destruction of the idea and the fact of evil. In accordance with it, sin lost its objective character; it became a necessary condition of development. It was in reality willed and caused by God. Repentance and a feeling of guilt were, in such a system, entirely out of question. Man was entirely passive and must submit himself to God.

The school of Utrecht was powerless to oppose the influence of Leyden. First of all, because there was a division in the school; secondly, because of its inherent inferiority. The professor of philosophy, Opzoomer, was a man gifted with great eloquence and considerable powers of reasoning. He would have attracted great numbers of young men, as a matter of course, but since attendance at his classes was made compulsory, his influence became naturally greater than ever. He came forward as the apostle of empiricism. Unfortunately he had not the Baconian spirit. He insisted on founding speculation on experience, on the necessity of not drawing hasty conclusions, on the duty of patient observation and investigation. But he hardly carried his theory into practice. The conclusions to which he came on the subject of religion seemed to many rash and unwarranted. He boldly rejected the supranatural, which the school of Leyden neither affirmed nor denied. He declared *guerre à outrance* against Apostolical Christianity. His merit consisted in the fact, that he gave a place in his system to the religious sentiment, that he believed in the reality of a moral ideal, that he inculcated the duty of following after it. His book "on Religion" was, at the same time, the monument of his strength and of his weakness. There is a dualism in it which awaits a solution.

But with the exception of Professor Opzoomer the professors at Utrecht were orthodox men. Professer Doedes, little known amongst us, is an exegete of considerable power. Professor van Oosterzee, one of the most eloquent preachers of Holland, is a man of great versatility and astonishing ingenuity. He is the representative of a mild Evangelicalism. He clothes his thoughts in a most fascinating garb, and his popularity is undoubted. But the school of Utrecht is defective in what may be called the scientific spirit; it has failed to exhibit clearly the foundation on which it rests its system, and the method by which it is constructed. It has carried on a guerilla warfare, and in this capacity it has rendered great services; but it has failed to furnish the materials for a regular army, to be opposed to the well-marshalled forces of a foe sinking all minor differences in the defence of a common cause.

It is now easy for us, after having traced the tendency of the three Dutch schools of theology, to understand the character of the men who filled the pulpits of the Dutch Church. Groningen and Utrecht were in a minority; Leyden was decidedly the fashion for many years. The young man, fresh from the University, having deeply imbibed the spirit of his master's teaching, endeavoured naturally to make disciples. The middle-classes in the large towns of Holland are on the whole very Conservative; the preacher had, therefore, decidedly a task of considerable difficulty. But, as some of the young men were not without talent, or eloquence, or zeal, they were soon enabled to collect an audience. There was a certain novelty which gave a charm to their teaching; there was a certain freshness which could not but attract; there was an air of reality, as I have remarked before, about their teaching, and above all there was a certain pathos which proved irresistible.* Besides, they spoke the language of Canaan, and it required a very practised ear to detect the deception. Lastly, the orthodox sermons may have been good, but they were not very lively.

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* The rationalistic movements, in Germany, in France, in Holland, and in England, where it is quite in its infancy, bear no doubt a peculiar national character. On the other hand there is a certain family likeness. A trait common to all is the "air de martyre." In a volume of "Sermons for the Times," published by the *enfant terrible* of the English Broad Church party, you will find the complaint of martyrdom repeated over and over again. . . . Mais qu'allait il donc faire dans cette galère?

Nothing can give the reader an idea of the unlimited confusion, of the legalised anarchy, which then reigned in the Church of Holland. The preachers belonged either to the supranaturalistic or to the rationalistic School. But who can point out all the delicate shades of variance between the disciples of the same school from the Ultra-supranaturalist to the Rationalistic supranaturalist, and from the vulgar Rationalist to the ideal spiritual Rationalist. Whole districts in the country were given up to Rationalistic preachers, and in consequence the orthodox members of the congregation were compelled to absent themselves from their churches. In the large towns there was usually abundance of choice. But it was, to say the least, rather confusing to hear a man declare in the morning that the resurrection of Christ was the corner-stone of Christianity, to hear another preacher from the same pulpit state in the afternoon that the resurrection had never taken place, and was nothing else but a beautiful symbol, and to be told finally, in the evening by a third man, that it mattered not whether Christ was risen or not, for that the essence of Christianity, love, could never be taken from us. Yet this is not an imaginary case; vigorous, oft violent denials, calm assertions, and gentle exhortations to keep the peace were oft heard from the same pulpit on the same Sunday.

Rationalism reached its greatest development in the Walloon branch of the Reformed Church. L'église Wallonne dates from the days of Louis XIV., when hundreds of Protestants were driven from their country by a cruel edict. Many of the refugees went to Holland, where they were received with open arms. They had one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Some of their preachers, such as Saurin, became far-famed for their eloquence. But from causes on which I cannot now dwell, the Rationalistic movement spread amongst them to a considerable extent. Three of their ministers, two of whom have long since resigned their charges, placed themselves in the very vanguard of Rationalism. M. Busken Huet, a master of satire, boasted before laying down his office, that there was not a single article in the Confession of his Church which he had left unassailed. He resigned simply because there was nothing left to do; it was supposed that he saw at last the irony of his position: a minister of a Christian Church who believed not in Christ. The second man of the triumvirate was Dr. Pierson. Brought up a Pharisee of the Pharisees in the very narrowest sect of Evangelicalism, he became, when a young man, an ardent disciple of Opzoomer. A man with a dash of genius, with a large fund of *esprit*, with considerable dialectical skill, with exquisite sensibilities, with an intense passion for reality, he could not fail to make a mark on those with whom he came in contact. For a considerable time his name was enough to stir up discord; the Rationalists were afraid of him because of his Bismarkian frankness; the orthodox looked on him with a kind of pity, not, however, unmingled with fear. He wrote several books, in which he defended with great cleverness his position, and expounded the tenets of the modern theology. The philosophy of Professor Opzoomer never had an abler apologist, though, no doubt, the Professor had sometimes reason to exclaim, "Save me from my friends." Dr. Pierson rejected, as a matter of course, the supranatural, and towards the end of his career there were few Articles of the Christian Faith which found favour in his sight. "I know nothing," he writes, "of a heaven above me, the supposed habitation of God, or of a voice coming from Heaven; I have no idea of the meaning of such a phrase as 'He ascended into Heaven,' since I do not know where to look for 'above' or where to find 'beneath'; a decree made in Heaven, a revelation from above, are phrases conveying to me no meaning whatever." In another passage he introduces Christ speaking to his disciples in the following way: "Expect nothing else but life for your hearts, stirring up of your emotions, æolian music coming from a well-tuned soul, and pointing in an upward direction." And, he adds, "When we think of Christ in the greatest moments of his life, can we picture him otherwise than with a smile on his lips at the thought that man would some day make of him a high-priest descended from heaven to reveal to us Divine mysteries?" The religion of Dr. Pierson is a vague sentimentalism; the very highest point he can attain to is a greater or less probability. His greatest and last word is a "perhaps"; his normal state is one of suspense. One day, to the great consternation of his quondam friends, he laid down his position. He believed that the Church had fulfilled her mission, that she was nothing else but the guardian of antiquated opinions. The future belonged to humanity and to the new views of the world. Having arrived at this conclusion he changed, without a moment's hesitation, the preacher's gown for the cloak of the philosopher.

But the greatest of the three is Dr. Albert Reville, the chief of the Broad Church party. His cleverness is beyond dispute, and he is a master of plausibility. He writes in most beautiful French, and no one is able to express ideas with greater eloquence and greater beauty than the Walloon preacher of Rotterdam. His originality consists in the wonderful power he has of reproducing the thoughts of others, and stamping them with the mark of his own individuality. He has contributed many fine articles to periodical literature, and besides many pamphlets he has published a religious manual. There never was written a more dexterous book than the Manual of Dr. Reville, and the spirit of unction which pervades the whole is indeed charming. But once during his career his emotion threatened to overpower him—a thing which a consummate actor should never allow. Dr. Pierson had stated in his farewell address that there was such a gulf fixed between the modern and the old theology, that it was impossible to bridge it over. Dr. Reville thereupon rushed with great alacrity to the rescue of his party. He wrote a pamphlet to rebuke Dr. Pierson and to vindicate the point of view of those who had decided to remain in the Church. On the title-page he printed in large letters the motto of the noble house of Orange—"Nous maintiendrons." He then attempted to show that his teaching ought to find a place in the Church of Dort, and wound up with a passionate apostrophe to the Church and to Calvin. "If I forget thee, O Church of Holland, let my right hand forget her cunning." He promised never to forsake her, and ever to defend her. Of Calvin he spoke as his father, and he bade him bless his child. Considering that Calvin burned a man who denied only one-tenth of what Dr. Reville denied, the appeal was certainly rather bold. But blessed are the bold, for they shall inherit the earth. On no battle-field was the valour of the "grande nation" displayed more conspicuously than in this daring exploit of the dashing Frenchman; never was there seen a greater proof of that spirit which in the midst of victories or defeats is ever ready to proclaim its own unapproachable greatness and untarnished glory. The exodus of Dr. Pierson, with muffled drums, and the halt of Dr. Reville, amidst shouts of "Nous maintiendrons," marked the climax of the Rationalistic movement in the Netherlands. Henceforward there was the choice, either to go with Dr. Pierson through the Red Sea, or to live, marry, and possibly die with Dr. Reville in the midst of the Egyptians.

III.

The reaction dated from the days of Bilderdÿk. But it was a senseless reaction; it placed itself *hors de combat* from the very beginning. The French revolution had almost frightened men out of their wits. It seemed to the faithful that the end of the world had come, or, at any rate, the beginning of the end. The visions of the Apocalypse seemed about to be fulfilled; Paris was Babylon, "the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird;" the French democracy was the beast "risen up out of the sea, having seven heads and two horns, and upon his horns two crowns, and upon his heads the names of blasphemy." At such a time men dare not look forward; they take their refuge in the past. The Hollanders, disgusted with the "liberty, equality, and fraternity" of the French republic, and equally weary of the salvation generously bestowed on them by the "saviour of society," turned towards the past, the golden days of the free Dutch republic. The pious among them connected the glorious issue of the war with the result of the deliberations of the synod of Dort; they ascribed their present state of degradation to a falling away from the pure faith once delivered. No wonder that they should have longed to revive the Dort *régime*, and thus once more to raise their country, if possible, to the pinnacle on which it had stood. The aristocracy, conservative by nature, and hating the people, took up the cudgels on behalf of the old faith. It was an additional opportunity to show its animosity against the lower orders, where not merely the political but also the religious, or rather the irreligious, ideas of France had found a welcome reception. Rallying around the Prince of Orange, whose family was connected with the most glorious traditions of Holland, the nobles resolved to revive the past, as if the dead could rise again, to restore the Calvinistic faith and to check in every possible way the spread of democracy.

The poet Bilderdÿk was the soul of the movement, which in the name of patriotism attempted the revival of Calvinism. Though he never had a school, he succeeded in gathering around him a few chosen men. One of his greatest disciples was the poet Da Costa. Through the influence of Bilderdÿk, Da Costa forsook Judaism for Christianity. Though his originality was so great that, in a certain sense, he may be said to have had no master, he was during the first period of his career under the sway of Bilderdÿk. The spirit of Bilderdÿk was one of uncompromising opposition against what he called the spirit of the age. The nineteenth century was essentially evil; the present order of things was essentially wicked. The Christian's duty was to protest and to resist with all his might; politics, social economy, science, art—in short, all the developments of modern civilization were threatened with the anathema of the Prince of Dutch poets and his followers. "To thy tents, O Israel," was the general cry, and the tents were to be pitched in the neighbourhood of Dort, in the seventeenth century.

A reaction so violent defeated itself; Da Costa and others who, under the spell of Bilderdÿk's genius, had resolved to carry out this retrograde movement, adopted afterwards a more enlightened policy. They commenced to distinguish between the elements of light and of darkness which this century contains, as much as any of its predecessors, and to combat the evils not with weapons antiquated and rusty, but with arms furnished by the age itself. Besides Da Costa, there was another man who deserves to be singled out: it is the eminent historian, Groen von Prinsterer. M. Groen is perhaps one of the most accomplished men in Europe; he is a great historian, as

I stated above, and an eminent statesman. He is a diplomatic von Moltke. He is the leader of what might be called the anti-revolutionary party but for the fact that M. Groen unites leader and followers in his own person. He has the sympathy of hundreds and thousands among the middle classes, but he is unable to obtain the adhesion of the more influential part of the community. However, his strength lies in his isolation. He succeeded several times in being elected a member of the second chamber, and his eloquence, his great talents, and his evident earnestness never failed to secure him a respectful hearing. He has never had the chance of being in power and carrying out his principles, but it is almost certain that his accession to power would prove the entire impracticability of his theory. M. Groen is not merely a Conservative; whenever he has allied himself with the Conservatives, the alliance has proved most disastrous to himself. His is a kind of Christian conservatism; he attempts to combine Christianity, namely, the Christianity as embodied in the confession of Dort, with ultra-conservative political principles. He looks upon the Jewish theocracy as the ideal state and the ideal government, and, if possible, he would have such a government. This being impossible, he would like to see a state governed according to the principles of Calvinism, which, as we all know, is but a thinly-disguised Judaism. The house of Orange is to him like the family of David reigning by Divine right, and the laws of the state are to be brought in accordance with the Divine laws. M. Groen has written numberless pamphlets to expound his own views and to criticise those of his opponents. The French revolution is to him the *point de départ* of everything evil; it is to him the great manifestation of infidelity. Of late years M. Groen has appeared as the champion of Christian education; and in his pamphlets on Church affairs he has ever insisted on a strict adhesion to the confession of the Church, and on the expulsion of those who gainsaid it.

The reaction in its modified form remained deficient in one respect: the views of Groen and Da Costa required to be popularised. The prose writings of Da Costa were much admired, but little read; the aristocratic style of Groen was entirely above the level of the masses. A distinguished disciple of Von der Palm wrote edifying books for the people, and his example was followed by a few others. But the movement required a popular man, one who could express in plain language the views held by the orthodox party. Such a man was Dr. Schwartz, a German by birth. Being a foreigner it is but natural that his services should have met with scant recognition. But we are convinced that in a future history of the Church of Holland, the services which he rendered to the orthodox party will not be passed over. During the fifteen years which he spent in Holland he was bitterly assailed not so much by the Rationalistic as by the orthodox party. The Rationalists could not feel friendly towards a man who denounced their views vigorously and unsparingly, and never let an opportunity of attacking them pass away. But the hatred of the orthodox was much greater.* They acknowledged that something ought to be done, but they did not wish to do it themselves, and nothing was more fit to irritate them than the knowledge that another person was doing the work which in reality was theirs. It was, to say the least, unpleasant to be told, that the time for crying unto God was past, and that it was now time to go forward; it was unpleasant to be told that they ought to protest vigorously, not merely in word but in deed, against the men who were doing their utmost to undermine the faith of their Church; it was unpleasant, in one word, to hear a voice ever saying to the Dutch Jonahs,—O sleeper, arise. There is nothing more irritating than to be awakened in the midst of a sound sleep and to be told that the night is past, and that the morning is at hand.

But the majority of the middle classes knew how to appreciate the labour of love of one who understood the words of the noble Christian: "A dog barks when his master is attacked, shall a Christian be silent when his Lord is assailed?"† Multitudes thronged Sunday after Sunday the building where Dr. Schwartz preached, and his paper, 'The Herald,' soon obtained a circulation such as no other Christian paper had ever had before. The position taken up by the editor was one which would commend itself to the common sense of the people and the conscience of the multitude. He reasoned thus:—there is at this present moment in the Netherlands a church called the Reformed Church. It has venerable traditions; it has a confession distinctly Calvinistic. This confession is not abolished; those that enter the ministry are called upon to declare their adhesion to it. It is therefore their duty after they have once done so to maintain its integrity, or if they are unable to do this, to state frankly their inability. If they have arrived in cardinal points at conclusions diametrically opposed to the teaching of the confession, it behoves them, as honest men, to give up the position which was given to them on the understanding that the confession was the expression of their belief. To try to undermine, Sunday after Sunday, the very truths which are the groundwork on which the Church rests, and which the minister solemnly promised to proclaim and to defend, seemed, to the editor of 'The Herald,' an immoral act. It seemed to him to militate against the dictates of the conscience. Then turning to the members of the orthodox party, Dr. Schwartz said: Do not leave the Church, as some have done. Such an act is absurd and cowardly. But on the other hand, do not keep yourselves quiet; do not assume the attitude of disinterested spectators. If robbers came into your house, would you let them quietly take possession of it? Would you invite them to sit down with you at your table? Would you treat them like honoured guests? Certainly not. As little ought you to give the right hand of fellowship to those men who deny and assail the articles by which in your belief your Church stands or falls. The Evangelicals have no idea of what it is that constitutes the church; Calvinism has but one point of view, *i.e.*, the forensic. But Dr. Schwartz's view was at any rate intelligible; it was the way in which an honest, shrewd man of the world would most likely have looked at the matter, and it embodied the conclusion which he would most probably have adopted. The common people understood it, and sympathised with it. The ecclesiastical party disliked this view exceedingly. They looked upon Dr. Schwartz with the feelings with which the "rurals" of the French Assembly regarded the aid of Garibaldi. To them it seemed the very height of misbehaviour that an outsider should come in and try to settle their disputes. But when a stranger sees a husband beat his wife to death, I suppose that for the sake of common humanity he ought to interfere. The voice of Dr. Schwartz roused the people, and as we shall see, they forced at last the unwilling leaders to lead at the peril of losing altogether their sadly weakened prestige.

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* Moral courage is on the whole not a characteristic of the Evangelicals. In Holland they remained passive during the crisis, in England they work by means of a persecution company!

† Calvin's words. Calvin the Christian is great and noble: his Christianity is far above his theology, and will undoubtedly outlive it.

One man, one of the few orthodox men in the Walloon church, Dr. Chantepie de la Saussaye, resisted the views of Dr. Schwartz most fiercely. He was a man of great sublety, and a master of casuistry. He was also believed to be a man of great depth, but this belief may have been owing to the fact that very few understood him. He is the author of several learned books. In the conflict in the Church of Holland he took a prominent part, and he soon became the leader of what was known as the Ethical-irenic party. We are not now called upon to discuss his theory. No one has ever understood the meaning of the conjunction of the two words ethical and irenic. But to sum up in one word the theory of Dr. la Saussaye: he wished for a theology which had its starting-point in the Christian conscience, and which considered it as the criterion of truth; his ideal of a church was a church which was nothing else but the manifestation of this conscience. Let us acknowledge the importance of this idea, and confess that the point of view of the conscience is far too much neglected in our theology. We stand in need of a theology of the conscience; we have to point out the reality and the extent of the domain of the conscience, and the special laws by which it is governed. Starting from the premises laid down above, Dr. la Saussaye took an ethical view of the situation; whilst Dr. Schwartz looked on the crisis from a forensic point of view.

All this period may be described as the period of "What shall we do?" Slowly the people had arrived at the conviction that something ought to be done; the next step was to consider how to meet the emergency. Prayer meetings were held, societies for the spread of truth and for the defence of the rights of the Dutch church were started; pamphlets without number were issued to attack the positions of the antagonists. Protest after protest was sent to the Synod, but without avail.* The Synod was unwilling to act, not merely because the strength of the Rationalistic party was considerable, but also because most of its members had either secretly or openly sworn allegiance to the views they were called upon to censure. Self-preservation is said to be the strongest and last instinct in man. But the Synod felt that something ought to be done. To gain time was its chief object; perhaps something or other might turn up to avert the dreaded rebellion. The Synod tried to pour oil on the troubled waters; it attempted to look at matters from a neutral point of view, which, instead of being conciliatory, proved the source of great irritation. The answers of the Synod, couched in vague ambiguous language, ever skilfully evading the real question at issue, and taking refuge in commonplaces, reminded one of the famous oracles of old. It was seriously debated for several days whether baptism administered without the use of the formula, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," was valid or not. It was well known that one of the ministers, disliking the idea of the Trinity, had omitted the words "and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The document in which the Synod expressed its opinion was a curious exhibition of that spirit which in attempting to please everybody succeeds in pleasing nobody. It is not to be wondered at that these were times when the members of the orthodox party, thoroughly wearied and disheartened, well nigh resolved not to recognise the Synod any longer. Its organisation, owing to the interference of the State, did not seem to admit of any improvement.

But a brighter day has arisen for the orthodox party. There was one thing which the orthodox party was most anxious to obtain, it was that the members of the Church should have the power to choose the Presbytery. The members of the Presbytery choose the ministers, and hence their importance is undoubtedly great. The Presbyteries having been mostly composed of Rationalists, a great many Rationalistic ministers had, in consequence, been chosen to fill the vacancies that had arisen. In Amsterdam the Presbytery generally chose alternately an orthodox and a Rationalistic minister, but this arrangement could scarcely be called satisfactory. After a long struggle the orthodox have obtained their desire; the autonomy of the individual church is to a great extent secured. It was never doubtful that if the power of choosing the members of the Presbytery were vested in the laity, the result would be in favour of the orthodox party. It is true that in some of the towns and in some parts of the country, a majority may be obtained for Rationalistic candidates, but the bulk of the middle classes is undoubtedly conservative and Calvinistic. The Church of Holland has entered on a new era, but it is not possible to foretell the end. It was feared that the reaction would be very violent; that the laity, conscious of power, would, to use an unparliamentary expression, attempt to take its revenge. But hitherto such fears have not been realized; orthodoxy is in the ascendant; Utrecht is becoming fashionable, the choice of the Presbyteries falls generally on orthodox young men.* It is supposed that Rationalism will die out for want of Rationalists.

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* A collective body does not consider the individual, except in so far as he bears upon the masses. Hence the state or the synod wishes above all things to preserve uniformity. In Holland you might preach whatever you liked, but the slightest breach of any regulation was severely visited; in England, in our Church, we have liberty to preach Catholic doctrine, but whenever a man tries to symbolise devoutly what he preaches, he is dragged from the altar of God before the tribunals of Cæsar.

Grave questions, which we raise in conclusion without venturing to answer them, are suggested by the history of the Rationalistic movement in the Netherlands, which has come to the beginning of the end. Questions such as the following demand an answer:—How in the Church of Christ is the liberty of the individual to be reconciled with the interests of the community? If there must be in the Church an authority somewhere, where is it, and how is it to be exercised? What relation is there between the school and the church, and to what extent is liberty of opinion within her borders to be allowed? When does heterodoxy become heresy? What is heresy? What is its essence? What is the principle by which Christianity stands or falls? Is there any principle, the adoption of which is destructive of the very idea of a Christian Church? Has the Church any right when brought face to face with heresy, which of course ceases to be heresy when outside the Church, to make use of any but moral weapons in defence of truth? She is the conscience of humanity, must she not act in accordance with the dictates of the conscience? But are there no limits to her indulgence? Is she always to enlarge her borders, or is there a time when she is compelled to cry out "Non possumus?" There are other questions touching "confessions" and "the laity," which I do not venture to suggest. I need hardly say that in asking these questions I place myself on the Protestant point of view.

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* But the orthodoxy is not as extreme as might have been expected.

In conclusion, let us not suppose that Rationalism is the result of an accident, or that it is what men are pleased to call an unmitigated evil. The rise and fall of Rationalism are regulated by fixed laws of the intellectual and spiritual world. The movement was not, and is not, confined to one country, so that local reasons might account for it; it is spread all over Europe. Germany struck the key-note; Germany, ever in the vanguard of civilization, inaugurated the movement which promised to set at rest the everlasting problems between Reason and Faith. Germany was the first, with that moral courage which characterizes her, to give up the attempt when convinced of its hopelessness. Her greatest and best men have discarded, at any rate, the vulgar forms of Rationalism.

The other countries are following in the wake of Germany. With a great deal of individuality they reproduce in a form suited to their nation the movement judged and greatly condemned in Germany. They go to the German masters, they look for their weapons in the arsenals of Germany, they divide, for the greater part, the spoil taken in a foreign land. In some countries the movement is quite in its infancy; witness its intense destructiveness, which is more marked in childhood than at any other period of life.

But there is only one thing to be dreaded: it is intellectual indifference, it is moral apathy.

The vampire which is real is not Rationalism; it is the doubt of the heart, it is the trifling with convictions, the refusal to follow after an ideal, to do the will of God in order that we may know of the doctrine. The indolent, the frivolous, the carnal temper are to be feared.

It is true that Rationalism seems to spread devastation. The pupils go far beyond the masters; the movement affects the masses injuriously because they are sure to misunderstand it, or not to understand it. The masses want a definite and simple creed, they stand in need of a theology and cannot understand a philosophy. Rationalism makes them either indifferent to religion or hostile to it. But however sad the sight may be of the individual who has suffered shipwreck of the faith, the wise man attempts to restrain his tears. He knows that periods of Rationalism are necessary epochs in the history of humanity; he knows that heresies are the necessary poles by means of which a doctrine is developed;* he knows that the salvation of the whole must ever be bought at the expense of the individual. The law may be hard, but he submits patiently; against necessity the very gods fight in vain.

A NETHERLANDER.

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* Theology is indebted largely to the heretics.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.

IN watching the great battle which is about to begin in the Chamber of Versailles, between the Republican and the Monarchical parties, it is interesting to mark precisely the true situation of the forces and the hopes of each. This situation is generally ill-understood by foreigners, because they too frequently confound France with the Assembly of Versailles. In England, especially, where the Houses of Parliament really represent public opinion, it is difficult to imagine a country demanding liberty, and in which there is antagonism between it and those who have the management of its affairs. The difficulty of supposing this makes people generally imagine an agreement between France and its deputies. They judge of the one by the other. This is a grave error, as we shall see before we come to the end of this paper.

During the last eighty years France has been very much agitated in different senses. It has been continually divided between illusion and disenchantment. It has suffered too much from the ambitious of all parties, to allow the public spirit to be properly developed. France has been too much excited with changes to be capable of being instructed, and its sensations in the political region have been too rapid to be accompanied by luminous ideas. In passing from 1789 to the Empire of the first Napoleon, from that to the Restoration, again to the Revolution of 1830, to the second Empire, and ultimately to the Republic of 1870, it has heard too many contradictory theories to be able to separate the true from the false. In this confusion of ideas, augmented by the civil war, the party has conquered the citizen, and the result is that the spirit of party has prevailed over the national spirit. This is the principal cause of all the misfortunes of France.

A light, however, has been produced, which has made visible the abyss. The war of 1870—71, the horrors of the Commune, and especially the Monarchical intrigues, have given such lessons that the eyes of the people have at length been opened. By seeing the miseries of parties, individuals have learned to separate from them, and this separation has restored to them self-possession. To-day we can say with certainty that individuals are in the way of becoming citizens, and that public spirit is being formed and is acquiring stability. The Frenchman, indeed, is always a fault-finder. He inclines too much to his own particular bent of mind to be able to form with his countrymen a political body compact and perfectly united. Yet, as in the moral order necessity sometimes obliges to virtue, so in the political, necessity obliges to discipline. Honest citizens have seen that the last victories of the Black International of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism, as well as those of the Red International of the Commune, have only been obtained by discipline. This has convinced them that to triumph politically, in their turn, they must be as well disciplined as their adversaries. The progress of this discipline even in the provinces has been visible in most of the elections which have taken place during the last two years. Under the government of this discipline it is not to be doubted that the public and national spirit will manifest itself more and more in every citizen. Here is a fact of the highest importance which sooner or later will result in an entire change of the social and political conditions of France.

If the study of this movement of the formation of public spirit in France is so interesting, still more must be the study of the direction in which it is moving. Does it tend to monarchy or to republicanism? It is notorious that at the present time in France the word *monarchy* is almost universally regarded as synonymous with the word *aristocracy*, in the same way as the word *democracy* tends more and more to be identified with the word *republic*. M. Jules Grévy himself, the ex-President of the Versailles Assembly, notwithstanding the moderation of his republicanism, in the remarkable pamphlet which he has just published on necessary government says, "The government democratic *or* republican." Now it is certain that the France of to-day is in no wise aristocratic, but that it more and more declares with emphasis its democratic character. The attentive and impartial observer cannot deny this. We must, therefore, conclude that the public spirit inclines more and more in a Republican direction.

France sees and understands the failings of Legitimism, of Orleanism, and of Bonapartism.

First, what we may ask is the Count de Chambord to the citizen, to the peasant, to the artizan; in a word, to all the French people, with the exception of some of the last *débris* of the aristocracy of the *ancien régime*? A man perfectly unknown, whom the people have never seen, who has never lived in France, and who is in consequence utterly ignorant of the circumstances and temper of those whom he aspires to govern. This man, who has as little sympathy with France as he is little known in, it has, however, hitherto been esteemed and valued for the freedom with which he has defended his principles and his flag. But just as he has been esteemed as a man for the loyalty of his political declarations, he has been objected to as a candidate because of the general repulsion excited by his principles and his flag. Now that the negotiators of Salzbourg declare that the Count de Chambord consents to adopt the tricoloured flag, there is nothing more for him but contempt. As the grandson of Charles X. appeared honourable while he persisted in remaining that which his descent had made him, so he now appears degraded when he aspires to be no more than the heir of Louis Philippe.

On the 9th of July, 1871, the Count de Chambord wrote, "I will never suffer to be snatched from my hands the standard of Henry IV., of Francis I., and of Joan of Arc; I will entrust it without fear to the bravery of our army; I have received it as a sacred deposit. It has floated over my cradle and I wish that it may cast its shadow over my grave. Henry V., as a Frenchman, could not abandon the white flag of Henry IV." On the 29th of January, 1872, he wrote again, "By my invincible fidelity to my flag I defend the honour of France and my glorious past. Nothing will overcome my resolutions, nothing will weary my patience, and no one under any pretext will obtain from me my consent to become the legitimate king of the Revolution." On the 6th of February, 1873, he wrote to Monseigneur Dupanloup, "France has not yet lost the sense of honour. It no more understands the chief of the House of Bourbon renouncing the standard of Algiers than it would understand the Bishop of Orléans submitting to sit in the French Academy in the company of sceptics and atheists." Now, in good faith, when one has spoken in a way so explicit and categorical, can it be right to abandon the white flag for the tricoloured? If the negotiators of Salzbourg speak the truth, the Count de Chambord is no longer a man of his word, but a vulgar intriguer, who to reach the throne has decided to cast to the ground the traditions of his family and the pretended convictions of his conscience. Such is the general sentiment of the country, and when people see the way in which the Count de Chambord keeps the solemn engagement made by him in the question of the flag, they see the way in which he will keep his engagements on other questions.

Since the interview at Salzbourg the Count de Chambord is accused of imposture, and called by one of the journals most widely read in France, "The King of the Jesuits." Like MM. Brun and Chesnelong, the Count de Chambord consents that the tricoloured flag be maintained, and no changes be made in it—the royal prerogative remaining in other respects intact—but by the agreement of the king and the representatives of the nation. It is important to remark these words, "the royal prerogative in other respects remaining intact," so skilfully inserted as an incidental phrase within the principal sentence. There is here a mental reservation of the purest Jesuitism. The words evidently mean that the next day after the majority have proclaimed Henry V., he may in virtue of his royal prerogative propose all the changes he may wish in the tricoloured flag; for instance, suppress the red stripe and the blue stripe, or rather stamp the white stripe with the *fleurs-de-lys*. The consent of the representatives of the nation would be required only on the supposition that he with whom the royal prerogative remained intact condescended not to act without it. But it is not from the majority to whom he owed his elevation that he would have to fear the refusal of anything. Certainly, then, the declaration agreed on at Salzbourg between the Count de Chambord and delegates of the *Commission des Neuf* was nothing but a snare and a culpable act of hypocrisy. Since M. Veuillot has defined the tricoloured flag as "a piece of linen which has been much carried about," is it not impossible for the Count de Chambord to accept it without degrading himself even in the eyes of his friends? Of two alternatives we must take one—either the Count de Chambord accepts sincerely the tricoloured flag, and then he is a traitor to the Legitimist cause, or he accepts it only hypocritically to tear it as soon as he comes to the throne, and in that case he is only an impostor. It is in this light that he appears at the present hour to the great majority of the French people.

The Orleanist candidate is not more respected than the Legitimist candidate. If the Count de Chambord has dragged his cause through the mud at Salzbourg, the Count de Paris has done the same with his at Frohsdorff. The grandson of Louis Philippe going to make the *amende honorable* to the grandson of Charles X. was a spectacle which caused most of the Orleanists themselves to turn away their eyes. Whether it be right or wrong, that the Count de Paris has simply wished to make a dynastic agreement with the Count de Chambord without introducing the political question, or that he has sacrificed the constitutional monarchy of 1830 to the Legitimist monarchy in the hope of becoming the Dauphin of the house of Bourbon, the fact is that the conduct of the Count de Paris at Frohsdorff has been regarded by the country as an act of abdication and humiliation, which has drawn upon him a real disgrace. The Duke d'Aumale, notwithstanding his talents, is not esteemed in France. As much as they applauded his Republican declarations after the 4th of September, 1870, so much did they turn their backs upon him when they found him renounce those declarations, take away from the Chamber the opportunities of free speech, combat the Republic in an underhand way, ally himself with the Monarchists who tried to undermine M. Thiers, and finally enter into the coalition of the 24th of May. This has appeared to the public not merely as baseness but as simple dishonesty.

Moreover, that which has discredited all the princes of the family of Orleans is the claim which they have made for millions which they pretend to be due to them. But even if this claim had been just, it was very inopportune to make it at the moment when France was burdened with a debt of five milliards, and when French subjects were heavily taxed to pay this national debt, and to free their territory from the presence of the enemy. The peasants will never forget this claim of the Princes of Orleans, and whatever they may do henceforth they will never be popular.

As to the Bonaparte candidate, he is a child utterly without experience, and evidently unequal to overcome the present difficulties. He could only present himself with a regency, but the people do not want a regency at any price, and least of all such a regency as that of the ex-Empress, to whom we owe the war of 1870. It is in vain that some persons boast of the Bonaparte administration as being perfectly capable of supplying by the ability of its agents the want of capacity in the Prince Imperial and his mother. In addition to the fact that this administration is actually displaced and has among its agents many notorious defections, it so degraded itself on the 24th of May by its coalition with the Legitimists and the Orleanists against the Republicans, who had on their side the majority of the country, that the country has no more confidence in it, and regards the Prince Imperial and his mother as responsible for this fault of their partizans.

Such are the candidates for the throne of France. This appreciation in which they are held by the country is of great advantage to the Republican party, which gains strength in the same degree that the other parties become unpopular. A second consideration, not less important than the first, is that if the candidates for the throne are themselves personally objectionable to the country, the political principles represented by each of them are in still less favour than themselves. Whatever may be the extent of the degradation to which the Count de Chambord has descended by his mode of fighting in behalf of Legitimism, Legitimism is a political and a social system, which the country does not esteem more than it does the Count de Chambord himself. Legitimism is, in fact, the *ancien régime*. It is the theory and the practice of divine right. It is an anachronism which would carry France back not only to 1814, but to 1788. It is the negative of 1789 and the destruction of all the liberties obtained since that great revolution. Certainly there would be no effort, with the Count de Chambord on the throne, to re-establish tithes, averages, the right of the lord, &c. But there would inevitably be an effort to restore the aristocracy of another age. The legislator would certainly endeavour to establish the right of eldership and of the majorities. Liberty to bequeath property, in a country where the Ultramontane clergy so skilfully work on the conscience, would create a trade of mortmain and re-establish great territorial properties. The lords would become the employers of the artizan and his perpetual creditors. They would re-establish feudal monopolies, and again get all work subject to them by the law of patents. Moreover actual Legitimism, such as is understood by the Count de Chambord and his most authorized representatives, is Ultramontane clericalism of the narrowest kind. Probably the Count de Chambord will not instal ecclesiastics in the offices of administration, but they will not on that account be less powerful in the Government. Loaded with favours, they will strive to use their influence to place in all important posts men of their party. The alliance between the throne and the altar will be complete, and the ecclesiastics will be the true statesmen, or, what will be worse, statesmen will be true ecclesiastics.

This is not all. The Count de Chambord's want of intelligence is well-known, and so also is his love for Ultramontanism and Jesuitism. His declarations in favour of the doctrines of the Roman Curia and of the Syllabus, are not forgotten. How can we believe otherwise than that such a man will be completely at the mercy of his spiritual director and of those around him? Even should the Count de Chambord be personally as liberal as Pius IX. in 1847, will he not, like Pius IX., be forced to yield to the counsels and the violence of those who have raised him to the throne? In such a state of things it is not very clear whether Legitimism will not merely be putting in practice the political and religious theories of the most disastrous Ultramontanism.

It is the evidence of these things which has caused the accession of the Count de Chambord to be so much dreaded both in Italy and in Switzerland. Willing or unwilling, the Count de Chambord, once upon the throne with his inevitable surroundings, would be obliged to re-establish the Pope in his temporal States, and consequently undertake a new war. Now the country does not wish to hear a word of clericalism nor of the Syllabus as a political programme, nor of the re-establishment of the Pope as a king. It wishes still less to be thrown into the hazards and the horrors of a war with Italy. It does not wish to see any more bloodshed. With all its might and main France demands peace. It sympathizes with young Italy and wishes it for a friend, not for an enemy. And this so much the more that it knows it is not in a condition to fight against Italy, especially if supported by Germany. Legitimism, which reproaches the Republic with not procuring for France some other alliance, would but itself compromise France with foreigners, since all European powers are at the present hour officially anti-papistical. Even Austria, whose alliance is so much coveted by the French Legitimist party, would find in its German and Hungarian population too many difficulties to overcome, before it dared stretch out the hand to the Legitimist party in the way of supporting its politics efficaciously against the liberal politics of other powers. So that in every way Legitimism would be fatal to France.

Orleanism would be equally fatal; not that constitutional monarchy could not be reconciled with liberty, but because the monarchy of the Count de Paris, become dauphin and heir of the Count de Chambord, would strongly oppose Legitimist principles and practices. The Princes of Orleans, since the interview of Frohsdorff, are too unstable to be able to give clearly to France that which it requires. Their system of political oscillation would lack the necessary energy to restrain the wicked and to encourage the good. Constitutional monarchy with a king of the family of Orleans would be attacked simultaneously by the Republican party and by the Bonaparte party, without reckoning the Legitimate party *de vielle roche*. This would be plainly a new revolution in perspective, perhaps even a civil war after a short time. Besides, the French temperament at this present hour is too much excited and too warm to be able to find itself satisfied with the Constitutional Orleanist *régime*, which might have its *raison d'être* in 1830, but which at present seems a degenerated monarchy or an abortive republic. France wants a more precise and decided form of government.

Bonapartism without the Emperor is Bonapartism no more. It is thus that the peasantry judge. As for the intelligent citizens, they see in it only a Cæsarism, which, though calling itself democratic, is not the less a real Cæsarism. Democracy is of little value without liberty. But Bonapartism will in reality give no more liberty than under Napoleon III. Bonapartism pleases only amateurs *de la main de fer* and *préfets à poigne.* Now the number of these amateurs diminishes more and more every day. Bonapartism is Sedan, and there are very few French people disposed to shut their eyes to the infamy of Sedan. The Bonaparte agents pass for clever men, but they have very little credit for honesty. They are believed to be capable of anything. They have besides shown on the 24th of May that they will not recoil before the immorality of the most monstrous coalition. The blustering *volte-face* of a party among them to the Socialist party, has proved in the eyes of the public that it acknowledges no other principle but that of its own interest. Napoleon III., and more particularly the Empress, had always made the interests of their dynasty take precedence of those of the nation. The country knows this, and it is persuaded that it will be the same with Napoleon IV.

Intelligent people think that neither the Orleanists nor the Bonapartists will consent to introduce political, social, or religious reforms, which the majority of the country know to be necessary; the army, the magistracy, the universities, the colleges, the schools, the clergy—all will be left in nearly the same state. The law of 1850 on education, the concordat of 1801, &c., &c., would be maintained. France would then be condemned to tutelage or routine.

It is thus that the immense majority of French citizens judge of the Monarchical parties. Facts demonstrate it. In the elections which have just taken place, whether for the General councils, for the councils of the Arrondissement, or for the Municipal councils, Republican candidates have been elected in the proportion of 9 to 6. Since the 8th of February, 69 departments have been consulted on the occasion of partial elections, and all except two or three have rejected the Monarchical candidates, to give place to the Republican. On the occasion of his message of last year, M. Thiers received from almost all departments letters of congratulation. Since the 24th of May, especially, he has been the subject of many speeches, which were all anti-Monarchical manifestations. During the last three weeks, in the whole extent of France the electoral colleges have been sending to their deputies addresses, in which they beg them to vote against the Monarchy and for the Republic. Never for many years has there been seen in France such forwardness to express the general opinion, and this general opinion is without question anti-Monarchical. Anyone may easily be convinced of this who reflects on the immense advantages which the Monarchical parties have at their disposal. What precautions has not the Minister of War taken to serve them! He has imposed on the departments of the prefects and of the sub-prefects, of the magistrates and agents of every kind that they be all Monarchists. He has maintained in a great part of the territory the state of siege which has served to give a free course to the will of all these Monarchist agents. Who can mention all the prefectures which have fettered the course of Republican ideas? How many Republican journals have been suppressed or forbidden, whilst Monarchical journals have been allowed to attack the Republic at their will! How many Republican conferences have been hindered by the Government, whilst the intriguing Monarchists have been able to raise every kind of plot against the legal Government of the country! Well! in spite of all this crying partiality, in spite of all the measures invented by the Government, which has inherited the laws and proceedings of the two restorations and the two empires, and which, moreover, is armed with new restrictive and preventive laws, it is the Monarchical idea which has been vanquished in the country. Further, the more the Government has raged against the Republic, the more the country has pronounced in favour of a Republic. Of this the elections of the 12th of October were a striking proof.

Whoever, then, wishes to be exact must conclude that the public spirit to-day is much more Republican than Monarchical. It is not that the French people are already Republican by nature, by instinct, or by education. In no wise. They have not yet had time for that. They are Republican by reason, because they see all the inconveniences of the re-establishment of Monarchy. They have too many dynasties, too many candidates for the throne, for Monarchy not to be a kind of agreement to revolution and civil war. This idea is everywhere expressed, even in the most retired localities of Brittany. It is this division of Monarchical parties which makes the Republican party so strong. The peasant, who hitherto had associated in his mind the Republican idea with the idea of disorder, is now reconciled to the Republic by seeing it in peace for two years, and, thanks to that peace, by seeing the debt of five milliards paid and the territory free. Wearied by the intrigues and by the disputes of dynasties, France wishes to put an end to all intestine distractions by suppressing Monarchy and constituting a Republic. At the present time it is the Republicans who are regarded as the true Conservatives, and the Monarchists as the revolutionaries. This last thesis is maintained even in the *Journal des Débats*, which cannot be suspected either by men of finance or by men of letters.

Nevertheless, if the Republic has the majority in the country, it has not all the power which it might have. In the first place, people reproach it as being deficient in men who are really able to cope with the present circumstances and difficulties. M. Thiers is not a man of principles but a man of expediency. With him the country will not die, it will only have a factitious life. M. Thiers divides, but he does not unite, and when he does not divide he maintains the *statu quo* much more than he progresses. M. Grévy is idle, without power, incapable of taking the offensive against the Monarchists. He is sometimes unfortunate in defending himself; a good President of a Chamber, he will be an indifferent administrator. M. Gambetta is too much a tribune and too exclusive. Notwithstanding the undoubted progress he has made, he creates still, for the most part, even in Republican circles distrust and suspicion.

The same is true of other leaders of the Republican party. Besides, many timid spirits are still persuaded that the Republic means community or division of goods, according to the theories of the Socialists. But the reproach which is especially made against the Republican party is that it is Positivist and irreligious. Many fathers of families in France, even those who never put their religion into practice, have no confidence in anyone who lays down the principle that society does not at all stand in need of a positive religion. The leaders of the Republican party do not comprehend this disposition of mind, and they also alienate from them a great number of people who are essentially religious. They wish to overthrow Jesuitism and Ultramontanism, and for this they confine themselves to a grin, after the fashion of Voltaire, without thinking to favour rational religion. They do not see that they have assumed an attitude merely negative. They forget that in this century of Positivism there is a necessity for a positive religion, as there is for positive politics and positive science. It is this which gives them inferiority when set over against the Monarchists, who, however deficient themselves, yet profess a practical religion which satisfies religious wants.

We cannot give too much prominence to this deficiency and this fault of the Republicans. In the face of this irreligion an immense part of the Conservative population will withdraw from them, restless and frightened, and take refuge in the Monarchical camp, even though it does not find itself satisfied in the political order. These are the principal causes which make the weakness of the Republican party, and which meet together, like the defects and the faults of the Monarchical parties, to foment trouble in the country—trouble which, in its turn, renders possible the present state of the Chamber.

The Chamber, everybody knows, is divided into six great parties: the Extreme Right, the Right, the Centre Right, the Centre Left, the

Left, and the Extreme Left or Republican union. The centres are again subdivided into many groups, and among them float about a hundred undecided deputies, who pass sometimes to the Left and sometimes to the Right, according as they judge it good or useful. What is the exact number of the members of each of these parties, of each of these groups? At the present time it would be impossible to say, because of the continual movements from the Right to the Left, and from the Left to the Right. Nevertheless, the most probable statistics are these: Extreme Right and Right, 96; the Centre Right, comprising in it the nineteen deputies of the *Groupe Target* which voted against M. Thiers on the 24th of May, all calling themselves partizans of the Republic, 264; Bonapartists, 39; Centre Left, 109; Left, 143; Extreme Left, 77.

By adding the number of the Bonapartists to that of the three parties of the Left, we have 364. By adding the figures of the different parties of the Right, we have 360. We find then the Republican party and the Monarchists in the Chamber are nearly equal. But it is necessary to observe that many deputies of the Extreme Left have not yet publicly expressed their opinion relatively to the vote which is in preparation. On the contrary, fifteen of the deputies of the Centre Right have recently declared that they will vote for the maintenance of the Republic. According to the last accounts the partizans of the Monarchy did not reckon on more than 330 voices; that is the maximum which they will be able to raise. A Republican journal, ordinarily well-informed, expresses itself on the other hand thus on the 21st October:—"We persist in maintaining that the calculation made by the committees of the Left, with proofs to support it, allows us to maintain that the majority is won for the Republic." However, there are among the undecided deputies of the two centres men who have need of money and are quite capable of selling their votes. We know a certain source from which will proceed 100,000 francs to certain deputies if they do not vote against the Monarchy, and 150,000 to others if they will vote for it. To other deputies there are other promises—prefectures général receipts, seats of procureur-générals; nothing is forgotten.

It is then absolutely impossible to say with certainty which of the two parties will have the victory at the next meeting of the Chamber. Very probably it will be the Republican party, if the elections to the fourteen vacant seats have taken place before the vote. M. Léon Say and many members of the Centre Left have begged the President of the Republic to convoke, as soon as possible, the electors for the fourteen vacant seats, that the vote may not be infected by a vice which will destroy its moral value. But the Monarchist deputies, who know very well that the elections would bring to the Chamber fourteen Republican deputies, will probably wish to engage in the battle before these elections, and probably also the Government will allow the Chamber to do this under the pretext that it is sovereign.

Counsel has been given to the Republican deputies to appeal to Article 99 of the Regulation of 1849, which was adopted at Bordeaux in 1871, an article which establishes that the presence of 376 members is necessary for the validity of the votes of the Assembly. According to this Article, the Republican deputies, by withdrawing from the Assembly, will make it impossible for the Monarchist deputies, whose number certainly does not reach 376, to accomplish their design. But the Republican deputies will certainly not follow this counsel. Their task, to gain for their cause the greatest number of voices possible, is to unmask the Fusionists, and to show to all the undecided deputies that a Monarchy, such as the Chamber wishes to establish, will be neither constitutional nor liberal.

It is on this ground that the great preparatory battle will be fought. On one side the logical Legitimists, represented by the *Union* and the *Univers*, maintain that if the fusion is made it is upon the ground of the ancient Legitimist Monarchy, and not upon the ground of the Monarchy called Constitutional. The proof which they give is that the Count de Chambord keeps his principles and all his rights. Then, to believe them, it will be the Centre Right, which in general represents Orleanism, which will be converted to the Right.

On the other side, the Constitutionalists, represented especially by the *Journal de Paris*, *La Presse*, and *Le Français*, maintain that the fusion is made upon the ground of Constitutional ideas. They pretend to prove it by saying that the Count de Chambord adopts the tricoloured flag, and that he promises to be as liberal as possible. According to these journals it is the Right, and the Extreme Right, which will come to the Centre Right.

But neither the one nor the other party wishes to hear a word about conversion. The *Union*, which is the official organ of the Count de Chambord, and of all which is purest in his party, says expressly, "There can be no question of concessions. The king has not changed. He is that which he was yesterday." According to certain signs, the situation of the Fusionists is this:—The Count de Chambord is disposed to accept the Monarchy purely and simply, on condition that it is offered to him purely and simply. Regarding himself as a Liberal, he promises to be so, and to represent all the liberties of the country, civil, political, and religious. But in making this promise he wishes, first, that the country impose nothing upon him; and, second, he wishes to keep intact his prerogative, and not to lose any of his rights. Consequently, it is clear that he regards himself as the sole depository of power, constitutional, legislative, or executive. He being the sole sovereign, it is clear that the nation is not the sovereign. National sovereignty is, then, according to the Count de Chambord, only a deceptive word. Nevertheless, he admits that the nation has the right of expressing its "wishes," and he promises to allow them always to exercise this right. The mission of the Chamber, therefore, does not consist in the expression of the wishes of the country. What case does the king intend to make of it? The Count de Chambord does not say; but as he pretends to re-establish the ancient traditional Monarchy, it is evident that he remains free to take no account of the wishes of the nation, and that he can always dissolve any Chamber that opposes him. The Count de Chambord, M. Lucien Brun, and M. Chesnelong are persuaded that they will always be in agreement, but what guarantee do they give of this? Absolutely none. The Count de Chambord, in virtue of his right of prerogative, which he pretends to keep intact, will be eager, as soon as he is on the throne, to present to the Chamber measures which he intends to take either relatively to the flag or to the *Charte.* Till then, he consents that all shall remain in its present state, but he does not engage to maintain that state. "The king," says the *Union,* "demands that there be no change in the flag before his accession." Then after his accession it will be otherwise. The intended sense of the official organ of the Count de Chambord is sufficiently clear. Besides, the *Union* insists, for those who may doubt its opinions, that "the Assembly, in virtue of its prerogative, can (*the king being absent*) maintain the tricolour flag, *but the royal prerogative remains intact.*" In truth, may it not be said more precisely that the king, when present, will withdraw the tricoloured flag in virtue of his royal prerogative?

It is plain that the question of fusion is only a snare. Liberal promises serve for the bait, but they are neither true nor solid. All is hypocrisy in this affair, even on the part of the Count de Chambord, who in such a case, in circumstances so grave, ought to speak frankly and clearly. It is not becoming a loyal man to creep, it matters not where, but especially to a throne, by means of reticence and words with a double sense. That is politics after the style of *Figaro,* who affirms that all is liberty from the time that the Monarchy is clothed according to the latest fashion. The Fusionists vainly say their work is finished, and that nothing is sacrificed either of the dignity of the king or of the legitimate exigencies of the nation. Clear-headed men do not suffer themselves to be misled by this affirmation. For it is naturally impossible that upon the question of the flag, upon the Constitutional question, as well as upon the questions of civil, political, and religious liberty, the nation can obtain that which it claims, without the king sacrificing anything of his personal dignity or of the royal prerogative. These two pretensions exclude each other. Either the Count de Chambord will remain faithful to his past and to his word, and in that case the nation obtains nothing; or the nation obtains the recognition of its entire rights, and then Henry V. has been false to his word and to his past. All the parliamentary cunning in the world will not prevail against the laws of logic; and when the Count de Chambord allows himself to be led by ambitious persons to consent to these Jesuit dexterities of language, it is indisputable that in this *traite des blancs* one of two things must perish—either the liberty of the nation or the honour of the candidate.

The Fusionists then of the Centre Right are only deceiving themselves, and in their premature acclamations to the king they are as ridiculous as the Legitimists of the *Union* and the *Univers*, who call the Count de Chambord the "Man of the People" and "*le pompier providentiel.*" Such eccentricities, agreeing with a great fall of the Bourse, only make hesitating deputies decide for the Republic. It is the president of the Centre Left, M. Léon Say, who has given them assurance. "The Centre Left," he says, "was unanimous, and a majority in our sense will not be doubtful. All contrary affirmations are mere suppositions, if they are not simply a manœuvre of our adversaries."

We may, however, place ourselves at least in thought in the pessimist hypothesis, and suppose that this majority of the Chamber will vote in favour of the Count de Chambord. In this case what will happen? All the Republican party will reason in this fashion:—The Chamber has no true authority so as to represent the nation, and all that it does against the will of the nation is null, seeing that every deputy is only a delegate, and that all delegated authority is no more true authority from the time that he who gives the commission has withdrawn it. Now the Chamber of Versailles has voted the re-establishment of the Monarchy contrary to the national will, first because it was not elected for that object, then because the will of the nation, freely and universally expressed, is that the Republic be maintained. The vote of the Chamber then is null, and Count de Chambord is an intruder. The vote by which the royal crown has been conferred on him is not a legal act: it is nothing more than a *legal fiction*. This assuredly will be the judgment of all the adherents of the Republic. Those even who, like the *Journal des Debats*, acknowledge in this Chamber the constituting power, cannot deny that the Chamber, in wishing the re-establishment of the monarchy, has acted against the clearly expressed will of the nation.

In such a state of things, will there be a revolt of the main army? Perhaps in certain localities, but not generally. In any case the overthrow of the Count de Chambord will be inevitable, and even near. Manifestly he can only stand against the Republicans and the Bonapartists by organizing a system of repression which will be worse than under the Empire. With such a system every liberal measure will be impossible. In a short time the country will be so wearied and irritated that at the first opportunity the residence of the king will be invaded. On the other hand, the Count de Chambord will be under the necessity of having a Chamber. Then either he will preserve the present, or he will convoke another by a general election. In the first case, the majority will soon become Republican, by the fact of the republicanism of the partial elections which have taken place; and if the majority is Republican, it will certainly desert the king to re-establish the Republic. In the second case, an immense majority of the new Chamber will be Republican. To prevent its being so, the Count de Chambord must permit the exercise of the electoral right only to the citizens, and take it away from the peasants and the artizans. And even then the majority of the citizens will be Republican against the aristocracy. But this regulation of the electoral right, which will be equivalent to the suppression of universal suffrage, will lead to a revolution, and the remedy will be worse than the evil. It is not to be denied that the journal which serves as the organ of M. Gambetta speaks the truth when it says, speaking of the deputies of the Monarchical Right, "Their existence is an error of the universal suffrage acknowledged for the last three years, and which will be speedily corrected if the nation is called to the vote. To intrigue, to agitate, to abuse their position in order to trouble the country, is all that they can do. The magnitude of the evil which they effect does not prove their power. A child can throw a grain of sand into the most powerful machinery and stop it; but the machine soon resumes its movement, unless it has crushed the imprudent person who has disarranged it."

If, on the other hand, the majority of the Chamber pronounces in favour of the Republic, two currents of ideas are manifest among the Republicans. Some wish the dissolution of the Chamber, and the convoking of a new one by a general election; others wish the maintenance of the present Chamber, to engraft on the Republic all that which could be the cause of reproach from silence and a *coup d'état*. Will the first have the majority? We think so, because the idea of the dissolution of the present Assembly is received by the majority of the country, and because all are convinced that it is impossible to do anything with the present Chamber. Will M. Thiers belong to the second? If he continues to lend his support to them, that, in our judgment, will be a fault on his part, and a misfortune for the country; for the Royalists of the present Chamber will begin new intrigues on another ground, and, perhaps, in the end succeed; besides they will hinder the country from attending peaceably to its affairs. That will be a perpetual trouble, and it will be necessary at any price to end it, and as soon as possible. We hope that M. Thiers, enlightened by the 4th of May, will learn the mistakes he has made—mistakes which in part have led to the 24th of May, and which, if not corrected, will lead to something worse than the 24th of May.

To resume then the subject of the situation, we must distinguish three questions:—1. The reconciliation between the members of the family of the Bourbons and that of Orleans. 2. The agreement these members with the majority of the Chamber. 3. The agreement of these members and of the majority of the Chamber with the country. The first of these questions has been solved at Frohsdorff. The second has not been settled at Salzbourg, although people have said so. It is not, but rather it appears more probable that the majority of the Chamber will pronounce in favour of maintaining the Republic. As to the third, it will never be solved; because France will no more be Legitimist in the future than it is Fusionist in the present.

E. MICHAUD.

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